The Edinburgh Magazine And Literary Miscellany

VOL. 12

1823

Librarian
Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JANUARY 1823.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Address to the Public	
Notices to Correspondents	
The Bondspiel Dinner	1
Oldmixon on "The Liberal. No. II."	9
Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. during the years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, *(continued)*	17
Weeds and Flowers, No. I.	29
Song of the Battle of Morgarten	39
The Lost Friend	41
Paraphrase on Job, chapter xxxix. verse 5. to the end	46
Elly and Oswald, or the Emigration from Stürvis: a Tale of the Grisons	47
Stanzas written at the close of a year	53
Peveril of the Peak. By the Author of "Waverley," &c.	54
Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage. *Canto I.*	60
London Theatrical Correspondence	65
The Life of Caleb Cornhill	70
Arot and Marot, and Mr Moore's new Poem	78
Anonymous Literature, No. II.	ib.
Spiritualities—A Reverie	82
The Feelings and Fortunes of a Scotch Tutor	96
Lines on a Ship	104
Lines on Napoleon	ib.
Lines upon seeing a Wild-Rose growing out of a Skull	ib.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Works preparing for Publication	105
Monthly List of New Publications	107
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Foreign Intelligence	112
British Chronicle	117
Meteorological Table	123
Agricultural Report	ib.
Markets	124
Course of Exchange—Bankrupts	125
Births and Marriages	126
Deaths	127

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH

Days. Feb. 1823		Morn H	M	Even H	M	Days Feb. 1823		Morn H.	M	Even H	M.
Sa.	1	5	42	6	2	Sa.	15	4	39	4	57
Su.	2	6	20	6	41	Su.	16	5	21	5	36
M.	3	7	3	7	31	M.	17	5	58	6	22
Tu.	4	8	6	8	51	Tu	18	6	52	7	26
W.	5	9	43	10	31	W.	19	8	6	8	55
Th.	6	11	14	11	48	Th.	20	9	48	10	37
Fr.	7	—	—	0	14	Fr	21	11	17	11	56
Sa.	8	0	39	1	0	Sa	22	—	—	0	27
Su.	9	1	19	1	37	Su.	23	0	55	1	17
M.	10	1	55	2	11	M	24	1	41	2	0
Tu.	11	2	28	2	45	Tu	25	2	19	2	38
W.	12	3	0	3	17	W.	26	2	57	3	14
Th.	13	3	32	3	48	Th.	27	3	31	3	47
Fr.	14	4	4	4	22	Fr	28	4	3	4	20

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.
Last Quart...	Su. 2.	35	past 10 after.
New Moon,..	Tu. 11.	7	— 3 morn.
First Quart...	Tu. 18.	3	— 11 morn.
Full Moon,..	Tu 25	6	— 5 morn.

TERMS, &c.

February

2 Candlemas.
14. Old Candlemas.
24. Duke of Cambridge born.
27. Hare hunting ends

*** The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Sons.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JANUARY 1823.

THE BONDSPIEL DINNER.

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
" Queensberry" nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.
Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum *Salignâ*,
O! " Sally, hark ye," whisky diotâ.

NATURE having laid out more than one-half of our frame on locomotive faculties—in other words, man being evidently a moving animal,—it follows, that they who endure a sedentary life, counteract her purposes, and, consequently, expose themselves to her displeasure. They forfeit, in fact, not only the privileges, but even the credit of their caste, and settle down into something still lower than a companionship with the king of Babylon, in his grazing excursion. So fully were the sagacious ancients convinced, not only of the *brutal*, but even of the *infernal* character of this preposterous mode of existence, that the prince of Latin verse has particularised " sitting" amongst the punishments of Avernus.

" Sedet eternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus!"

Indeed, in entering into the workshop of a tailor, in diving into the sub-pavement office of a W. S., or in combating the overpowering air which meets you at the room-door of the mere student, there has often visited my very soul a pang of commiseration for the " poor inhabitant within," flattened, and battered down to a board, like a base coin nailed to a counter,—or presenting, as it were, a centaur transformation, or transmigration, of clerk into downward tripod, and of tripod again into the upper extremities of clerk,—or shivering under a manifest deficiency of flesh, accompanied by an equally manifest redundancy of skin!

These, however, are only the allotments of necessity; and it were certainly cruel to expose the unavoidable wretchedness of man, for the single object of distressing him. But such evils " inwoven with," are often exasperated by others that are voluntarily though incautiously admitted into our lot. We are apt to fly from sedentary avocations, to amusements equally sedentary; and thus to render the hours which business yields to recreation, injurious, in place of being conducive to health. What is there, for example, in the marshalling of pawns and rooks,—in a blind, and blinding admiration of kings, and queens, and castles? What is there in the ceaseless and annoying agitation of ivory cubes, and in the ever recurring dash and rattle on a back-gammon board? What is there even in the inimitable and most bewitching of all sedentary games, whist, to compare, in point of exhilaration, with those more active out-of-doors amusements, to which every season, in some measure, and under some modification, and to which the present season in particular, so directly and urgently solicits us?

One very prominent advantage which these latter amusements pos-

ness over the former, consists in that buoyancy of spirit, and elasticity of imagination, which exercise under the open air is sure to produce. Whilst the draft,—or chess,—or card-player, rises from his seat, sore with sitting, and absolutely stupified by a wasteful and a useless expence of thought,—whilst he yawns himself into a chair at meal-time, and swallows his dinner more from habit than from appetite,—whilst he remains flat, absent, or forced in conversation, and is sure to suffer in his health by any, even the slightest degree of artificial excitement,—the votary of open-air amusements, whether he has inhaled his spirits on the land or on the water, under all the excitement and manly emulation of a golfing, quoiting, or *curling* contest, is sure to bring home with him, to the social board and hour, an extra supply of spirits and vivacity. And if you place him under the additional excitement of a "companion and a bottle," you have made him happier, I verily believe, than ever was the successful candidate at a contested election, or than all the discoverers of all the problems in Euclid.

Amongst the exclusive privileges of which they who have been companions in the day's sports are possessed, that of discussing at table the feats of the day is by no means the least. On this subject every one is at home, and every one is enabled, as well as entitled to speak. The silent man now becomes loquacious, the diffident acquires assurance, and the confident and overbearing meets with his match. All that stiffness, and shyness, and jealousy of talent or acquirement, which, in literary companies in particular, sometimes induces weariness and disgust,—all that absolute poverty of invention, and downright dulness, which lies like an incubus over common-place parties,—all that monopoly in conversation, which some talking individual so frequently usurps and abuses;—all these evils under the sun are *here* unknown,—and the full and unrestrained swing of heart and soul comes down in the boasted achievement, the recollected incident, and the challenged mistake or failure. There is a critical juncture, Mr Editor, equally removed from positive tipsiness on the one hand, and positive sobriety on the other,—the region and domain, we shall term it, of hilarity,—a passing, indeed, but a powerful hour of open-heartedness and boundless fancy, when the nectar begins first to catch the blood, and long ere it has reached the brain, or tripped up the heels of the consonants, this is the time when a man is conscious of a soul within him, and rejoices in the consciousness, when the blood flows so easily and so rapidly, that the heart escapes every instant, on a tide of feeling, to the very extremities of the system.

"Sweet is the breath of Morn; her rising sweet;
With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ning with dew;"

and when the "fair Lady Moon" walks forth in her pale virginity, and her chastened lustre "sleeps on all the hills,"—how sweet, too, to ramble in that long hollow valley of Bagdad, which separates Arthur's Seat from Salisbury Crag! and if the shadow of her on whom your heart has fixed all the intensity and purity of a first love, darken the green pathway side, commixed with your own, —if you feel the arm, and grasp the hand of her who clings to you like an ivy, and awakens your very soul, in the justlings and mutual dependencies of every step,—oh! how envious your situation! how exquisite your bliss! Yet, after all, speaking like a rational and a common-sense man, —a character I have done much to acquire, and to preserve which I have made more sacrifices of exquisite folly than all, I believe, it is really worth,—a smoking bowl, two good moulded candles, a clean hearth, a clear Newcastle-coal fire, with a suitable accompaniment of blyth, and familiar, and friendly faces, are a match for a deal of whispering, and justling, and moonlight rambling.

The good lady, of whose residence and employment, at Kippletringen, even childhood and bed-rid-age have heard, having some friends, male or female, I really forget which, in the

town-council, was persuaded, some eighteen months ago, to remove from Kippletringen, and to assume the management of the Tontine, or Crown Inn, at Lochmaben, assisted by, or, rather, as one may say, under the direction of, her favourite, and now, sleek and well-favoured menial, Jock Jabos. She has succeeded amazingly, for Widow MacCandlish's is the rendezvous on all public, and the Tryst, on numerous private meetings. Here our Bailies meet, to argue the impolicy, and to exemplify the necessity of burgh reform. Here the neighbouring lairds enjoy their tipple, their freedom, and their crack. Here the half-pay officers, the surgeon, and the school-master, talk politics, and read the Magazines. Here the burgesses of the good town enjoy an evening's respite from the clack of their wives, and the din of their children. Here the wealthy sheep-farmers of the Eastern district meet with their Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland wool-merchants, to settle last year's, and to contract a new score,—to hear of fallen markets in the south, to laugh loud, and to mangle the king's English most unblushingly. It is pretty generally surmised, that Jock Jabos, who has for several months past been raised to the title of "John," is at present of the widow's privy-council, and *may* soon be advanced to the more honourable and confidential situation of prime minister, in the management of the widow's concerns. Certain, at least, it is, that Jock, alias John, from being, as at Kippletringen, groom of the stable and master of the horse, has slipt gradually into places of greater trust, having become, in succession, first clerk of the treasury, and sole lord of the bed-chamber. In short, the widow has been whispering to the Bailie's wife, some very sensible remarks respecting the infamy of evil speaking, and the propriety of an honest woman's being placed beyond the reach of "people's tongues." John has been so active and attentive in the widow's interest, has been up so early and down so late, that last New-year's-day, just fourteen years since the decease of worthy Mr MacCandlish, he was seen to sport a pair of very handsome, little worse than new, plush breeches, the gala dress, as the Bailie well remembers, in former, and now seemingly forgotten years, of the widow's ever-to-be-lamented *husband*.

Dandy Dinmont, who is, in fact, a native of this parish, and who had been duly apprised by the Lochmabeners of the curling contest, having dug out from the stole of a two year's old peat stack, his "true blue whins," had graced them with new handles, and a fresh soleing, for the occasion. Having some business to transact with his Kendal wool-merchant, and being Scotchman enough to fell two dogs with one stone, Dandy had arrived on the night previous to the spiel, and had lodged, as was his custom, with the widow, for whom, and for her favourite Jock, (for Dandy acknowledges him under no other name,) he still continues to entertain the most steady attachment. Many a stiff *breeze* has Dandy, of late years, weathered in the Tontine; but Dumple is still sure-footed, and Charlie's Hope is only about twelve Scotch miles up the country. The widow, too, has often been meditating a visit to Ailie; but the roads are so bad, and her time really so much occupied, that, though the thing has always been talked of, it has never been, nor is likely now, before the honey-moon jaunt, to be accomplished.

Dandy had conducted the opposition on the *Rink* furthest off from ours, and it was not till after the spiel was lost and won, that he found himself in company with his old crony and bosom-friend, the Ettrick Shepherd. *In* we poured into the Tontine, as the beasts did into the Ark, by twos and by sevens; laird, bailie, and cotter; poet, priest, and tailor; farmer, carter, and servant lad; with the same contempt of all rank-precedency which had accompanied our day's proceedings. I will say it, Mr Editor, and I will say it *now*—in case I should forget after dinner—that if you are too much of a dandy, (I don't mean Dinmont,) or too much of an aristocrat—or too much, or too little, of any thing, to relish the company into which I am about to introduce you—may Constable fail in the payment of your

quarter's allowance, and may all your airy speculations of fame and usefulness come just to nothing! For my own part, bred and educated as I have been among the peasantry of my native country, and full well acquainted, as even ab incunabulis I have been with their frank, and strongly-marked character, with that open unsuspiciousness of heart, and that shrewd quaintness of intellect, and with that astonishing powerfulness of language, and expressiveness of idiom, by which they are marked out, and separated from the higher classes,—I will say it boldly, that I never feel myself more at home, more truly alive to the humanity of my nature, than when I come into close contact with their joys, their sorrows, their wishes, their wants, their all of little ambition or regret, of attainment or failure, of which their simple annals are composed. Of how many advantages are these men, in the higher paths of life, deprived, who are nursed, like the chrysalis, in the shell,—who step directly out of the leading-strings of their nurses into those of fashion and prejudice,—whose mental and moral food is as high-seasoned and artificial as the pastry and sweetmeats with which their appetites are pampered,—and who are carefully instructed by "our mamma" to consider nothing so contaminating and dangerous as the slightest intercourse with vulgar brats! Thank God! I was born in a cottage—ay, and came into early contact with poor, it is true, and humble, but kind and Christian beings, whose virtues are so deeply impressed upon my heart, that the glare and the flutter of a bishop's gown could never efface the impression. Thank God! I *was not* born to a fortune—though, by the bye, I should have no objection to one *now*, provided my "aunt Kate" would take the hint, and leave me her heir!

The smiling, and seemingly-delighted widow, received us, at the door-way, in a close-plaited toy, with two full rows of lace edging, surmounted by a knot, or tuft, of black ribbon; and, in a tone somewhere between a remonstrance and an apology, told us that our dinner, owing to our late hours at the ice, would be greatly, she feared, out of season. "Never mind that, my dawty," said a frank and a familiar voice, accompanied by an equally frank deposition of a broad and porderous hand betwixt the widow's shoulders; "never mind that,—our stomachs are no ony way nice, and I question much if they will quarrel wi' ony thing that teeth can master. But preserve us a'!" added the gudeman of Charlie's Hope, "what have you got here?" casting his eye towards the kitchen fire, upon which some eels were frying on a brander. "*Eels!*—vile adder-looking, original-sin reptiles—and for hungry folk too!" "There shall nae eels," interposed, in unison, the voice of the Ettrick Shepherd, "there shall nae eels *bed* in my stomach, till there be mair cover to hide them," dashing, at the same time, the snow from his nail-studded shoes, and casting a significant glance towards the kitchen table, upon which the curlers' immemorial dinner, "beef and greens," was smoking most invitingly. "It's no for you," replied the widow, in a kind of under-tone, approaching to a whisper, "Jamie, my man; nor for my friend Dandy, there, either, that the eels are now curling up their tails on the brander; it's just for 'Brandy-Burn,' poor man. The lady is unco fond o' them—an' the laird, wha maun just comply wi' a' her freaks, is obliged to be fond o' them too *. An' I whiles think, atweel, that since he was married to the heiress, he's turned no that unco unlike ane himsel'. He was ance—" but at this moment the laird's besom took up its stance in the passage, and the widow facing about, and adjusting her front gear, addressed him thus:—"Come away, laird; am unco glad to hear ye ha'e wun the spiel—I'm sure ye'll be tired and hungry baith. The lady has sent down some eels for your dinner, and I ha'e them *birsling* away yonder on the brander." "The lady," replied the laird, in a manner which indicated any thing but gratitude, "is very good, and kind, and attentive, an' a' that,

* The Lochs around the gude town of Lochmaben are famed for eels, and all good housewifes know to dress them, so that they become meat for the "laird himsel'."

but I had rather be excused on this occasion; and with, or *without*," added he, looking around, "HER leave, I will dine on beef to-day,—sae ye may make John, there, a present of the whole concern." John, who was bustling by, in waiter-like attitude, with a towel in his hand, and an expression of dispatch in his countenance, grumbled out something, rather indistinctly, in which, however, the words "serpents," and "better meat," were distinguishable.

It is not in the power of pen to individualize every arrival in all the peculiarities of each. Suppose, then, after a sufficiency of Jennying and Tibbying below, and of knife-and-fork-work above: suppose the punch-bowl introduced, under the immediate auspices of the laird, suitably flanked and supported; and that healths have been drunk, and that curling toasts have gone round; and that every face, from that of "Brandy" the preses, to that of the croupier Bailie, has begun to assume an expression of glee and merriment. But without a simile, I can do nothing:—now, then, for one in my very best style.

Reader, hast thou ever seen an old woman making candles? I speak of times when every one was permitted to make, as well as to burn their own candles. A chair turned over upon its front, and a convenient assortment of candle spits laid across the seat-bars—a large broth pot, nearly filled with warm water, over which the melted tallow has been poured, placed before her,—a spit, with a dozen radical-looking, ragged, half-made and dangling spunkies, strung through the eyes, in her hand. Now she immerses them, with a side-long sweep, up to the neck in the reservoir; and again, after a suitable pause, shakes off the last slowly-descending drop into the abyss beneath. The same process is gone through with the next, and the next; and this being frequently repeated, the whole concern begins, at length, to assume a more civilized aspect. The knobs, and other rather unseemly inequalities, are smoothed over. The *wick*, like the inward, in the outer man of the Bailie, is totally concealed in the coating. The lower extremities descend apace. They continue to shoot downwards, like icicles from the easing of a thatched roof. This is not to be tolerated; a pair of large shears, the inseparable companions of a suitable pocket, are applied to the unreasonable excrescence. Amputation is effected, and plump after plump, the detached delinquents descend into the parent flood. A while they swim around, seemingly untouched by the heat. But at last they begin to yield. Now one, then another disappears, till at last there is not a vestige of individuality left.

And thus, for you remember I am not narrating a fact, but adducing a comparison, and thus it fared with our company, under the softening, melting influence of the punch-bowl. At first, every individual preserved a certain degree of individuality. He swam, indeed, but he swam perceptibly distinct; but anon, the whole party assumed a unity of heart, of soul, of object, of meaning. Then were the flood-gates of mirth let loose, and the waters abounded; from the coarse but pithy jest of the Sutor, over whom even clerical presence had ceased to operate, down to the still coarser but less-amusing anecdote of the Bailie, all was freedom and sheer fun. Again and again were the achievements of the day revised, and many and most interesting were the experiences of all on the subject. Parish spiels underwent a most particular review, and the ancient prowess of Closeburn and Lochmaben were warmly contested. But alas for the absent! for Tynron, for Morton, for Sanquhar, for Dumfries—for the mere drivellers of Kirkmahoe, and the thrice-sutored *lairds* of Dunscore. The plain narrative began to assume, at length, not a little of poetical embellishment, and the marvellous succeeded to the wonderful, and the downright incredible to the marvellous. The spirit of Enthusiasm was awakened, and that of Credulity hung upon her lips. We were just upon the very verge of absurdity, when Hogg, being called upon by the president for a song, very opportunely gave us one which he had evidently composed for the occasion, and in the chorus of which we all most vigorously joined.

Hogg's Song.

"The Channel-stane *."

Of a' the games that e're I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,—
The dearest, far aboon them a',
Was aye the witching Channel-stane.

Chorus.

Oh for the Channel-stane!
The fell guid game, the Channel-stane!
There's no a game that e'er I saw,
Can match auld Scotland's Channel-stane.

I've been at bridals, unco glad,
Wi' courting lasses wondrous fain;
But what is a' the fun I've had—
Compare it wi' the Channel-stane.
Oh for, &c.

I've play'd at quoiting in my day—
And maybe I may do't again—
But still unto mysel' I'd say,
This is no the Channel-stane.
Oh for, &c.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
Never to come back again,
I'd sweep the moon and starlets by—
And beat them at the Channel-stane.
Oh for, &c.

We'd boom across the Milky Way—
One Tee should be the Northern Wain;
Another, bright Orion's ray,
A comet for a Channel-stane.
Oh for, &c.

Scarcely had our bard finished his glee, when the honest, though manifestly hen-pecked laird—a description of character not at all confined to Annandale—having now begun to feel a little inspired himself, burst out into the following oratorical flourish—"Od, man, yere a queer fallow; deel ha'e me if I care twa skips of a greyhound whether ye be Whig or Tory; I wad be glad to see ye at Brandy-Burn, an' it war na for the mistress; but she's a queer body, and no that ill a body either, if ane wad eat naething but eels, and gi'e her a' her ain will." "The mistress!" echoed Dandy, who, though sitting at some distance, had thrust forward his bullet-head, and well-spread ears, into the conversation; "indeed, laird, ye ha'e yoursel' to blame, wha didna had a hank in yere hand at the outset, but gied her hair bridle in the honey-moon than ye will ever be able to tak' in, if ye wer' to live to the age of Methuselah—ye remember, laird, what the aul' sang says,

'Had I sic wife, upon my life,
I'd duck her in a bogie;'

and a bogie ye need na want, nor a loch neither, about Brandy-Burn; but ye want the spirit to use't, man."

Hereupon, Hogg, who had sung last, declared this poetical quotation of Dandy's "a forfeit," and after fining him in a bumper, insisted upon the Borderer's song. Dandy scratched his head, and said, "though he was nae great hand in the tune way, yet he wa'd gi'e them a sort of a loyal thing, the school-master had composed for him, to sing at a farmer-tryst in Lockerby, last market-day.

Dandy Dinmont's Song.

"Geordie the Fourt."

My wool it is sold, and my sheep they are told,
And my stedding is theicket wi' straw;
Auld Dumple is strong, and can breast it along,
Though the road it war ell deep in snaw.

Chorus.

Then fill up the bowl, it enlivens the soul,
And here's to the king of our heart;
As long's we can stand, we will join hand in hand,
And bumper to Geordie the Fourt'.

I have hounds that are true, the fox to pursue,
And Peppers and Mustards to spare;
My Ailie is kind, and the drink's to my mind,
And what wad a man ha'e mair?
Then fill up the bowl, &c.

I still ha'e a blow, for a friend or a foe;
My word is as guid as a law;
The Captain is hail, and the devil frae hell,
Has claught Gibby Glossin awa'.
Then fill up the bowl, &c.

"The Father," God bless him! aul' Scotland will miss him,
Her favour wha early could win;
But there *is* not a heart took the old Father's part,
But will bleed in defence of the Son.
Then fill up the bowl, &c.

The Sutor's song was next demanded, and the whole table rebounded under many a heavy nieve to the demand. But the Sutor would not sing; it was against his con-

* A stone taken out of the channel of a river, and used in curling. A curling-stone.

science. for he was a Cameronian elder; and the Sutor durst not sing, for he was a married man; and the Sutor could not sing, for he had neither ear, voice, nor song. But the Sutor was known,

"To tell the queerest stories;"

so the Sutor's story was resolved upon by acclamation. Seeing there was no visible nor devisable method of eluding this alternative, after the necessary and customary preamble of throat-clearing and voice-adjusting, the man of anecdote proceeded thus:

The Sutor's Story.

"*Watty Tweedy*—I'm sure there's mony a ane here kent Watty, for he was weel acquaint, a' down Nith, and up Annandale, forbye among the herds o' Etterick. Indeed, I was told he came originally frae somewhere thereabouts. There's a hantil o' Tweedies, and Hoggs, and Laidlaws amang the hills, I wat na, if they just flock together, and breed like muirfowl." Here the master of the strap was admonished by the poet to proceed with his story; but Dandy rubbed his elbow, and seemed quite delighted. "Na, ye mauna interrupt me at ony rate," resumed the hero of the last; "there's na guid comes o' that; ye wad na like to be used that way yoursel', Hogg, wer' ye stringing out ony o' your lang-winded blethers, about witches and warlocks, and greyhounds, and queer muir-hens; Guid guide us! yon's awfu' trash, man." The poet raised his hand in the attitude of scratching his occiput, threw himself suddenly back, and was upon the point of setting off in one of his highest *bravura guffaas*, when, missing stays, or, in plain language, missing a chair back, having been seated upon a bench, over he drifted full swing, and like the seven-crowned, ten-horned dragon of apostolic vision, he fell, but "fell not alone!" The whole bench, in fact, from the clinging of one individual to another, was suddenly denuded, and the potentates of Pandy never lay more supine, nor, for a few seconds, more helpless than they.

Reader, hast thou ever seen that most amusing of all sights, a hen with a clecking of ducklings? She approaches inadvertently to the brink of a pond; this instant she walks, and chucks, and rejoices in her brood; the next, they are in the midst of the flood.

"A stupid moment—motionless she stands,"

then flutters and screams, round and round the pool, in utter inefficiency. So looked our preses, the laird o' Brandy-Burn, as he started to his feet, upon the first discovery of the vacant seats, gazing as if he suspected the earth had opened and swallowed up his companions. The noise which accompanied this disaster brought up John, who, after having viewed the field, and read in many disconcerted countenances the nature of the accident, clapped one hand upon his mouth, and with the other pulling the door after him, he still lingered, as if willing to protract his merriment. To fall is nothing; the most pusillanimous do it every day, and with a good grace too; but none but a fool, a downright merryman, whose office it is, can rise again unembarrassed, and grin with the grinning spectators. "*Ye* may gang *your* ways at least," said the enraged Borderer, advancing towards the retreating menial, "for if ye stan' muckle langer, chuckling and snivelling there, like a heather bleat, there's a foot at the end o' that leg (thrusting, at the same time, his right leg forward) which will converse in pretty braid Scotch wi' thae plush breeks o' yours." John withdrew like the gouk of a *cuckoo* clock, closing right nimbly the door after him; and the company once more resumed their seats; but to resume the Sutor's story, after this interruption, was altogether impossible. The fact was, that, owing to a large wooden serpent-handled punch-ladle, with which the Bailie officiated most sedulously at the bowl, we were all a little, or, perhaps, not a little beyond the story-telling point; and, as I have often observed, when once songs are introduced into a convivial meeting, nothing else will go down; so nothing would please us now but the laird's song. He had but one, it seemed, and it was consequently well known everywhere, except in his own dining-room at "Brandy-House."

The Laird's Song.

When I'm late out at night, and my wife
lies alone,
I'm sure to prepare for a battle;
On the servants she calls, to make her
case known,
And against me to rail and to rattle.
She may scold, or keep quiet, or do as
she will,
I'll never depart till my jacket is full—
But bumper to bumper, I'll keep it up
still,
And I'll finish the last o' my bottle.
But bumper to bumper, &c.

She may sit in the sulks, or set creels all
the day,
And tell me of prudence and pelf;
If she had but the *spirit* to moisten her
clay,
She wad take to the bottle herself.
She knows not, she sees not, she reads not
the eye
That glistens in friendship, or beams in
reply;
But drinks for no reason but that she is
dry,
To moisten the bore of her throttle.
But drinks, &c.

Wi' such jolly fellows—a fig for all care,
And *that* * for the deil and my wife;
I'm a match for aul' "Hornie," gif' that
he were there—
And *she* darena come here for her life.
Then pass round the jug, there's no eels
in the bowl—
That kindles the wit, and enlivens the
soul;
And here, *paramount*, without risk of
controul,
I am laird of the *beef* and the *bottle*.
And here paramount, &c.

The clamour upon the conclusion of this song was so extravagant and continued, that it was now evident *to all but ourselves* that we had considerably trespassed the point of hilarity. There was no longer any union or order in our conviviality. Here you might see the Tailor squat upon his hams, rolling about like a ship in a storm, endeavouring to convince the Sutor, by ocular demonstration, that he could thrust his great toe into his own mouth. There you might observe the Poet and the Bordierer settling an old dispute respecting their jumping powers, by vaulting over a chair. At one end of the table you might see the Bailie driving about empty bottles, in the character of curling stones, in order to convince some Closeburn infidels of Lochmaben superior play. There again you might observe the laird beating time with the handle of his punch-ladle, for he had broken off the mouth, to the tune of

"I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me."

But alas! as Horace says—

"Improvisa vis——
Rapuit, rapietque gentes;"

and this poor Brandy experienced, to his utter abasement and annoyance, when Mrs MacCandlish entered the room, in person, announcing to the laird the arrival of a servant, with the lady's *positive* orders for his instant departure *home!*

"So comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er—
The awful reckoning, and men smile no more."

Whether it was the anticipation of the reckoning which awaited him at home, where, probably, sat his sulken dame—

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm—
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;"

or whether it was regret for leaving so jovial and good-natured a party, I presume not to know; but true it is, and in verity, that the laird went away, looking over his shoulder, like one who would have said

"Will none of you in pity?"

When we finally broke up, or at what hour the moon sunk beneath the Galloway hills, and the morning star began to peep from behind the muirs of "Casteton," it becomes not you to enquire, nor me to say. One should not tell stories, you know, out of school. So I beg leave, for the present, to conclude, with wishing you and all your readers, as well contributors as others, a good new year, and many a merry Christmas.

A BURGESS OF LOCHMABEN.

Christmas-day, 1822.

* Snapping the ring finger and thumb of the right hand.

OLDMIXON ON "THE LIBERAL. No. II."

"TRUTH, GOOD, were idle names to them,—without a meaning. They must have a LIE, a palpable, pernicious LIE, to pamper their crude, unhallowed conceptions with, and to exercise the untameable fierceness of their wills."

The Liberal, p. 233.

MR EDITOR,

THE public having been favoured with a new importation of what is called "Verse and Prose from the South," I naturally concluded, that you would have no objections to learn my opinion of the cargo; the more especially, as the "dull and muddy-mettled" Pisans have taken it into their noddles to indite sundry scurrilities and falsehoods against the children of the "North Countrie," and which cannot, I should imagine, be more appropriately noticed, than in the SCOTS MAGAZINE. Perhaps you will tell me, that the buzzings of such dirt-flies ought to excite no other feelings than those of pity and contempt. Granted. But only suffer me to shew the public how much they are to be pitied, and how thoroughly they deserve to be despised.

Of Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth" I have little to say. It bears to be founded on a passage in Genesis, which his "Satanic Majesty" has either ignorantly, or wilfully misunderstood, and seems to be intended as an imitation of Percy Shelley's "Queen Mab," though far inferior to that ill-starred performance in the higher qualities of poetry. The versification is so hard and constrained, that it is quite unreadable; and though, in a few instances, we may hit upon considerable beauty of thought, and felicity of expression, there is so much confusion and absurdity interwoven with the texture of the thing, that it is fit for no publication with which I am acquainted, except that in which it appears. In a moral point of view, it is certainly less exceptionable and odious than the "Vision of Judgment," and contains fewer examples of licentiousness and profanity—*tant mieux*; but still his Lordship cannot let Providence altogether escape: he is not at all satisfied with its allotments, and throws out sundry shrewd and significant hints, that had he been consulted in the distribution of good and evil in this world, things would have gone on a great deal better. Now, this appears somewhat unreasonable on his part. Nature has made him both a peer and a poet—what would he have more? and if the baseness of attempting to assassinate the memory of a good and virtuous Prince, is likely to bring him in contact with the laws, it is clear that the fault rests not with Providence, but with Mr Murray and the Constitutional Association. His Lordship is a great poet—we do not deny it; although some honest enough people among us have of late begun to think, that he has already "touched the highest point of all his greatness, and from that full meridian of his glory, hastes now to setting;" but sure I am, he is but a sorry Metaphysician, and that he would act wisely, in letting alone what he does not understand. Alphonso, who knew only the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic system, had the hardihood to assert, that, had he been consulted in the arrangement of the Solar System, he could have given the Creator useful advice; but Kepler, Copernicus, and Newton arose, to proclaim the ignorance and impiety of men, and the perfect wisdom and contrivance of the Universal Mind. Has this lesson been forgotten, or is it despised?

I pass over some miserable nonsense, called the "Giuli Tre," to come at once to my worthy friend Mr Leigh Hunt, and the "Spirit of Monarchy." On glancing over this notable stuff, I felt inclined at first to believe that Leigh had become a wag. The Pisans, said I to myself, are resolved to pay off some of their old scores, and have taken it into their heads to quiz our Adam Smith, and his Theory of Sympathy. How could I think otherwise, when I found this whipster maintaining, that we pay homage to kings, because we wish to be kings ourselves, considering how agreeable it would be to have our hands kissed on levee days, to ride in state coaches, and to have those greasy rogues, the mob, hallooing in our train; that "the slave admires the tyrant, because the last *is* what the first *would be*;"

and that "we make kings of men, and gods of stocks and stones," because "man is a poetical animal,—delights in fiction,—and is not jealous of the creatures of his own hand." My mistake, however, soon became manifest. I found honest Leigh was in sad, sober, bitter earnest, and full of the flattering notion that he was busy extinguishing, not only "the spirit of monarchy," but "the spirit" of religion also; both, according to him, being equally fictions, and delusions of the imagination. "The madman in Hogarth," says he, "who fancies himself a king, is not a solitary instance of this species of hallucination. Almost every true and loyal subject holds such a barren sceptre in his hand; and the meanest of the rabble, as he runs by the Monarch's side, has wit enough to think—'There goes my *royal* self!' From the most absolute despot to the lowest slave, there is but one step (no, not one) in point of real merit. As far as truth or reason is concerned, they might change situations to-morrow—nay, they constantly do so without the smallest loss or benefit to mankind! Tyranny, in a word, is a farce got up for the entertainment of poor human nature; and it might pass very well, if it did not so often turn into a tragedy." This is very splendid and very convincing; but to render it *a little* more to the point, it might, without any great violence to the original, be rendered after the following fashion: "*The blockhead in The Liberal*, who fancies himself a *wit*, is not a solitary instance of this species of hallucination. Almost every true and *radical Pisan* holds such a barren sceptre in his hand; and the meanest of the rabble, as he *passes* by the *coxcomb's* side, has *sense* enough to think—'There goes *as great a fool as myself!*' From the most absolute *cockney* down to the lowest *radical*, there is but one step (no, not one) in point of real merit. As far as truth or reason is concerned, they might change situations to-morrow—nay, they constantly do so, without the smallest loss or benefit to mankind! *Liberalism*, in a word, is a farce got up for the entertainment of poor human *nonsense*; and it might pass very well, if it did not so often turn into a tragedy." If it should be objected to this version, that it fails in doing justice to the original, I must appeal to its *truth*, in my own vindication, and request those who cavil with the liberty I have used, to cast their eyes on the despicable raving from which it is extracted. Poor Hunt, however, does not see that his view of the matter cuts a little against himself. If mankind are, as he says, so radically and incurably monarchical in their propensities, that they can endure even a monster on the throne, rather than suffer it to be empty,—what is to become of the *Liberalism* of which he is the advocate and apostle? Men will always act according to the fixed principles of their nature, whether these be "poetical" or not. The tyrant, we are assured, only *is*, what the slave *would be*. Give the slave, then, a fair opportunity, and he will become a tyrant—and there's an end on't. We know that, by some wicked wags on this side of the Tweed, Mr Hunt himself has been raised to the regal dignity: does he feel "the principle of monarchy" budding forth within him, and an inclination to "hold such a barren sceptre in his hand?" If so, why lecture us on the "monarchical spirit?" The stone must fall to the ground,—the spark must ignite the gunpowder,—the laws of nature must be obeyed:

> For who can hold a fire in his hand,
> By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?

Montesquieu has said, that honour is the principle of a monarchy: but Mr Hunt, who knows better, will not believe him, and says, it is "honour dishonourable, sin-bred." This, of course, is unfortunate, considering that, whether we will or no, we are all monarchical in our hearts. But what, according to Mr Hunt, is the principle of a monarchy? Why, seduction! "What female heart can withstand the attractions of a throne?" he triumphantly asks; and tells some anecdotes in support of this singular discovery. So Kings exist for no other purpose but to seduce our wives and daughters; and "every man within the precincts of a palace is a *hypothetical* cuckold, or holds his wife's virtue in trust for the Prince!!" Mr Hunt, however,

thinks there are some (not many) exceptions, and gravely tells his readers, that he "entertains no doubt, that ladies of quality have occasionally resisted the importunities of a throne," and that he had been assured by *several*, that a King would no more be able to prevail with them than any other man! Immaculate vestals! who could endure such a subject of conversation, and give such an assurance—to such a man! If this be not beastly, or worse, pray tell me what is? And this is the man who abuses the Scots for "filthiness" in conversation! I can easily account for Mr Hunt's hostility to monarchy; there is no "*mystery*" in that. But he might have abused kingly government on "earth" without insulting the Majesty of "Heaven." He might have safely expounded his *Liberalism* without attempting to smite or defile Christianity. He might have ridiculed the superstitions of Egypt, of Greece, or of Rome, without sneering at the Bible, and falsifying its statements; of which, however, he is grossly ignorant. For who, that had ever read that antiquated, but still venerable volume, could have, for a moment, confounded, as he has done, (p. 233,) the idolatry of the Golden Calf, with the beautiful, affecting, and typical incident of the Brazen Serpent? This is as contemptible as it is odious,—it is a strange mixture of disingenuousness and ignorance, every way worthy of Mr Hunt and of *The Liberal*. But this is not a solitary instance. He labours to prove, that superstition begot, and, to a certain degree, merged, in monarchy,—in which the worship formerly bestowed upon stocks and stones is, according to him, transferred to the *living* subject. I dare say he considers this a very bright idea. Be it so: I am unwilling to deny him any thing I can decently and properly concede. But it is, nevertheless, very puerile, and very silly. No people have ever yet been discovered without some religious belief, or superstition, if you will; and among every tribe, however savage, upon the face of the globe, we recognize the existence of monarchy in some shape or other. These principles are co-existent—we cannot trace the origin of either. It is, therefore, as unphilosophical to say, that superstition gave rise to monarchy, as that monarchy gave rise to superstition. Both spring from the action of the simple principles of human nature, but are no more the causes of each other's existence, than the sense of touch is the cause of the sensation of colour; though both may be, and in fact always are, co-existent. The most obvious truths recorded by history, nay, even observed in our own experience, refute this pitiful nonsense. The Greeks and Romans were republicans—so are the Americans: the two former nations were superstitious: the latter has hardly any religion at all. Let Mr Hunt turn up Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics, and he will find later examples, at his very door, to show, that religion, or superstition, has no more necessary connection with the monarchical than with the republican principle. The Roman Catholic religion is essentially hostile to liberty: yet it *has* been the religion of free states: perhaps we shall live to see it so again.

The *soi-disant* satirical poem called "The Dogs," dedicated to "The Abusers of the Liberal," is of home manufacture; and to say that it is literally *doggrel* is not to say enough: it is a libel on the greatest warrior of the age; and the author no doubt intended to kill many "dogs" with one bone. If this be a fair specimen of *Liberal* satire and retaliation, the Pisans had as well be quiet. They are a set of poor toothless puppies. They snarl a little, and mumble, and slaver, as if bit by a mad "dog;" but their tongues have so swollen in their mouths with the venom, that they cannot bite for the souls of them: (I beg their pardon, I forgot *they* have no souls.) It is not with the *poem*, however, but with one or two of the *notes*, taken in conjunction with a paper "on the Scotch Character," that I at present concern myself. On the line in "The Dogs"

All Scotland takes "like hairpies coming o'er us,"

we have the following note—mark it, reader! "That is to say, in English, 'like harpies coming o'er us.' I should not have made this apparently invidious translation, (es-

pecially as I am fond of the Scottish dialect in its proper place,) if the Scotch, of late, had not taken it into their heads to give their Southern neighbours lessons in writing." It is really amusing to observe the self-satisfied assurance of these ricketty cocknies. Do the poor things really imagine that the monstrous jargon, "like hairpies coming o'or oz," is Scotch? It may, for ought I know, be Welch, or Hebrew, or Amharic, but sure I am it is not *Scotch*. Next, as to giving these indignant oracles "lessons in writing," we admit it betrays great presumption on our part; but is not a whit the less necessary on that account. Let me see—"LETTERS FROM ABROAD—*Letter* II.; *Genoa*." The fourth sentence is as follows:—"The base (of 'a glorious amphitheatre of white houses') is composed of the city with its churches and *shipping;* the OTHER houses are country-seats, looking *out*, one above the other, *up* the hill. To the left are the Alps, with their snowy tops: to the right, and *for the back*, are the Appenines. THIS IS GENOA!!!" Again:—"The lucid Mediterranean sea WASHED *against* our vessel, like *amber*." Again:—"After travelling the great 'world of waters wide and deep,' it was every way a pleasant thing to feel one's self *embraced* in the Genoese *harbour*, which is *one of the most encircling there are*. We were full, at that time, of happy thoughts of a dear friend; and we felt as if the country he was in *embraced* us for him." Again:—"The *quay* is a handsome one, *profuse* of good pavement, *gate*, &c." "*Profuse of* GATE!" Good! Yet again:—Mr Hunt gets fairly ashore, and instead of "fine Southern heads," sees only a pack of ugly devils, with vice, misery, and crime painted in their faces: he is surprised, and so is his wife: "The children looked at me: we all looked at one another: and, what was very inhospitable, the pilots all looked at us." What opinion "the pilots" formed of the importation we have not learned: it is clearly made out, however, that the poor fellows "looked," and it is to be presumed they *saw* something or other; and, from their "inhospitable" grin, it is to be *inferred*, that the *result* of their observation was not entirely favourable to the voyagers. Be that as it may, however, "We had scarcely got rid of our *ugly* men, when we were assailed with a much worse sight, a gang of *ugly* boys. They were a set of young knaves, poking about for what they could lay their hands on; and came loitering and hanging about the vessel, under pretence of asking charity. Their fathers and mothers, or *their* fathers and mothers, or *manners* and *customs ad infinitum*, had much to answer for in *contriving* such a set of juvenile vagabonds!" "Fathers and mothers, and *their* fathers and mothers, and manners and customs *ad infinitum* CONTRIVING a set of ugly and juvenile vagabonds!" Good again, Mr Hunt. No *slip-slop* here, I assure you.

I entreat you, Mr Editor, to observe, and if you please, *you* may entreat your readers to observe also, that I take these things quite at random: hundreds more may be had for the seeking; but I have neither time nor inclination for the task. Now, is it not the very quintessence of impudence in the Scotch, to "take it into their heads to give their Southern neighbours lessons in writing!" considering that such rare ornaments, and graces of speech, float in rich abundance on the surface of every page of their immortal scribblings? *Proh pudor!* I am truly ashamed of my countrymen. How can they be so ignorant of the *genuine Anglicism*? But they are doomed to suffer for it. These Pisanized Cockney "fellors" have no mercy on them. Let me then come to the main point; although the topics that solicit my attention are so multitudinous, that for the soul of me, (*I* have a *soul*—at least I believe so, which comes nearly to the same thing,) I know not where to begin: but I shall try.

After much nonsense about "bodies-corporate," "double existences," "the Arctic circle," "Hampstead," "Highgate," and "the Calton Hill," the first tangible assertion is this: "Some one the other day, at a literary dinner in Scotland, *apologized* for alluding to the name of Shakespeare so often, *because he was not a Scotchman*." Without the least hesitation I pronounce *this* statement a false-

hood; or, which comes to the same thing, a wilful misrepresentation of the words uttered, whatever they were. We are prudently kept in the dark, as to the place at which, the time when, and the person by whom these or some such words were said to be uttered: had we been furnished with the smallest clue, to get at direct evidence, the falsehood should have been made as manifest as it is ridiculously malicious. As it is, however, nobody who reads what follows can doubt for a moment on the point. "Even Sir Walter Scott, I understand, talks of the Scotch Novels in *all* companies; and, by waving the title of the author, is at liberty to repeat the subject *ad infinitum*." Rousseau tells us, in his Confessions, that, besides his propensity to thieving, he was the most inveterate and incurable liar in existence: but I cannot induce myself to believe that even he could have brought himself to *face out* any thing so bad as this, especially where detection was so easy, so unavoidably certain. I would conceive myself writing a libel, not only upon Sir Walter Scott, but upon all those of [illegible] ing h friendship, were I to enter a formal disclaimer against this gratuitous, monstrous, and malicious falsehood. I call upon the writer of the article to make good his assertion, or submit to the infamy of having invented it. I know well he *cannot* do so, and I therefore use the less circumlocution in describing him in the only language which applies to him. It is needless to say how notoriously true is the very reverse of the statement here put forth.

It would be too bad in me to withhold the following, when speaking of this subject: "The genius of their greatest living writer, is the genius of national tradition. He has damnable iteration in him; but *hardly one grain of sheer invention*. His mind is turned instinctively *backward* on the *past*—he cannot *project* it *forward* to the *future*. HE HAS NOT THE FACULTY OF IMAGINING ANY THING, either in individual or general truth, different from what has been handed down to him for such. Give him costume, dialect, manners, popular superstitions, grotesque characters, supernatural events, and local scenery, and he is a prodigy—a man-monster among writers: take these actually embodied and endless materials from him, and he is a common man, with as little original power of mind as he has (unfortunately) independence or boldness of spirit!" I would not disturb, by any commentary of mine, the effect which this unrivalled specimen of rank nonsense is calculated to produce upon the risible muscles of your readers. Who but an idiot or a cockney could have written such gibberish? Is not the genius of Homer "the genius of national tradition?" and if you take from him "costume, dialect, manners, characters, popular superstitions, supernatural events, and local scenery," how much, pray, will you leave? Perform the same operation on Chaucer and Shakespeare, and then tell us the result. Who but a mind of the first order can work up these materials into one great and imperishable fabric, and embody the spirit at once of history and tradition, in the characters and events of his fable? If this be not "invention"—what is it? Try my Lord of Byron by the rule laid down by his brother Liberal—strip his best and most admired poems of their oriental costume, manners, superstitions, grotesque characters, and local scenery—and having performed this process of abstraction on the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, and the early parts of Childe Harold, be kind enough to tell us how much there is left. His lordship would not care to abide the result of the experiment.

You will not expect me to dissect a tythe of the nonsense contained in this miserable t[illegible]ade: if you do, you will be disappointed. For example, we are told that a Scotchman is not "an *unit*, but an *aggregate*; not a *link*, but a *chain*;" that is, one Scotchman is not one Scotchman, but more: and, in the very next sentence, it is added, "he belongs to a regiment;" although two lines before we had been assured that he himself constituted the whole regiment—in short, was *omnes in uno*. What can a man make of this?

But a Scotchman, it is said, is a "coward," and a coward of the worst description: "he crouches to

power, and would be more disposed to fall upon and crush, than come forward to the support of a sinking individual." Now, were this *true*, it would be very bad: its falsehood, direct manifest falsehood, does not render it the less fit to appear in "The Liberal." Had any thing approaching to truth been said of our countrymen, we should have wondered how the devil it got there. It would have been out of place, and out of keeping. As to the matter of cowardice, however, it would not savour much of prudence, were Mr Hunt, or whoever is the author of this paper, to *act* upon the opinion he has here propounded: he might perhaps find he had reckoned without his host. But "a Scotchman would rather fall upon, and crush, than come forward to the support of a *sinking* individual," like Mr Hunt, for example. It is extremely probable he would. He hates infidels, jacobins, and manufacturers of Parisinas, and Stories of Rimini, with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength; to such gentry, he might indeed be provoked to administer a kick in the breech *en passant*. He thinks society would be well rid of such fellows, who are either pandering to the passions of the multitude, or occupied in providing furniture for the bagnio. But I would not have it be believed, that, therefore, he is either destitute of feeling or generosity. He is not such a foggy-headed, beef-eating, gullible animal as Master Bull: he looks before he leaps: but I shall be glad to find an Englishman of them all, who, when he has fairly reconnoitred his way, will leap beyond him.

Next, as to his being the slave of authority, the blockhead who made the assertion is as ignorant of the character he attempts to describe, as of the inhabitants of Saturn's Ring. A Scotchman's greatest fault, perhaps, is the little deference he pays to authority, and the habitual propensity he displays to think and act for himself. This originates in two causes; the natural acuteness of the people, and the universal diffusion of knowledge.

But the greatest flaw in the Scottish character yet remains to be noticed, and I shall do it in the words of the author, that I may not be suspected of mis-representing his meaning. "*The delicate sensibility* (not to say soreness) of the Scotch, in matters of *moral reputation*, may be accounted for from their *domiciliary system* of church-government, of Kirk-Assemblies, and Ruling Elders; and in the unprincipled assurance with which assertions of this sort are thrown out, and the panic-terror which they strike into the timid or hypocritical, one may see the remaining effects of Penance Sheets and Cutty Stools! Poor Burns! he raised up the ghost of Dr Hornbook, but did not lay the spirit of cant and lying in the cunning North!" It is always an unpleasant thing when one receives a compliment not to be able to return it. I should be writing a malicious and unpardonable libel, were I to accuse the *Liberals* of any "delicate sensibility (not to say soreness) in matters of *moral reputation*:" I am aware they have none, and I would not for the world put them to the blush. But I may be allowed to inform them, that the "domiciliary system" of which they talk, has long since (the more pity say I) gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. Our clergy seem to have imbibed a large portion of the *light* of the age, and with it a truly Episcopalian contempt for "domiciliary" visits, and catechizing the young. In fact, we are in a fair way to acquire the full and inestimable benefits of the noble prerogative of non-residence itself: so far have we advanced in the career of improvement. The tie by which a clergyman of old was bound to his flock has been disrupted where it could not be conveniently dissolved; and, except for an hour or two on Sunday, he sees and knows as little about them (especially in large towns) as about the Junta at Pisa, or the inhabitants of the Odenwald. What could Mr Hunt wish for more? Can he deny that we are in a fair way to get rid of every shred and remnant of "Penance Sheets and Cutty Stools?" He will indeed be sorry to learn, that these are many splendid and honourable exceptions: I would not willingly give him pain; but I must pay some regard to truth. Yes, there *are* noble exceptions; and a re-action

is daily taking place in the feelings and wishes of a people, who are not to be driven out of all reverence and veneration for the best and most efficient part of our ecclesiastical discipline, by the sneer of witlings, the taunts of libertines, the profanity of Pisans, or the blasphemies of thorough-bred and openly-avowed infidels.. This, verily, is a grievous backsliding; but under all the afflictions and troubles incident to the "domiciliary system," it is odds that we shall not send to Pisa for consolation. As to "poor Burns!" (how hateful is the pity of those rapscallions!) no man can admire his genius more fervently or intensely than I do; but I cannot, at the same time, shut my eyes to the melancholy truth, that his writings have greatly tended to lower the tone of moral feeling among his countrymen, and that there is occasionally about them a savour of profanity and blackguardism, which cannot be too deeply execrated or deplored. I abhor cant as much as any man, but I shall not hesitate to proclaim what I am satisfied is truth, merely because I may stand in the minority. The ridicule which Burns so frequently directed against sacred things not only attaches an ineffaceable stain to his memory, but has been productive of incredible evil, and begotten among our people a spirit of levity and irreverence, unknown before his time. The universal diffusion of his works, and the natural delight with which they are read, will show that I have not exaggerated their influence. But let me not be cruel or unjust to the memory of an unfortunate son of genius, in whose bosom the sacred fire burned with such resplendent brightness. He erred from exuberance of feeling, and not from settled depravity of heart. He was no infidel, nor was he unfriendly to the religion of his "beloved native land." He handled edged tools without being aware of his danger: but he lived to repent of his error. And he would have been the first to proclaim his contempt for, and to refuse to fraternize with the slip-slop, maudlin drivellers, who have the impudence to evoke his immortal name with an expression of their disgusting and insulting pity. Hallowed be the mould that covers his final resting-place!

It is owing to the restraints which the "domiciliary system" imposes, that, according to this *Liberal*, "of all blackguards, a Scotch blackguard is the *worst*." And for this a curious reason is assigned: "*The character sits ill upon him for want of use*, and is sure to be most outrageously caricatured." For my own part, I have not the least objection to admit, that England is capable of furnishing more *finished* blackguards than Scotland; I should be sorry to contest the claim which is here set up in her behalf: "by worst," therefore, is only meant *less accomplished* in the character. But, unhappily, towards the close, the secret of the whole philippic comes out. Mr Hunt conceives himself to have been rather roughly handled by a parcel of rogues, with more fun in their noddles than malice in their hearts, and greatly his overmatch in humour, wit, and sarcasm: And now, like a magnanimous Cockney, he takes his revenge by libelling a whole people, of whose national and individual character every line he writes proves his entire ignorance, while they just know enough of him to despise heartily both his talents and his principles. In this spirit, and warming as he gets on, he indites the following dreadfully pungent anathema: "Their impudence is extreme, their malice cold-blooded, covert, crawling, deliberate, without the frailty or excuse of passion. They club their vices and their venality together, and, by the help of both together, are invincible!!!"

I have been greatly amused, and, you may believe, occasionally a little shocked, (which means a great deal, considering, that, according to Mr Hunt, "there is a natural hardness and want of nervous sensibility about the Scotch") with the article entitled "Les Charmettes, and Rousseau," and the attempt made to white-wash the character of that eloquent but profligate man, I regret that I cannot enter into it somewhat at large. The best apology for Rousseau is, that he was stark staring mad all his life. None of his actions indicates a man *compos sui*. His character is a bundle of contradictions.

He was not only capable of, but committed some of the most atrocious, as well as despicable crimes. His propensity to thieving was a disease of which he was never, as he himself confesses, entirely cured. He was addicted to habitual misrepresentation. He abjured his religion at Turin, that he might eat dishonest bread. The affair of the ribbon, very trifling in itself, became a crime of the blackest dye, when he laid the theft at the door of a poor, friendless, female fellow-servant, who had always treated him with kindness. The nature of his *liaison* with Madame de Warens is well known—he was a kept man-mistress. The author of this paper—his panegyrist—has forgotten that, in conjunction with another man, Carrio—as great a scoundrel as himself—he bought a girl of her mother—a greater blackguard than either—in order to bring her up as their common mistress: and he has frankly admitted that, (to use the words of Mr Burke,) "he left the spawn of his disgustful amours to languish in a Foundling Hospital." Did his character improve as he advanced in years, and acquired fame by his writings? Quite the reverse. He became intolerable, first to his friends, and latterly to himself. In what respects has he conferred any benefit on mankind? In none that I am aware of. He was eloquent—powerfully eloquent; and that was all. But on what subjects were hisconfessedly great powers employed? In maintaining the most pernicious paradoxes, and pandering to the most dangerous passions. The faggots were piled up to his hand, and he applied the fire. Of his *Nouvelle Heloise* there has *hitherto* been scarce two opinions: it is a masterpiece of eloquence and profligacy. But the author before me thinks differently—let him enjoy his opinion. Mine will not be affected, although he brings forward a female authority on his side. I wish he had quoted the exact words of Miss Seward. I can hardly bring myself to believe that, "sensible maiden" as she was, she would recommend such a book to the perusal of young men: if she really did, I should know *what* to think of herself. A young woman recommending a tale of seduction, full of voluptuous and inflammatory description, to young men! Imp—I wish I could say—Impossible! But I have not the means at hand of ascertaining the fact, so I must leave it as I found it.

The worst feature, however, in Rousseau's character is, that he sinned with his eyes open. He saw clearly the heinous nature of the crime he was about to commit—and he committed it. Of this we have an instance in the matter of his abjuring his religion. "Though young," says he, "*I was sufficiently convinced*, that whatever religion might be the true one, I was about to *sell* mine; and even should I chance to chuse the best, I lied to the Holy Ghost, and merited the disdain of every good man!" Yet, with this *sufficient conviction* on his mind, he *sold* his religion! The Confessions furnish many similar examples.

The coincidence, in this respect, between Rousseau and Gibbon, is remarkable. Both abjured the religion in which they had been educated, and became Catholics,—with this advantage in favour of the latter, that he was *converted*, not *bribed* to the change: and both ended by becoming professed infidels. This fact is highly instructive, and would furnish matter for a volume.

The author before me pleads hard for Rousseau's exculpation,—in respect of his inhuman treatment of his children,—because he repented of his barbarity. But to what did his repentance amount? Did it induce him to alter his conduct, and atone for it, by taking home to his bosom, and his heart, the unhappy beings on whom he hadinflicted the curse of existence? No: it was a mere vision of his troubled imagination; a spectre he had conjured up and tricked out in fantastic horrors, to frighten his own mind: it has accordingly left no trace of its existence, except in the pages of his Confessions. But I must have done.—*Vale!*

JONATHAN OLDMIXON.

TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, ANCIENT BABYLONIA, &c. DURING THE YEARS 1817, 1818, 1819, AND 1820. BY SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

(Continued.)

In his progress towards Ispahan, Sir Robert traversed the salt desert of Kaveer. Numerous and wide sheets of salt, to the depth of half an inch, spread over the plain, as smooth and level as a mirror, reflecting the sun-beams with a mirror's brightness, and sometimes producing the most extraordinary optical delusions. In this cheerless tract, the eye is seldom refreshed with the sight of water; and if a stream occasionally appears, it is only to inflict the curse of Tantalus on the thirst-tortured traveller, who finds it as salt as the soil through which it flows.

The sacred city of Khom, renowned for the shrine of the fair saint Fatima, and many other holy and dignified personages, presents the anomalous and disagreeable appearance of repair and ruin, bustle and desolation. Sir Robert was now following the tract which Sir John Malcolm had pursued; and wherever he went, he received the most gratifying proofs of the respect and affection with which the remembrance of that excellent officer was still cherished in Persia. In many of the villages, the inhabitants date their marriages, or the birth of their children, from the era of his visit among them; and the peasants, in the warmth of their gratitude for his beneficence, used to say, that "if the rocks and trees should suddenly receive the power of speech, their first word would be *Malcolm.*"

Of the numerous ruins which our traveller had yet seen, those of Lanker-rood were the most striking and singular. They consisted of large buildings, totally separated from each other. In each building were several central arches, supporting a pointed dome; while from the body of the edifice projected smaller divisions, again divided into cells, the whole being finished with the greatest care and neatness. Nearly a hundred of these insulated structures, mingling with old walls and towers fallen into the most picturesque ruin, surrounded the low-roofed dwellings which form the present village. Of the once considerable town of Kassamabad, which Chardin, in the year 1686, found fully inhabited, the only vestige now is a long black line of ruins, with the dome of a lonely mosque. At Dhay Nain and Sin-Sin, Sir Robert found ruins similar to those at Lanker-rood; and from their being divided into domestic apartments, and the walls of those at Dhay Nain being in some places covered with portraits in fresco, he was led to conclude that they had originally been dwelling-houses. The town of Kashan presented an agreeable contrast to the dilapidation of most of the cities which lay in our traveller's present tract. It was in all its former prosperity; its manufactures of silk brocades and shawls, and of copper utensils, being as flourishing and in as great request as ever.

Of the miserable system of government in Persia, and of the still more deplorable manner in which it is administered, Sir Robert gives a distressing account, when speaking of the kanaughts, or aqueducts, which fertilize, by irrigation, the valley of Guz.

"Indeed, there is no source whence the crown draws its revenue so productively, as from that of these waters; for the advantage of which artificial channels, a certain sum is paid yearly to government. Great as that may be, it is short of what it might be, were the dispersion of these aqueducts better understood; and were the dues properly collected, the result would be double profit to the crown. But, in this country (as it is sometimes even with ourselves) there are a train of intermediate agents between the government and the tax, who either eat up three-fourths of the expected sum, before it reaches the treasury, or so grind each other at every remove from the first delegated hand, that when the last and full exaction is made from the industrious peasant, or trader, or warder of a caravansary, (it being demanded in sufficient quantity to stick a reasonable profit to the coffers of each successive extortioner, in its way to those of the sovereign,) the poor labouring wretch, at the bottom of the ladder, is made to dig the gold out of his very veins; to pour it out with his sweat and his blood; and giving his last handful of grain this year, with all his means of subsistence, to these hard task-

masters, leaves the land and the royal dues to shift for themselves in the next. The kanaughts of Guz are farmed out to twenty-four of its inhabitants, at a rent of twenty-five tomauns per annum each; which tax does not include what the crown claims on the produce of the land nourished by this water; nor do those claims cover all the contributions that may be demanded, under several different pleas, of the proprietors. Indeed, it is even more difficult to acquire any certain knowledge of the ways and means by which the revenue of this country is calculated and collected, than to obtain any reasonable estimate of its population. Every thing of the sort appears to be done by farming, and monopoly; a common, and universally impoverishing error with arbitrary governments; and which, while its principle continues, must dam up the sources of national wealth, by undermining the foundations of all industry, whether agricultural, commercial, or any thing else. Hence the plough, and the loom, are often abandoned in despair; and the poor rack-rented husbandman, or mechanic, flies to some distant province, to seek less oppressive exactors, of some less exorbitant impost. Thus do villages, and even districts, not unfrequently become entirely deserted; and, on enquiry, what inroad of Tartar or Turkoman had rendered the houses tenantless, and left so many fine tracts of land without culture, we are surprised with the information, that some avaricious governor, or, more likely, his rapacious satellites, had passed that way, and the besom of destruction could not have swept surer.

On approaching Ispahan, our traveller rode four miles over a line of ruins, before he arrived at the Gouch Khonah, a very old mosque, at which point the city commences. The origin of this city is involved in some obscurity, but its situation is admirably adapted for that of a capital. The contrast between its former magnificence, and its present desolation, is drawn by Sir Robert with a masterly hand.

Ispahan, from the first of its being named, is noted as a city of consequence; but it was reserved for the renowned Shah Abbas to raise it to its supreme height of royal magnificence, and to render Ispahan the great emporium of the Asiatic world. During his reign, nearly a million of people animated its busy streets, and the equally flourishing peasantry of more than fourteen hundred villages in its neighbourhood, supplied, by their labour, the markets of this abundant population. Its bazars were filled with merchandise from every quarter of the globe, mingled with the rich bales of its own celebrated manufactories. Industry, diligence, activity, and business-like negociations, were seen and heard every where. The caravansaries were crowded with merchants, and goods of Europe and of Asia; while the court of the great Shah was the resort of ambassadors from the proudest kingdoms, not only of the East, but of the West. Travellers thronged thither to behold its splendours, and to enjoy the gracious reception bestowed by its monarch on the learned and ingenious of all lands and religions. The renown of his camps attracted brave volunteers from many a Christian country; and even the chivalry of our own land, knights sworn to arms by our royal Elizabeth herself, sought accessions of honours in the pavilions of Shah Abbas. Magnificence to strangers, and munificence to his subjects, seem to have been the leading characteristics of this extraordinary prince. A devotee in his own faith, he was tolerant to all others. His holy ancestry made him a saint, his gay temperament a man of pleasure. He performed pilgrimages on foot; he endowed mosques with the splendour of palaces; his palaces were the seats of legislature; his anderoon, the council of arms; while his gardens, open to the people, resounded with fêtes and revelling. Such was Ispahan under the sway of Abbas the First. Such almost it continued during the reign of Abbas the Second. But, whatever were its subsequent splendours, they were all extinguished by the merciless arms of its Afghan conquerors; and hence comes the different picture it presents this day, from that which I have drawn. Its people are reduced to scarcely one-tenth of the just computed numbers; the streets are every where in ruin; the bazars silent and abandoned; the caravansaries equally forsaken; its thousand villages hardly now counting two hundred; its palaces solitary and forlorn; and the nocturnal laugh and song, which used to echo from every part of the gardens, now succeeded by the yells of jackalls, and the howls of as famishing dogs.

Fortunately the minister to whom the government of this city is entrusted, is exerting himself with much judgment and zeal for the restoration of its prosperity; and such are already the beneficial effects of his exertions, that he is now able to pay to the crown a revenue of upwards of six hundred thousand tomauns,

(about £30,000 sterling), a larger sum than is derived from any other district in the Persian dominions. It is in vain to expect, however, that it can ever be restored to its former splendour and importance, unless it shall again become the favourite residence of royalty. Of the remains of Ispahan's former magnificence, some still preserve all their original freshness; and of these Sir Robert Ker Porter has given a minute description. The palace of Forty Pillars, the Heste Beheste, or Eight Palaces, in the royal pleasure-grounds, and the splendid edifice of the Maidan Shah, or great public square, still remain, amidst the decay which every where appears around, striking monuments of the magnificence of the great Shah Abbas.

The climate of Ispahan was at this season (May) remarkably pleasant, the thermometer in the shade seldom exceeding 75° of Fahrenheit. The evenings, however, were oppressively close, and the nights cold and sharp. No fruits were yet ripe, but cherries and plums, in their crude state, were eaten as delicacies.

Superstition flourishes in Persia as in its native soil. From its earliest annals we learn, that the most important events were determined by some casual occurrence, which was regarded as ominous. The neighing of a horse gave the empire to Darius; an untimely sneeze made a Persian army, in the days of Xenophon, hesitate to attack the enemy; and a similar unlucky omen deterred a party of peasantry from setting out with Sir Robert Ker Porter, though they were to travel in the same route, and had previously begged the protection of his company. These superstitious notions are not confined to the vulgar. Even his Persian Majesty will not leave his capital, undertake an expedition, or receive an ambassador, till he has learned from his astrologer the fortunate hour. Before all minor transactions, it is the general custom of the Persians to take what is called a *fall;* this is done by opening the Koran, Hafiz, or any respected author, and the sense of the passage on which their eyes first fall, directs their actions, and is supposed to indicate their fortune. They likewise place great faith in the virtue of charms, procured from their astrologers; these they bind not merely about their own bodies, but those of their horses. Some of these amulets are composed of prayers, sewed up in shreds of linen, in the shape of lozenges, circles, triangles, &c.; the more costly kind are sentences from the Koran, exquisitely engraved on cornelian, and usually worn, by persons of rank, round their necks or arms. The lower orders have talismans, to avert the effect of evil eyes, curses, or other malignant influences. In short, they neither look, move, nor speak, without attention to some sudden fatality.

The chief objects of our traveller's curiosity, however, were the superb remains of antiquity in this part of the empire. To these remains he had an excellent key, in the accurate and classical descriptions of Mr Morier; and by his indefatigable research, he was enabled to discover some which had escaped the observation of all preceding travellers. At Mourg-aub, which Mr Morier has proved, almost to demonstration, to be the Pasargadæ of the ancients, he found a square pillar, apparently belonging to an ancient temple, on which he discovered, with equal surprise and delight, a sculpture in bas-relief, so gracefully simple in its design, and so exquisitely finished, as to be worthy of the best days of Grecian art. He visited likewise the tomb, called by the natives the tomb of the mother of Solomon, but supposed by our author, with much greater probability, to be the celebrated tomb of Cyrus. Of these relics of antiquity he has given minute descriptions, and accurate drawings. His attention was still more earnestly engaged by the "Mountain of Sepulchres" at Nakshi-Roustam. The face of the mountain is a cliff of whitish marble, rising almost perpendicularly to an elevation of nearly three hundred yards. In this have been cut the sculptures and excavations which have been so long the subjects of discussion with the traveller, the artist, and the antiquary. These are placed very near each other, and are all contained within a space somewhat less than the height of the mountain. Four of these

highest on the rock are evidently intended for tombs, and appear to be coeval with the splendid ruins of Persepolis. The range below, though varying in ability of execution, are all in a very inferior taste. Our author ascended with considerable difficulty and peril to examine the interior of one of these tombs, being pulled up by means of a rope fastened to his waist. "The distance," he says, "was sufficiently high from the ground to give me time for thought; and during my ascent, in a manner so totally dependent on the dexterity of others, I could not but recollect the fate of half-a-dozen kinsmen of Darius Hystaspes, who had all perished at once in the very same expedition. Ctesias relates that this great Persian monarch caused a tomb to be dug for him, while he yet lived, in the double mountain; but when it was completed, the Chaldean soothsayers forbid him to enter it during his life, under a penalty of some terrible danger. Darius was intimidated; but some princes of his family could not resist a strong curiosity which impelled them to view its interior. They went to the mountain, and by their desire were to be drawn up by the priests who officiated there; but while they yet hung between earth and air, the sudden appearance of some serpents on the rock so terrified the people above, that they let go the ropes, and the princes were dashed in pieces. On this very spot, more than two thousand years ago, the catastrophe happened. The persons seemed present with me, and I shuddered for them, while I rejoiced in my own safety. To incur the least possible risk to myself and my assistants, I had selected the tomb that was nearest the ground; but even that was upwards of sixty feet above its level, and I came off with not a few bruises from hard knocks against the rock in my swinging ascent." In the tomb which he entered in this [illegible] manner, he found three arched recesses, each containing a trough-like cavity cut into the rock, and covered with a stone of corresponding dimensions. Every one of these covers had been broken at the corners, evidently to give a view of the contents of the sarcophagus to the person who committed the mischief. When examined by our author they were all perfectly empty. On the exterior of one of the tombs, and one only, the whole tablet of the upper compartment is inscribed with the arrow-headed characters. From this peculiarity our author is led to suppose, that this is the tomb cut by the express orders of Darius Hystaspes to receive his remains.

The upper range of tombs are generally allowed to belong to the early race of Persian monarchs, whose dynasty was terminated by the sword of Alexander the Great: those in the lower line of the rock are attributed to Kings of the Arsacidean and Sassanian race. Sir Robert has given a detailed account, and faithful delineation, of six bas-reliefs which he found in this range. The first he supposes to represent Baharam the Gour, his queen, and their son. The second, consisting of two hostile warriors on horseback, with a prostrate human figure under the hoofs of one of the horses, and designed with much greater spirit, and executed in a more masterly style than the former, is supposed to represent a victory of Baharam over the Khan of Transoxania. The third consists of four figures, the principal that of a Persian monarch on horseback, grasping the clasped arms of a person on foot, habited in the Roman garb, with a wreath of laurel on his brow. This bas-relief our author fancies to represent the victory of Sapor the First over the emperor Valerian. The fourth he supposes to be merely a variation of the subject represented in the second. The fifth has been drawn, our author informs us, by almost every traveller who approached the spot, but not one of their representations is correct: the subject is two men on horseback, meeting each [illegible] the one bestowing, the [illegible]ing, a circlet, the badge of [illegible]gnty: under the feet of the [illegible] are two prostrate figures, on the head of one of whom are serpents twisting over a band round his brows, in the place of hair: on the breasts of the horses, just above the shoulder, are inscriptions both in the Greek and Pelhivi characters; the execution of the whole heavy, but elaborate: the subject is

conjectured to be an emblematical representation of the restoration of the ancient Persian empire, in the person of Ardashir Babigan, the hereditary successor of its founder, Cyrus. The last bas-relief represents a king, standing in a niche or rostrum, as if delivering a harangue: to the right and left of him appear a row of figures, seen only as far as the head and shoulders: of the subject of this sculpture no hint can be drawn from either history or tradition. A Fire Temple, similar to that which he had seen at Mourgaub, and two altars cut out of the solid rock, were among the other remains of antiquity which Sir Robert saw at Nakshi Roustam. His impressions on taking leave of this interesting place are very naturally and finely described. He had gone to search, but without success, for the inscriptions mentioned by Mr Morier.

I observed nothing particular during this part of my ride, excepting a few square holes, of different sizes and depths, cut in the sides of the rocks. Every where else was wild, and as abandoned to nature as if the footsteps of man had never been there; and as I turned round, to view the venerable scene again, before I put my horse to the spur to carry me back to my quarters, the wide extended solitude of the mountain above, the tenantless and highly-wrought tombs in its bosom, with the gigantic figures at its base, like men of another age turned to marble; all these awful forms, with the silence, and magnitude of every object, gave a particular grandeur and solemnity to my last impression of Nakshi Roustam.

With the view of examining at leisure the superb ruins of Persepolis, he established his head-quarters at the village of Kanarah, about two miles distant from that ancient capital. At Nakshi Rajab he found three bas-reliefs on three projecting masses of rock, which were much mutilated, in consequence of the barbarous policy of Shah Sefi's prime minister, who, as Chardin informs us, ordered sixty men to be daily employed for a length of time in destroying the monuments of antiquity in the plain of Merdasht. On one of these bas-reliefs our author, most unexpectedly, found a Greek inscription on the breast of a horse, much more entire than it had been transcribed by Niebuhr many years before. The swords of all the figures in these sculptures, instead of resembling the ancient Persian scymitars, were perfectly straight; an innovation which the last Darius is said to have introduced in the time of Philip, in imitation of the Greeks.

Of the interesting remains of Persepolis, the description of our author is peculiarly minute and accurate, and accompanied by numerous drawings, executed with singular fidelity. It affords an idea of those splendid monuments of eastern art, incomparably more correct than any that can be formed from the description of preceding travellers. We cannot, of course, follow him in his details: all that we can pretend to do, is merely to advert to some particulars, in which he has corrected the mistakes of his predecessors, or explored what had escaped their observation. The colossal animals, sculptured on the portal of the great platform, and which, from the descriptions and drawings of former travellers, the learned professor Heeren concluded to be the Monoceiros of Ctesias, our author proves to demonstration to be bulls. They are admirable specimens of art, uniting such weight of body and of limb, with such spirit in the attitude and action of the muscles, that the whole seems ready to move from the great mass to which it is attached. In the palace of Forty Pillars he observed that none of the figures which he supposed to represent the royal guards, wore any thing resembling a sword; and it is remarkable, that in the descriptions of the Persian guards given by Herodotus, and of the army of Xerxes by Xenophon, the sword is not mentioned. From these circumstances he is led to think, that when ancient authors speak of the Persian sword, they can only mean the dagger described by Xenophon, as hung from a belt on their right side. The processions sculptured in five bas-reliefs in the Palace of Forty Pillars, he agrees with Professor Heeren and Grottefund, in ascribing to Darius Hystaspes; and supposes them to represent the festival at the Vernal Equinox, when the Persians presented their gratuities, and the governors

of provinces, with their delegates, used to bring in their annual revenue, with a due proportion of offering besides. It is probable that these fine sculptures were executed by some of the Grecians who fell into the power of Darius previous to the battle of Marathon—the exquisite finishing of the parts, and the grace and truth of the general design, every where proclaiming the refined taste and the master chisels of Greece. "When comparing," exclaims our author, "the colossal proportions of the structure, and its gigantic sculptures, with the delicacy, beauty, and perfection, of the execution of its ornaments, I might say, with the poet, 'Here the Loves play on the bosom of Hercules.'" The colonnades in the Palace were in the same exquisite taste, and mutilated as they now are, they cannot be beheld without equal delight and wonder. "Besides the admiration," says Sir Robert, "which the general elegance of their forms, and the exquisite workmanship of their parts, excited, I never was made so sensible of the impression of perfect symmetry, comprising in itself that of perfect beauty also." These pillars are distributed in four divisions; consisting, as Sir Robert describes them in military phrase, of a centre phalanx of six deep every way; an advance of twelve in two ranks; and the same number flanking the centre. Of all these columns fifteen only are now standing, the height of each being sixty feet, the circumference of the shaft sixteen, and its length from the capital to the tor, forty-four feet. The shaft is finely fluted in fifty-two divisions; at its lower extremity begins a cincture and a torus, the first two inches in depth, the latter one foot; whence devolves the pedestal in the form of the cup and leaves of a pendant lotus. They rest upon a plinth of eight inches, in circumference twenty-four feet six inches: the capitals are surmounted by a double demi-bull. On comparing the columns of Persepolis with those which he afterwards found at Ecbatana, Sir Robert was convinced that the same style of architecture prevailed at one time over the East. He thinks it probable, likewise, that it owed its origin to some nation of still more ancient aggrandizement, and that the capitals of Assyria and of Shinar might claim the honour of inventing sculpture, which comprehends the ornamental parts of architecture. "Hence in Babylon, or Nineveh, the original heavy stem of the pillar, which we find so ponderous at Egyptian Thebes, would first become lightened by reed-like flutings, and its top with the lotos flower; or, when a stronger prop seemed to be demanded, then the smooth shaft was surmounted by the gracefully wreathing of the symbolical horse, or the hieroglyphic animal itself." The industry with which our author examined all the precious relics of Persepolis, the historical illustrations which he brings forward to explain them, his judicious conjectures, and, above all, his admirable drawings, have thrown much additional light on those remains, and rendered this part of his work particularly valuable to the artist and the antiquary. His researches were interrupted by a fever, brought on by heat and fatigue; and when he recovered so far as to be again able to travel, he was glad to remove from a climate which he found no longer endurable. He, therefore, proceeded on his journey towards Shiraz. His route lay westward across a plain, studded with an almost incredible number of villages. Of these only a few were inhabited; yet in the vicinity of all of them, canals for irrigation, and the luxuriance of the soil, exhibited traces of a skilful agriculture. As he advanced, the aspect of the country became more dreary. The stream of Rocknabad, which, half a century ago, flowed through the paradise of Fars, and which is so often the theme of the poet Hafiz, he found diminished to an inconsiderable rivulet, divested entirely of the Arcadian scenery which once adorned it, yet retaining its singular transparency and softness to the taste. On his arrival at Shiraz, he was hospitably received by the son of Jaffier Khan, from whom the British Missionary, Henry Martin, experienced so much kindness. Shiraz, once the capital of Persia Proper, and now of the province of Fars, is situate in latitude 29°, 33′, 55″. It stands in a fine valley, about ten or twelve miles wide, and

has rather a pleasant than an imposing appearance. It is at present under the government of Hassan Ali Mirza, a son of the king—a youth more inclined to the pleasures of his *anderoon* than to the cares of state. "Every thing within the town seems neglected: the bazars and maidans falling into ruins; the streets choked with dirt, and heaps of unrepaired houses, and the lower orders who infest them, squalid and insolent; while the actual poor crawl out of their dens in a state of rags and wretchedness, which no pen can describe." One of the most grievous effects of this public neglect, is the state of the water, which is intolerably foul and pernicious. This is the more inexcusable, as pure and delicious water might, with little trouble, be conveyed from the spring at the tomb of Sadi, and the stream of the Rocknabad. During our author's stay here, the heat was excessive; the thermometer seldom, during the day, falling below 96° in the shade, or under 80° at night.

After recovering from a severe fever, induced by fatigue and excessive heat, our author paid an early visit to the town of Hafiz and Sadi, the Anacreon Moore and the Pope of Persia. These tombs were erected by Kerim Khan, who ordered trees to be planted around them, and a college of holy men to be lodged in the boundary, to protect the honoured shrines. They are now abandoned to neglect. The ground, which was long kept sacred to the remains of Hafiz alone, is covered with promiscuous graves; the fine copy of his poems, which was fastened to his shrine, has been removed; and even the trees, which but lately threw over it their luxuriant shade, have disappeared. The place of Sadi's sepulture was still more forlorn. Within a solitary square enclosure, perfectly bare without, and within planted with a few low shrubs and vegetables, stood a small marble sarcophagus, which covered the poet's remains. One interesting memorial of this amiable moralist is still to be seen. Through a vaulted apartment under the level of the ground, and descending again about twenty or thirty steps, our author was conducted to the brink of a crystal stream, so contrived as to flow over a deepened basin in the rock. This was the poet's favourite retirement, and here he is said to have composed some of his most beautiful poems. He pleased himself with seeing the fish sporting in the clear water of the basin; and their descendants are still held so sacred, that the starving people in the neighbourhood never think of drawing one of them from its native fountain. "And this," says our author, "is perhaps all the respect still shown to the memory of Sheik Sadi!" This tomb stands at the distance of three miles north-east from Shiraz. Proceeding four miles farther in the same direction, our traveller found the remains of an edifice, of the style and age of those at Persepolis. It appears to have been a square of thirty feet, with a portal in each face. Three of its sides still remain, and from the figures sculptured on these sides, all bearing objects connected with religious oblation, and the general elegance of the workmanship, our author plausibly conjectures that it has been a small temple. On leaving this gem of architecture, and following the base of the mountain for two miles farther, he came to a delightful spring, over which a range of sculptures, cut in the rock, presented themselves. They appeared to be works of the Sassanian age, but much superior to those at Nakshi-Roustam.

In this valley the country appeared in much higher cultivation than nearer Shiraz; stretching on to the east in vineyard, harvest, and village scenery. The grapes grow to a size and fulness scarcely equalled in other climates, and yield the celebrated wine of Shiraz. Owing to the strictness with which the reigning family observe the ordinances of the Prophet, the manufacture of this wine has fallen into disrepute, and only small quantities, possessing the proper flavour, can now be obtained. Of the climate and productions of Shiraz, Sir Robert Ker Porter gives a most glowing description.

The present summer has been unusually hot, and the feverish state of my frame made me feel it more so; but the inhabitants of this beautiful vale told me, that Shiraz is generally esteemed the most moderate climate in the southern division

of the empire; that its summer noons may be warmer than is pleasant, but the mornings and evenings are delightful; but when September commences, the weather becomes heavenly; and continues until the end of November, with a perfectly serene atmosphere, of a most balmy and agreeable temperature; and a sky whose soft hues are reflected from every object. The earth is covered with the gathered harvest, flowers, and fruits; melons, peaches, pears, nectarines, cherries, grapes, pomegranates; in short, all is a garden abundant in sweets and refreshment. The vales of Ouroomia, and Salmos, which lie north west of Tabreez, are the only places in the empire that compare with Shiraz and its autumnal bounties. And, thus fortunate in the fruits of the earth, it possesses the additional attraction of giving birth to the most beautiful woman in Persia; damsels, who are described with eyes brighter than the antelope's; hair clustering like their own dark grapes; and forms fairer and sweeter than the virgin rose. Indeed, all here seems to partake of their musky breath; the place being celebrated for the growth of every flower that yields perfume by extract. The rose-water of Shiraz is particularly fine and abundant; and so profusely scattered are every species of the most costly scents, the otto of rose is scarcely deemed a perfume of any value.

Shiraz owed much of its former prosperity to Kherim Khan, who possessed all the power of a sovereign, though dignified with no higher title than that of Vakeel, or Lieutenant of the reigning monarch. All the cities of Persia flourished under his administration, but he preferred Shiraz, from its vicinity to the simple tribe from whom he derived his descent. He strengthened its fortifications, enriched it with manufactories, adorned it with buildings, and beautified the environs with delightful gardens. Amidst the wreck of its manufactures, two have survived; the one of glass for windows, bottles, and goblets, which, though not of the most elegant kind, are vendible all over the kingdom; the other of sword-blades and daggers, which are deemed excellent for general use.

It was the original intention of our travellers, to proceed from Shiraz to places of interest still farther eastward. But the debilitated state to which his late fever had reduced him, rendered it necessary to attend to the immediate restoration of his health and vigour. Instead of venturing, therefore, into a region which is emphatically styled the *garmseer*, or quarter of heat, he resolved to return to Ispahan; intending, however, when his strength should be re-established, to proceed to Homadan, the ancient Ecbatana, with the view of comparing its relics with those of Mourg-aub and Persepolis, and then directing his course along the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates, to explore the remains of Babylon. With this object in view, he left Shiraz on the 29th of July 1818, and uniting his own attendants with the suite of Dr Sharpe, set forth on his return to Ispahan.

The route which he pursued in returning to this splendid, but now decayed capital, was more direct than that by which he proceeded to Shiraz, and for several days he travelled through new scenes. The first object that excited particular observation, was the sacred village of Iman Zado Ismael. A high-domed building marked the spot where the remains of the Imans repose, and the air of comfort and civilization which reigns throughout the village, bespeaks the easy circumstances of his descendants, and the respect in which they are held. The illness of Dr Sharpe detained them several days in this village, where they were entertained with the greatest kindness, by the hospitable descendants of the Prophet. On proceeding northward, they soon entered that "labyrinth of countless ravines and formidable gorges, which intersect, in every direction, the vast chain of mountains extending from Ararat to the shore of the Persian gulf. From these numerously diverging defiles, the winding valleys spread themselves over the whole surface of the country, south-east, expanding into vast and fertile plains, on the very confines of Courdistan. On this stupendous range, the most accessible parts are inhabited by the Bactiori, Feilly, and Mamazeny tribes, who, with the exception of the Eelauts, exist wholly by plunder. The caravans, and parties of travellers, on the great roads between Bushire and Shiraz, and from Shiraz to Ispahan, offer a succession of tempting prizes, to these

hereditary spoilers. After surmounting two of these mountain passes, our traveller found himself in the long-celebrated vale of Oujon. This vale, called also the Vale of Heroes, from having been the favourite hunting-place of Baharam the Gour, abounds in springs, some hid under marshy ground, and others open, in pools or streams, but all supposed to communicate at a great depth. Into one of these pools Baharam, in the heat of the chase, inadvertently dashed: he and his horse were instantly swallowed up; and though immediate and diligent search was made, not the smallest trace of him or his horse was ever found. At the very same spot, a European, in the escort of Sir John Malcolm, disappeared, although warned of the danger of approaching it. Ossipus, once a place of consequence, colonized by Shah Ismail with Christian families from Georgia, and rendered particularly interesting to English travellers, by its having been placed by Shah Abbas under the government of their countryman Sir Anthony Shirley, consists now of a few miserable huts, straggling round the base of an artificial mound. Here our travellers were visited by the Khan of the mountains, attended by a train of banditti. Most of the mountain chiefs, rough and daring as they are, acknowledge the Shah's supremacy, by furnishing a certain number of men, properly armed, to serve him in his wars.

Of all the favours which the traveller in a distant land can receive, there is none more gratifying to his heart, than the kindness he meets with on account of his nation, or of some esteemed compatriot, with whose character his own is thus, in some measure, identified, and to whose honours and privileges he succeeds by a kind of imputed merit. Such kindness Sir Robert Ker Porter had frequently experienced in Persia; but never with such a warmth of cordiality as from the generous and amiable Hadgé Bachire, an Abyssinian eunuch, who was chief of the household to the royal mother of Hassan Ali Mirza, Prince-governor of Shiraz. This worthy comptroller came up with our traveller's party at a caravanserai near the village of Koosh Kizar. With a sincerity that could not be mistaken, he expressed his joy at finding himself in the company of Englishmen, and he wound up his general compliments to the English nation, with a particular eulogium on the talents and virtues of the missionary, Henry Martyn, who had passed some time under his roof, during his sojourn at Shiraz. The benevolent Hadgé preceded them as their good genius; and every comfort and luxury awaited them, under his direction, at their various resting-places.

Their route leading directly through the haunts of the mountain banditti, it was attended with increasing danger at every step. On leaving the ruins of Kormeshah, they observed a party of thirty or forty horsemen, hovering at a small distance on their flank, apparently with the purpose of reconnoitring. After twice advancing and falling back, they made known their intention, by the discharge of a few shots at the mules in the rear of our traveller's retinue; but finding that the party was well prepared for defence, and startled by the bells of an approaching caravan, they withdrew, after maintaining a running fight for a considerable extent of road.

Ispahan, in its southern aspect, appears incomparably more magnificent than when approached from the north. Bridges of noble architecture, each extending its long level lines of arches to porch-like structures of the finest elevations, were "superb prologues to tenantless palaces, and a city in ruins."

All spoke of the gorgeous, populous past, but all that remained in present life seemed lost in silence, shrinking from the increasing flame of a morning sun that burnt like mid-day. Happily, a covert path presented itself; and after enjoying our ride beneath the cool arcades of its long mouldering cloisters, we entered the southern gate of the town, and immediately came out into one of those umbrageous avenues of trees which render the interior of Ispahan in this quarter a very paradise. It terminated at the great bazar of Shah Abbas; the whole of which enormous length of building is vaulted above, to exclude heat, yet admit air and light. Hundreds of shops, without inhabitants, filled the sides of this epitome of a deserted mercantile world: and having traversed their untrodden la-

byrinths for an extent of nearly two miles, we entered the Maidan Shah, another spacious soundless theatre of departed grandeur. The present solitude of so magnificent a place was rendered more impressive by the distinct echoing of our horses' footsteps, as we passed through its immense quadrangle to the palace that was to be our temporary abode.

During his second sojourn at Ispahan, our author enjoyed a better opportunity than before of mingling in general society, and of observing the varieties of Persian character, which he states, we think, with discriminating accuracy, and traces, with equal ingenuity and judgment, to their real causes.

The variety of character amongst these people is equally interesting and extraordinary; and that variety does not exist more in certain dissimilarities distinguishing one individual from another, than in those very dissimilarities often meeting in one man. The Persian's natural disposition is amiable, with quick parts; and on these foundations the circumstances of climate and government have formed his character. Perhaps a stronger proof could not be given of the former trait, than that we find in their history no terrible details of sanguinary popular tumults. The page is blotted in a thousand places, with massacres done by order of a single tyrant; but never a disposition for insurrection, and wide murderous revenge, in the people *en masse*. Fonder of pleasure than ambitious of the sterner prerogatives of power, they seek their chief good in the visions of a fanciful philosophy, or the fervours of a faith which kindles the imagination with the senses. The dreams of their poets, the delights of the Anderoon, the vigour of the chace; these, with services at court, whether to the Shah or to his princely representatives over provinces, or to their delegated authorities in towns and villages, all alike form the favourite pursuits of the Persian, from the highest Khan to the lowest subject in the empire. This bland docility of mind, so amiable to a certain point, and dangerous beyond it; different, indeed, from the vigorous upright temperament, which stands by its own rights and those of others, to the sacrifice of all personal enjoyment and safety; and which, too, may be exaggerated to the most ruinous extreme;—this gay, contented disposition of the Persian, makes him, of all people, the easiest to be governed. As a second proof of this, I need only mention, that the state revolutions so often occurring in this country, have not been those of the people, nor over the people, but the result of struggles between different claimants for the crown. The conflict has been fought between prince and prince at the head of their embattled friends; and according to the decision of the day, the country, perfectly quiescent, like the transfer of an estate, has passed from one dynasty to another. But though the people take no real part in these transactions, neither impeding the return of peace, nor disturbing it when present, with political considerations or movements of any kind, yet it is from these frequent changes of dynasty that most of the evils in Persia arise. An irrepressible sense of insecurity on both sides, keeps up an apprehension in all; and the most apparent means of maintaining power, and conciliating its possessor, being riches, an avidity for money has become the ruling passion of the whole nation. That quickness of parts, which more liberal views would turn into channels to promote the true wealth of the country, is now solely directed to the sordid accumulation of gold; and to the subtlest ways of concealing its acquisition from those who might have the wish, as well as the power, to appropriate it to themselves. Hence comes the spirit of over-reaching, of extortion, and of all despicable and detestable methods of collecting money; with answering habits of dissimulation and falsehood, to disguise and retain their ill-gotten wealth. Not that these vices are universally the attendants on the possession of money in Persia; but they belong to the principle on which it is amassed, and the consequence is very general.

I have already mentioned, that the peculiar temperament of the Persian is lively, imitative, full of imagination, and of that easy nature which we in the west call "taking the world lightly;" and that hence he is prone to seek pleasures, and to enjoy them with his whole heart. Amongst these, the gaiety of his taste renders him fond of pomp and show; but his fear of attracting suspicion to his riches, prevents him exhibiting such signs in his own person, beyond an extra superb shawl, a handsomely hilted dagger, or the peculiar beauty of his kaliouns. The utmost magnificence of his house consists in the number of apartments, and extent of the courts; of the rose-trees and little fountains in the one, and the fine carpets and nummuds in the other. But vessels of gold or silver are never seen. The dinner-trays are of painted wood; and those on which the sweetmeats and fruits appear are of copper,

thickly tinned over, looking like dirty plate. Neither gluttony nor epicurism is a vice of this nation. The lower classes also live principally upon bread, fruits, and water. The repasts of the higher, consist of the simplest fare; their cookery being devoid of any ingredient to stimulate the appetite. Sherbets, of different kinds, are their usual beverage; and tea and coffee the luxuries of ceremonious meetings.

The liberal and judicious observations of our author, on the successive religions of Persia, form a very agreeable contrast to the partial and insidious representations of Gibbon. (Decline and Fall, Vol I. Chap. 8.) We regret that our limits prevent us from indulging in any quotations from his discussion on this interesting subject, in which, if there is no great originality, there is at least impartial and well-digested statement of the opinions of Hyde, Anquetil, Jones, and other distingished Orientalists.

Our author was now treading ground hallowed to the imagination alike by classical and scriptural recollections; and his descriptions and reflections have a cast of enthusiasm, with which every reader of taste will sympathize. On approaching Hamadan, reared on the site of the ancient Ecbatana, the blended feelings of regret and satisfaction excited by what he vainly expected to find, and what he actually beheld in the scene before him, are thus happily expressed:

I had not expected to see Ecbatana as Alexander found it; neither in the superb ruin in which Timour had left it; but, almost unconsciously to myself, some indistinct ideas of what it had been, floated before me; and when I actually beheld its remains, it was with the appalled shock of seeing a prostrate dead body, where I had anticipated a living man, though drooping to decay. Orontes, indeed, was there, magnificent and hoary headed; the funeral monument of the poor corse beneath. Having, for a few moments, gazed at the venerable mountain, and on the sad vacuum at its base; what had been Ecbatana, being now shrunk to comparative nothingness; I turned my eye on the still busy scene of life, which occupied the adjacent country; the extensive plain of Hamadan, and its widely extending hills. On our right, the receding vale was varied, at short distances, with numberless castellated villages rising from amidst groves of the noblest trees; while the great plain itself, stretched northward and eastward to such far remoteness, that its mountain boundaries appeared like clouds upon the horizon. This whole tract seemed one carpet of luxuriant verdure, studded with hamlets, and watered by beautiful rivulets. On the south-west, Orontes, or Elwund, (by whichever name we may designate this most towering division of the mountain,) presents itself in all the stupendous grandeur of its fame and form. Near to its base appear the dark-coloured dwellings of Hamadan, crowded thickly on each other; while the gardens of the inhabitants, with their connecting orchards and woods, fringe the entire slope of that part of the mountain. Its higher regions exhibit every variety of picturesque forms, and indigenous vegetable production, whether in scent or hue; while from its rocky crest the brightness of the risen sun was reflected, mingling its rays with the brilliantly clear springs which wind in rills amongst its upland paths; or roll in accumulated streams, down upon the plain below, inviting, and assisting the hand of industry.

A more striking contrast, indeed, cannot be conceived, than that of the present meanness of Hamadan with the recorded splendour of Ecbatana. Where the wealth of Asia, and the taste of Greece, in her best days of refinement, combined in realizing the most sublime and elegant conceptions of architectural genius,—where the conqueror of the world, rioting in palaces of gold, was deluded by the splendours that surrounded him, into the madness of self-idolatry,—and where Stasicrates, the noblest architect in the world, was employed to minister to the delusion by the wonders of his art,—a few mud alleys, wretched bazars, and here and there some poplars, or willow-trees, overhanging a dirty stream, are the disgusting objects that meet the eye, and speak of utter neglect and hopeless poverty; "not majesty in stately ruin, pining to final dissolution on the spot where it was first blasted; but beggary seated on the place which kings had occupied, squalid in rags, and stupid with misery." Hamadan consists of about 9000 houses, one-third of which are occupied by persons in the employment of the state, and of course add nothing to the revenue: its population is estimated at

from 40,000 to 45,000 souls, amongst whom are 600 Jewish families, and nearly the same number of Armenians. Among the relics of antiquity which our author found at Ecbatana, the most interesting is the sepulchre of Esther and Mordecai. The original structure is said to have been demolished at the sacking of the city by Timour: the present is a square building of brick, of a mosque-like form, surmounted by a somewhat elongated dome. Under the concave of this dome are two sarcophagi made of a very dark wood, carved with great intricacy of pattern, and richness of twisted ornaments, with a line of Hebrew inscription running round the upper ledge of each. Many other inscriptions, in the same language, are cut on the walls; and on a slab of white marble let into the wall is engraved a similar inscription of very remote antiquity. Its import, in English, is as follows: "Mordecai, beloved and honoured by the king, was great and good. His garments were as those of a sovereign. Ahasuerus covered him with this rich dress, and also placed a golden chain round his neck. The city of Susa rejoiced at his honours, and his high fortune became the glory of the Jews."

On the eastern summit of Mount Elwund, Sir Robert found a large platform, cut out of the native rock, to which the inhabitants ignorantly give the name of *Solomon's Tomb*. From its resemblance, in situation and construction, to the platform at Mourg-aub, which is dignified by the name of the "Throne of Solomon," he was naturally led to conclude, that they were both originally destined for the same purpose—mountain altars to the sun. When he discovered this platform, he was in search of a stone of a more mysterious and interesting character, covered, as he was informed, by a cabalistic inscription, which no person had yet been able to decypher. The fortunate mortal, who should first be able to read this inscription aloud, and to understand its import, was destined for the highest honours; the mountain would shake to its centre, and an immense treasure would be brought forth by the genius of the cavern in which it was buried, and laid at the feet of the happy interpreter. Sir Robert found the stone, but its inscription baffled his lore. The stone was an immense block of red granite, in the face of which, at the distance of two feet from the ground, were two square excavations, cut to the depth of a foot, about five feet in breadth, and nearly the same in height. Each of these tablets contained three columns of engraved arrow-headed writing, in the most excellent preservation. Sir Robert had not leisure to transcribe them.

In travelling through these countries in summer, nothing appears stranger to a European than the apparently heedless manner in which the natives expose themselves to the violence of the sun-beams. We cannot altogether agree with Sir Robert in the cause which he assigns for this negligence: for though the use of the parasol may be exclusively reserved for the great, it is not conceivable that even the most despotic government should prevent its subjects from endeavouring to shelter themselves, in some manner, from the ardors of an almost tropical sun. Sir John Malcolm, however, in tracing the origin of the name *satrap*, to the privilege of using the parasol, is borne out by arguments more plausible than many etymologists can produce in support of their conjectures. He derives the word from *chattrapa*, "lord of the umbrella." To bear an umbrella, or parasol, as a mark of dignity, is still common in many countries of the East, and that it was so from very remote antiquity in Persia, we learn from the sculptures at Persepolis, where the parasol is held over the figure of the king, whether seated or walking. In both the Persic and Sanscrit languages, *chattra* signifies an umbrella; and *pa*, contracted for *pati*, though now lost to the Persic, signifies, in the Sanscrit, "lord." In further confirmation of his etymology, Sir John Malcolm observes, that the title of *Chattrapati*, lord of the umbrella, is still maintained as a peculiar mark of honour by one of the highest officers in the Mahratta state.

(To be continued.)

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

MR EDITOR,

After the departure of His Majesty from our metropolis, imagining it too early in the season to coop myself up in town, I resolved upon making a visit to my friend and old school-fellow, Walter Buchanan, who claims a collateral descent from the historian and famous scholar of that name; indeed, his sister and housekeeper, Marjory, although a dozen years younger than her brother, can trace their descent through every family, up to that of the tutor to the royal pedant; they also do me the honour of ranking me as their cousin, —but this by the bye.

Walter is a farmer in a rich and pleasant part of the country; something more than half a century has rolled over his head; he is now the life-renter of a lease granted to his father; and being a man of sober habits, and unmarried, is generally reported rich. His neighbours consider him a very learned man; and if a retentive memory, with an extensive knowledge of the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland, constitute learning, he merits the appellation; for he has contrived to collect most of the historians of his country, from Boethius and Blind Harry, down to Dr M'Crie's Lives of Knox and Melville. Among these, the works of his celebrated namesake, those of John Knox, the Scots Worthies, Cloud of Witnesses, Hind let Loose, and the Confession of Faith, are in elegant bindings; and although his library is far more extensive than is generally to be found in a farmer's house, it is confined solely to these subjects, including also Controversial Divinity, and the Farmer's Magazine. Fiction, however elegant the composition, or however graphic the painting, for him has no charms; fine writing has no attractions for his mind; facts alone, or what he believes to be such, can interest him; but he would as soon question the authenticity of his Bible, as doubt the truth of the legendary tales related by Boece and Lindsay of Pitscottie; and in the ancient and modern history of his country, he is a living chronicle, beyond any one with whom I am acquainted.

Such is Walter Buchanan, and such was his library, on my former visit, about three years ago. But at my next arrival, what was my surprise, on looking into his book-closet, to find a number of additional shelves filled with books, mostly in boards, and bearing the appearance of having all been read, some of them much used! Among these I found the Edinburgh Review, up to the seventieth number, the poems of Sir Walter Scott, Currie's edition of Burns, Cowper's and Crabbe's poems, and Wordsworth's Excursion; Novels by the author of Waverley, down to Kenilworth; including several other novels and poems, illustrative of Scottish character and manners. In a word, I here found natural and moral philosophy, philology, mathematics, and other sciences, with several Latin classics. All this was a mystery to me; for unless my friend's mind had undergone a complete metamorphosis, much of what I saw was foreign to his taste, and some contrary to his principles; in particular, the tale of Old Mortality had given him such offence, that he had declared he would never read a book by its author, if he knew it. Upon more minute inspection, I discovered that not one of the old residenters, as they might be termed, was to be found among these intruders, but stood in their former ranks, in *statu quo*.

After supper, I mentioned what I had observed, complimenting the farmer upon his extended range of intellectual amusement. He smiled, and glancing at his sister, said, "A' the new books, I mean the strangers, are Mysie's—no ane o' them's mine." My astonishment was now augmented; for although aware that Mysie had some taste for reading, I felt convinced that much of this collection was far beyond her comprehension; and without speaking, I looked at her, in a manner which sufficiently indicated my wish for an explanation. A deep glow suffused her cheek, and in a half-faltering voice, she said, "I see what you wish—Watty will tell you a' about it," and she immediately left the room.

"You've touched a tender string," said Walter. "I should be sorry if I have given pain to your sister," said I, "but I am still in the dark as to what all this means." "Nae

doubt, but I'll explain the mystery. D'ye mind o' William Ramsay, our dominie? I think he dined here during your last visit." "I recollect him perfectly; he is a man of good taste, much information, and, if I am not much mistaken, of sound principles; I am promising myself pleasure from another interview with him." "I hope it will yet be a long while before you meet, for he is in anither warld." "I am sorry to hear it—his death must be a public loss to your parish." "It is; for he was an excellent teacher, and, as you say, a good man; and although his taste and mine didna aye jump thegither, yet I was very fond o' him; but I cou'd tell you of ane wha was still fonder! Ye'll be at nae loss to guess wha I mean, when I say that ye've seen his library, and that it was a' bequeathed to Mysie, wha carries his watch in her bosom. Mony lang and late night has he spent here; indeed I think he got his death gaun hame ae stormy night. My sister reckoned him an oracle, and he believed her a nonsuch for female excellence: they professed nothing beyond warm friendship for ane anither—a kind o' Platonic love, as your visionaries ca' it; but I saw farther into the matter, and ha'e nae doubt it would have ended in marriage, to which I had nae objections: Mysie had a right to please hersel'—he was a decent, respectable man, and her tocher would have kept them baith comfortable. But his time was come; he died last spring; and having no relations, left his library and watch to my sister, his siller snuff-box to me, and the proceeds of his household furniture to the poor of the parish. I'll miss him sair in the lang nights; for although we had mony a teugh argument, I liked weel to crack wi' him. Mysie will soon speak about him to you, although I saw her heart grow gryte at the recollection; but let her tak' her ain time o' bringing o'er the matter."

Next morning I came into the parlour with a number of the Edinburgh Review in my hand; the farmer was gone out. Mysie sat down near me, with her back to the light, and after some preface, said, "Watty would tell you that we've lost Mr Ramsay?" "He did; and I am very sorry to hear it, for he stood high in my estimation." "Ay, William was liked by a' that kent him—and now that I can speak about him, I needna be ashamed to say, that I respected him mair than common; and the heirship he left to me is a proof that I had his regard: and although there is mony ane o' thae books that I canna read, and ithers that I dinna understand, they are a' dear to me for his sake. But I've a book o' William's composition, in his ain hand-writing, that I prize aboon them a'. I'll let you see it, for I keep it locked in my drawer." She left the room, and returned soon, with a quarto volume, which she put into my hands, saying, "I'm gaen' to mak' the cheese; look o'er that till I come back."

I found the volume written in a full, fair hand, evidently at different times: the title was "Weeds and Flowers, culled from the Common of Nature, by a Solitary." From a short and pleasing preface, to which the author's initials were affixed, I found the contents were solely his composition, as a relaxation from the duties of his office. I devoted the forenoon to a perusal of the volume, which I found to consist of Tales, Characters, and Essays, in prose and verse, several of which I had read before my cousin's return. "Weel," said she, with a melancholy smile, "I see you're busy wi' my dear departed friend's volume—how do you like it?" "All I have read has afforded me pleasure—some parts have interested me deeply." "I am happy to hear't, though it wad mak' nae difference to me—but d'ye ken, I was thinking to write you about it. There's several parts o't that ha'e been published in the Edinburgh Magazine, as ye will see marked E, wi' red ink. Mr Ramsay got the Magazine as lang's he was in this warld—I get it still; but it would be far mair valuable to me, could I see mair of William's 'Flowers' in't; and perhaps the Editor might ha'e nae objections; but I canna let the book into the hands o' a stranger; however, I can trust you; and if ye wad tak' the trouble to copy out ane or twa o' the papers, by way of sample, and send them to the publisher,

ye wad oblige me; if they're printed, ye can send mair; but dinna let the book out of your ain possession. I'm no judge of what's fitted for the public taste, for a' the volume's to mine; but my brither says there's several good things in't, but that, in general, there's o'er few facts, and o'er mickle description and sentiment."

In compliance with Marjory's wishes, I brought the volume along with me, and have since perused the whole. Were I to sit in judgment on the book, with reference to the whimsical title it bears, I would say, "This is not a garden, but a verdant and variegated meadow, where, if we are not regaled with flowers of rich fragrance and exquisite beauty, we are never offended by weeds of unseemly appearance, and noxious quality." I, therefore, Mr Editor, propose sending you occasional extracts, either in prose or verse, such as may be deemed adapted to your Miscellany; and accompany this by a tale, which is neither the first, nor, in my opinion, the best; but its title is applicable to the season. I wished, also, to have sent you the author's preface, but have already intruded too far; however, in justice to him, permit me to transcribe the following paragraph: "As he who paints from fancy, and not from life, can give expression of features, and richness of colouring, to his pictures, *ad libitum*; so it would have been easy for me, in 'overstepping the modesty of Nature,' to have contrived plots more wonderful, and to have made my characters think, act, and speak in a style more romantic; but I preferred sketching life such as it is, rather than what it might be supposed, by a warm heart and fertile imagination." Should this packet meet your approbation, you will oblige one female reader, and may again hear from, your's very respectfully,

AN AGED FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. I.

New-Year's-Day.

A rich mind in a state indifferent,
Would prove the better fortune.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

GEORGE MELVILLE'S father occupied a small farm on the east coast of Scotland. He had been more solicitous to cultivate the minds of his children, than to accumulate wealth; and under the care of his parent, George had received what may, in a just sense of the word, be termed a good education. In early life, his mind was deeply imbued with a sense of the duties he owed to his Maker and his fellow-men; and these he was at all times anxious to discharge, as far as the frailty of human nature would permit. He had been taught to perform his part on the stage of life in a manner which might be expected to produce happiness to himself, and render him useful and respectable in society.

George continued to assist his father on the farm till the good man died, as it were, in the prime of life, leaving his son, at the age of twenty, heir to the lease, and sole protector of two sisters, for their mother had been dead several years. There is a kind of philosophical philanthropy, which "feels for all that lives," but, in the aggregate mass, overlooks the individual, or is exercised on a field so extensive, that, like a pitcher of water sprinkled over an acre of ground, its effects are imperceptible. Such benevolence resembles his, who, having a respectable, but limited sum to distribute in charity, from an anxiety to diffuse his kindness as widely as possible, deals it out in a farthing to each mendicant; and thus a sum is wasted, without adding to the comforts or alleviating the distresses of any one, which would have raised a few from the gulf of wretchedness; and the donor, by injudiciously attempting too much, has done nothing at all. Such was not George Melville's philanthropy; he felt for all mankind, but it was after the manner so beautifully described by Pope:

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds;
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.

His father had died suddenly and intestate; a new lease of the farm had been obtained a few years before, and most of his ready cash was expended in improvements; and what he could leave to his daughters was

trifling, compared with the lease and farm-stocking, now in the hands of George, who, in the first year of possession, obtained an addition to his farm, and immediately set about erecting a new steading. As all this required a command of capital, and his sisters both resided with him, they allowed their little fortunes to lie in his hands.

Mary Webster was the orphan daughter of his late parish clergyman, who had left a widow and daughter, without any provision for their wants, except what they received from the widow's fund. Mary was about a year younger than George, had been the school companion of him and his sisters, and an intimacy had subsisted between them ever since. With congenial principles, there was much disparity in the natural dispositions of George and Mary. He was brawny and muscular, with fair, curled hair, and ruddy complexion, and a temper hasty and sanguine. She was tall and slender, yet so finely formed, that she might have been a model for a Grecian statue; in her face, the lily predominated over the rose, except in her lips, which seemed overlaid with rose leaves, wet with the dews of morning; her nose was slightly aquiline, her eye dark and piercing, and her shining jetty tresses waved over a neck that in whiteness rivalled the Grampian snow; her heart was warm, and her mind calm, steady, and sedate. Mary and her mother lived in a borough, a few miles distant, where many of the beaux looked, sighed, and would have loved; but when prudence whispered that she was pennyless, they contented themselves with gazing and admiring.

But Mary, although not a prude, had a propriety of manner, which some termed good sense, and others pride; however, it kept intruders and silly triflers at a proper distance: this prohibition did not extend to George and his sisters, with whom an intimacy still continued. George had for a considerable time believed that his feeling for Mary proceeded solely from their long acquaintance, and her unprotected situation, with a sincerest desire to promote her happiness. The poet has said, that

Friendship with woman is sister to love.

So it happened here; and perhaps it might be said, in the quaint style of Macniel, that "love had never less to do;" and Mary left the borough, to become the loving and beloved wife of a country farmer. By her own choice, they were married on New-year's-day, which was also her birth-day, and, according to human calculation, was now the commencement of an era, which promised a long day of felicity. In a few months after, George's eldest sister was married to a neighbouring farmer; and although inconvenient for her brother, her money in his hands was paid down.

George and Mary saw the glad season of spring approach; the Grampians began to exhibit dark patches on their sides, like sable spots on a mantle of ermine; birds sung in the hedges, and flowers budded in the fields. Spring is a season which gives not only the most employment, but also the highest degree of joyful anticipation to the mind. The poet is wrong in saying,

Man never is, but always to be blest;

for he is often blest, in the hope of obtaining still greater bliss. Such was now the situation of George; the warmest and best feelings of his heart had not a wish unsatisfied; for the personal charms of his amiable Mary were heightened by the winning sweetness with which she unfolded the rich treasures of her mind. He led her over the fields, where he anticipated future plenty, and his glowing heart expanded, as he contemplated the scenes of happiness which lay in the interminable vista before him.

This loving couple were not misers of their felicity, but wished the bliss they felt diffused around them: they never turned a deaf ear to the tale of misfortune, and to them the prayer of want was never poured in vain; the liberal hand obeyed the impulse of the benevolent heart; they had the envy of their richer neighbours, and the blessings of the widow and the orphan.

Summer, in all her loveliness, now shone around them, and their domestic sky was without a cloud, when Charles Campbell, a young man, and an intimate friend of

George's, by plausible representations, prevailed with him to become security for a large sum; and in course of the season, inveigled him still farther, by getting his indorsation to bills, till the warm-hearted, but imprudent farmer, was engaged in securities for his speculating friend, beyond the value of all he possessed. The worldy-wise man, with indurated heart, will pronounce this a fable, and not in nature; for the sake of George Melville, I wish it were so: those with hearts alive to kindness, but with a larger stock of experience than had fallen to the farmer's lot, will join with me in pronouncing him imprudent, perhaps he himself soon thought so; but he was involved, and could only wait with patience, in the hope that time would so far relieve him, and that the speculations of his friend would have a favourable result. But as he reflected on his conduct, his rashness became daily more obvious, and soon cost him many a sleepless hour, as he pressed his pillow beside the guileless Mary; and he would endeavour to suppress the sigh that laboured in his bosom, lest he should disturb her slumbers; for she was now in that matronly state, which required ease both of body and mind. It is difficult for the ingenuous heart to disguise its feelings; yet George, from delicacy and kindness, always appeared with a cheerful countenance, although he had a sad and heavy heart.

The russet mantle of autumn was changed for the white and dazzling robe of winter; the Christmas festivities had been enlivened by the presence of Mary's mother, George's sisters and brother-in-law, and also that of Peter Durham, who had made proposals to, and was accepted by, Anne, the youngest sister, their wedding-day being fixed. Mary had reason to believe that she should soon be confined, and felt all the hopes and fears incident to her situation; her mother continued in the family, to be at hand in the hour of danger.

The first bill indorsed by George to his friend became due, and he received advice of its being protested for non-payment: it was to an amount which cost him some trouble to raise; however, it was done; a letter of apology came from Campbell, and holding out hopes, on which George now placed no reliance.

The dawn of New-year's-day found him turning on a sleepless couch; and yet it was the harbinger of a day dear to his heart, for it was the first anniversary of his marriage, and also the birth-day of his lovely Mary; again it produced events both of joy and sorrow, for before noon, George, with the glowing feelings of a fond husband and happy father, clasped an infant son to his bosom, and pressed the hand of his dear Mary, who forgot all her sorrows, as her glistening eye gazed upon George, and the infant pledge of their loves. Short as was the wintry day, the sun had not sunk amidst the clouds that skirted the horizon, when the farmer received information that Charles Campbell had absconded, and that his affairs were in the most desperate situation. Bitterly did George now regret his injudicious tenderness, in concealing from Mary the embarassments in which he had so imprudently involved himself; had her mind been in any degree prepared, she might have met, with greater fortitude, what it would now be impossible to conceal, and at a time when it might be productive of the most fatal consequences to her who was dearer to him than life. Another bill, indorsed by him, fell due in the week following; he knew not who was the holder, nor did he conceive it possible to raise the money. In this dilemma, he had recourse for advice to his brother-in-law, and the intended husband of Anne; a full and fair state of his affairs was laid before them, when his utter ruin seemed inevitable. His brother-in-law kindly undertook immediately to pursue the fugitive, but soon learned that he had fled the kingdom. Peter Durham, amidst much hypocritical condolence, secretly congratulated himself upon the timely discovery, for he saw that Anne's fortune was irrecoverably lost, and was too prudent to match with a penniless bride.

There is no pleasure in describing minutely scenes of domestic distress; suffice it to say, that, by the exertions of his friends, the fatal stroke

was suspended till Mary was in some degree recovered; and soon after, his insolvency was publicly declared, his lease and farm-stocking being sold by public auction. The principal bills and securities granted by George to his friend had passed into the hands of an avaricious stranger, in whose heart the milk of human kindness had no place; and the family were stripped of every thing, as far as the utmost rigour of law would permit; what was essentially necessary for them being purchased at the sale by the brother-in-law, to whom George now became a servant, occupying a cottage on the farm, and Anne, who saw no more of her intended bridegroom, took up her abode with them, as a companion and assistant to Mary, who was now the counsellor and comforter of her dejected husband. Instead of reproaching him for rashness and imprudence, she said, "My dear George, why should you grieve so deeply at what is irremediable? If it will be any consolation to you, I am willing to grant, that you have not been perfect in prudence and worldly wisdom; but your 'failings have leaned to Virtue's side;' and although we may regret the consequences, they have made you more dear to my heart. We are both young; Heaven has blessed us with good health, and Providence will prosper our united efforts, if we do not prove ourselves unworthy, by murmuring at its dispensations. Reflect, also, that despondency, by enfeebling the mind and relaxing the nerves, will render us less capable of enduring the privations to which we must submit, and will also disqualify us for that labour necessary for our comfortable subsistence; like Adam and Eve, when expelled from Eden, we can still make a paradise of love around our cottage fire-side."

The conduct of Mary was conformable to her counsels; she was never heard to heave a sigh, nor seen to wear a dejected look; instead of reproachful glances, upon the man whose unthinking temerity had plunged them in adversity, the light of love beamed in her eye, and the glow of cheerfulness mantled on her cheek. Anne, although at first deeply stung by the sordid and perfidious conduct of her lover, soon recovered her spirits, congratulating herself on her escape from being united to a selfish wretch, dead to honour, shame, and every manly feeling.

George continued in the service of his brother-in-law, who, encumbered with a large family and bad farm, could not assist him to rise in the world; but did all in his power to make him and the family comfortable, by lightening the pressure of servitude, alleviating some, and banishing other privations, attendant on their lot. Their cottage was put in the best condition, and Mary, whose spirits had never deserted her, kept it always neat and clean; their little garden was still in excellent order; for George, seeing that Mary found pleasure there, devoted the evenings after his labours to its cultivation; he dug, sowed, planted, and hoed, with all the solicitude of love, and might have said, with the poet,

> Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
> But I hasted and planted it there.

Subsequently, their children relieved him of part of these labours, and their industry was rewarded by the approving smile of their parents, and the success of their labours; their cabbages were the largest, and their pease the most prolific, of any in the parish; the currants hung in rich and glowing clusters; the gooseberry bushes bent beneath their load; the apple blushed upon the wall, ripening in the western sun; while the woodbine and the rose entwined around the window, breathing fragrance on the breeze: there was found a rich variety of what "was good for food, and pleasant to the eye." In summer, the children would leave their mother on the seat, sewing or knitting, and run to welcome their father, presenting him with such produce of the garden as was most in season; in winter, they would lead him to the snug, little, comfortable ben-house, where the cheerful fire, clean hearth, snow-white cloth on the table, covered with the homely, but skilfully-cooked and savoury meal, and the smiles of his Mary, made every care be forgotten. Thus year after year stole softly by; perhaps more smoothly, and with a nearer approach to

perfect happiness, than those of the voluptuary, who rolls in wealth, and glides along the stream of pleasure; their sons and daughters were growing up around them, and their united labours were adequate to the wants of the family.

Eighteen summers had shone upon the happy tenants of the cottage, and George was still in the vigour of manhood; the blush of beauty seemed to linger with delight on the cheek of Mary; the glance of love had not left her eye, nor had the cheerful smile of happiness forgotten to play on her lip. John, their eldest son, had finished his apprenticeship as a sailor; his sister, a year younger, and two brothers, were at service in the neighbourhood, and a boy and girl, still younger, were at home with their parents.

Every New-year's-day, since their union, had been celebrated as the anniversary of that event, which neither had ever for a moment regretted; it was also the birth-day of Mary and her eldest son, and was always hailed by George with heartfelt delight. This happy day was again near, and they wanted only the presence of John to consummate the felicity of their fire-side; but that there was little hope of obtaining. The Minerva, in which John sailed, had left St. Petersburgh late in the season, was overtaken in the Baltic by a dreadful storm; the crew had almost despaired of keeping her above water, and with difficulty had reached a Swedish port, where they were obliged to unload and repair. John, by the fall of a yard, had his right arm broke, which made him employ an amanuensis, in writing to his parents, and from this, they imagined that the worst had not been told.

Their cottage had a commanding view of the German Ocean, and many a long and wistful look had the family cast on the wide expanse, hoping to see the Minerva; still she came not; and Mary, who had smiled in poverty, watched in sickness, whose cheek, nor care nor fatigue ever blanched, now sunk in decay, under apprehensions for [illegible] were the fears of parental fondness and she who had with fortitude braved the bitter blasts of adversity, now pined the victim of maternal affection.

[illegible]rling son. He was ill—perished—or the ship had been again wrecked, and all had perished;

It was the last night of the departing year; a deep snow had fallen, the wind from the south-east was loud, the snow began to drive furiously, and the gale increased to a violent tempest. The parents and their two young children were seated around the fire, the younglings rejoicing that to-morrow they would see their brother and sisters, as the family had always met at their father's fire-side on New-year's-day. "But we want John!" said his mother, with a deep sigh. "And will John not be here to kiss me as usual?" said little Susan. "We will drink to his good health and safe return," cried Tom; "I hope his arm is now whole, and that he will be able to swing me round his head, after he has shaken hands with father and mother." George observed that this artless prattle had brought tears in Mary's eyes: "My dear love," cried he, "you have been my counsellor and comforter for many years; you have taught me to trust in Providence, and I have never been disappointed—taught me, that to doubt the kindness of our Heavenly Father was to render ourselves unworthy of his mercies! Your counsels and kind love have, by the blessing of Heaven, been to me a never-failing consolation; they have not only sweetened the cup of adversity, but have changed it into a delicious potion. Why then so dejected now? I know it is anxiety for John; but recollect, they were safe in a Swedish harbour, and would not leave it till fit for sea; and you know, my dear Mary, what you have impressed upon my mind, never to be forgotten, that the Lord's tender mercies are over all his works."

"And the Psalm that you gave me to read last night," said Susan, "about them that go down to the sea in ships, how God brings them home safe, when they pray to him—and I am sure my brother will never forget that." "And the Hymn that you made me learn from the Spectator, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' Have you forgot that, mother?" cried Tommy. "I know I

am wrong," replied Mary, "and have vainly struggled to shake off my alarms; but I am now afraid that my foolish wishes will prove my punishment, for if the Minerva is on the coast, in this tempest, they must all perish!" "Mary," said George, "it is now within a few hours of the departure of a year which to us has brought only happiness; let us trust in Heaven, and humbly hope that to-morrow's sun will shine as the harbinger of new blessings, bearing in mind, always, that our time is passing away." He then took the Bible, and with much fervour sung the 1st, 2d, 4th, 9th, and 12th verses of the 90th Psalm; after which, reading the 91st, worship was closed with humble confession of their unworthiness, thanks for all temporal and spiritual blessings, devoutly supplicating forgiveness, and a continuance of that protection they had hitherto experienced.

Their orisons closed, they retired to rest; but the bellowings of the storm banished sleep from Mary; sympathy kept George awake, and it was long before their "senses were steeped in forgetfulness." In the morning, the tempest was abated, but the sky was dark and lowering, and the snow-wreaths were drifted in front of the cottage, so that George had to cut his way out with a spade. They sat down to breakfast, cheered by the hope of seeing their olive plants around them at dinner, which Mary set about preparing, while George went to the village, for a refreshing draught of home brewed. He returned much agitated, which his endeavours to conceal only rendered more conspicuous and alarming. "What is the matter?" cried Mary; "something unusual has happened!" "No, nothing, my dear, except that I must go out for some hours, on business of my brother's, which cannot be delayed; and I am vexed at not being at home, to meet our children." "What business?—where? You must not leave us to-day, George—if the business is so urgent, let him go himself." "Indeed I must go, Mary, and he goes with me." "Where are you going?" "Never fear, we shall be back soon." She observed his lip quiver, and taking his hand, felt it tremble. "My dear George, there is some mystery—you wish to deceive me it is, it must be of the Minerva—what of her?—tell me the truth!" "Well, she is in the bay, and I hope to meet John by the time he comes on shore." George had been told in the village, that the Minerva was wrecked on the black-rocks, and only two of the crew saved; "but," continued he, "do not be alarmed should rumour send abroad idle stories; you know the vulgar always magnify—Anne, you do not leave home to-day?" "O no; but we shall be impatient for your return." "Well, I'll come as soon as possible—be of good cheer!" He embraced Mary—a tear fell upon her cheek, and he rushed out: Mary and Anne left alone, mutually alarmed each other; recollecting George's advice about what they might hear, they became convinced he had not told them the truth. The bay was about four miles distant, and the black-rocks about three, in an opposite direction. Mary, notwithstanding the weather, was for setting off for the bay instantly, but Anne prevailed with her to stay and receive her children, as the snow was driving thick. By noon the children had arrived, but soon departed for the bay, to meet their father and brother: in going through the village, they met with those croakers, who delight in being the messengers of bad tidings, "Oh, bairns! this is awfu' news!" said she; "a dowie new-year for your mither, honest woman! I was just gawn yont o'er to see her—wherefore ha'e ye left her?—but ye'll be gawn to look for his corpse." This gossiping woman assured them that the Minerva had been wrecked on the black-rocks, and every soul on board had perished. Although sadly alarmed, they requested her not to go near their mother till their return, and hastened forward. Upon reaching the scene of the reported catastrophe, they saw no signs of a wreck; although they traced the shore for nearly two miles on each side; changing their course, they soon hastened to the bay, with their [illegible] somewhat lightened. Mean[while] Mary was doomed to suffer [a]gony, for some officious in[dividual] under pretence of condolence, told

her the dreadful rumour, and an hour or two had passed before it was contradicted by a kind visitor. Her heart racked with the most painful anxiety, she knew not what to hope or fear, and sat plunged in deep melancholy. The New-year's dinner stood untouched, while the family gazed on each other, and listened to the sound of the warring elements, while darkness closed around them.

The night waned apace, and the terrors of Mary were now increased, in alarms for her husband and children. The storm blew with renewed violence; the roof of the cottage creaked and the door shook, while the driving snow had closed up the windows; the wind bellowed frightfully in the tops of the broad sycamores around the garden, while their massy trunks seemed to groan beneath its fury. In the intervals between its fitful blasts, was heard the barkings of the farmer's dog, and every ear was eager to catch the glad sound of the returning family; they looked out and listened, but could neither hear nor see ought but the howling blast and sweeping snow.

At last a smart knock was heard at the door—all started. "That is not your father," said Mary, in a despairing tone; and before any one had courage or spirit to rise, a stranger entered, and, with majestic step, stalked along the floor. He was tall and robust; his breast and hair filled with frozen snow; he was muffled in a great coat of outlandish make, with a silk handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face. In a deep, sonorous, but not unpleasing voice, he said, "I am a stranger, and have lost my way; will you allow me the shelter of your roof, from the pelting of the pitiless storm?" Mary and Anne looked at the stranger, and at each other for a moment, and the former replied, "We are not in a good situation for receiving strangers; however, this is not a night in which I could turn my enemy's dog from the door—you are welcome to what our lowly cottage can afford; be seated." Encumbered of his great-coat, he appeared a handsome man, past the meridian of life, and his address indicated superior station. "I am afraid I intrude; but this storm must plead my apology, and I shall endeavour not to be troublesome," said he. "Make yourself easy, Sir," said Mary, "and excuse my apparent reserve; my husband and others of the family are out, and I am not a little disturbed about their safety; this, I hope, will prove a satisfactory apology for my imperfect discharge of the rites of hospitality: meantime, will you accept of any refreshment?" "I thank you, ma'am, but I prefer waiting the return of your husband, when, if permitted, I shall with pleasure partake of your New-year's-day's supper, which, I am told, is a cheerful one, in this part of the country." "It used to be so with us—whether it shall be so to-night, is yet a mystery which a little time must now unfold."

By gentle and insinuating courtesy, he succeeded on drawing from Mary the tale of which her heart was full. "I sincerely sympathise with you, ma'am," said he, "and regret that I am a stranger in the country, otherwise I would go in quest of your husband, who I hope will soon arrive." He looked on the family, and all around him, with a penetrating eye, and artfully leading to the subject, said, "I both see and hear much, ma'am, which seems incompatible with the station in which I find you. Surely misfortune has not been cruel enough to place you here?" "When we reached this asylum, his malice was exhausted, and we have experienced such happiness in this cottage, that we forget former disappointments." "I yesterday heard of a family near this, who, in the outset of life, had been ruined by the credulous husband becoming security for a villain. I presume I am now beneath their roof?" "No, Sir; my husband was indeed ruined—but not by a villain—it was by a friend." "He gave a strange demonstration of his friendship." "Such things often happen in the world, Sir, but, in a word, both wanted experience, and might perhaps be termed fools, but neither were knaves." "And what became of that friend?" "He left the country, and we have never heard of him since." "Well, he must have been an ungrateful fellow, never to write you!" "Perhaps not, Sir; many things may have

prevented; he may still be unfortunate, or he may be dead; whatever be the cause, I believe my husband, who says, his errors were those of the head, not the heart." "You are an admirable woman! and it gives me pleasure to——" but as he spoke, a bustle was heard at the door, and George entered with John on his arm, while his brother-in-law escorted the younger branches.

This meeting should have been seen—may be imagined—but cannot be described; there seemed some danger of joy proving as injurious to Mary as sorrow; but the presence of the stranger had a salutary effect. He had been overlooked in the bustle of this happy meeting; but had looked on with delighted eye, and now said, "I, too, have been out in the storm, and losing my way, made my land fall here, where I am happy to find the fond wishes of every heart fulfilled; and trust I shall not prove an intruder, nor any obstruction to the general happiness." "You are most heartily welcome, and I only regret that we have not better accommodations to offer," replied George. "With so many happy faces around me, I shall deem myself in a palace; but were this the meanest hovel on Scottish ground, I have had infinitely worse lodgings." "You have travelled, Sir, I presume?" said John. "A little; I have been in all the quarters of the globe." "And I, you see, am a rough sailor; so I hope we shall both think ourselves at home, and safe moored. Now, mother, we have had tough work and a long spell; suppose we should have supper." All were happy, and all were hungry; the supper was savoury, and all fared heartily and cheerfully. After the cloth was removed, George addressing the stranger, said, "This day, Sir, is the anniversary of my marriage, the birth-day of my wife, and also of my eldest son, whom we this morning believed to be drowned, and whom Providence has now placed in good health at my side. Have I not then reason to be grateful and happy?" "It is certainly an eventful day in your history; has no unpleasant [illegible] ever marked it in the [illegible] of life?" "Never but once; that is now so long ago that it is unfelt and forgotten; and least of do I wish it called to my recollection at present." John now drew from his pockets a couple of bottles, from his sea stock, saying, "Let us have New-year's-day, in *auld use and wont*." The stranger, with much feeling and animation, gave the toasts suited to the occasion; after which, he said, "I beg leave to propose another, in which, I hope, all present will join." He then, with peculiar expression of face, pronounced, "Old friends; and a happy meeting to George Melville and Charles Campbell!" George started, gazed upon the stranger, and at last cried, "It must be—it is so—you are Charles Campbell!" and he held out his hand; but the stranger had started to his feet, and clasped George in his arms, crying, "I am indeed Charles Campbell—can you—will you forgive me?" "I have done so long ago." "And you have also taught that angel, your lovely Mary, to forgive!" "No—there you are wrong—she taught me." "Well, I have never forgiven myself—never can I atone for the wrongs I have heaped on your heads; my reckless folly hurled you from respectable competence, to waste your best days—your noon of life, in poverty, painful labour; that cannot recalled—but what I can, s done. I find you doomed to s tude and toil, but still you have been free Britons, while I have suffered shipwreck, and the galling chains of Algerine slavery; but I had deserved it, and regretted my fate not less on your account, than my own. Fortune relented,—I got free; and the blind goddess smiled beyond my warmest hopes. Her first favours I remitted to a friend, for your use, many years ago; a sum which would have at least banished poverty, and smoothed your thorny path of life till my return; but, on arriving in London, I found the money had never been called for, and my let had been lost. When I took shipping for Britain, Fortune smiled on me more auspiciously than ev and could I have waited, she have enabled me to make y er; but I was restless and py—I wished to see you, from your own lips that I was for-

given; besides, it would have been adding insult to injury, to have offered you wealth, when age had disqualified you for its enjoyment. I have posted from London impatient to meet you, not so much on your account as my own; for, believe me, my dear friend, I already feel my heart relieved of a load, which grew heavier every day; and at this moment, my heart enjoys a bliss, to which, for nearly twenty years, it has been a stranger. From what I have already witnessed beneath your roof, I believe it impossible to add to your real happiness, although Providence has enabled me to make the path of life yet before you more pleasant—but of this to-morrow; let this night be devoted to its proper purpose. Can you afford me a bed? or will you accompany me at the fire-side? for I leave not your house to-night." "Mary will manage that," said the delighted George. They now indulged in making merry; but still it was the "feast of reason;" and such as not to disqualify the happy parents, when they retired, for offering fervent thanks for the signal mercies they had that day experienced.

In a subsequent interview, Mr Campbell laid before his friend bills for the whole amount of his fortune, them upon his acceptance; ing the whole belonged to him. rge replied, "No, my friend; just get me a farm—in a word, put me in *statu quo*." Soon after, Mr Campbell bought an estate, put George in possession of a stocked farm, of about two hundred and fifty acres; and when the lease was delivered, the astonished farmer found that it was a legal conveyance of the same to him and his heirs for ever. For some time, Mr Campbell was almost a constant guest with this happy family, and soon discovered that he had still another duty to perform. He had been informed of Anne's history, and having paid particular attention to her demeanour, he one day addressed her thus; "I find that my folly deprived you of a husband, who was unworthy of you; as since prevented you from ing more happily; yes, the your little fortune has doomed languish in virgin sweetness, and amaranthine bloom; for your face is still lovely, and your mind worthy, of being beloved. I cannot make Time retrace his steps; but I have put into your brother's hands two thousand pounds, solely for your use, and at your own disposal; this small fortune may yet give you a chance in the matrimonial lottery, or will add to your comforts as a spinster. I wish it were in my power to find you a husband to your liking; but I can do nothing better for you than offer myself. I am aware that my youthful and best days are past; still, I am in good health, and, let me add, now heart-free; and could I be deemed worthy of your acceptance, I should prize your hand and heart infinitely beyond all that fortune has hitherto bestowed." Anne was prudent, took counsel with her brother, Mary, and her own heart, and in due time became Mrs Campbell. George and Mary find the reward of their pious resignation; and, in their prosperity, forget not their brothers and sisters in adversity.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria with a formidable army. It is well attested, that this Prince repeatedly declared, he "would trample the audacious rustics under his feet," and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death. Few princes have been aware of the irresistible, and almost miraculous powers of a free-minded people, when it feels the iron rod of oppression; and Leopold was particularly accustomed to ridicule the awkwardness of the Alpine shepherds in the martial exercises.

Three separate attacks were prepared. Otho, the younger Count of Strasburgh, at this time Imperial Prefect in Oberhasli, advanced with four thousand men through the Oberland, to the frontiers of Underwalden. Upwards of a thousand men assembled at Lucerne, who, under the command of the Austrian Bailiffs of that district, prepared to invade Underwalden on the side of the Lake. The Duke himself conducted the

main army in two columns towards Zug. A numerous body of heavy cavalry, which, although the cumbersome weight of their armour was ill adapted for the services here required of them, was yet considered the flower of the Austrian army, led the van.

Some days before the battle of Morgarten, fifty men, who, having rendered themselves obnoxious to the magistracy, had been banished from the Canton of Schwitz, came to the frontiers, and requested that they might be allowed to join the Swiss confederates posted on Mount Sattel, in the defence of their country. The magistrates, deeming it unwise to deviate from an established rule, refused to admit the exiles within their confines. Thus rejected, they nevertheless resolved to expose their lives for their country, and posted themselves on the eminence above Morgarten, beyond the frontiers of the Canton.

* * * * *

The 15th October 1315 dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the Cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tettnang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain and the lake. The fifty exiles on the eminence raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell entirely back on the infantry, which had already advanced into the pass; and there, as the nature of the [illegible] did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and [illegible] of them trampled to death. [illegible]ral route now ensued; the Swiss continued the slaughter; and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who, knowing the bye-paths of the mountains, led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen, and dismayed. Thus did the confederates, without much loss, and in less than three hours, gain a decisive victory.

See Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy.

Song of the Battle of Morgarten.

THE wine-month * shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage-music rung—
A sound through vaulted cave,
A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
—Twas the tread of steel-girt men!

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war,
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest-glooms,
Flash'd helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like pine-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian pass'd;
And the Shreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up midst the Righi snows,
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers, and lances tall,
Mov'd onwards in princely state.
They came, with heavy chains,
For the race despis'd so long—
But amidst his Alp domains,
The [illegible]sman's arm is strong

* *Wine-month*—the German October.

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they enter'd the rock defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.—
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain people stood,
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood:

There was stillness, as of deep dead night
And a pause—but not of fear,
While the Switzers gaz'd on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright,
Between the lake and wood,
But they look'd not to the misty height,
Where the mountain people stood

The Pass was fill'd with their serried power,
All helm'd and mail-array'd,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder shower
In the rustling forest shade.
There were prince and crested knight
Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came, like Lanwine * hurl'd,
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

The larch-woods crash'd on the mountain side,
And the Switzers rush'd from high
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They storm'd the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell †!

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the Empire's banners there,
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd men,
The men of the Forest Sea ‡.

With their pikes and massy clubs, they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake,
From the reapers of the field!
The field—but not of sheaves—
Proud crests and pennons lay,
Strewn o'er it thick as the beech-wood leaves,
In the Autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havock view'd
When the Austrian turn'd to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
Had a fearful death to die!
And the leader of the war
At eve unhelm'd was seen,
With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,
Went back from the battle-toil,
To their cabin home, midst the deep green hills,
All burden'd with royal spoil.
There were songs and festal fires
On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprung to greet their sires
From the wild Morgarten fight.

---

* *Lanwine*—the Swiss name for the Avalanche.

† William Tell's name is particularly mentioned amongst the confederates at Morgarten.

‡ *Forest Sea*—the Lake of the Four Cantons.

THE LOST FRIEND.

In my younger days, I visited the capital of Ireland, in company with a friend, whom I shall call Walsingham—a youth of rare talents, superior acquirements, and generous disposition. We had been associates from infancy; our parents had been on terms of friendship prior to our birth; the same preceptors had superintended our education; and, to crown all, a similarity of pursuit, in riper years, served to bind us more closely together. For my own part, I cherished for Walsingham a regard nothing short of fraternal—a regard which I calculated on his one day claiming as his right, in consequence of an alliance eagerly sought for by him, and anticipated with pleasure by all concerned; and, on his side, it seemed the study of his life to prove the sincerity and strength of his affection for me and mine.

Our motives for visiting Ireland, at the period I allude to, were simply those of curiosity. Both had a passion for roaming, in order to gratify which, we had penetrated into

the most retired fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands—had visited the barren rocks of Zetland and Orkney—and, latterly, nearly the whole of the Hebrides, from one of which, (Islay,) we ran across in a fishing-skiff to the Irish shore, and after a due examination of the wonders of the Giant's Causeway, proceeded on to Dublin, with the intention of concluding our protracted excursion by a survey of that metropolis.

Though we carried introductions to several families in Dublin, and, in consequence, had many pressing invitations to throw ourselves on private hospitality, we uniformly declined civilities that threatened to curtail our liberty. We had entered on the excursion, not for the purpose of hunting out good cheer and frivolous amusement, but to store our minds with information regarding the districts we traversed; therefore, any engagements militating against this pursuit were studiously avoided. True it is, that now and then an evening was devoted to a lively party; but the day was invariably spent in rambling round, or in examining objects worthy of observation within the metropolis. It was the indulgence of these prying, inquisitive habits, which eventually occasioned the misfortune I lament, and for ever interrupted my search after knowledge.

One day, on our way to the outskirts of the city, it chanced that we had to pass near to a church, remarkable, as we had been previously told, for the extensive vaults beneath it—most of which were appropriated for the reception of some of the noblest families in the realm. The doors of the edifice stood open, inviting us to enter; and a short consultation with the sexton, whom we encountered in the porch, induced us to accept the invitation. The entrance into the vaults was at that moment unobstructed, the remains of a person of note being to be laid within them on the ensuing day; and, for a trifling gratuity, the porter of these dreary mansions agreed to let us behold them. Constitutionally gloomy, and looking upon every thing in nature with the eye of a moralist and a poet, Walsingham expressed delight at his acquiescence; but the triumph of the grave was to me always a painful sight, and I followed unwillingly, and with a faltering step.

As we had been led to expect, we found the vaults capacious, and, from their branching off into various compartments, more like the catacombs of a great city, than places reserved for the interment of a few families. A cold, damp air, sluggish and perceptibly unwholesome, saluted us on our entrance; and, sunk far below the surface of the ground, and remote from noisy streets, no sound disturbed the silence of the vaults, save ever and anon, when the crash of rotten boards and fleshless bones told that the noxious rat had taken up its abode among the coffins of the dead. The rat was a creature I instinctively detested; and the proximity of one of the species was of itself sufficient at any time to unnerve me; it was no ways surprising, therefore, that the pattering of multitudes, on the hollow-sounding shells that doubtless contained the food they subsisted on, created in my mind disgust towards the place. Walsingham, from feeling none of this intuitive horror, betrayed an evident unwillingness to give way to my entreaties, and depart with his curiosity ungratified; but accustomed to acquiesce in whatever I proposed, he at length complied, and we speedily regained the world above, and the pure air of heaven. At parting, my companion put some brief question to the sexton; but exulting in my liberation, I gave no heed to a circumstance so trivial.

During the excursion which this occurrence had induced us for a short space to procrastinate, Walsingham frequently reverted to the subject of the vaults—sometimes jesting with me on my pusillanimity in regard to vermin, at others moralising over what he had recently beheld, in that sublime and eloquent strain of declamation for which he was remarkable. An accident I met with in the course of the day, however, changed the current of his thoughts. In scrambling over the rocks on the northern shore of the bay—to which we had directed our steps—I chanced to make an unlucky stumble, and so severely

sprained my ankle, as to oblige us to conclude our ramble by a ride back to Dublin in a post chaise.

On the ensuing day, my twisted joint continued to give me acute [illegible] and the swelling had increased [illegible]odigiously as to preclude all at[illegible]npts at exertion. A surgeon was called in to examine it; and inferring from his declaration that I had to calculate on close confinement for at least a week, I entreated Walsingham not to let me draw too largely on his good nature, but to seek out of doors what amusement he listed, and only become my companion when he had nothing more interesting to occupy his time. After some demur, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and in a cursory way, he mentioned that he would take a short saunter in the course of the morning. In a few minutes he got up, took his hat, and with an assurance that two hours would be the duration of his absence, departed. It was the last time I looked upon him in life.

The two hours passed—dinner was served—long left untasted, and at length eaten with reluctance, and petulant reflections on his want of punctuality. Tea and supper in like manner appeared and vanished without his partaking of either; and finally, towards midnight, I saw myself under the necessity of retiring, without having an opportunity of exchanging the friendly expressions with which we usually separated. Then, and not till then, did my heart misgive me, and a qualm of sickening apprehension pervade my frame. Dublin I knew to be a city noted for ruffian acts, and over-run with desperadoes given to robbery, and the shedding of blood: in his solitary wanderings my friend might have encountered a foot-pad; that he would endeavour to repel force by force, I could securely calculate on; and of the consequences of such temerity I trembled to think. Be this as it might, however, I had no means of relieving my anxiety. My injured limb fettered me to my apartment; and no other procedure was left, but to seek my pillow, supported by the hope, that some juvenile frolic had tempted him to overstep the boundaries of prudence, and that on the morrow he would meet me at breakfast, ashamed of his indiscretion, but unharmed by either bludgeon or knife. Such was the mode of reasoning by which I sought to cheat an anxious mind, but it failed to secure me sound repose. All night I tossed restlessly on my bed—now racking my brain with vague suppositions, or listening breathless for the peal that was to announce his arrival; anon enduring, in broken sleep, all the misery inflicted by extravagant and terrific dreams—those tormentors of the care-worn and sorrow-anticipating heart.

The morning arrived, but my friend arrived not with it; and though the light of day communicated a portion of hope for my sinking spirits, the anxiety I experienced continued of the most painful description. Holding myself as guilty of unpardonable negligence were I longer to hesitate in instituting enquiries regarding him, I wrote a few hurried lines to a gentleman who had been conspicuously attentive to us both; and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing him appear, eager to assist me in whatever way we should think advisable. He strenuously recommended our immediate application to the police, at the same time volunteering to make it; and being unable to hit on a preferable expedient, I thankfully assented, and he set off on his mission.

Conscious that measures were in train to effect the restoration of my friend, I felt somewhat easier during the absence of my agent; but the moment he re-appeared, my apprehensions of somewhat fatal having occurred, returned with tenfold strength, for news of evil import sat depicted on his face. He had been to the head-quarters of the police, and had made known his errand, but no elucidatory information had been tendered him in lieu; during the time he was unavoidably detained, however, a circumstance had taken place, which promised to explain but too clearly the cause of Walsingham's mysterious disappearance. A man had come forward, and given testimony, that, in the course of the foregoing night, he had heard loud cries of murder proceeding from one of the bridges—that he had ventured as

near to the spot as regard for his own safety warranted; and while lying in ambush, beheld a band of ruffians consign to the waters of the river the body of a man, whom they had doubtless plundered and massacred. To me this tale carried conviction, the moment I was made acquainted with it. I had no hesitation in acknowledging Walsingham as the unfortunate therein described; and tears of anguish coursed down my cheeks, as hope took flight for ever. My Irish acquaintance showed every desire to sympathize with, and console me; but the task was beyond his power. The only circumstance that afforded any solace, was the assurance that the police would use every means to bring to condign punishment the authors of so barbarous a crime; and that no exertion would be spared to recover the body of the murdered man, and procure its identification. That painful office, I was aware, would devolve on me, as would the heart-breaking duty of communicating his untimely end to those who, like myself, were to forget his worth only when their hearts forgot to beat.

Several days full of wretchedness waned over; my sprain became sufficiently reduced to admit of my going abroad; but neither the murderers nor the murdered had, in the interim, been discovered, though the vigilance of the police had suffered no relaxation, and the river, in the immediate vicinity of the fatal bridge, had been several times trolled with grappling irons. At length I was given to understand that the body was found, and awaited my identification. It may easily be supposed that I required not a second summons to hurry off, in order to fulfil this the last duty, save one, I had to perform towards the departed. With knees knocking against each other, and tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, I approached the bier on which lay the insensate remains. One of the attendants slowly rolled back the cloth that concealed them; and with the resolute stare of desperation, I fixed my eyes on the death-set features. With what sudden revulsion did the blood rush back to my heart, when I beheld a countenance totally unknown, and so different from the mild and benignant lineaments of my friend, as to assure me, at a glance, that I was looking on a stranger! It was the co of a man of stout, athletic frame, his apparel, though soiled and torn, tokening the gentleman, and mustachioed lip the profession belonged to. The blow of a bludgeon had beaten in his skull near to the left temple, and evidently proved the primary cause of death, though the tattered state of his dress declared he had maintained a protracted struggle for life. Who he was, I left for others to discover. Grief had rendered me so selfish, that I looked upon it as quite immaterial to me whether he was the son of a lord or of a beggar, now that I had ascertained he was not the friend I bewailed. This conviction rekindled a spark of sickly hope within my breast; and in a state of mind impossible to describe, I hastened from the scene.

What was it that at such a moment directed my steps towards the identical church under which lay the vaults mentioned in the commencement of this narrative? Was it chance—an involuntary impulse, that acted as my guide? or did Heaven, as a punishment for my want of due resignation, decree that I should be the wretched instrument of bringing to light the awful cause of my friend's mysterious disappearance? Be this as it may, almost unconscious of the way I had sauntered, I found myself perambulating under the walls of the cemetery within whose confines the church was situated. The chime of the clock, as it told an hour, at length roused me from the gloomy reverie in which I had been absorbed; and noticing that the gate, as on our former visit, stood a-jar, I mechanically turned into the inclosure. The sexton likewise, as before, was there, engaged in his mournful occupation; and the same undefinable impulse, which had thus impelled me to invade his dreary realm, tempted me to address him. In the course of a few brief observations, I came to learn, that Walsingham had a second time visited the vaults, and that on the day succeeding our first visit, and at the hour when they received the remains of the noble personage for whom we had seen a receptacle pre-

paring within their dark recesses. A pang struck to my heart as I listened; and it was not diminished by the narrator going on to say, that during the ceremony of inhumation, the mourners had been alarmed by finding that foul air of a most unwholesome nature filled some of the cavities; and that in consequence of several of the more inquisitive having nearly suffered death by suffocation, the whole had made a hurried retreat, and the door of entrance been forthwith shut. In a trembling voice, I enquired if he had noticed my friend subsequent to this event? but on this point he could not take upon himself to give a decided answer. He was too much occupied at the moment—had too many things to attend to, to have time for remarking every strange face that surrounded him; but certain sure he was, that he (Walsingham) must have left the vaults at the time the general flight took place: at all events, no man in his sober senses would have voluntarily permitted himself to be closed up in such a den, with the chokedamp as his enemy, and the noisome rat as his companion.

This mode of reasoning had rationality on its side, but it did not satisfy me, for suspicions of fearful import began to take possession of my mind. I recalled to recollection Walsingham's inquisitive disposition —the gloomy pleasure he professed to derive from meditating among the bones of the dead—and, above all, the intense hold these subterraneous repositories seemed to have taken of his thoughts. Nor did it escape me that nearly a week had elapsed since all access to or from the vaults had been cut off; and consequently, that all earthly succour would prove of no avail to whomever they might inclose. But to remain longer in doubt was greater agony than to ascertain the truth at once; and, holding out a handful of silver, in a tone between entreaty and command, I requested the sexton to give me admission into the sepulchres without delay. The man looked at the money—then at me—then at the money again—threw down his mattock, and pocketing the bribe with a self-satisfied grin, proceeded to gratify what he doubtless thought a very singular humour.

Now that the catastrophe of my tale approaches, the pen trembles in my feeble grasp; a cold shiver, such as the first breath from that charnel house occasioned, creeps over me; and the smell of earth-worms and vermin seems to prevail throughout the chamber in which I write. In order to dissipate the perpetual darkness to which these subterraneous apartments were subjected, my conductor brought from his dwelling, to which he had been obliged to repair for the key, a lanthorn, containing a lighted candle; but the faint beam it shed barely seemed to display the grim features of the place. The galloping and pattering of many tiny feet, and the crash of rotten boards and mouldering bones, proclaimed the numerical strength of the legion of rats our entrance disturbed, and put to flight from their unholy carnival. All was gloom within; and the cadaverous blast that rushed forth as the door fell back, was of itself sufficient, at any other time, to have made me retreat in dismay; but now, my friend was paramount in my thoughts, and elevating the lanthorn, which had been consigned to my charge, I strode resolutely into the vault. Suddenly my feet became entangled in what I at first conceived to be a bundle of withered faggots, and thrown off my equilibrium by the interruption, I tottered, and sank down on one knee. In that moment, the light flashing from the lanthorn I carried, fell on, and allowed me to perceive that I had stumbled over a human skeleton—as fresh and white as if the surgeon's knife had but newly done scraping the bones, save that here and there the green mildew of putrefaction displayed itself in unseemly blotches. A cry of horror escaped me as I gazed on the grinning teeth and empty sockets; and it was echoed by the sexton, as he pointed with astonishment to the hair that still remained on the but half-stript skull. From the few words he made use of, I could infer, that he conjectured some of the coffins had been wrenched open by the rats, and the corpse dragged out and devoured. To me this seemed a very improbable circumstance; but I was too much agitated by the terrible phantoms of my own imagination, to contradict a

supposition I would gladly have embraced. In the end, he left me, in order to procure me more light and assistance, to replace the bones once more within the shell from which he fancied they had been torn.

My perturbation of mind, during his absence, is not to be described. As my tremulous hand, from time to time, caused the beams from the lanthorn to waver, and play on the fleshless visage at my feet, fancy rioted in horrors; and I found it impossible to divest myself of the idea, that the dark curling hair that still covered the scalp, bore a close resemblance to that which shaded the temples of Walsingham. I felt inexpressibly relieved when the tramping of feet, and the flare of several torches, announced the return of the sexton. A troop of gaping idlers followed him; but to these I gave no heed.

To look for the coffin which had been violated was our first object; but the search proved unsuccessful—no fractured shell was to be discovered; and, eventually, the general attention was directed to gathering up the bones of the unknown. In doing this, a shout of wonder escaped the whole party, when it was discovered that the tattered habiliments of a man half enveloped them; and this was repeated with many exclamations of amazement, when the sexton held up to view a gold watch he had found in the fob of the pantaloons, which, though gnawed in every direction, still clung round the skeleton limbs. How did my every nerve quiver, and the sickness of death fasten on my heart, when I recognized it to be the identical watch worn by Walsingham on the day of our separation! It was a family-piece, not to be mistaken, from having the arms of his house raised on the external case; and, shrieking like a madman, I proceeded to search for other proofs, till I gradually identified the remains of his pocket-book, the buttons of his coat, and, in short, almost every shred that yet adhered to the fleshless bones. What preternatural power supported me throughout this soul-harrowing scrutiny, I cannot take upon me to say, but when it concluded—when all the relics were raked together, and fully displayed to my starting eyeballs, the icy fingers of Death seemed to crush my heart—I uttered a loud long cry of despair, and sunk down into happy forgetfulness.

How or where the bones of my friend were consigned to the earth, I never dared trust myself to ask, for during the first month that succeeded their discovery, Reason might be said to totter on her throne. The Irish gentleman who had been so attentive in the commencement of my afflictions, superintended their inhumation; and, farther than ascertaining that the thing was done, I sought to know no more. It was years before I could, with any degree of composure, speculate on the circumstances attendant on his death; and it need scarcely be said, that any additional light thrown upon an event so mysterious, was merely the offspring of conjecture. The most rational supposition was, that, while in one of the obscure recesses into which his curiosity would likely allure him, he had inhaled the pestilent atmosphere that reigned within them, suffered partial suffocation, and so been unable to make his escape with the crowd, when the panic became general. From this trance he had been roused, either by the efforts of nature, or by the gnawing of the vermin that were on the watch to devour him, and so dragged himself to that door which was closed between him and the world for ever. There he had died—in what manner the human mind revolts from ever supposing; and there did I, a miserable wretch, find his bones, stript by the teeth of disgusting vermin, and with the green mildew of the grave already beginning to corrode them.

PARAPARASE ON JOB, CHAP. XXXIX. VERSE 5. TO THE END.

Who in the desert set the wild ass free,
Or loos'd his bands, and gave him power to flee?
Amidst the wilderness at will to roam,
He calls the barren waste his native home.
With scorn the crowded cities he defies,
Nor heeds the angry driver's threatening cries;
The range of mountains is his pasture-field,
His food each verdant herb their summits yield.

Think'st thou the unicorn will bend his neck,
Or seek an halter'd manger at thy beck?
Canst thou before the ploughshare make him toil,
Or with the harrow break the clodded soil?
Say, wilt thou trust him, as the patient steer,
Nor view his labouring strength with awe and fear?
Hop'st thou that he will join the reaper train,
And gather in thy barn the ripen'd grain?
Didst thou the peacock's radiant train illume,
Or deck the ostrich with the waving plume,
Who drops her eggs, forgetful, in the earth,
And leaves the dust to warm them into birth;
Nor thinks some foot may on her young ones tread,
Or wild beast crush them in their sandy bed?
Harden'd against her offspring's hungry cries,
Unlike a parent, from the sound she flies.
What time she stretches with the lightning's speed,
She scorns afar the rider and his steed.
Gav'st thou the horse his strength in nerve and vein,
Or form'dst like thunder clouds his massy mane?
Canst thou his spirit like an insect quell?
His nostrils' glory is most terrible.
He paws the earth, rejoicing in his might,
And rushes forward at the armour's light;
He mocks at fear, no dread his heart can feel,
Nor backward turns he from the hostile steel.
In vain the quiver rattles in his ear,
Or 'gainst his side the shield and glittering spear:
With fiercest rage he swallows up the ground,
And hears, but deems not 'tis the trumpet's sound.
Back to the trumpet's tone, which calls aloud,
He answers, in his joy, with neighing proud.
The leader's thunder, and the shouts of war,
He smells the battle, whilst yet distant far.
Hast thou in wisdom taught the hawk to fly,
And stretch her wings toward the southern sky?
Canst thou command the eagle to unbind
Her mighty pinions hurtling on the wind?
Or bid her build her spacious nest where none
Can reach the dizzy height but she alone?
She dwells and makes her throne upon the rock,
Whose craggy sides repel the tempest's shock.
From thence, with piercing eyes, she seeks her prey,
And darts resistless through her airy way.
Her nestling's hunger is appeased with gore,
And where the slain have fall'n, she hovers o'er.

ELLY AND OSWALD, OR THE EMIGRATION FROM STURVIS: A TALE OF THE GRISONS.

From the German of the "Alpenrosen."

In the midst of a smiling valley, through which the infant Rhine pursues its devious windings, lies the little town of Mayenfeld, the capital of a district of the same name in the Grisons. Situated on a sunny declivity, surrounded by fruitful fields, luxuriant vineyards, and pastures of the brightest verdure, it seems as if seated in a delightful garden—lies open to the mild influence of the southern breezes—and is sheltered from the fierce north wind by the lofty barriers of the Rheticon *. The Silvan, with its Alps † and Horns ‡, forms the eastern extremity of this majestic wall of mountains, along which tower the heights of the Furnis, the stupendous Falknis, the rocky pyramids of the Glebbwand, and the grassy steeps of the Guscha. Innumerable torrents rush wildly through the deep ravines of these gigantic rocks, bearing down immense masses of stones and rubbish, and precipitating their impetuous waters into the calm bosom of the Rhine. Below, Nature is seen to smile in the softest exuberance; while above, a gloomy grandeur sits enthroned amidst the ruins of primeval creations. Three pathways

* Rheticon—a chain of mountains, inclosing the Canton of the Grisons on the north-east. Some of their pinnacles are 9000 feet in height.

† An Alp, in the language of the country, is a high mountain pasture. These tracts of verdure are situated between ridges of rocks, which form them, as it were, into terraces, rising one above another, until they reach the snowy region.

‡ Horn—a pointed summit, a peak.

lead in different directions from Mayenfeld up the mountains. These paths unite on the eastern declivity of the summit, called the Kamm, from whence the track proceeds along the Flescher Alp, passes through a pine forest, and leads down to the deep solitude of a silent valley on the southern side of the Mayenfelder Alp. Here, on the grassy plain, where two rude huts afford a scanty shelter, during the summer, to the cow-herds and their cattle, and where the remains of an old wall mark the spot once hallowed by a chapel dedicated to St Meinrad, three hundred years ago, a race of Free Walsers * inhabited the village of Stürvis, now long since vanished from the face of the earth. Not the thundering avalanche, nor the awful overthrow of a convulsed mountain, occasioned the destruction of this little hamlet—its huts, forsaken by their inhabitants, gave way to the gradual devastations of time. But the neighbouring mountaineers preserve a romantic tradition of the days of old, which perpetuates the memory of an ill-fated young pair, and of the sad catastrophe that induced the Stürvisers to exchange their free dwelling-place amidst the silent Alps, for the smiling, yet defenceless plains of Mayenfield.

* * * * *

"Elly, Elly, come out, I beseech you," said Oswald, in a low, supplicating voice, as he crept, in the twilight, to the cottage of old Goutta Halder, and tapped at the little low window. Elly, the flower of Stürvis, opened the window, and answered in a whisper, "Do not be impatient, Oswald; it is growing dark, and terribly cold, and my mother has fallen asleep over her spinning; if she should awake and miss me, it would frighten her sadly. Indeed, Oswald, I dare not come out." "Oh! come, dear Elly, come, if it is only for one moment," said Oswald; "I cannot go away without speaking to you." "But why cannot you come in the day-time, Oswald?" said the timid girl, as she cautiously opened the door. "Dear Elly, I have had to fetch a sledge-full of wood, and this has kept me in the forest till evening, or else I should have been here sooner," replied he. "But I could not pass by, and I cannot sleep in peace, till you have told me what has set you against me. My heart is ready to break. For the last fortnight you have been quite changed to me." "Yes, Oswald," said Elly with a sigh, "I have many thoughts that make me very sad, and I know it is very wrong of me to listen to you when you say that you love me, and that you wish to marry me. Your father will never hear of such a thing, and you know you are bound to obey him." "Oh! but if you are not changed," said Oswald, "I am sure it may be brought about." "I am not changed, Oswald, in what I feel towards you," answered the innocent girl; "but ever since Christmas, I see things quite differently, and I am sure no good can come of it, unless we leave off thinking of each other." "Never in my life will I leave off thinking of you, Elly. You shall be my wife, or no other will I have," replied Oswald, fervently. "But why have you had such troublesome thoughts since Christmas? Have you been confessing to the chaplain, and did he say we were walking in the ways of unrighteousness?" "No, Oswald, he did not say so," answered Elly, "but it is true enough that I have confessed, and asked him for advice. Then he told me, that it is not well done when a child engages himself without the consent of his parents; that your father looks high, and would

* *Walser*, a stranger—from *Walen*, to speak an unknown language. At the commencement of the feudal system, when large tracts of country were still uncultivated, the German kings, and the Frank and Allemannic nobles, were anxious to promote the establishment of settlers in Rhætia. Certain proportions of land, amongst the wild mountain regions, were allotted them for a very trifling rent, to be paid in kind, and many peculiar privileges were conferred upon them. As they were not bondmen, and as they continued for a long time the use of their own language, they were called *Free Walsers*, and the places they inhabited were denominated *Walsersitze*. The Walser freedom was annexed, not to the people, but to the land, and might be enjoyed by the occupants, even when they were not descended from the original settlers.

never bestow his only son upon the daughter of a poor widow, who has but a single cow upon the Alp; and that I ought to banish all thoughts of such a thing from my mind, and take care that I do not fall so as never to rise up again. I had nothing to say against all this, for I have long been afraid that it was very sinful in us to meet so often by stealth, since I am only the child of a poor person, and you are the son of the rich Bathönier, who owns half the Alp, and who has such different plans for you. You do not tell me half the things that he says to you about me; but I know more of them than you think of." "You knew all that in the summer, Elly," answered Oswald, "and you know now, that I have sworn, by all the saints in Heaven, to be faithful to you my whole life long." "Oh! yes, that is all true; but hear the rest," replied Elly. "On Christmas eve, after confession, I prayed earnestly in the chapel, to the Holy Mother of God, that she would grant me strength of mind to forget you, or else that she would incline your father's heart to be kind to us; and I made a vow, if ever I should become your wife, to go on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Einsiedlen, in the land of Schwytz. When I had done praying, I felt my mind easier, and I staid there, kneeling and thinking about you, till it grew dusk, and I was left quite alone in the chapel. I could have staid there all night long; and I went away unwillingly and slowly, and with my thoughts still bent upon you. But as I came to the corner, by Enderlis's house, Holy Mother! how frightened was I to see before me a tall, white, upright figure, standing there quite immoveable! 'What is that?' cried I, with a loud scream; and no sooner were the words out of my mouth, than the figure sank down on the ground. Directly after, I heard a loud laugh in the house, and then I found that the neighbour's children had been making a snow man, and that this was what I had been so foolishly afraid of. But in the night I had a dream, and I thought that I was walking alone with you by the pale moonlight, behind the Glebbwand, up to the Flescherthal*. I held you fast, for I was afraid of my foot slipping; but on a sudden you stood there, quite still and stiff, and turned as cold as ice. 'What is the matter, Oswald?' I cried out, but you spoke not a word; and I heard a voice behind me, which said, 'This is what you will both come to, if you persist in having Bathönier against his father's will.' I turned round, and there I saw the chaplain of Mayenfeld in his black cowl; and when I looked at you again, you were quite white, and your eyes were hollow; and then I thought the snowy earth opened, and you sank down deeper and deeper, and I with you; and a thick vapour covered us both, and I heard something in my ears like the chiming of bells, till the sound grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. Then my mother called me, and shook me; 'Elly, cried she, what is the matter?—you have been groaning as if you were dying.' And when I awoke from my dream, I shivered all over with cold and fright. I sat up in bed, and looked all about me, as if I was bewildered; and though the moon shone as bright as day, I could scarcely persuade myself that I was in a room, and not in the Flescherthal. 'You have had a troubled dream, my poor child,' said my mother; 'you have been calling for Oswald, and it is a sad thing that he should be in your thoughts when you are asleep, for he can never be yours; so it is better that you should think no more of one another.' This was what the good mother said; and when she found that nothing more was the matter with me, she soon fell asleep again. But I could sleep no more that night, and I wept long and bitterly. Ever since that time, the dream has never been out of my mind; and if my mother could do without me, and I had any thing to put into the poor's-box, I would gladly go into a convent, since I must

* A steep path leads up from the Flescher Alp to a wild, narrow hollow, formed by a ridge between the Glebbwand and the Gransspitzen. It is called the Flescherthal, and contains three little lakes.

give up all thoughts of ever having you in this world." "And is this all that has made you unhappy?" cried Oswald, with a joyful air. "Dear Elly, you must not be so childish. The chaplain talked to you as he thought it his duty to do; but he need not have warned you to beware of me, for I mean nothing but what is right and fair. It would have been better if he had talked to my father, and advised him not to look any higher; but be content to give me to the daughter of a brave confederate, who died the death of a hero, and left a fair fame behind him, though he had no gold nor goods to bequeath. The chaplain, first of all, made you feel uneasy, and then the snow man came before you in your dream, and that was the whole of the matter. But I know a way of settling things. I will tell my father this very night, that I am determined either to have you for a wife, or else to go out into the world and seek my fortune. Since he lost my brother, who was killed nine years ago, he cannot manage his affairs without me; and supposing it should come to that, if I only knew you would be constant to me, even if I should be away more than a twelvemonth, what would it signify? for by that time he would be sure to send for me home again. But things will not go so far as this, so do not be cast down, my dear Elly. Before the snow is melted that the children made their bogle of, you shall be my own betrothed bride." Poor Elly in vain attempted to dry her tears, and participate in the sanguine hopes of her lover. "True to the death!" cried Oswald, as he cheerfully squeezed her hand, and then with a vigorous arm, seized the pole of his sledge, and hastened towards home.

While the youthful pair were thus conversing in the twilight, old Bathönier sat beside his hearth, fidgetted about the fire, and took not the least notice of his wife, who walked restlessly up and down, looking now into the boiler where supper was preparing, and now out of the window, to see whether Oswald was coming; for she knew it was his staying out so late which had put his father into such a bad humour. "Peter," said she, at length, "I know you have something in your head which vexes you. Why do not you tell me what it is?" "I am vexed enough," answered he, "There is Oswald staying out so late again, and I know very well what is keeping him. Nothing but that girl Elly, though I have told him so often I would not suffer him to go near her." "She is a pretty girl, though," said his wife, "and as good as she is pretty. There is not such a dutiful child in all Stürvis, and what care she takes of old Goutta!" "Ah! that is what the old woman is always telling you," said Peter, "just to gain your good will for her daughter; but she will never do for Oswald's wife, not only because old Uli left not a shilling behind him, but because I have set my heart upon quite a different scheme." "But, Peter," continued his wife, "remember that we are getting older every year, and since our daughter Verena has been settled in Mayenfeld, the life we lead up here is so solitary. A good, active, young daughter-in-law, would assist me to manage the house, and would help to amuse the time for you, in the long winter evenings. There is not a man in all Stürvis who can provide for his children as well as you can for Oswald; he will have plenty to maintain a wife, even if she brings him nothing, provided she is good and diligent." "That is all true enough," said Peter, "but there is no wife fit for him in Stürvis, and I positively cannot endure the tiresome winter evenings in this desert any longer. Though we do live in our Walsersitze, free from taxes and from some other hardships that the people in the valley are subject to, what else have we to comfort us, up here in our bears' caves, out of the reach of every thing?—a short summer of toil and labour, and then eight months of snow and ice, when we are as much cut off from all human intercourse, as the wild beasts in the woods. If we happen to be snowed up early in the winter, not a living soul comes near us. Not a doctor is to be had if one is ill, nor a priest to comfort one, in one's dying moments, unless they are tempted

by a heavy bribe. Even the Guschners * are better off than we are, for they can see from their nest what is going on in the world below. You know very well, Catherine, what an active life I always led, both man and youth; how I contrived, in spite of the distance, to keep up acquaintance with the Mayenfelders, and how I always hated the sameness and stupidity of this mountain life. I only wonder that I did not turn out a complete vagabond. When there was nothing to do in the valley, I climbed up the rocks with my gun; but what I still liked better than Chamois hunting, was a good active campaign, for then one not only got gold and booty, but one saw foreign lands and manners, and how different things are with the people in the open country, with their fine houses and plains, to what they are with us, in our wretched little huts, squeezed up amongst the rocks. And then if you could see Italy, that Paradise on the other side of the mountains, where there is a blooming spring all the year round! It was only my love for you that ever brought me back to my native Alp, since you had never seen a better place, and so fancied you could not be happy any where else. But Oswald shall see something of the world, and then he will soon forget Stürvis and Elly too. However, I do not want to make a soldier of him, for ever since they brought me home half dead from Luciensteig, and since our poor Heini was killed by my side at St Martin's bridge, I must say I have lost a good deal of my love for fighting." "Alas!" sighed out Catherine, "my Heini, my first-born! So young as he was, to think that you should have taken him with you on that unlucky campaign!" "Unlucky it was not," answered Peter, "for after our Captain had killed the great Banquert, the Grisoners were better off than ever, and at Plurs we were well rewarded for that day's work. Still I must always grieve for Heini, and God knows how it went to my heart, to see him breathe his last weltering in blood; so I shall never let Oswald go a-soldiering. But now, listen to what I have been planning for him this many a day. The old miller at Mayenfeld is as rich as a Jew, and has only one daughter. If he had a good, proper son-in-law, he could easily get the commune to secure to him the lease of the mill, and whenever he dies, Clara will get, besides, all his vineyards, and pastures, and fields, and money in abundance. This is the girl for Oswald, and this is the wife I mean him to have. My patron, the brave Knight von Moos, will, I am sure, help us in this business. And when once Oswald is snugly settled, we will let our farm, and every thing belonging to us in Stürvis, and go down to Mayenfeld ourselves. You will be near your daughter Verena, and I shall be able to enjoy myself in my old age, and hear a little of what is going on in the world; so now, Catherine, you know what I have my heart upon."

Scarcely had Peter finished these words, when Oswald made his appearance. "So, you are come at last," said his father; "I thought you were going to stay all night with these Halders." "It is true enough, father, and I will not attempt to deny it," answered Oswald, "that I have been talking to Elly, and within this very hour I have sworn that she shall be my wife. What use is there in going a roundabout way to work? You have nothing to say against her, except that she is poor, and that is, because she lost her father in the wars when she was quite a child. But I am able to work, and can maintain her very well." "You are no judge at all of what is fit for you," said his father; "but since we are talking about this affair, I will just tell you whom I intend for

* The steep declivity of the Alp on which are scattered the huts of Guscha, rests upon a perpendicular rock, called the Guscherwand, at the foot of which lies the pass of Luciensteig. The singular position of this little hamlet has given rise to a saying often repeated in the country, that the Lammergeyer (Rock Eagles) frequently carry away the children of the Guschners; that the mothers, when they go from home, are obliged to tie up their little ones; for fear they should fall down the precipice; and that they fasten iron crampons to the feet of their chickens.

you—Clara, the miller's daughter in Mayenfeld, there is the wife for you—" "The girl with the carroty hair, and the wart on her nose?" cried Oswald; "no, father, not if she had gold hanging about her from head to foot, would I have any thing to say to her." "Simpleton that you are!" said Peter, "and pray what have you to say against her?" "That she is a proud, conceited girl," replied Oswald, "and yet is not ashamed of romping with her father's men, who would have nothing at all to do with her, if she did not smuggle them something out of the cellar when they are thirsty, without the old fellow's knowing. I know very well what is going on in the mill, because I go down there every week all the summer through." "These are nothing but falsehoods from beginning to end," said his father, angrily, "and I have never heard a word of them. The only reason you are set against Clara is, that your head is turned with that Elly. But whether you like it or not, you shall be made a rich and happy man of, in Mayenfeld, with Clara for your wife. If you only knew how comfortably they live there down below, you would be too thankful to me for helping you out of this dismal hole." "Father," said Oswald, in a serious tone, "I thank you for your good will, and I do believe you mean it all for my happiness. But what *you* think happiness, would be none to me, and I bless God that I was born in Stürvis, and am not obliged to live amongst the Mayenfelders. With all their fine lands and delightful climate, their hearts are full of care and uneasiness. Are they not always in some broil or other with the foreigners, who bring nothing into the country but quarreling and confusion? Some take part with the French, some with the Emperor; some go after the Reerniters for the sake of a little pay—leave house and home, wives and children—kill their best friends, if they happen to wear the colours of another master—come back themselves cripples, or bring war with them into the land. Oh! in a town there is nothing but trouble and vexation; but here, in the mountains, we have freedom and peace. The invaders would find it too hard work to scramble up here—they do not care to disturb us in our quiet ways; and even if they *should* take a fancy to our cheeses or our cows, we could soon beat them down again with our cudgels. Here, in Stürvis, will I live and die, a free Walser, and never wish to be any thing but a herdsman and a hunter. Oh how light and happy I feel when I breathe the cool morning air, on the top of some high rock, and look down upon our peaceful huts in the pleasant green pastures! Here there is neither war nor party, but each is contented to see his neighbour enjoy what God has given him. In Mayenfeld I feel as if I could never breathe freely, and I am always in a hurry to get out of the town as fast as I can. Let me have my Elly, father; she is a sweet, innocent girl, and wishes for nothing but to live honestly and contented."

At this Peter grew very angry, and thought that his son was taunting him. "What is it you mean," said he, "by talking of war and party? Don't you know that your father has been a soldier too, and has fought in strange countries, like a brave confederate? And do you think that all my goods and gear, which you would run through, like an idle spendthrift, were got by selling cheeses and chamois' skins? But if you have not the spirit to carry your father's halberd, I can tell you, you shall not stay here doing nothing; so you may help to load and empty the miller of Mayenfeld's sacks. As to Elly, you shall never have her, as long as I live: so now you know my mind." "Then there is nothing for me to stay for either in Stürvis or Mayenfeld, and I must seek my fortune in the wide world. You have heard it all, mother. It is not my own fault if I should share the same fate with Heini. Beeli* will give me something to

* Conrad Beeli of Davos, one of the three leaders of the Grisoners, who conducted the Milanese campaign in 1512. Maximilian Sforza having been raised to the throne, through the exertions of the Grisoners and confederates, allotted to them as a reward, together with other

do," said Oswald, with a face of flame, as he rushed out of the house. His mother began to weep, but Peter said to her, "Let him alone, the headstrong boy; I'll warrant him he'll soon change his tone. What should he do with Beeli? I should certainly be sorry if he were to run away from me just now, for then, perhaps, somebody else might get Clara; but if he had once made sure of her, I would not care for his going out into the world a little, and helping to win the Valteline."

The next morning no Oswald was to be seen, and Catherine was the first to discover that Peter's halberd was missing from the nail on which it usually hung, near the door. "Ah! you may believe me," said she; "I know Oswald well. Quiet as he looks, when he is once determined, he is as hard as iron. May God have mercy upon me! Oh! if I should lose my last, my only boy!" "It will not come to that," said the father, in a somewhat soothing tone; "I will just try, though, if I can make my way through the snow down to Mayenfeld, and in the mean time, do you make yourself easy, Catherine; and now don't be going to old Goutta's, for no good can come of that."

To be concluded in our next.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

AND it hath gone into the grave of time—
The past—the mighty sepulchre of all!
That solemn sound—the midnight's mournful chime,
Was its deep dead-bell!—but, within the hall,
The old and young held gladsome festival.—
What hath it left them, thus to cause such joy?—
Gray hairs to some—and hearts less green to all,
And fewer steps to where their fathers lie
Low in the church-yard cell—cold—dark—and silently!—

Strange time for mirth!—when round the leafless tree
The wild winds of the winter moan and

And while the twilight saddens o'er the lea,
Mute every woodland's evening melody—
Mute the wide landscape—save where, hurrying by,
Roars the dark torrent on its headlong flight,
Or, slowly sailing through the blackening sky,
Hoots unto solitude, the bird of night,
Seeking the domeless wall—the turret's hoary height:—

And yet with Nature, sooth, we need not grieve;
She does not heed the woes of humankind;
No; for the tempests howl, the waters heave
Their hoary hills unto the raging wind,
And the poor bark no resting-place can find:
And friends on shore shall weep—and weep in vain,
For, to the ruthless elements consign'd,
The seaman's corpse is drifting through the main,
Ne'er to be seen by them—nor heard of e'er again!

Now o'er the skies the orbs of light are spread,
And through yon shoreless sea they wander on:—
Where is the place of your abode, ye dead?
To what far regions have your spirits gone?
But ye are silent—silent as the stone
That gathers moss above your bed of rest,
And from the land of souls returneth none
To tell us of the place to which we haste:
But time will tell us all—and time will till us best.

How still—how soft—and yet how dread is all
The scene around!—the silent earth and air!
What glorious lamps are hung in Night's high hall—
Her dome—so vast, magnificent, and fair!
Oh! for an angel's wing, to waft me there!
How sweet, methinks, e'en for one little day,
To leave this cold, dull sphere of cloud and care,
And, midst the immortal bowers above, to stray
In lands of light and love—unblighted by decay!
Surely there is a language in the sky—
A voice that speaketh of a world to come:
It wells from out thy depths, Immensity!

---

territories, the Valteline, which had long been the bane of contention between the former people and the several rulers of Lombardy. The defeat at Marignano, however, once more robbed them of these advantages.

And tells us this is not our final home.—
As the toss'd bark, amidst the ocean's foam,
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the wave;
So from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,
The stars, like beacon lights, beyond the grave,
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks we hope to save!

Now gleams the moon on Arthur's mighty crest,
That dweller of the air—abrupt and lone;
Hush'd is the city in her nighly rest;
But hark!—there comes a sweet and solomn tone,
The lingering strains, that swell'd, in ages gone,
The music of the wake—oh! many an ear,
Rais'd from the pillow gentle sleep hath flown,
Lists with delight, while blend the smile and tear,
As recollections rise of many a vanish'd year.

It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—
Of early friendships—of the lov'd and lost—
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh
Of evening wooes from harpstrings gently crost;
And thoughts and feelings crowd,—a varied host,
O'er the lone bosom from their slumbers deep,
Unfelt amidst its winter's gathering frost,
Till the soft spell of music o'er it creep,
And thaw the ice away, and bid the dreamer weep!

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," "KENILWORTH," &c. 4 VOLS. EDINBURGH: CONSTABLE AND COMPANY. 1822.

To write a regular review of a "new novel, by the author of Waverley," would, at this time of day, be a great bêtise; we shall not, therefore, attempt it. The position which this most powerful and inventive genius has been able to assume, is at once singular and commanding. The interest felt in his works is universal; it extends from the king on the throne to the meanest of his subjects—from the centre to the circumference of society. Their popularity is nearly equal among all classes. The most refined and the most illiterate, the most elevated in rank and the humblest in station, are agreed as to their pre-eminent merit, and the matchless knowledge of history and of character, which they almost invariably manifest. Hence a new performance is no sooner announced, than every thing else in literature is for a time forgotten, and but one wish seems to actuate the vast mass of what has been quaintly called "the reading public." The book is published, and in a space of time incredibly brief, you will find that every body knows every thing about it, and has made up his or her mind on the subject. The critic can say nothing which has not been anticipated, and tell nothing which is not as well known as that the sun rose yesterday. His praise is not required, and his censure is disregarded. Verily, *quoad hoc*, "Othello's occupation's gone!"

We confess we are not sorry for this. We like the honesty and independence of those who are pleased "they know not why, and care not wherefore," and who award to an author the meed of heartfelt praise, without asking Aristotle's permission. For our own parts, let the serious business of the day be once fairly over, and the mind in tune and trim to receive pleasurable impressions; let our easy-chair be approximated to the ingle-cheek, and our legs be duly elevated on the chimney at an angle of forty-five degrees exactly; let all be quiet and still around us, and nothing to solicit our attention, for a moment, from the pages of this delightful author; then put into our hands "a new novel by the author of Waverley"—"PEVERIL OF THE PEAK," for example—and if ever in our lives we formed a true notion of Paradise, we are certain it will be when we have fairly embarked on the stream of the narrative,—when our interest has been once powerfully awakened,—when the characters are expanding under our hands,—when, by the spell of this Mighty Magician, kings and courtiers, roundheads and cavaliers, patriots and parasites, with almost every diversity of passion and purpose, are made to

pass before, in all the freshness and truth of actual existence,—when, in short, we mingle insensibly in the contests of war, the intrigues of courts, and the hopes of constant and unalterable love, and feel ourselves transported, as it were, into the very

nes and times which this author ne knows how to represent, as well as how to describe: And we hold that the man who, thus situated, does not subscribe to the truth of Gray's celebrated aphorism, is fit for no purpose under the blessed sun, but to drive negroes in a West Indian plantation, or to be sent across the Blue Mountains, to colonize the banks of the Macquarie.

"Peveril of the Peak" has convinced us, that the genius of the author of Waverley resembles the veins of ore in the Peruvian mines, which encrease in productiveness and riches the deeper they are wrought. In this remarkable production, he has borrowed almost nothing from himself; and though he has abandoned the department in which his excellence has long been supreme and uncontested, he has created and preserved an interest equally new and powerful. This interest, as usual with him, depends not so much on a dexterous perplexment and cunning evolution of the story, as on the powerful conception of the individual characters, and the strong contrast in which they are placed; on the inexhaustible fertility and dramatic power of his dialogue; and, above all, on that faculty peculiar to himself, of entering into the very spirit and essence of history, and of bodying forth characters, manners, and modes, in aspects original, striking, and natural. Nothing escapes him, and every thing springs up in the freshness and individuality of life under his hand. The intrigues, follies, gaieties, and pleasures of the courtier, as well as the narrow passions and limited pursuits of the peasant, are delineated with equal facility and effect, with a fulness and broadness of outline, and a warmth and force of colouring, which leave nothing to be wished for or supplied. His penetration is almost supernatural: his faculty of making his personages speak the language of their identical characters, unequalled and inimitable. The sailors of Smollett, and the squires of Fielding, furnish the only examples which he has not greatly surpassed. But in many points he is infinitely superior to both. If his humour be not so broad, nor his drollery so irresistible, as Smollett's, it is more natural, and in better keeping: and though no writer has ever equalled Fielding in the skilful concatenation and evolution of his fable, and in a species of refined, sharp, sarcastic wit, his range is extremely limited, and the display of this matchless skill, in a great measure, confined to one master-performance. Neither of these admirable writers has in any instance dared to dramatize history,—to embody, in a light and airy narrative, great events, great actions, and great characters—or to attempt to transfuse into a connected tissue of adventures, the very soul and spirit of a particular age. It is in this highest department of his art in which the Author of Waverley has been uniformly most successful, and in which he has neither equal nor rival. In proof of this, we might refer to almost every novel he has published: but we would particularly point out "Waverley," "Kenilworth," "Nigel," and the work now under consideration. Paradoxical as it may seem, we have no doubt that, in after times, these "Novels and Tales" will be resorted to, by the Student of History, who, desirous to acquire a deep insight into the manners and characters of the times to which they respectively refer, will abandon the contradictions and theories of the Chronicler and the Annalist, for the fresh, living, breathing, moving pictures, sketched by the pencil of this inimitable master. For our own parts, truth compels us to confess, that, until we read "Kenilworth," "Nigel," and "Peveril," we had no well-defined ideas of the splendid court of the Maiden Queen—of the strange, non-descript, anomalous character of King James—or of old Rowley and his witty, profligate, and inconstant favourite Buckingham.

The whole fabric of the story in "Peveril of the Peak" is, in a great measure, if not altogether, built on

the generous act of Lady Peveril, in receiving into her house, and educating along with her only and beloved son, Julian, Alice, the infant daughter of Ralph Bridgenorth, a Presbyterian, and a Roundhead. Considering the frenzied spirit of party by which that unhappy age was afflicted, and the deadly hatred that prevailed between the two great contending factions of Cavaliers and Roundheads—a hatred latterly exasperated, on the one side, by success, and on the other by defeat—we should say, that such generous and humane superiority to the passions of the time, is not, *per se*, very natural, or very probable. But it should be recollected, that Bridgenorth,—only half a rogue and half a fanatic,—had, during the ascendancy of his faction, and when his loyal neighbour was in some degree in his power, acted with unexpected moderation and forbearance: and, making this assumption, it cannot, we think, be denied, that the superstructure is reared with exquisite and inimitable skill. There is almost no incident in the whole narrative, or drama rather, which does not either directly or collaterally arise from this circumstance; and no passion or change of fortune, which it does not more or less influence. Hence we have exemplified a unity and coherence of action, not always to be met with in writings of this author; and the interest originally excited in the fortunes of the lovely orphan, Alice Bridgenorth—so strangely situated in respect to her fanatical father, and her adopted mother and benefactor—never for an instant flags; nor is the reader so far carried away by the multitude of characters and events that pass before him, by the splendour of the dialogue, the brilliancy of the wit and eloquence, or the powerful delineation which escapes almost unconsciously from the magic pen of the author, as to lose sight of that singular being upon whose destiny he feels, although at the moment he cannot tell how, that the denouement must finally depend. Doubtless the microscopic eye of critical criticism may detect slight flaws and blemishes in some of the parts, and perhaps discover that we have too much of some of the personages, too little of others, and a third class, introduced merely to show themselves, tell us their names and business, and then walk off: but we speak of the general effect produced by the coherence and keeping of the whole: and, in this view, our opinion has been deliberately formed, and is confidently pronounced.

The character of Bridgenorth is, in our judgment, a complete and admirable original; exhibiting the struggles between knavery and principle, sense and fanaticism, right feeling, and the preposterous hallucinations of the visionary and enthusiast, which sometimes overset the balance of even the firmest and strongest minds, and transform into rebels and traitors men, who, in happier circumstances, and under more benign influences, might have proved the ornaments of society, and the benefactors of their species. Never were the strange alliance between hypocrisy and fanaticism, the worldly-mindedness of those who pretended, and perhaps believed, that they had renounced the world, and the rascality, and proneness to rebellion, of the Fifth Monarchy-men, represented in such just and striking colours; or the gradual, but certain and inevitable progress of a mind in which the seeds of fanaticism have once been sown, more forcibly and faithfully developed than in the character of Bridgenorth. Yet he has many redeeming points about him. His gratitude to Lady Peveril, for the maternal tenderness with which she had educated his daughter, seems never to have been smothered in his bosom; though it must be confessed, that he takes rather rough and extraordinary methods to show it. He is as warmly attached to Julian Peveril as it was in his nature to feel for almost any human being, and would willingly consent to his marrying Alice, provided he would embark in the desperate schemes of the discomfited Roundheads; and though he is guilty of the incredible meanness of playing the spy on the affections of his daughter, it is almost atoned for by the flashes of deep, suppressed, but intense feeling, that involuntarily escape from him, when he bursts upon the secret interview of the lovers, and withdraws Julian, to lecture him

upon the occasion. The desperate schemes in which he at last embarks with desperate men, are the natural consummation of the mental disease which had been long growing and strengthening within him.

In fine contrast with this composite character is that of his brother-in-law, Edward Christian,—the Iago of the piece, the very incarnation, as it were, of the principle of evil, and true to nothing but his own interest, and his thirst for vengeance on the Countess of Derby, for the execution of his brother; which, compared with the other principles by which his conduct was regulated, assumes almost the appearance of a virtue. The villany of Christian is of a deep and commanding character. In wit and profligacy, he is almost equal to Buckingham; in penetration, sagacity, and steadiness of purpose, greatly his superior. He is capable of the darkest and basest atrocities, and seems, in order to realize his designs, to want nothing but congenial instruments. He is a person whom Machiavelli would have pronounced fit to govern an empire: his ambition is boundless, and he is as little scrupulous about the means he employs, as he eagerly pursues the end he desires to attain. The only, the innocent, the heroic daughter of his brother, he would prostitute to the jaded lust of an amorous and profligate monarch; and is only prevented from realizing his diabolical purpose, by the fickleness and inconstancy of Buckingham. If he ever loses sight of his object, it is when swayed by his thirst for revenge. He has the dexterity to impose a creature—nay, as it turns out, a daughter of his own—on his mortal enemy, the Countess of Derby; and is, consequently, aware of all her movements and plans, as well as of those of her party. In that most atrocious of all villanies, the Popish Plot, he is a prime, though secret mover, and lays his infernal schemes with such consummate skill, as, by means of that terrible and disgraceful [illegible], almost to accomplish the destruction of his enemies. In fine, and to finish the picture, after long practising the arts of deception against the faction of the Roundheads—many of whom believe him to be a saint of the first order—he insensibly becomes infected with the principles which he had only counterfeited, to serve his ambitious purposes,—and at last embarks with Bridgenorth in the dark and desperate counsels of a conclave of fanatics, ready for the perpetration of any act of atrocity and bloodshed. In the wide compass of fictitious composition, we know nothing that surpasses the powerful and masterly conception of this character.

But it is in the representation of Buckingham that the powers of the author appear in their fullest power and extent. Inimitable Buckingham!—how shall we speak of thee,—thou changeling of every hue—thou grotesque compound of wisdom and folly, wit and wickedness,—thou creature of gaiety, sunshine, pleasure, and profligacy,—thou ornament and disgrace of a brilliant and licentious court,—thou spoiled minion of favour and fortune,—thou riddle of thy species, hitherto unresolved,—thou "every thing by starts and nothing long!" Surely the sombre pencil of Rembrandt, and a feather from the butterfly's wing, have been alternately employed in giving life, truth, and keeping to this glorious and perfect delineation. Henceforth we shall believe as firmly in the omnipotence of language as in the omnipotence of Parliament. Words, we thought, were inadequate to the task of conveying even the remotest idea of this microcosm of marvels, incongruities, and contradictions; and painting could have only fixed one evanescent type of that infinite variety of passions, projects, whimsies, vagaries, and follies, by the which the mind of this singular being was occupied in rapid and ceaseless succession. Hence, where we expected the greatest and most prominent failure, we encountered the most complete and perfect success. Except, perhaps, the character of King James in the "Fortunes of Nigel," the English language has nothing to put in competition with that of Buckingham.

Grouped with the favourite, we have, of course, the full-length likeness of his royal and too-indulgent master, touched off, perhaps, with too friendly a hand, but still possess-

ing some of the lineaments and spirit of his race. We will not mar the pleasure our readers must derive from this admirable delineation, by mingling in our cursory notice any of the acidulating virus of political controversy: but we do wish that the character of Old Rowley had been painted a little more in the shade, were it only for the indelible disgrace he entailed on his memory by his ingratitude to those brave and loyal men who bled and suffered so freely in his cause, and the inexpiable ignominy of receiving a pension from France. A moralist would lay at his door charges of a still deeper dye, and point him out as the great corruptor of the morals, as well as sacrificer of the independence of his country, and as the main author of the subsequent misfortunes of his House. Waiving these subjects, however, no reader can perceive, without feeling a sense of burning shame, the difficulty with which he is brought to interest himself in behalf of his brave and gallant friends, when in danger of becoming the victims of the Popish Plot, hatched and brought forward to serve as an agent for exterminating the firm and loyal supporters of his throne. We allude, particularly, to the pusillanimous manner in which he conducted himself in the trial of that brave old Cavalier, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, who, after all, owed his safety more to his enemy Bridgenorth's refusing to give evidence against him, than to the King's underhand tampering with that judicial ruffian, or madman, Scroggs. This, we believe, is a faithful picture of his character and policy, if his conduct merit such an epithet: but we wish our author had marked it with the expressions which he must feel it so richly merits. This base truckling, trimming, time-serving spirit, excites the keener indignation, when we reflect on the character of the chivalrous and heroic veteran, who had so often exposed himself in the brunt of the battle, both in the cause of the King and his father; who, in the evil times of the Commonwealth, when so many had gone over to the stronger side, had remained immoveable in his loyalty as the rock on which his ancient castle was built; and, who, after his duty to his God, had not a thought upon earth but to support his King to the last gasp, and to curse, as in duty bound, the crop-eared scoundrels of Roundheads. We love and reverence the impetuous and high-spirited old man,—the beau-ideal of the genuine Cavalier.

We regret that the author has not given us more of the court, and of the prominent characters of the time; for example, of "Erin's high Ormond," and the accomplished, philosophic, and intriguing Shaftesbury. The former appears but seldom on the scene, and is rather a spectator than an actor: of the latter we almost see nothing, although it is notorious that he was deeply implicated in the unutterable villanies of the Popish Plot. It would have given another charm to this admirable tale had these two eminent men been somehow interwoven in its texture, and contributed, by the fine contrast which their opposite characters must have furnished, to accelerate or retard the denouement. It is right, however, to state, that as far as Ormond does act, or rather advise, it is in perfect harmony with that inexpugnable integrity, chivalrous honour, and lofty spirit, to which history has already rendered justice.

We rejoice, however, to find, that the author has employed his great powers in unmasking the machinery of the Popish Plot, and in exposing the dreadful perjuries of a set of the most diabolical villains who ever sold blood for gold, or trafficked in public frenzy and delusion; and that another brand of immortal infamy has been fixed on the names of Oates and of Bedloe. The picture of the reverend ruffian is perfect, and is every way worthy of the cause of which he was the ostensible mouth-piece, and ever-willing witness. It is a melancholy fact, and serves to illustrate the character of those fearful times, that the great, virtuous, and patriotic Lord Russel, was a staunch believer in the reality of the plot, and the statements of Oates and Bedloe!

Of the females brought upon the scene, we are not very competent to speak. Woman is a riddle which it might puzzle Œdipus himself to resolve. They are, however, painted

in the true spirit of gallantry, and, we think—though we would not be positive in the matter—happily discriminated. Alice Bridgenorth is really a lovely little puritan; and Lady Peveril is all that is kind-hearted, motherly, and generous, with a slight spice of the dignity and pride so proper and becoming in a titled dame. But the most extravagant, and perhaps the most original of these creations, is in the little fairy elf Fenella, or Zarah, of whom, with all reverence be it spoken, we really know not what to think or what to make; and, what is worse, we half suspect the author has felt a little in the same way. She first appears as a dumb-girl, in the service of the Countess of Derby, and we are told that that French Simeramis had bought her of a Dutch mountebank, who had trained her up as a rope-dancer. She soon, however, turns out to be a spy of Ned Christian's, and, like Cadwallader Crabtree, in Peregrine Pickle, feigns herself deaf as well as dumb, that she might disarm suspicion, and get possession of her lady's secrets. Next, we find that she had been thrown in the way of the Countess, by Christian, who had tutored her into her cue, and secured her fidelity by interesting her revenge,—he having persuaded her that she was the daughter of his brother, whom the Countess, her mistress, had put to death for the high crime of treason against her Manx Majesty. And last of all, if we may believe the veracious Ned himself, she is none other than his own daughter. In all this, there is certainly a sufficient degree of perplexment, which is only encreased by the little treacherous imp falling in love with Julian Peveril, during his residence in Man, with his relations the Countess of Derby and her son. It cannot, at the same time, be denied, that she is instrumental in enucleating the plot; that, admitting her to be such as the author has imagined, nothing can surpass the skill and [illegible] with which she seconds the schemes of her worthy uncle-father; that, excepting so far as her love for Julian Peveril interposes, she is a very unscrupulous agent in the furtherance of the designs with which she had been entrusted; and that, after she disappears from the service of the Countess of Derby, and resumes the use of speech, she employs that faculty in such a manner as at once to astonish and delight. The keen encounter of wit, raillery, and repartee, between her and Buckingham,—when the latter discovers her in his Harem in place of Alice Bridgenorth, whose escape Christian had contrived, after he found that Buckingham meant to retain for himself the morceau which had been designed for his master,—is one of the parts of this work which will be read with most general admiration. Her final escape by the window is also perfectly in character. As to the Countess of Derby, again, she is a perfect she-devil, and queens it away at such a rate, in her pigmy island, that it is not easy to endure her with patience. Her wrongs were, no doubt, great, and the iniquitous execution of her brave and gallant husband, at Bolton-le-Moor, will naturally lead us to excuse much, and bear with more; but we have no notion of a female ordering a poor devil to dangle in a rope's end, merely upon the ground of constructive treason against her own authority. Besides, as Talleyrand or Fouché—we don't remember which—used to say, upon some similar occasions, "it was worse than a crime, it was a fault;" and, considering that she was a papist, and consequently exposed to the ever-watchful hatred and malice of a powerful faction, must have been prompted by a feeling of vengeance, strong enough to set every suggestion of prudence at defiance. This, however, is best explained and defended by referring to the times when she lived, and the wrongs she had suffered; and was perhaps meant to verify the well-known maxim, that insignificant and precarious power is ever prone to suspicion and cruelty.

Where there is so much general excellence, it would be difficult, and perhaps somewhat dangerous, to particularize; but it has appeared to us, that in every scene where Buckingham appears,—whether in his revels, —in his tête-à-têtes with Christian, —in his confidential chit-chat with Jerningham, the minister of his pleasures,—at Court,—or on public occasions,—the powers of this great

writer show peculiarly transcendent. The conclave of fanatics at Bridgenorth's, on the night when the attack is made by Lance Outram, at the head of the Miners, and under the conduct of Julian Peveril, is most felicitously and graphically described. The same observation applies to the trial of the Peverils, father and son, on the charge of being concerned in the Popish Plot,—were it not for the presence of that odious baboon of a dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, whom we consider as a mere excrescence on the surface of the story, and whose pranks and antics throw a ludicrous air on what, in our opinion, is a very improper subject for such an accompaniment—a father and son on trial for life, upon one of the most dangerous and fatal accusations which could at that time have been preferred against them. The subsequent incident of the bass-viol is also violent and improbable, as is the charge of high treason against Buckingham, which follows the deliverance of the mannikin from the womb of the instrument; but it is more than redeemed by the examination of Buckingham, in presence of his enemy, Ormond and others, and by the inimitable display of character, both on the part of the king and his favourite, which that remarkable occasion elicits.

As Scotchmen, we cannot suppress a regret that "Peveril of the Peak" contains no specimens of that national painting, in which the "Author of Waverley" is without a competitor or rival. But we must confess, that it would have been out of place; and we are more than indemnified by discovering, that there is no shade, or diversity of human character, however modified by time and circumstance, which he cannot represent with power, fidelity, and effect. Taken as a whole, we are much mistaken if "Peveril" be not considered equal to some of his happiest efforts. From the time, the historical personages introduced, and the main incidents of the plot, it was impossible that the author should borrow from himself; and hence, one of the broad and prominent merits of the novel before us, is the freshness and originality which pervade it. Fenella is an entirely new creation, and has nothing in common with Annot Lyle, or Catherine Seton. The same observation, we conceive, applies to Bridgenorth, Christian, Buckingham, and others; and though the hero, Julian Peveril, is somewhat tame and feeble, compared with other figures on the canvass, we think the author has succeeded in rendering him more decided, and consequently more interesting than the majority of the previous personages whom he has thought fit to elevate to the same rank. Young Derby promises to be a chip of the old block, notwithstanding his affected smartness, flippancy, and nonchalance: we regret we have not more of him: we should not have been sorry to find him taking some strong measures to revenge his father's murder. Lance Outram is a noble fellow in his way. He coaxes the Miners to his purpose, with admirable, though rustic skill and tact; and his fidelity to his master is above all praise. In short, we consider "Peveril of the Peak" a performance every way worthy to be classed with the best and happiest efforts of the "Author of Waverley." β.

DAN DUFFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Canto I.

BEFORE a poet can proceed to measure
The lines of his premeditated theme,
'Tis requisite to ask the Muses' pleasure,
Whether they will inspire his fancied dream?
Whether their ladyships are quite at leisure
To sport upon the hill, or in the stream?
That he may canter briskly through his columns,
And give the world some cantos—or some volumes.

That was the fashion formerly;—but now
Most poets dash into the thing at once;
And, after knocking some time on their brow,
As if to wake the Muse within their sconce,
They spin their lines as old dames spin their tow,
And with like humming sound pursue their nonce.
You'll see another likeness if you
A dame may be a witch—a t

As for myself—I think I am a poet;
Though that may not be every one's opinion;
Yet, certainly, in course of song, I'll shew it,
While riding o'er mine ample theme's dominion.

Some men there are, indeed, who never know it
(I mean the vis pöetica) save in yon
Untangible, ideal, shapeless thing,
Hight Fancy—but without it I can sing.

My Muse was born within a crowded city,
And never knew a streamlet or a grove:
You'll doubtless think that circumstance a pity,
As she knows naught of *shepherds*, *birds*, —or love;
No matter; she hath been accounted witty;
For a town education must remove
Those awkward airs and struts to which they're liable
By nature, making them more pert and pliable.

Nurs'd in a weekly newspaper was she,
And in a magazine provincial cradled;
In both of which she squall'd in treble key,
As children generally do when swaddled:
In course of time she left the parent knee,
And, by diploma, got her courser saddled,
On which she rides an hour or so per day,
Making her observations by the way.

I say thus much by way of making known
My Muse's high pretensions to the art;
I would be mute if such gifts were mine own,
Being a little modest—(jest apart).—
But now our pilgrim hero must be shewn,
For he is waiting anxiously to start:—
I'll sketch his picture ere I loose his tether,
And then we'll walk on sociably together.

There was a man of meikle love and pride,
The son of many ancestors was he,
Who in a lonely hovel did abide,
Somewhere between the rivers Don and Dee;
Waiting the rise of fortune's lazy tide
Which seem'd to settle at a low degree;—
I said there *was*—I should have said *is*, rather,
But *was* brings me to speak about his father.

He (that's the father) was a curious wight,
Having some shrewdness, and a deal of taste;
(By taste I mean that laudable delight—
That zest of nature—not of pies or paste;)
He was indeed a man whose genius might
An easier way of living well have graced:—
But where lived he? in Aberdeen, so
'Tis northern Highlandman's

He was a weaver to his trade, and plied
The shuttle to some purpose; and did look
(For he was what rude people call squint-eyed)
Both on his web and on a favourite book!
Which, by ingenious artifice, he tied,
With whip-cord, so it dangled from a hook.—
I may observe, although it matters little,
He lived 'twixt Old and New Town, call'd the Spittal.

He talk'd broad Scotch, and understood some Erse,
And was esteem'd a famous politician;
I'm told his mem'ry had a store of verse,
And plenty of prosaic erudition:
'Tis likewise said, he could with ease rehearse
A king's speech, where he shew'd the rhetorician:
These, with some qualities I can't be telling of,
For a poor weaver in the North were well enough.

His wife had knitted stockings of all hues,
Which is, or was, the trade of that good town;
But I suspect there are not many "blues"
Under the fringes of the northern gown.
This worthy matron for herself did use,
In general, a pair 'twixt grey and brown;
And yet she ne'er indulged the dull brown-study,
But was, as neighbours said, "a merry body."

Their son, our hero, was a hopeful lad,
His name was Duffe—Dan Duffe I mean to style him;
Dan Sol and Dan Apollo we have had
In many tales and stories, written whilom:
Dan Duffe, I say, would listen to his dad,
While with his wise harangues he did beguile him
Into a love of reading, like himself,
Leaving all other work upon the shelf.

And he did pore on many a poet's page,
So many, that I do not care to name;
Suffice it, that they were of every age,
And, in their day, the every pets of fame,
But men and things both cease to be "the rage"
When other men and things our praises claim;
And e'en the great poetic immortality
Is found to be of somewhat brittle quality.

At sixteen years our hero fell in love—
A proper age for such a silly passion;
Yet, 'tis the first thing that begins to move
The youthful pen to scribble rhyming trash on;
And then the patient's fancy 'gins to rove
Through fairy-land, because it is the fashion;
So did Dan Duffe, and measur'd, in his slumbers,
Love's softest, sweetest, chastest, purest numbers.

Forth from the city would he wend at morn,
And, where the new canal is now, would stray,
Musing in all the bliss of pain, forlorn,
Though meeting many people by the way:
By hope refresh'd—by jealous horrors torn,
Like many another gamester in that play,
(For I could prove that Cupid's foolish votary
Is but a sixteenth holder in the Lottery.)

Well—he would come to view a pretty scene,
Where Don's pure waves through Grandholm's fields meander,
And where the citizens of Aberdeen
Oft, on a Sunday evening, love to wander.
'Tis beautiful! and, in the morning's sheen,
Whoe'er admires it not—is but a gander.
It charm'd Dan Duffe each time he look'd upon it,
For 'twas the subject of his second sonnet.

Oh what a lovely prospect glads your eye
Where the sweet vale hangs like a Wilton carpet,
When swung between the corner posts to dry,
While gentle, undulating breezes warp it!
You see the Don, mean time, so smooth and sly,
Gliding beneath, save where there is a bar put—
I mean a dam for streams to drive machinery,
Which give an air of business to the scenery.

For there are mills for thread, and mills for paper,
And iron foundries, making uncouth noise,
And mills that manufacture for the draper
Wearing appearel, and some wearing toys:
Ah me! they send abroad a stinking vapour
Of steam, and smoke, and sulphur, that destroys
The silent sweetness of a dale so gentle,
And calls one's musings off the sentimental.

But still Dan Duffe would wander reckless on,
Now in the vale, and now upon the ridge,
Until he came to where the hamper'd Don
Is span'd right nobly by a Gothic bridge;
Built, I believe, by Bishop Elphinstone,
In days when Bishops here had privilege;
I do not mean by this our church to dish up,
Perhaps the bridge was *not* built by the Bishop.

Dan [illegible] till Sol sate in his west pavi-
Surrounded by his clouds, like flattering beaux,
Dress'd in their coats of yellow and vermilion,
And such fine hues as every body knows,
Until the moon, well seated on her pillow,
Above the shining German Ocean rose:—
Dan having fed all day on love's soft mood,
Came home at even to taste more solid food.

Long did he wander round this daily range,
A walking harp, surcharged with love and rhymes,
Until there came about a sorry change,
Yet not uncommon in these sinful times:
Let not the reader cry aloud, "O strange!"
Where there are mortals, still there will be crimes,
The lady of his love (a cobler's daughter)
Forsook him for a beau of the first water!

And then his father died—and then his mother!
Waves follow waves, and tears must course down tears,
And, in our griefs, another and another
Fall on, and push us down the gulf of years.
Without a sister—and without a brother,
His friends went from him on his parent's biers,—
Save an old aunt, whose tale goes thus (to shorten it—)
She liv'd—fell sick—and died within a fortnight!

She died—but then she left more earth behind
Than the old sexton's spade could heap upon her:
And either she or fortune had been kind—
Dan got the land, whichever was the donor:
Yea, he was laird; and, though he seem'd design'd
For a more immaterial sort of honour,
Yet terra firma's fully as delightful
As Fairy-land of flower, and fruit, and spritefull.

But small, and poor, and barren was the spot,
Denying every plant save whins and heather,
And seldom useful for the [illegible] pot,
Save in the fattening of Christmas wether,
Or when the sportsman chose to take a shot
At grouse or black-cock, and such kind of feather;
Besides some thirty acres of plantation,
And as much in a state of cultivation.

The mansion was an ancient-looking ruin,
A lone, unshapely, moss-clad, tottering tower;
And, certes, ne'er romantic artist drew one
Half so expressive of time's awful power.
The lady ne'er could think upon a new one,
Though many a hint she got from wind and shower,
And though the garret seem'd inclin'd to pitch in
Some sudden visit to the inviting kitchen.

No wish had he to hunt the fox or hare,
He thought, with me, that there was something rude in't;
But, when he got his lands, another care
His mind pursued, more rational and prudent:
In short (though you may laugh) he did repair
Back to his native town—became a student—
And fagg'd as hard as if he meant to purchase
The pulpit of the richest of our churches.

He studied at the King's, or *Alton*, College,
To which, for certain reasons, he was partial;
Not that it whets, with better hone, the dull age
Of nature's witty weapon than the Marischal:
In both, the file-like discipline of knowledge,
To fine poetic feelings must be harshall:
However, as I took degrees in neither,
I shall not venture to enlarge on either.

Soon was his mind imbued with classic learning,
And soon he scann'd the page of Greek and Latin,
For which his bowels ay began a yearning
Whene'er the cock proclaim'd the winter matin.
Think well of this, Collegians! whose discerning
Is bounded to the skill of silk and satin.—
I've known, in En'bro', students leave a lecture,
Wise as the daws that build in th' architecture.

In mathematics he fell very deep,
And could have written lemma well, or scholium;
He had, besides, a philosophic heap
Of instruments, as compass—quadrant—
He kn[illegible]des would turn out spring or neap,
Without applying to that annual volume
Hight Almanack, and sometimes *Paddy's Watch*,
In which the times, before they come, we catch.

Moreover, he'd some inkling of astrology,
And used, at times, a powerful logic hammer;
He read the arguments upon theology,
And echoed each polemic's noisy clamour;
He could repeat the table of chronology,
Without one hesitation, stop, or stammer:
In short, his knowledge was a mental olio,
Whose very index would fill up a folio.

But oft his wits would go to gather wool;
Sometimes his wisdom was obscure and hazy;
The first would make him blunder like a fool,
The second made most people think him crazy;
Too busy now to let his dinner cool,
And then to eat it, while 'twas warm, too lazy—
Mistaking for a mushroom some large fungus,
And calling good tobacco—mere mundungus!

All this can be accounted for by calling
The mind a sheet of paper (say good pot,)
Whereon th' unguarded pen has long been scrawling
Sideways and crossways, till 'tis all one blot.
Perhaps upon the sheet wit has been falling;
But, is it legible? I say 'tis not—
There is no use your studious pen to brandish—
To soil the leaves, you should upset the standish.

With all this mass of heterogeneous matter,
Dan Duffe return'd unto his home in quiet:
Although much wiser, yet by no means fatter
Than when he fed upon his quondam diet;
For love and study keep a meagre platter,
And give small room for knife and fork to riot:
But, having brows'd so long on learning's trees,
He needs must chew the cud a while at ease.

His mortal food, indeed, was plain and simple;
For breakfast—porridge; rarely tea or coffee:
His barley-broth had never made him limp ill,
So that he had to give the doctor no fee.
His liquor never give his face a pimple,
That brilliant gem which is the toper's trophy;
And gout and pleurisy are seldom put on
The same dish with a scrag of Highland mutton.

Time now had plough'd some furrows
o'er his forehead,
And from his cheeks had stol'n the youthful roses;
Yet there was nothing in his aspect horrid,
As maybe some young lady now supposes.
The promontory of his face not torrid,
Like those who smear with claret their red noses.
Gaunt, though athletic—muscular, though meagre,
With sharp, grey eyes—expressive, quick, and eager.

Full forty years he kept beneath his tiles,
His study being as a cell or prison is,
And seldom walking farther than two miles,
So much was he immured in musty business.
At length, one night, seduced by Luna's smiles,
His brain was seiz'd with some romantic dizziness;
And he resolv'd to quit his hermit desk,
And wander forth to view the picturesque!

There's no accounting for the whims of people,
Especially at sixty; when the mind,
Though creeking like the vane upon a steeple,
Turns with the various shiftings of the wind.
Dan Duffe, upon the thought of this, did sleep ill,
Until he had resolv'd what he design'd;
To visit town and city—plain and mountain—
Church, palace, ruin, cataract, and fountain.

For this, he dress'd himself from top to toe,
More spruce and sprig than any far or near;
His shirt—a little whiter then the snow,
With a fine ruff that reach'd from ear to ear;
His hat had been a new one long ago;
Its shape and colour making it appear
Of such a fashion as we now make sport on,
But famous in the days of Regent Morton.

His jerken was of velvet, richly garnished
With very fine embroidery of gold;
Grand in its day, though now a little tarnished,
Because it really was a little old;
His velvet vest had buttons finely varnished
By his old aunt (if we believe what's told:)
His breeches, his knees were nicely trimm'd with buckles,
And [illegible] reach'd from his wristband to his knuckles.

His other necessary part of dress
Was plush—blue plush, of rather large dimension;
I do not name the thing, but you may guess
To what small-clothes I beg your kind attention.
Names are odd things, and 'tis a great distress
When things have names so under reprehension,
That you must hint, and shift, and can't get onward,
When you might tell your meaning all in yon word.

No pilgrim's staff had he to trudge withal;
A large umbrella did supply its place!
His sandal shoon, from Crispin's little stall,
Were such as peasant lads their mountains trace;
He had no scallop:- we scarce can call
Dan Duffe a pilgrim, with a decent grace;
Yet these are trifling things that scarcely signify;
For dress should neither humble one nor dignify.

It was upon a gentle morn of June
When he did wend his lonely pilgrim-way;
The birds did chant in most melodious tune,
And nature all was innocent and gay:
I ween it had been well nigh unto noon,
When he espied the towers so old and grey,
And eke the housen tops of safe St Machar,
Which gladden'd much the bosom of our walker.

He pass'd through Grandholm's vale—a while he gaz'd,
As when you look upon a lovely picture,
Whose features time has scarcely yet eras'd,
Though fading mem'ry may have fail'd, or trick'd your
Ideas into error.—He, amaz'd,
Stood for a moment, and, with careless stricture,
Behold the varied scene of calm and bustle,
And in a grin half-rais'd his labial muscle.

He pass'd the old cathedral, in whose yard
His parents lay:—he walk'd round to the portal—
He shook its iron ribs—in vain—'twas barr'd,
As if it would not ope to [illegible] mortal.
Between the balustrades he studied hard
To see the epitaphs, much of a sort all:
He read his parents—aunt—and then—
"Here lies"—
Bless me! his mistress!—sorrow, groans, and sighs.

He pass'd the College, with its pretty towers;
'Twas silent, dull, and drear, beyond expression:
In various seasons we have various flowers,
And buds of science bloom not till the session:—
He pass'd his father's house, where youthful hours
Made play and pastime all their soft profession:
Alas! the door of that low habitation
Was crowded with a stranger's generation.

He pass'd through Aberdeen (I mean the New)
By Gallowgate and Broad-street, and the spacious,
Wide, half-built Union Street, though fair to view,
He view'd with calm indifference. Vexatious!
Since the proud townsmen in its praises due,
Are somewhat tiresome, foolish, and loquacious.
He pass'd the Denburn Bridge, with deep gulf under,
Look'd o'er the parapet—it mov'd—no wonder.

All these he pass'd; yet no one human face
Saw he, remembering to have seen before!
Nor word spoke he, since he began to trace
His pilgrim journey from his castle door.
Alas! how soon the men of dust give place
To their own frail epitomes! fourscore
Is foreign in the town of its nativity—
Who then would wish for wearisome longevity?

What is our life? some call it a poor play,
Fill'd with strange scenes of happiness and sorrow:
Methinks 'tis but a short and varied day,
Begirt by yesterday and by to-morrow.
This thing I know; we're always made repay
To Mem'ry, what from Hope we beg and borrow;
We ask the time before it is our own,
And never know its presence—till 'tis flown.

But I [illegible]tting serious: 'tis a sign
That we [illegible]near the close of this first section;
Although we're not much nearer to our shrine,
Having trod slowly, and in bent direction.
There is a certain hour when folks should dine,
And Dan for dinner now feels no objection;
And, though your pilgrims often chose a cavern,
Ours, near the bridge of Dee, sits in a tavern.

Next Canto shall be rife with scenes of beauty,
Sublimity, and grandeur; mountains, plains,
Besides some things in poetry quite new t'ye,
Which we've collected for our future strains;
Meantime, we think it our especial duty
To thank the reader for his patient pains:
The muse is tir'd and jaded; so I'll stop her,
And you may do whatever you think proper.

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, 1st January.

I DARE say, Mr Editor, some of your readers, from my late taciturnity, fancy I am dead. Two months without a theatrical letter from one who seems to have so much pleasure in writing about plays, play-houses, and players! Nothing but the silence of the grave could have made him silent! Then, as to the mode and manner of my death, the conjectures will have been various, no doubt: perhaps dead of disappointment, having taken to the stage myself, and finding I can do no better than Mr Barnard or Mr Penley: perhaps squeezed to death in the crowd, on the re-opening of Drury-Lane Theatre; or perhaps shot in a duel with my friend (or rather enemy) Mr Atkins, of nose notoriety, and who, it may be remembered, (as I take all responsibility upon myself, and thereby lighten the burden of the Editor,) sent me a challenge, because I compared him, in this respect only, to Lord Monboddo and Tom Paine. I knew very well that Mr Atkins had been entrusted by the Manager of Covent-Garden with a pistol, when he played one of Macheath's companions in the "Beggars' Opera;" but I did not know that he would entrust himself with one in a duel, recollecting what an unmissable mark his nose must be, especially in profile. I almost wish I had accepted his "daring to the field," for since

my refusal, I find that he threatens lustily, and I am of Seneca's opinion in *Thyestes*,

Pejor est bello timor ipse belli.

In the mean time, whatever course Mr Atkins may think fit to take, let him console himself with the following stanza, from the *Opere Burlesche* of Berni, one of the merriest fellows of his day, and who thus answered a man who found fault with his "nasal promontory:"

"I have a nose, you say, and very true it is;
A glorious, hook'd, capacious kind of one!
Many would give me very large annuities
But for a quarter of it—for they've none.
I own myself, that bigger far than two it is;
But all that you can say when you have done,
Is like a hollow drum, that I can thump it;
And for my fame I need no other trumpet!"

I would give the original, but I doubt if Mr A. understands Italian. For his benefit, (not his theatrical benefit,) and because it is in English, I will transcribe here a curious passage from an old play, called "Ram Alley," written more than two hundred years ago, by one Barrey.

"I tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan, is lovely, large, and broad,
Much like a goose: your valiant, generous nose,
A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose:
Your scholars nose is very fresh and raw,
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
His chops of mutton in his dish of porridge."

I leave Mr A. to apply this quotation, and to determine whether his be a Tuscan nose, "much like a goose," or a "valiant, generous nose." If I were to decide, I should certainly say the latter;—whichever it be, he may truly say with the parodist of King David—

"My nose, the glory of my face," &c.

However, I have now pretty nearly run my friend's nose off its legs (for Mr A. cares as much for the legs of his book as his nose), and for the present I must quit this very extensive subject. How I shall be able to pacify Mr Atkins I know not, especially if it be true, according to the Latin epigrammatist, that *Nasus est sedes iræ*.

Let it satisfy the reader, then, to learn, that I am yet in the land of the living, and it satisfies me to know, that, during the interval in which I have been silent, very little has been gone at either of our great theatres worth saying much about. At Covent-Garden, indeed, the Manager has produced two new pieces, and one new performer. The first of these was a comic opera, called "Maid Marian," founded upon a novel of the same name, and got up, as is asserted, by the same author. There was nothing new in it, but ingenuity in the adaptation to the stage and the music, by which it was set off to great advantage. We might just as well criticise the novel as the play, there was so little difference between them; and the novel has been some time in the hands of all readers of productions of that kind. There was certainly a good deal of life and entertainment in the piece, and the acting and singing of Miss M. Tree (in breeches, as usual,) made it go off very pleasantly. C. Kemble also accomplished much for it: when he does not go out of his way, and strive to attain what is beyond his power and capacity, he is more than a respectable actor. I am glad to hear nothing further about his attempting Coriolanus, Brutus, Cato, Hamlet, Macbeth, &c.; parts which, it was threatened at the opening of the winter theatres, he would assume: indeed he tried Hamlet once, and only once.

This reminds me of an anecdote told of another of my theatrical friends, Mr Claremont. "Well, Mr Claremont," said John Kemble to him one day, "where have you been during the summer?" "I have been performing in the country." "Where, pray, Mr Claremont, and what parts?" "Why, Sir," replied Claremont, advancing, as on the stage, 'one manly leg,' "at Oakhampton I played Macbeth—at Dunstable, Coriolanus—and at Spinham-Lane, Hamlet, twice."—"What! Mr Claremont," cried John, "Hamlet *twice*—*twice* in one place?"

After this incident it was that Kemble advanced Mr Claremont to the rank of the Duke in Romeo and Juliet, a character he has always since represented with great applause.

A tragedy, under the title of "The Huguenot," was also brought out at Covent-Garden. The style of the language may be instantly guessed from the fact, that it was written by Mr Shiel, an Irish young gentleman, who had the advantage, in his former productions, to be assisted by the rare talents of Miss O'Neil. Her place was now supplied by Miss F. H. Kelly, (I beg her pardon if I do not give her initials correctly,) the new actress to whom I alluded. She is a young lady of very considerable ability; but in the London papers and magazines, she has been injudiciously over-rated. She first came out with great success as Juliet; then she played a part in "The Huguenot," and, lastly, she appeared as Rutland in "The Earl of Essex." The last character did not please the public as much as was expected, and Mr Shiel's tragedy is already among the dead, though it had the good fortune to escape being among the damned. The story was romantic, more fit for a melo-drama than a tragedy; but some of the incidents were offensive, though a good deal knowledge of stage-effect was displayed in the situations. Mr Shiel would write much better could he once be persuaded that highly-wrought, but common-place similes do not belong to dramatic poetry, if indeed they belong to any poetry at all. Mr Macready (who was announced as "from a tour in Italy") supported the principal male character very ably: he has since done very little.

The head Manager and "sole Lessee of the Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane," has brought out no new piece, excepting an Opera, the title of which is of little importance, (though quite as important as either the dialogue or music,) and a farce, for the purpose of introducing Miss Clara Fisher, "the infant prodigy," to the audience of a winter house. Of her I have before spoken, and it is judiciously stated in the bills, that she is only engaged "for children's parts." Braham sung in the Opera, but he could not do every thing.

Of the respective merits of Kean and Young, who have at length appeared on the London boards together, I should be inclined to say more, if my sheet were not so nearly filled. It is the less necessary, however, not only because they are both so well known, but because I have seen no criticism upon them, from the penny "Theatrical Observer," up to the three and six-penny "New Monthly," that is not, in general, very judicious: the styles of these two actors are extremely different, and the distinctions obvious. Othello is the only tragedy in which they have been pitted against each other, and there they can hardly be said to have been fairly pitted in "fearful opposition," because the leading characters are so totally dissimilar. Kean has played Othello, and Young only Iago, whereas if they had changed parts on alternate nights, a judgment might have been better formed on their respective talents. I freely admit with, I believe, the public at large, the superiority of Kean; but I think undue fault has been found, in some quarters, with Young's Iago, on the score that he makes the villany too glaring and obtrusive. Shakespeare clearly meant these two persons to be contrasted; the generosity and openness of Othello was to be set off by the low-mindedness and wilyness of Iago; and on our stages, as at present constructed, the distinction must be made broadly, or it will not be perceived at all. The error is, when a clumsy actor makes the character of Iago appear so hideously deformed, that even Othello could not mistake it. I deny that Mr Young went so far as this, though perhaps, to one or two of the questions he put to Othello, he gave rather too much emphasis. On the whole, his may be pronounced the best Iago on the stage, excepting Kean's, and it is a real treat to see their strength combined in the support of so magnificent a tragedy.

Ben vi siete accoppiate, io giurerei.

London, 6th January.

The following most important *bulletin* has just been published in all the newspapers. The subject to which it relates is of such deep interest, that I cannot omit it: it is en-

titled precisely in the same form as those that are issued on the illness of his Majesty.

"MR ELLISTON'S HEALTH.—Mr Elliston had been nursing himself at home all Wednesday, in consequence of a severe attack of cold: he dined off broth at 4 o'clock, and at 5 set off for the theatre, to prepare for Young Dornton, in the comedy of "The Road to Ruin." Just as he had reached Drury-Lane, he was seized with a fit of epilepsy, which continued till near 12 o'clock. He was not well enough to be removed in the evening, and a bed was made up for him in his own room at the theatre. Miss Elliston attended him throughout the night and yesterday; and Mr Robins sent his carriage in the afternoon to take them home. Dr Pearson says he will be able to resume his professional labours early in the ensuing week."

I do not mean to make a joke of any thing at all serious; but what if it should turn out that Mr Elliston's "fit of epilepsy" was aggravated, I do not say produced, by the extreme thinness of the house collected to see the elderly gentleman perform the part of Young Dornton? I do not assert that it was so. All the information in this laboriously minute production is certainly of the utmost value—not excepting even the notice of the "broth at 4 o'clock," only here the public has to complain of an omission as to whether the broth was made of mutton, beef, or veal! This was a singular oversight. No doubt, Miss Elliston is a very affectionate and attentive daughter; but this "puff collateral" will not make any body think her at all the more so, or get her a husband at all the sooner. Hence, also, we learn, very artfully, that Mr Robins keeps a carriage; a matter of great importance—to Mr Robins. And who is Mr Robins? The auctioneer, and, I would lay my life, the author of this rare specimen of his skill in that art

"To which the arts are all so much [illegible]"

However, he keeps a carriage. I wonder he did not contrive, also, to let us know that his daughters learn Italian, and can no longer call the *Piazza* in Covent-garden (where their father's shop is situated) after the English fashion, but *Piatza*. If he had left the puff to them, they might have done it better in one respect,—they would perhaps have made it grammar, and not have told us, that, "Dr Pearson says he, (Mr Robins, and not Mr Elliston) will be able to resume his *professional* labours early in the ensuing week." As it stands, mistakes may arise, for even auctioneers now call their business *a profession*.

With regard to Mr Elliston, I am very glad to hear that he is better, but I doubt if the disappointment of the public on the night he was to have played Young Dornton was as great as his own. He made way for something better; and he is rather too fond of appearing in a certain class of characters, in which he excelled (no man more so) twenty years ago, but for which he is now altogether unfit, both from age and bulkiness. I am tired of seeing him in his Rovers and Rangers, and Dorntons and Vapids.

In consequence of the absence of Kean, and the illness of Elliston, Young, for the last week, has had the whole stage of Drury-Lane to himself. He has played Hamlet, Macbeth, and Zanga, all parts that have hitherto been undertaken at this house by Kean only. He was willing, most likely, to make good use of his time in this interval, and his success has been flattering to his ambitious rivalship. Kean is to-day advertised soon to re-appear in Richard: it is not likely, therefore, that Young will invade this province, and Kean may have taken this step as a precaution against encroachment upon his peculiar line of acting. Young has a great many partisans: his talents are very considerable, but it cannot be said, as every body acknowledges, that he has the gift of genius: it is here that Kean does, and always will, excel him. In Young, art, labour, and good sense, are always seen, and seen too much; and it cannot even be said of him as of Kean,

"That that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all had wrought appear'd in no place."

I have never had an opportunity, or at least I have never taken it, of seeing Kean's Zanga; but Young's is a very powerful performance. He was always a very pains-taking actor, but now he, of course, exerts himself to the utmost. Like Kean, though not in the same degree, he wants a good person; but his rival possesses that which, a great authority declared, made Garrick appear six feet high.

The day before yesterday, a new "comedy, in two acts," as it is called, was brought out at this theatre; but before I speak of it, I shall see it a second time.

London, 11th January.

One reason why I wished to see the new "comedy, in two acts," a second time, was, that I found it very lavishly praised in some of the London newspapers; and as I confess the piece did not seem to me to deserve it, I was unwilling hastily to pronounce upon it. It is understood to be from the pen of Dibdin, and, like several of his other dramatic productions, the title is a strange one—*Simpson & Co.* If we go on in this style, we shall soon confound the *Biographia Dramatica* with Kent's *Directory*—a very little while ago we had "*Peter Fin, fishmonger,*" at the Haymarket. But, if Mr Dibdin's title be new, he offers no great novelty in the plot or characters, both of which have been often seen upon the stage before, though, perhaps, in somewhat different combinations. It was prudent, therefore, in him, to adopt a name unlike any thing ever heard of before, and such as, it is to be hoped, will never be heard of again. The whole story is built upon the discordant habits and inclinations of two partners of Fenchurch-Street, Simpson & Co., and their two wives: one partner is a strict, precise, puritanical sort of a tradesman, afflicted with a fretful, jealous wife: the other partner is of a far more liberal turn, running into various excesses, especially with females, but blest with a wife who is of an open, confiding temper, without a particle of suspicion. All the humour of the piece arises out of one partner being mistaken for another, and, but for the excellent acting of Mrs Davison, Mrs Glover, Terry, and Cooper, damnation must have followed the fall of the curtain. Terry's character is copied with much accuracy from a part he played in the summer, at the Haymarket, in a piece written by Kenny, I forget the name of it.

There is hardly a particle of life or reality about this "comedy in two acts." I suppose it is called a comedy, because it has neither wit, nor humour, nor drollery, nor character enough, to deserve the name of a farce. This is as it should be: we have lately had very few comedies that have not been more like farces in five acts, though it would not do so to announce them in the bills. Much as it may suit the grave and censorious to find fault with "Tom and Jerry," and pieces of that stamp, they have a great deal of truth to recommend them, and they are at least pleasant exaggerations of actual manners. A production of this sort was brought out a few nights ago, at the Adelphi Theatre, called "Green in France;" but though very amusing, it is not like the original, "Life in London," which, if not actual life, was certainly very like it. Nor was its moral so bad as some of the disciples of Cant, (I do not mean *Kant* the German metaphysician,) in this canting age, would endeavour to persuade us. But, after all, the moral of a dramatic representation is like the moral of a fable, scarcely ever read, and still more seldom understood, by those to whom it is addressed. Besides, what does it signify, if a few poor old crazy watchmen get knocked down, or a few idle gamesome apprentices get shut up in the watch-house from Saturday till Monday? It rather does them good than harm, and must leave a far more powerful effect upon their future conduct, than all the sage dogmas that could be crammed down their throats. Neither do I believe that one more guardian of the night, or one more apprentice, has suffered in consequence of the performances of those lovers of *spree*, (and who shall say he is not a lover of *esprit?*) Mr Thomas Dashaway, Mr Jeremiah Hawthorn, and Mr Robert Logic.

The London apprentices have sadly degenerated since the day that Heywood (the contemporary of Shakespeare) sent them out as the conquerors of Jerusalem *; and I see no reason why the race should not be restored: my opinion is, that "Life in London" will contribute to it.

A person called in the bills (as matter of courtesy, I suppose,) "a gentleman," made his first appearance in London last night, as Young Meadows, in "Love in a Village:" his deportment was like any thing but that of "a gentleman," and his singing like any thing but that of a musician. What, besides his unlucky stars, brought him on the stage, remains to be seen.

Miss Paton has drawn two or three full houses to Covent-Garden, to hear her Mandane: she possesses voice and science, but she is mistaken if she imagines that she can ever rival Miss Stephens; I hardly believe that she pretends to do it. I quite agree in all that has been said about Mr Pearman in Arbaces: his singing is essentially vulgar, and the managers deserve severe censure for thrusting him forward in a part for which he is totally unfit. It is ridiculous to suppose that such an opera as Artaxerxes can be got up with one principal singer only. Duruset's voice is like a dismal foggy day in November; but he is still many degrees above Mr Pearman, who ought never to aspire to singing any thing superior to "This bottle's the sun of our table,"—and that not before gentlemen. I have no room left to say any thing about the Christmas pantomimes, and the omission is not very material.

* "The Four 'Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem," when first acted does not appear, but certainly some considerable time before the death of Elizabeth. By the bye, the commentators ought not to have missed, as they all have done, the obvious allusion in the prose prologue of this play, by Heywood, to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."—"We rather thought fit to exemplify to the public censure things concealed and obscured, such as are not common with every one, than such historical *tales* as every one can tell by the *fire in Winter*."

THE LIFE OF CALEB CORNHILL.

Chapter XI.

O MATRIMONY! I have sigh'd for thee,
And all the happiness thy home within;
O Matrimony! I have long'd to be
Chain'd with thy chains, that never fret the skin,
Like those that despotism oft hath twined
Around the dungeon'd limbs of poor mankind.

Yes! wedlock is a very pleasant state,
As I have dreamt, and many a dream I've had;
For when a husband loses his dear mate,
'Tis nine to one that he again will wed:
But when a prison'd linnet once gets free,
'Tis ten to one that him you'll never see.

If man's ambitious, and will chuse a wife
From some high sphere, superior to his own,
There's every chance that he'll be wed to strife,
And, like a slave, sit trembling by the throne
Of eastern despot. Do I augur well?
Go ask at Addison—for he can tell.

If man is avaricious, and shall take
A consort merely on account of pelf,
He wrongs the woman for her dowry's sake,
Nor can he bless, nor can be blest himself;
She proves a burden, like a pedlar's pack,
Which, if he durst, he'd tumble from his back.

Even Johnson had the folly to conceive
He lov'd a woman, twice his age or nearly;
At least he says so—but I still believe
It was the lucre that he held most dearly;
I say not that he lies—but it is plain
The sapient moralist was much mista'en.

If man's affectionate, and has the pow'r
Of fondly loving—and is lov'd again,
Then is the time to wed: the summer bow'r
Where blossoms blow, and wild-birds pour their strain,
Displays nought half so lovely or so sweet,
As homes where beating hearts in union beat.

"Yes, Love is light from Heaven!"—as Byron sings—
Though his but seems a torch-light of damnation,
Which he, like an incendiary, flings,
To set young creatures in a conflagration;

Poor souls are hang'd for firing barns and ricks,
While he is prais'd for burning hearts like bricks.

"Yes, Love is light from Heav'n!" and Mary's bosom
Has felt its influence like a summer's ray;
And flow'rs of joy beneath its radiance blossom,
Delightful flow'rs, that shall not pass away;
No! they shall live while I have pow'r to cherish
The heart I love—and that's till I shall perish.

Oh! Mary is indeed a countless treasure!
For she has beauty—that is sweet to gaze on;
And she has feeling—that's a fount of pleasure;
And she has fancy—gloomy hours to blazon;
And she has judgment—to conduct her way
Through this dark world, where folks are apt to stray.

I would not like a wife like Hannah Moore;
She's too sedate—I love a little madness;
Not quite insanity, you may be sure—
But that bright spirit that is always gladness,
That, like a sun-ray flitting o'er the mountains,
Plays on the streams, and dances on the fountains.

Miss Edgeworth's far too knowing for a spouse,
A knowing woman's sure to wear the breeches;
And Lord keep me for ever from that house
Where husband acts but as his consort teaches;
John Knox, for all thy rudeness, I maintain
With thee, that petticoats should never reign.

Let David Hume elaborately laud,
And Spenser sing the glories of Queen Bess;
I like her little better than her dad,
Although her wickedness appear much less;
But O her bosom was a fearful tide
Of passion, vanity, revenge, and pride!

Miss Owenson, or Lady—what's her name?—
Has too much fire—at least if she resemble
Her "Ida"—Ida is a thing of flame,
Might make admirers stand aloof and tremble,
Though love like her's explodes like a sky-rocket,
Or, like a candle, soon burns to the socket.

Jane Porter, I conceive, is too romantic,
At least she loves to make her heroines so;
And though these heroines be not quite frantic,
Their dream-like essence never can bestow
Substantial bliss—a matrimonial chain
Could scarce these spirits from their flights detain.

Joanna Baillie has a soul too high
To be the wife of any mortal creature;
Yes, man may gaze upon her with his eye,
And worship her as a superior nature,
But nothing more—she's worthy to become
Apollo's consort in Elysium.

But Mistress Opie has a woman's heart—
Soft, feeling, tender, every thing I love;
And she possesses genius to impart
(As well her novels and her verses prove)
A portion of her tenderness to any
Who read her tearful books—and these are many.

Yes—and my Mary has a kindred power,
Although she neither novels writes nor verses;
She comes upon my spirit like the hour
Of dawning morn that every cloud disperses;
She comes upon my spirit like the ray
Of brilliant noon, that wakes the flow'rs of May.

Oh were she mine! like two united streams,
Along this vale of tears, our lives should glide,
While summer's sun upon the water gleams,
And wild-flow'rs spread their hues on every side,
While not a gathering storm obscures the shine,
Nor breeze the blossom nips—Oh! were she mine!

Chapter XII.

But human bliss is like the fragile rose,
Like winter's sun that quickly is withdrawn,
Like meteor-light, that o'er the moorland goes—
Like dew-drops, that evaporate at dawn—

Like moment's swelling of the ocean-wave—
'Tis ours to-day—to-morrow in the grave.

Eliza Gray was beautiful and young,
The fairest flow'r that bloom'd in Yarrowdale;
No fairer flower in April ever sprung,
Wet by the dews, kiss'd by the mountain gale,
And foster'd by the suns of Heav'n—she rose
A child of hope—a stranger to all woes.

A gentle maid, with sympathetic breast,
With meditative mind—her spirit drew
Delight and knowledge from the scenes imprest
Upon her infancy—where violets grew,
And willows fringed the brook, and linnets sung,
Around the parent-home to which she clung.

I love simplicity—I love the worth
Of rural damsels—but I joy to mark
A spirit of intelligence break forth
Like morning sunshine o'er the valley dark,
The mountain solitude, the sylvan farm,
And give a brilliancy to every charm.

And such Eliza was: but storms will rise
Even in the spring-time, and the mildew's wing
Will blight the flow'ret that we lov'd to prize,
And leave it death-like in its withering.
Ah! such Eliza was—her bloom decay'd,
And many wept for the declining maid.

But 'twas a transient cloud—it pass'd away;
And as the rose looks lovelier after show'rs,
The maid again assum'd her aspect gay,
And all the beauty of her fairest hours;
And she was fondly lov'd—and she bestow'd
A heart that with congenial fondness glow'd.

How blest is he! unutterably blest,
Whose hopes are staid on virtuous woman's love!
As on a rock his faithful soul may rest,
No time can change it, and no change remove:
As light shall be while suns are in the sky,
Her love exists until her heart shall die.

O yes! that tender, timid, gentle thing
That bears the name of woman—hath a heart
Set in love—no power can wring
The treasure from her soul—they will not part:—
How blest is he!—unutterably blest,
By whom that sweetest treasure is possest.

Oh say, what dangers will she not surmount
For him she loves? what troubles not sustain?
Scorn, exile, poverty, she will account
As trifling ills, if to her lot remain,—
When joys decay, and each fair prospect closes—
The kindred heart on which her heart reposes.

And O, Eliza was a happy wife!
A happy husband was her best belov'd;
But how uncertain is our mortal life!
She gave to him, the faithful man that prov'd
Her hope and joy, her comforter and guide—
A son, the image of herself—and died.

Alas for thee! to whom the love was given
Of her, whom as a sister I beheld;
Though clouds of darkness o'er my mind have driven,
Though tides of sorrow o'er my heart have swell'd,
Since she hath met mine eyes—I still behold
My gentle friend as in the days of old.

I still behold her lovely—but to thee
Far lovelier, brighter, sweeter, every charm
Of face, of heart, of mind, must ever be
The recollections that thy bosom warm,
And turn thy soul to agony—when thou
Think'st of the days that were—that are not now.

I know what 'tis to feel the ills of life,
What 'tis to think of joys for ever gone;
But not what 'tis to lose a loving wife,
That tender spirit, that with thine is one
In hope and fear, in bliss and misery—
But I can fancy it, and feel for thee.

Yea, I have fancied what it is to be
A happy husband, though I ne'er have been;
And, in my loneliness, 'tis agony
To think of days that I have never seen—
May never see—but harder far thy lot—
Thou *wast* a happy husband—thou *art* not.

Alas! the doom of man's a fearful doom!
But He who sends us to this world below,
Who sends us joy and grief, and sun and gloom,
Knows why they came—and He alone doth know
Our present destiny—our last abode—
And 'tis our part to kiss the chast'ning rod.

Alas! the hopes of man are often vain!
The sweetest tie that can on earth be twined—
Heart with heart—is broken like the chain
That doth the vessel in her haven bind—
The unguided vessel leaves the stormy coast
Ne'er to return—like her whom thou hast lost.

Ah, thou may'st seek her all the world around!—
Thou see'st a human face—'tis not the same;
Thou hear'st a human voice—'tis not the sound
That o'er the spirit in its sadness came,
Like soothing calmness o'er the troubled wave;
No! thou shalt only find her in the grave.

Perhaps her lineaments thou still may'st trace,
A semblance of her voice may meet thine ears,
In one—to thee the flower of human race—
Whom she has left you in the vale of tears—
Love's early pledge—to cherish for her sake,
And all the endearments of the past to wake.

O cherish him! and may the grace of God
Assist thy pious labours—may he be
Thy consolation through the thorny road
Of this dark world—and oh may thou and he,
And she, by whom he to thy heart was given,
All meet at last—three happy souls in heaven!

Chapter XIII.

WITHOUT the radiance of a woman's eye,
To light his steps each gloomy season thorough;
Without a woman's lips that can apply
The words of comfort to his heart of sorrow;
Without a woman's love, which proves a spring
Of endless bliss—man were a joyless thing.

Yet man, the cruel and unjust receiver
Of all these gifts, will oftentimes abuse her—
Will oftentimes, though drest in smiles, deceive her—
Will oftentimes, with fiend-like hand, infuse her
A poison'd cup—and innocence may drink—
And learn—but all too late—to fear and think.

"Most women have no characters at all,"
Says Alex. Pope—but that's a shameless lie;
And that had not been writ, had he been tall,
Had he been pleasant in a woman's eye;
But could a thing be pleasant in her sight,
That, without corsets, could not stand upright?

And hence the little man, so wond'rous vain,
So very, very anxious for applause,
Attacked, in his artificial strain,
The fair creation all without a cause—
Save Martha Blount, so tender and so chaste—
Lord, Martha! thou hast had a singular taste!

But, like a pointless arrow, Alex.' satire,
At random shot, took very small effect,
Or, like a water-gun, of harmless nature,
Which foolish children at the sun eject;
Yet bardlings scarce durst Mount Pegasus' back more,
Like Colley Cibber, and Sir Richard Blackmore.

But in comparison with Swift the Dean,
Even Alex. seemeth as an angel blameless,
Whose gall'd ambition made him very mean,
And made him lunatic, and made him shameless;
The prince of beastly writers, beastly thinkers—
But he, indeed, was nurtur'd by the tinkers.

His unpoetic rhymes—for they are such,
Display imagination so polluted,
A heart so rotten, that I wonder much
His claim for glory was not quite nonsuited;
Even old Bocaccio, in his strange disclosures
Of lawless love, ne'er made such vile exposures.

Yet silly women—women sometimes are
Lov'd this foul monster with a true affection,
And, faith, I wonder how a priest could dare so
To break the hearts that call'd for his protection;
Alas, poor souls! they suffer'd for their folly—
But these are stories far too melancholy.

"Peace to the dead!" the voice of Nature cries,
(See Wilson's verses on Miss Smith's decease,)
"Even o'er the grave where guilt and frailty lies"—
No! such a monster should not rest in peace,
When Scott his actions now attempts to hallow,
And fools may imitate, and idiots swallow.

Curs'd be the man that can to love awake
A woman's heart—and leave that heart to woe!
That tender friend, who, for his worthless sake,
Would sacrifice each joy she can bestow;
Who clings to him, as to the hopes of heaven
The pious soul—and yet away is driven.

'Tis better far, though it be little wiser,
To worship woman, as in days of yore
The Knights of Chivalry—indeed to prize her
Is very right—perhaps a little more;
If any thing approaches to divinity,
It is the spotless bosom of virginity.

Even mellow Petrarch was a worshipper,
But not of brazen things, nor stony neither,
Although he paid devotions unto her
Who was more beautiful, but cold as either;
And this was silly—though I still must own it
Has given the birth to many a touching sonnet.

Even he who sung "Jerusalem Delivered"—
The epic Tasso—worshipp'd in affection;
His mind was darken'd, and his heart was shiver'd;
That turn'd a bedlam-house of wild distraction,
And this as furious as a burning crater
That pours destruction o'er the charms of nature.

This is too much—to worship things of day
Is really wrong, and cannot be applauded;
Although the worshipper, I boldly say,
Deserves a thousand times more to be lauded
Than authors of "Tom Little," and "Don Juan,"
Who even the creatures that they love would ruin.

Few are dispos'd to drink a poison'd cup,
Except, perhaps, some disappointed lover,
But when 'tis mingled well and mixed up
With honey, 'tis not easy to discover,
Amid its sweetness, that destruction pours
Its venom there—like serpent among flowers.

Fear will attempt to ford a swollen stream,
When it is chaff'd and darken'd by the blast;
But when the waters clear and placid seem,
They may adventure, and repent at last,
When they into the boiling eddy sink,
And look in vain, and struggle for the brink.

And few, oh! few have impudence (I mean
The loveliest works of Heaven—the fair and young)
To ponder on those songs, though all unseen,
That shameless Rochester and Ovid sung;
They are too naked—but the Moores and Byrons
Sing them to ruin like sweet singing syrens.

Oh! woman was the latest gift of Heaven,
To cheer of man the solitary lot!
If Him we love by whom the gift was given,
'Tis meet that we protect her—who doth not,
Is all unworthy of man's noble station,
Deserves opprobrium—and perhaps damnation.

Chapter XIV.

YES, some deserve damnation! I shall prove
The strong assertion by a simple tale,
A tale of agony, a tale of love,
That, long ago, I heard in Tiviot's vale,
Related by a matron gray and old,
Who now is mouldering in her grave-bed cold.

A widow'd farmer had an only child,
A daughter fair, the treasure of his soul;
She had the looks that once his cares beguil'd,
She had the voice that could his woes condole,
The looks, the voice of that sweet friend that lay
Within his bosom—now a clod of clay.

Of all the interesting objects seen,
Or rather felt, in this dark world of ours,
It is a female child—that embryo green
Of woman—fairest far of all the flowers
Of vegetable or of mortal birth,
That Heaven hath sent to blossom upon earth.

As in the breast of the half-open'd leaf,
The early bud eludes the chilling air—
The happy infant feels no human grief,
Beneath the shelter of a parent's care,
That guardian friend that o'er her comfort keeps
A watch—like Heaven, that slumbers not nor sleeps.

But when the human rose at length displays
Its summer's blossom exquisitely fair,
Ah! who may tell, amid this world's dark ways,
What villain's hand the tender bloom may tear?
Ah! who can tell what poison-pointed tongue
May blight the flower so innocent and young?

Oh God! the pulses of a parent's heart
With deep anxiety must wildly beat,
When he beholds his lovely child impart
Those peerless beauties that are doomed to meet
The public gaze, and to inflame the breast
Of human fiends, in smiles of friendship drest.

I know not what the widow'd farmer felt,
When he beheld his dear and only child,
A girl of eighteen years—but hearts would melt
With pleasure, when the lovely damsel smiled,
And when she spoke, and sung the poet's lay,
Oh! many a youthful heart was charm'd away.

But he the affections of her heart that won,
A boon for which the village youngsters sigh'd,
Was Allan Graeme, their landlord's only son,
Whom in a sportsman's dress she first espied,
As she sat pondering on a favourite book,
Beneath the palms that overhang the brook.

He was a stranger in the neighbourhood,
And little known in any cottage round,
Although his father's splendid mansion stood
Beside the hamlet on a rising ground—
Even as a titled mortal, proud and high,
O'erlooks the peasants with a scornful eye.

He left the valley in his boyish years;
But now from schools and colleges return'd,
The rose of youth upon his cheek appears,
The fires of youth within his bosom burn'd;
He had the form, the speech, and every art,
That finds acceptance with the female heart.

No wonder that the farmer's daughter own'd
The influence of his person and his speech;
No wonder that she felt a joy beyond
The joy that she had ever hoped to reach;
Yet he was rich—and she had sometimes fear
His love for her could scarcely be sincere.

Such were her thoughts when he was absent—but—
When he was present, in her charmed ears
The words of warm affection easily shut
Her heart against suspicion, and the fears
That others rais'd—for how could she believe
That lips so pleasant spoke but to deceive?

Thus in the luxury of love's fair dreams,
She walk'd on earth, as she had been in heaven;
The world a land of cloudless pleasure seems;
And all the scenes where she to him had given
The secret hours, were sanctified to her,
As holy temples to the worshipper.

Alas! a woman's heart is ever prone
To trust the being that is fondly dear—
Is ever apt to disbelieve each one
That pours the words of caution in her ear;
Alas! but woman to her heart may take,
In her simplicity, a poisonous snake.

At length they disappear'd—and none could say
What road the loving fugitives pursued;
The aged father, in his wild dismay,
Like wanderer petrified by lightning, stood
A monument of grief—for she, till now,
Had never brought a cloud upon his brow.

They disappear'd,—and why? Alas! the tale,
With all its fearful truth, must be disclos'd;—
Why? they had sinn'd—her lovely cheek grew pale,
Her spirits droop'd, although they still repos'd
Upon young Allan's faith—and thus they fly,
To be united by the sacred tie.

On their arrival at the destin'd spot,
Fatigued and weary at the fall of night,

He gave to her a stupifying draught—
And when she waken'd with the morning's light—
Alas! she found not Allan by her side—
And a bribed villain claim'd her for his bride!

She rush'd away; and, in her anguish wild,
Procur'd her poison—then return'd to write
Her aged father that she was beguil'd—
That she no more could bear his tender sight—
That she her ruin had not power to stand—
And that the cup was ready at her hand.

She drank the cup and died—her father laid
Her dear cold relics by her mother's side,
And quickly follow'd her to that dark shade
That all our sorrows and our faults can hide;
And Allan still is living—but the hell
That burns within him, he alone can tell.

Oh Thou from whom each mortal creature draws
The breath of life, and dies by thy decree;
Thou know'st of every human deed the cause;
And Thou shalt judge each human soul—with Thee
The injur'd and the injurer I leave—
Who shall their proper destinies receive.

Chapter XV.

Now, gentle reader, I am somewhat weary;
And this shall be, at present, the last chapter;
But if it be delightful to the ear, ye
Shall soon have more of nonsense, fun, and rapture;—
Yea, I'm resolv'd to write a charming book,
On which all people may with pleasure look.

"Books are but formal dulness," Thomson says,—
And by his "Liberty" has proved it clearly;
But hold—to pluck one leaflet from his bays,
I would not if I could—I love him dearly;
And he shall live, when I and those I know
Are gone, the Lord knows where—the Lord knows wherefore.

Some very clever books are very dull—
Is any thing more dull than "Grandison?"
Even Milton's "Paradise," though always full
Of noble thoughts—I, after all, must own
I'd journey fifty miles, from eve till morrow,
Before I sat me down to read it thorough.

Even William Wordsworth—although Hazlitt says,
(But Hazlitt is an imp of pigmy race),
"Compar'd with his, that Byron's fiery lays
Are but exaggerated common-place;
And Walter Scott's are only old wives' fables,"
Though ten times better than his own "Round Tables."

Even William Wordsworth, in his long "Excursion,"
Is rather tedious;—once I read it through,
And though 'twas rather labour than diversion,
I found sublimity and pathos too;
Yet his simplicity, so simplified,
Rous'd me to laughter when I should have cried.

Some books upheld as very clever books,
Before the "Great Unknown" appear'd among us,
Have gone to snuff-shops and to pastry-cooks,
And now can neither pleasure us nor wrong us;
Even godless Godwin was a novelist,
But now, thank Heaven! he's gone and never miss'd.

And yet if William Cowper's words be true,
And William Cowper is not prone to lying,
The "Great Unknown" with little joy may view
His idle labours all when he is dying;
For mark—"The law that bids the drunkard die,
Is far too just to pass the trifler by."

Now he has taught the youth of either sex
To trifle time—and this is very wrong;
Go—let them read an author that protects
Their purity, and makes their virtue strong;
Then why inwrap them in a world unreal,
That makes existence seem itself ideal?

I grant that he can very well pourtray
A rock, a wood, a stream, a hill, a dale,

A feast, a fight—and of the olden day,
Each strange accoutrement and coat of mail;
But this indeed's a very useless matter,
Though he had powers even to describe them better.

He seldom takes the trouble to infuse
A moral sentiment into his story;
We roam, indeed, through very pleasant views,
A land that seems of beauty, love, and glory;
But when we finish, and begin to deem
Where we have been—'tis vanish'd like a dream.

Yet worse—why should he hoot the Covenanters,
The holy visions of each pious soul,
And give to priests, or churchmen, or dissenters,
Such names as "Bide-the-Bent" and "Blattergowl?"
He is not half so wise, (though he be stronger,)
As the good worthy family of Ongar.

Oh! those that labour for the good of man,
And woman too, of course, are heirs of praise!
And they shall have it when this little span
Of life is spent—when many a glaring blaze
Of human idols are extinguish'd quite
Amid the gloom of everlasting night.

Once I had dreams that fame would make me blest,
But wiser Beattie made my dreaming cease;
"Of pomp and power, of wealth and fame possest,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?"
Alas! for Beattie's dark and dismal days,
The peerless Bard that sung the "Min-"strel lays."

It makes me laugh, and sometimes makes me weep,
To see a mortal that his kind surpasses,
Scrambling, like goat-herd, up ambition's steep—
And all for what? to gain the praise of asses—
Of senseless idiots, who the watch-word catch,
In blind conviction, like the nightly watch

I now abjure all thoughts of earthly glory;
My labours, hence, shall be a public blessing;
For I am telling my unvarnish'd story,
My thoughts and feelings, virtue and transgressing;
And they my wisdom that have sense to reckon,
May take me for their pilot or their beacon.

A pilot!—faith, I have not power to guide
The unsteady rudder of my own small sloop;
For passions rouse the billows of the tide,
And Reason leaves me helpless on the poop,
And hair-brain'd Fancy says the ship's her own—
I fear some London Smack will run me down.

A beacon I am like enough to be;
The crazy vessel soon will sink, I fear;
And mortals, toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,—
Passing the spot where I have foundered near,
Will shout unto their fellows—"Lads, beware—
Poor Caleb Cornhill, luckless soul, lies there!"

Yes, fears are dark before me, and behind
Are blasted hopes, and wither'd fields of bliss;
And I'll express a wish—although my mind
Has some aversion soon to come to this—
Oh what a loss shall humankind sustain,
If Fate shall quickly listen to my strain!

"Oh for the dreamless rest of those
That in the dust serenely sleep—
That feel no more their own wild woes,
That hear no more their kindred weep!

How blest are those that in the clay
Forget the pangs this being gave!
No fears appal, no hopes betray,
The peaceful inmates of the grave.

"Though near the house of prayer they lie,
They never hear the Sabbath bell;
Nor when the funeral passes by,
Start at the dead man's passing knell.

"Though whirlwinds wild o'er nature sweep,
Though battles fill the world with woes,
Though orphans wail, and widows weep,
It ne'er disturbs their calm repose.

"Though there no coral lip be prest,
Though there shall heave no mutual sighs;
No cheek repose on beauty's breast—
Yet oh how still the sleeper lies!

"Though there no friendly hand shall shake
The hand of friendship any more—

What then?—the heart that wish'd to break
Is broken, and the strife is o'er.

" No tear-drops o'er the cold cheek start,
No dark shades o'er the spirit wave ;
No writhing pang distracts the heart
Of those that moulder in the grave.

" Oh for the dreamless rest of those
That in the grave serenely sleep—
That feel no more their own wild woes,
That hear no more their kindred weep !

AROT AND MAROT, AND MR MOORE'S NEW POEM.

Lord Byron and Thomas Moore have come, like Kean and Young, upon the stage together, in absolute opposition and rivalship: they have chosen the same subject—the Angels; the same theatre—the world; and their merits must be tried by the same audience—the public. I do not here mean to pronounce at all upon their respective claims, but merely, in a corner of your Magazine, to point out a coincidence with regard to one of these competitors, which seems to have something in it more than fortuitous. Every body by this time has read " The Loves of the Angels," and every body will not yet have forgotten (whatever they may do hereafter) the story of the first Angel. Let those who bear it in mind, run their eyes over the following short passage from the celebrated French *Encyclopédie*, under the head " Arot et Marot."

" Ce sont les noms de deux Anges que l'imposteur Mahomet disait avoir été envoyés de Dieu pour enseigner les hommes, et pour leur ordonner de s'abstenir du meurtre, des faux jugemens, et de toute sorte d'exces. Ce faux prophéte ajoute qu'une trés belle femme ayant invité ces deux Anges a manger chez elle leur fit boire du vin, dont etant echauffés, ils la solicitèrent a l'amour qu'elle feignit de consenter à leur passion, à condition qu'ils lui apprendraient auparavant les paroles par le moyen desquelles ils disaient que l'on pouvaient aisément monter au ciel ; qu' après avoir su d'eux ce qu'elle leur avoit demandé elle ne voulut plus tenir sa promesse et qu' alors elle fut enlevée au ciel où ayant fait à Dieu le recit de ce qui s'était passé, elle fut changée en l'etoile du matin, qu'on appelle Lucifer ou Aurore, et que les deux Anges fut sévérement punir. C'est delà selon Mahomet, que Dieu prit occasion de défendre l' usage du vin aux hommes. *Voyez Alcoran.*"

It is singular, that, though the Koran is here so boldly referred to, there is not a word in it regarding this fable: but this has been pointed out by Voltaire in his " *Questions*," and my object is only to shew, that Mr Moore, without acknowledgment, has taken nearly all the particulars of his first Angel's story from this source. As he has prefixed a preface, and subjoined notes, with much learning, from the Fathers, he might have inserted, or at least hinted at the above-quoted passage. It is not necessary to particularize the resemblances. He may have gained his knowledge of the fable from the same source as the *Amateurs* of the *Encyclopédie*, but if so, it ought to have been mentioned.

After all, I am very ready to admit, that the story is the least part of the delicate and polished beauty of Mr Moore's production; but on this very account, he need not have been scrupulous in allowing his obligations for what is really comparitively insignificant.

N. J. H. O.

London, Jan. 5, 1823.

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. II.

MR EDITOR,

In place of standing behind an old worm-eaten counter, casting rattlesnake eyes at the casual passenger, and gnawing my lip should he or she happen to trip into another shop, here sit I in my elbow-chair, hale and hearty, like Matthew at the receipt of custom. The postman supplies my literary larder with intellectual provision; the smacks from Leith, Berwick, and other respectable seaports, furnish my table with cod, haddies, turbot, and salmon, both pickled and kippered, exclusive of lobsters and Lochfine herrings in abundance; and the inland carrier brings me geese, turkies, and roasting pigs, galore, without money and

without price. O, Sir, it would do your heart good to see the hams, cheeses, haunches of venison, moor, and other game, that daily arrive at Mrs Vandervrow's from the interior, since our grievous loss was noised abroad, and improve your eyesight very materially, in contemplating the thriving state of our corporeal system. "Gude gracious, Sam! is this you?" quoth an old acquaintance, whom I forgathered with, the other day, on 'Change; "preserve us! what a metamorphosis! Winsome Willie himsel' hasna gotten a bonnier Deputy chin, nor a jollier paunch, nor a pair o' sturdier stilts, in a' his aught. What the plague ha'e ye done wi' the lang toom clock-case o' a carcase ye brought frae' hame, and the twa leister shanks it striddled on?" Verily, Mr Editor, the compliment was so exceedingly well-timed, that I have ever since felt an Aldermanic spirit stirring within me; and was it not that I have some doubts of my doublet, most assuredly would I set about qualifying myself to fill the chair so very honourably vacated by a very honourable gentleman, the late Jacob Ailshenson, Esq. citizen and cordwainer. I called at his town-house a few days ago, on business, not knowing what had befallen him, and great was my alarm, when I beheld housekeeper, waiting-maid, cook, and scullion, flirting about in their black bombazeens. Mrs Ailshenson, to whom I have the honour of being personally known, came tripping down stairs, and received me very graciously.—"La, what a stranger!" exclaimed the good lady, as she ushered me into the parlour; "really, Mr Killigrew, you come upon me as one risen from the dead. Bless me, Sam! what, in all the world, has kept you away so long from Portsoken Square? The ladies were quite in the fidgets for your safety, and the gentlemen had all given you up for lost. Gracious me! what an alteration for the better!—never did I see a young fellow so much improved." "Madam," said I, when her breathing time was come, "adversity hath been upon me with a heavier hand than ever the Philistines laid upon Sampson. Fire, water, and literary thieves, bereaved me of every valuable 'at one fell swoop,'" and here I recapitulated all that happened at Millennium-Place on the night of the great fire, at which Mrs Ailshenson was sorely grieved. I then enumerated the many largesses anonymously sent me by a generous, liberal, and enlightened public, and Mrs Ailshenson's face brightened up. "Now," said I, after we had travelled through a forest of lofty subjects, into the shrubbery of small discourse, "there is a question, Madam, I would fain ask, though fearful am I that the answer will give me pain. You are in mourning, Mrs Ailshenson, and have many near and dear relations. Tell me which of them is no more, that I may grieve also, for they were all staunch friends to me." "Relations!" quoth the shoemaker's wife, with an air of much surprise; "good God, Sam! don't you know what has happened? I verily thought all the town had heard of it. Why, Mr Ailshenson's *gone dead*, to be sure, and we're all over head and ears in sorrow for him, poor dear man. He died last Lord Mayor's Day of a surfeit."

Repletion, Mr Editor, plays the very deuce in our Aldermanic department, on and about the 9th* of November annually, notwithstanding the many patent specifics daily marshalling themselves, *versus* the evil thereof; and my doublet, though a piece of good stuff, and sufficiently capacious to inclose a moderately-sized haggis, is, nevertheless, incapable of holding, in safe custody, one half of the green fat, callipash, turkey, turbot, custard, and so on, that every gentleman, who aspires to the aforesaid Chair, feels himself called upon, as a Christian citizen, to take into keeping,—for which causes, and on the other part, I have hitherto declined dining at the Mansion-House, though Mrs Vandervrow hath bothered me, without ceasing, to accept of an Invitation Ticket.

"Deary me, Sam," quoth she the other day, as we were busied in the larder making room for three brace of pheasants, five hares, seven turkies, and a fine covey of patridges, eighteen in number, sent us from Norfolk by our Holkham friends,

* Lord Mayor's Day.

"what is the meaning of all this childish obstinacy? I cannot conceive how an aspiring young fellow can possibly deny himself the gratification; besides, let me tell you, that nine-tenths of our great men have wriggled themselves into affluence merely by attending City Feasts. Winsome Willie, as you call him, would much sooner be roused from his devotions, before he had mumbled Amen, than arise from my Lord Mayor's table before the cloth was removed. You cannot imagine, Sam, how wonderfully good cheer operates on the hearts of men, whose daily study it is to make *eat well* and *drink well* sworn brothers, nor conceive the warmth of a lusty citizen's loving-kindness, when the heart is satisfied, and the soul agog.—I knew a young chap who made his fortune, merely by helping an alderman, *under the rose*, to an excellent slice of green fat. But you bogle at the idea of being brought home in swathes like a great child, attended by the Corporation physician. Man alive! suffer not the coward thought to predominate for a moment. What! shudder at the dawn of civil preferment! was ever the like heard tell of? To be sure, you are but a novice at table, and as for carving, good Lord help them who have such a help-mate! for I never beheld a more aukward creature. *Apropos*—our neighbour, Sir William Dorsal, handles a pair of carvers most delightfully; and as for dispatching roast and boiled, he'll not turn his back on ever a man within the Bills of Mortality. Then there's old Dan Grundiswallow, the nurseryman, who marcheth a leg of mutton to its long home at a down-sitting—Nathaniel M'Cassock, our worthy churchwarden, whose soul delighteth itself in fatness—Lawer Skellum, Merchant M'Crone, and divers other Millennium-Place gentlemen, who have returned in triumph from the Mansion-House oftener than they have teeth in their heads. With such a set of bright examples before your eyes, Sam, it is to be hoped that ambition will fire your young mind, for example is before precept, and they who learn young, learn fair. I'll put the house in order this precious moment, and invite them all to a *jolly good set-to.*"

The faces of some women, Mr Editor, are difficult to read, and none more so than that of my excellent landlady, Mrs Vandervrow. Such was the equivocal manner in which she discoursed, that I could not divine, for the soul of me, whether the woman was in jest or in earnest.

The oddity of her counselling savoured much of fun, and the sobriety of her countenance—not a smirk could I discern—assured me that she was perfectly sincere. Even when a general muster of spits, frying-pans, pots, and kettles took place, and every table utensil meet for a special dinner-party was put in a state of requisition, I felt myself at a loss how to behave—whether to lend a hand, or look on. But time brings forth strange events, and solveth many queer problems. Dinner was on the table this very afternoon at 4 o'clock precisely, and being what we London folk call a *game feast*, consisted entirely of hares, partridges, pheasants, grouse, and *venison*, that is to say, the flesh of deer, boiled, baked, and roasted. The company, which was very select, assembled in less than a quarter of an hour thereafter; and when the usual routine of shaking hands, hauling off great-coats, and enquiring after toothaches, gouts, lumbagos, and rheumatism, was over, the guests drew in their chairs, and Mrs Vandervrow thus addressed them: "I have the honour, my friends, to inform you, that we have made up our minds to dine this day after the manner of Mr Killigrew's native country. When knives are whet, and grace said, he tells me, that the goodman of the house accosts the company in these words: 'Leddies and gentlemen, will ye ha'e the gudeness no to be blate. Bear a hand, now, and help yoursel's without ceremony, I beseech ye.'" "Conscience, Mem," quoth the merchant, "that's a true tale, an' monie a gude fallow's teeth ha'e mettled themsel's after the telling o't. Here goes towards a revival o' auld use and wont, an' deil tak' the hindmost." Without farther preamble, James M'Crone pounced on his bird. I took shame to myself when I saw the partridge on his plate, and Mrs Vandervrow's eye rebuked me for being behind him in

setting a good example. "Better late mend than ne'er do weel," quoth I to myself, and instantly pronged a grouse, one of the finest creatures, I do believe, that ever was bagged.

Sir William Dorsal made a dash at the covey, being of opinion, I presume, that laird M'Crone's judgment was superior to mine in the choice of good cheer. Dan Grundiswallow paid his respects to a tureen of jugged hare; the rest of the party made free, every man according to his liking; and then, with hearty good will, and abundance of appetite, to work we went, helter skelter. The gnashing of teeth, and the clatter of knives, was truly delightful. In the midst thereof, Mrs Vandervrow tossed up her nose, and gave the bell three lusty tugs, exclaiming, at every pull, "Sally, Sally, Sally!—My God! the girl's playing old Noll with our venison sauce. It's all in the fire, I do declare." Up she arose, and away she went, like unto a woman in a plaguey hurry, but contrived to drop these words in mine ear as she whisked along—"Eyes right, Sam!" I took the hint, and certainly beheld the finest display of science, both in cutting and swallowing, that ever was witnessed by mortal eye. Sir William Dorsal sat bolt upright, with a bird on the prongs of his fork, and demolished it so dexterously, that I inly swore there was magic in his knife. Lith and limb sundered bone from its bone, just as though they had parted by mutual consent; and then, when eating time was come, my gracious! what dispatch! He soused his morsel in gravy, dipped it in salt, and no sooner did the limb arrive at his lips—leg or arm, it mattered not which—than, swift as the twirl of a juggler's fist—*presto!* it disappeared before you could say Jack Robison. As for old Dan Grundiswallow, I positively do aver, that language is altogether incapable of doing justice to the admirable manner in which he went through the spoon exercise. Nothing under the sun could I liken his exertions so very aptly to, as those of a Lancashire *Crofter*, standing by his dame, some thirty or forty years ago, agreeably to a curious old print now before me, and scooping the blanching element on cotton goods—or an old ferryman in a crazy wherry, laving out the bilge water with his scull-cap; and then, with respect to munching, the doughty veteran, in my opinion, is more than a match for Sir William Dorsal himself. Whenever a lump of flesh appeared above the soup in his spoon, my stars! how the major-opening of his face distended! Every muscle was at its post. In bundled the savoury food, and gulp it went! One snack, and three quarters of a twist, did the business. O how I envied his appetite *! Nor did Lawer Skellum and Mr M'Cassock sit idly counting their fingers. These gentlemen, being skilful anatomists, seized on a couple of pheasants, and dissected them in a jiffy. This done, they fell to, in good napping earnest, and, with an adroitness peculiar to themselves, contrived to eat with their front teeth, and scranch gristle, &c. where the jaw leverage was most powerful, at one and the same time. Thus, by a singularly ingenious method, were their fore-grinders plentifully supplied with tit-bits in rapid succession, whilst the bones and muscular pieces wagged at the wicks of their mouths like cane-ends about to pass between the rolls or cylinders of a horizontal sugar-mill, if I may be allowed to use a West Indian simile.

The residue of our friends, I am proud to say, behaved themselves most manfully, with the exception of laird M'Crone, whose deeds were certainly no great things, compared with those of his neighbours. James, poor man, though perfectly capable of stowing away plumb-pudding, cod shoulders, minched collops, and indeed every species of food that requires little or no carving, with the best of them, was, nevertheless, unable to shoot a-head, because of the many obstacles encountered by his knife. He cut his bird longitudinally, transversely, and obliquely, in the hope of falling in with seams or joinings, whereby his weapon might freely enter; but without success; canted it over, and over, and over again, without discovering a single crevice; pared away the fleshy parts, wherever an incision was practicable: and, finally, impaled the

* Parody on Sterne.

skeleton on his fork. In this state of demi-dissection was laird M'Crone's partridge, when Mrs Vandervrow entered the dining-room. "I kenna what to mak' o' this bit beastie, Mem," quoth James, holding up his bird; "it's a' banes thegither." Some women, Mr Editor, would have sympathized with the laird, by chuckling at his dilemma, and very likely have condescended to mend the matter by making it worse; but my landlady is well bred, and kindly dispositioned withal, so much so, that she would not injure the feelings of a kail-worm; consequently, when the old man presented his *beastie*, Mrs Vandervrow fell to, and cut it in pieces. Thus supplied with limbs and other appurtenances of the aforesaid partridge, James M'Crone hastened to make good his lee-way; and such was the laird's ardour, that he actually kept neck and girth with my landlady's very best exertions—and Mrs Vandervrow is by far the handiest woman I ever met with in the carving line. When her knife was within an ace of demolishing the sixth and last bird of the covey, for laird M'Crone's benefit, incredible as it may seem, the tail of the fifth was wagging between his teeth. I have been at some pains in noting down the merchant's very creditable feat, purposely to show, that Scotsmen are sufficiently capable of rivalling their southern brethren in the dining-room, as well as in the field, the cabinet, the pulpit, and also at the bar, providing their discipline was equally good: and discipline is every thing, as Serjeant Bothwell very justly observed. The first course being disposed of, and not a vestige thereof remaining, save and except a rickle of banes before every gentleman's plate, Mrs Vandervrow rang for our venison; but just as Sally was withdrawing the spit, a double *rat-tat* came to the street-door, and in less than half a minute thereafter, the girl tripped up stairs, and audibly whispered from the landing-place, "You're wanted, Sir." Knowing Sally to be a bringer of good tidings, I arose from the table, Mr Editor, with some difficulty, having no less than half a brace of grouse and a hind quarter of hare under my belt,—pretty tolerable picking for a young beginner,—proceeded downwards, and beheld a sedate, well-looking young man standing at the door-cheek, who presented me with a sealed packet, and I, in return, invited him to partake of our good cheer. He replied, by touching his lips, pointing to the parcel, and motioning with his fingers, in a manner that left no doubt on my mind as to his meaning. I therefore broke it open before Dumbie's face, for such I took him to be, and perused, with visible satisfaction, these singularly well-penned lines, written on a loose slip of paper:

"In common with my fellow-townsmen, Mr Killigrew, I grieve for your misfortune. O, Sir, it is a heavy, heavy dispensation indeed,—a trial that will put your philosophy to the test. But be of good cheer, and let not your spirit be disquieted. The springs of charity are not dried up, and the waters of loving-kindness glide on as heretofore. No sooner was it known in Dumfries that your valuable manuscript legacy was consumed, by the late disastrous fire at Millennium, than meetings of the principal inhabitants took place the town-council assembled, and various resolutions were put, and carried unanimously, to render you effectual and immediate relief, the which I have no doubt will be transmitted in the course of a post or two. It so happened, that a favourable opportunity presented itself of sending my literary subscription by a private hand—one that I can rely on—and in the humble hope that it will be deemed worthy of acceptance, I respectfully bid you adieu. W. D.

"P. S.—These presents will be delivered by my nephew, who visits London on business. He is instructed neither to enter your door, nor yet to utter a word, lest vanity should tempt him to divulge my name—a piece of ostentation that would slur the philanthropy of a man who prayeth not on the house-tops. You will, therefore, have the goodness to abstain from questioning the young man, whose well-being in this life materially depends on his fidelity to me. Return his salute, and suffer him to depart in peace. Once more adieu. W. D.

Nithside, 5th January 1823."

I gazed alternately at the bearer and his billet, not knowing how to demean myself, until he deigned to make his farewell bow, the which I politely returned, together with every expression of thankfulness that dumb show could possibly devise, and we parted without exchanging a syllable, he to follow his lawful business, and I to ponder in my study, quite delighted with the young man's self-denial, and the fine-toned delicacy of his uncle. Thus, Mr Editor, have I honestly delineated the visage of every material fact, just as it occurred, without distorting a single feature; and therefore it only remaineth for me to say, my dear Sir, will you have the goodness to dispose of Mr D.'s mental donation, precisely in the same manner as you appropriated that of my anonymous friend X. Y. Z., and thereby oblige yours, for evermore,

SAML. KILLIGREW.

London, 1823.

Brackenfell, a Reverie.

TIME hath neither withered my cheek, nor age thinned my temples, nor kindlier climes tempted me to forsake my native stream, even for a a season; yet do I live in a strange place, and dwell amongst neighbours of yesterday's growth. The spirit of adventure stimulated many of my young friends to seek for graves in a distant land; disease carried off many more; and the sword hath had its share. Thus am I left alone without a companion, whose joyous face welcomed me to the play-green. Even the scenery I wont to range when a boy, is partially shifted, and the hamlet that gave me birth is no more; so effectually hath fanciful improvement been at work for these last fifty years.

Yet, notwithstanding the many changes that time, and chance, and whim, have brought about, all tending, in my opinion, to blemish the fair face of nature,—though the bat flitteth in my father's house, and every scene that delighted my young heart is gradually passing away,—though the burn, whose every pool I knew, is denominated a "*Trouting Stream*,"—prosecution awaiting all men, who presume to finger a fin therein, without leave of the *proprietor*,—and notwithstanding the favourite broomy knowes whereon I played are all fenced about, and full of man-traps and spring-guns, to deter the unqualified man from turning aside,—still do I love to linger on the highway, like a ghost "permitted to review this world," surveying the grounds that my associates of yore, and their now forsaken companion, perambulated, without forgathering with a surly gamekeeper, to say, "What doest thou?" and light leaps my heart when I descry the Cairn Croft, where many a mettlesome game at "England and Scotland" was played, and the little rill that turned our water-mill, and the *Borestone* of our mock Bannockburn, where swords of rushes, and spears of bullrushes, were broken and shivered in bloodless fray. Then the *Auld Ha'*, roofless and desolate, calleth on every social recollection that inhabiteth my breast. I cast a sorrowful look on the ancient gables matted with ivy, and gaze on the barren hearth, so often compassed about, in my father's lifetime, with neighbourly good fellowship, and bethink me of the joyous days and the merry forenights that stole away before we were aware; recollections written on my heart too legibly ever to be eradicated.

Scenes of delight, dissolv'd like phantom air,
Teeming with bliss, too exquisite to last;
My heart, though wrung with ever-gnawing care,
Forgets the present, brooding o'er the past.

Scenes of mine early days, ye often gleam,
With light illusive, on my wandering mind;
But shoot, alas! like nightly meteor beam,
And leave a dreary, darksome void behind.

Can I forget the hearth of Brakenfell,
Though every wind of heaven sweeps the floor?
Can I forget the *home* I lov'd so well,
Though nettles choak, and brambles guard the door?

And you, companions of my happier days,
Ere aught of life's envenom'd ills I knew;
Still in my heart, unwarpt by worldly ways,
With filial fondness do I cherish you.

Your memories still my fading joys renew,
And vivify my bosom's throbbing core;
My pulse beats bolder than it wont to do;
I feel sensations never felt before.

I feel the fervour of poetic fire;
My light heart flutters with romantic joy;
I feel a wildly bold, sublime desire,
To meet you all, my friends, before I die.

And whilst the wealthy man, with equipage,
Beseeming rank, in lordly state repairs,
To eye with critic glance the classic stage,
Where phrenzied *Hamlet* raves, or *Douglas* dares—

Will I the theatre of Fancy rear,
With vent'rous hand my homely skill I'll try,
The simple scenery Nature's wardrope fair,
The actors, too, all school'd beneath her eye.

Come, heav'nly maid! of mild and graceful mein,
Laughing and lovely as thou wont to be
On lily lawn, burn, bank, and daisied green,
When at the trysted hour thou welcom'd me.

Thy raven ringlets, wove with lily flow'r;
Thy polish'd temples bound with blossom'd heath;
Thy balmy lips, and virgin bosom pure,
Vieing the honey-suckle's fragrant breath.

Come, with thy cheek so ruddy and so ripe,
Thy beaming eye, the harbinger of morn,
Waking the love-lorn shepherd's mountain-pipe,
Or winding the blithe dalesman's harvest-horn.

Though worldly men may eye thy charms with scorn,
Yet ever wilt thou seem, lov'd lass, to me,
Fair as the day-star of my marriage-morn,
Dear as the infant smiling on my knee.

Charm'd by the magic smile, in *Habbie's Howe*,
Did rural Ramsay to the heart indite,
And taught, in living strains, the breast to glow,
The ravish'd ear to listen with delight.

Again, on hermit *Ayr*, the whistling hind,
Unknown and poor—rough at the rustic plough,
Thy goodness found, illum'd his mighty mind,
And o'er him "thine inspiring mantle threw"—

Stampt his wild throbbing heart with Nature's seal;
Taught him his country's loves and joys to sing;
And in his breast infus'd what good men feel,
When kneeling down to heaven's eternal King.

Still to unletter'd genius thou art
The fondling friend, the tutor of his tongue,
Still whispering to the peasant's artless heart
The rural themes, and rural scenes unsung.

The witch'ry of thy voice, diffusing glad,
And waking harmony on every spray,
Enticed to *Ettrick Banks* the shepherd lad,
And taught him on his mountain-pipe to play.

Call'd from their graves, thine ancient sons of song,
The Dalesman brave and doughty Mountaineer,
Humming the soul-delighting strains that rung
Through Holyrood, in Royal Mary's ear.

Come, sprightly damsel of celestial birth,
And bid the Grange of Brakenfell appear;
With blazing faggots heap the glowing hearth,
The once convivial hearth to me so dear.

The ancient *girnal*, carv'd with tasteful skill,
The *bunker*, *langsettle*, and *elbow-chair*;
The gudewife's flaxen thrift and spinning, wheel,
The shelves replete with shining pewter ware.

And every household loom, though e'er so rude,
In colours fair with faithful pencil draw,
All placed in goodly order as they stood,
When last the lov'd endearing scene I saw.

Then lift thine eyes, and beckon to the graves,
Call to the hapless sailor's billowy tomb;
At thy rebuke, the rude and restless waves
Will cease to lift their heaving breasts of foam.

And he who perish'd in the rueful strife
Will wring his oozy locks and come away,

Though in his breast the deep death-wounds are rife,
Though round his coral'd bones the dolphins play.

And he who fell on Egypt's burning sand,
Where stalks the ghost of many a gallant foe,
Will seek, on shadowy wing, his native land,
And from his grasp the bloody sabre throw.

Array him in the homely plowman trews
And plaid, he wont to wear at Brakenfell,
Ere bloody laurel bound his soldier brows,
Ere warrior spirits rang his dying knell.

And when from undulating ocean's womb,
And battle-field and consecrated ground,
The welcome actors all rejoicing come
O'er glen and burn, with light and airy bound;

The widely-scatter'd living will require
The aid of thy divine, thy mystic lore,
Ere they assemble round the sacred fire,
That Fancy beets to glad my heart once more.

The aged man a ruddy youth must be,
Shake from his locks the snowy drift of time;
A playful infant on his mother's knee,
The youth exulting now in manhood's prime;

The ancient matron in her wicker chair,
A busy housewife, active, snod, and clean;
The mother lessoning her stripling heir,
Cloth'd in the ripening bloom of gay sixteen:

Unmask the scenery, bid the curtain rise,
Shed heavenly light on forest, glade, and glen;
Fair on the hill my vision-seeing eyes
Discern the mist-embodied shades of men.

I see the moon-beams on their features play,
Each welcome face to me is known full well,
Onward they speed, wrapt in their plaids of gray,
Along the paths that lead to Brakenfell.

And I will take my staff, with right good will,
And hie me o'er the moor, a blithesome wight;
The new-woke moon has clothed the lonely hill,
And shingly cliffs, with pure celestial light.

Along the heath I wend my lonesome way,
I pass the ancient cairn and haunted cleugh,
With panting speed I climb the beacon brae,
And down the fell my wayward route pursue.

Now hasting onward through the broomy park,
A welcome, well-known voice salutes mine ear,
The kindly *collie* fawns, I hear his bark.
Full well he knows a friendly foot is near.

I climb the milking stile in eager haste,
I pass the bogle-bush and fairy-well:
And now, with palpitating heart, at last
I see the gladsome Grange of Brakenfell:

I see the icicles hanging from the thatch,
The voice of merriment falls on mine ear,
With trembling hand I lightly lift the latch,
And enter with my wonted "*Peace be here!*"

Creative Fancy, like a powerful magician, having thus called together "the companions of my happier days," I salute them all, from the gudeman to the herd ladie, and sit me doun on an ideal langsettle. Then is the book of remembrance unclasped. I turn over the leaves, and read a select passage here and there, illustrative of the characters before me. Every one of them is recorded precisely as he ranked in my esteem. But there is a private leaf, that no man ever perused, save he who enjoyed my earliest friendship, —a leaf, whereon the secrets of my heart are written, and as I read the sacred pages, and ponder on its margins, and call to mind the warm-hearted youth whose memory is dear to me, because we were like David and Jonathan,

A cold hand lifts the latch, and opes the door,
A welcome foot falls lightly on the floor.
A gliding spectre rushes on my view,
Whose face my dear first-born affections knew.
In Highland garb, full on the floor he stands,
Bleak are his limbs, and bloody are his hands.
He bares his breast, where gapes the battle-wound,
He heaves a sigh, and wildly looks around

No earthly beam his sunken eye illumes,
No earthly tremour shakes his bonnet plumes.
Wan is the cheek where roses wont to blow,
Pale are the lips where rubies wont to glow;
And bathed the hands in deeper streams I trew,
Than e'er, on truant day, the wild-briar drew;
When we, with psalmless tongues, on Monday morn,
Dreading the lash of wrath and cap of scorn,
And pains and penalties to dunces due,
Forsook the classic path, and sought the cleugh—
There rambling in the lap of boyish play,
Strolling from briary brake to thorny brae;
We sought, with eager eye and anxious breast,
The magpie's eyrie and the throstle's nest,
Or, with marauding hands, forray'd the dell,
Watch'd the wild bee, and suck'd her little cell,
Or cut a whistle from the birchen tree,
And hush'd the blackbird with our melody.

But other play for him was will'd by fate,
And other game his manhood did await,
When he, with native ardour flaming high,
Glanced on the fiery Gaul a soldier's eye;
And, with his wonted valour, fought and bled,
Where Abercrombie found a soldier's bed,
Where he, death-stricken in his full career,
Heard "Victory" resound from van to rear:
Saw, e'er he clos'd for ay a soldier's eye,
The vaunting foe before his valour fly;
Felt, e'er he sunk in everlasting sleep,
What heroes feel, who Glory's harvests reap,
The joy of lifting up his country's name,
And living in the voice of her acclaim.
Companion of my youth, mine early friend,
Brought by thine ardour to a bloody end,
Why gleams on me that battle-beaming eye,
Keen as the sheering brand upon thy thigh?
Why, like a stranger, stands the mighty brave,
Clad in the weeds of an untimely grave?
Dismiss that martial air, and lay aside
The garb of war, in crimson deeply dyed;
And, in the homely weeds of peace appear,
In jerkin, vest, and trews thou wont to
And plaid, whose tartan folds became thee well,
The plaid thou wont to wear at Brakenfell.

My young friend becomes one of us, and the illusive waking-dream approximates so nigh to reality, that I see the grey-haired men laying aside their plaids, and the youngsters resigning their seats. O how the blissful vision delighteth my heart! how cheerily the dear remembrances that dwell in my breast commune together! Now they are seated in perfect order, and all busy in their way. The lads weave their stockings, the lasses take to their wheels, the facetious grey-beards to joke and jest, and I to treasure up their apothegms. But the marrowy sayings that fill my heart with joy, and my head with wisdom, are unmeet for the ears of men and women now-a-days. Refinement hath scrubbed their understandings, and pruned their judgments, and blanched their intellects so very effectually with boarding-school leys and acids, that wholesome knowledge is become altogether unpalatable, and frivolity the only mental sustenance they can partake of.

Hence it is, that our modern belles and beaux learn to dance before they have learnt the decalogue, and are taught to preside at table before they can say the grace. Hence it is, that their morals are lax, their conversation effeminate, their manners childish, and as for conviviality,

How quaint their humour, and how vague their wit!
How tame and marrowless the tales they tell!
Unlike the merriment that wont to flit
Around the heartsome hearth of Brakenfell;
That happy hearth, replete with homely joys,
Of which my heart so chearfully partook,
Where trysted love replied with speaking eyes,
Glancing responsive from the chimney nook:
That hearth, though by the classic Muse unsung,
The trysting-place of lively wit and fun;
For there to maid and matron, old and young,
On evenings when the last *mill-dam* was run.

Welcome thy presence as the vernal shower,
Glenquhirn, companion of the grave and gay!
Form'd were thy features for convivial hour;
Young was thy humour, though thy locks were grey.

What though thine end no poet did narrate,
Nor grav'd thy humble stone with living verse?
What though no human hands did decorate
Thy home with 'scutchons, nor with plumes thy hearse?

Yet will thy memory live in Niddesdale,
Thou man of sinless mirth and social glee;
Whilst hawthorns shed their fragrance on the gale,
Whilst round the lily hums the mountain-bee.

The village politician holds his ground,
Unflinching firm in argumentive fray;
And this the preface of his logic sound,
"As worthy Auld Glenquhirn was wont to say."

Then quotes a precept, sage, or roundelay,
That woke the dormant heart, or awed the soul;
When thou in grave debate maintain'd the sway,
Or sat facetious by the potent bowl.

At close of day, the ruddy, playful boy,
So blithely climbs his fondling mother's knee;
And she exhilarates his sprightly joy,
With many a mirthful anecdote of thee.

The nightly rambling *hallanshaker* plies
Around the Grange, wrapt in his wooing plaid;
And our gudewife exclaims, with uplift eyes,
"Glenquhirn! when will thy roving sprite be laid?

"Thy freaks were rife through all the neighbourhoood,
At bridal, tryste, and blithsome hallowe'en;
Mirth was thy fee, and frolic was thy food,
Ev'n when thyself the piper paid, I ween.

"Yet the unsatiated hungry grave
No warmer worthier heart than thine intombs;
Not o'er a friendlier face the thistles wave,
Not on a gentler breast the daisy blooms."

But there is a man whom the unfortunate look up to—a visitor of no mean degree—seated on the gudeman's right, and his favourite dog *Varro* panting on the hearth before him. I see his well-known fowling-piece standing against the inner hallan, discharged of its death-dealing lead, and his game-bag hanging on the kipple-pin.

He hath been successful on the moor as a sportsman, and doubly so as a philanthropist, for the wail of three little children called him to a lone house, where disease and accident were about to make them orphans, and he entered like a ministering spirit. Eminent and experienced is he in medicine, skilful and tender-hearted where the surgeon's hand is requisite, and, like unto his Master, he goeth about doing good—

Like angel aid, descending from on high,
His helping hand did smooth my friendless way;
And now grown rich, the sacred debt will I,
With chearful soul and grateful heart, repay.

Dunfillan! form'd of Nature's kindliest mould,
And lov'd by men of high and low degree,
The longing arms of Death did ne'er infold
A gentleman of goodlier worth than thee.

Learning devoutly, with unclouded brow,
Pour'd on thy gentle mind his wine and oil;
And virtue sprang, and latent goodness grew,
Rich and luxuriant from the genial soil.

Shade of the just and good! if from on high
Thou see'st me shed this tributary tear,
Or, haply, on the night-wind passing by,
If mortal voice can find immortal ear,

Attend, Dunfillan, and receive from me
The hallow'd tribute of a sorrowing friend:
"Oh may I run mine earthly race like thee,
Lov'd in my life, lamented in mine end!"

Full well I mind the morn, when wrapt in thought,
Slow jogging on his sleek and favourite *Grey*,
At our town end, his road Dunfillan sought,
And I, a barefoot younker, show'd the way.

We cross'd the brook that leaves Glengowan wood,
In purling pride, to ramble on the lea;
And oft his gallant riding geer I view'd,
And marvell'd who the stranger man could be.

We climb'd the hill where the delighted eye
Unwearied roves, on Nith's romantic vale;
Whose meadows green, and cultur'd fields outvie
The richest sylvan scene of fairy tale.

Bright from his woody haunt, the river fair,
In liquid wreathes of glittering silver roll'd,
Laving his pebbled shores with bosom bare,
Through pasture grounds, and fields of waving gold.

The homes of affluence, and rural ease;
The smoaking hamlets freely scatter'd round;
The distant spires of graceful gay *Dumfries*,
Lifting her loyal head from classic ground.

The Solway, plow'd by many a busy keel,
Lashing his craggy sides with foamy spray,
Where barks on oozy couch the timid seal;
Where clam'rous sea-fowl scream, and mermaids play.

The sportsman beating round with cautious eye—
The spaniel leaping from the ripening corn—
The milk-maid's *lilt*, the woodland nymph's reply,
Swectly responsive to the harvest horn,

Burst on the wondering stranger's eye and ear,
In all the charms of fascinating pow'r;
As mute he stood, amidst the joyous cheer,
The heav'nly harmony, of brake and bow'r.

Awhile, with rambling eye, he gaz'd around
On sylvan scenery lauded far and wide;
"My heart," quoth he, "a resting-place hath found
In this fair land, and here will I abide."

For he, in quest of happiness, had sought
Full many a Highland strath and Lowland vale,
Till kindly chance the gentle stranger brought
Into the fairy lap of Niddesdale.

He saw her chiefs, all men of chosen mould,
Smoothing, with skilful hand, life's weary way;
And dwelling on the lands their sires of old
Wrung from the spoiler's grasp, in bloody fray *.

He saw her daughters dear, by brook and burn,
On busy harvest field and bloomy lawn,
Fair as the new-woke sun, on May-day morn,
Combing his ringlets on the early dawn.

He saw her ruddy sons, a hardy race,
Tenant and cottar, artizan and hind,
All blithely busied in their proper place,
Of goodly growth, and comely of their kind.

And he beheld, with looks of lively joy,
What lifteth up the goodman's heart to find,
Religion shedding round, benignantly,
The light of life on high and humble mind.

Charm'd with the fair, the fascinating scene,
Dunfillan's homely hall the stranger rear'd,
And garden gay and smiling woodland green,
Around his happy dwelling-place appear'd.

Full of the good resolve, the wise design,
Each earthly joy with grateful hand to seize,
Let moderation all his aims confine,
And end his life in philosophic ease.

Soon was the open-hearted stranger known,
From tongue to tongue his name was lauded round,
And soon to all the dale familiar grown,
At Brakenfell an open door he found.

Dunfillan Hall! I often tread thy floor,
When wakeful Memory takes her favourite round—

---

* The Douglases, Maxwells, Kirkpatricks, Fergusons, and Riddels, all lineal dscendants of the *Bruccan Heroes*, are prominent characters in Nithsdale, and many of them still retain the possessions of their brave forefathers.

Dunfillan Hall ! I seek thine open door,
When every sense in dreamy sleep is drown'd.

Thus are the fondly-cherished moments of my mind put in array, when worldly anxieties oppress me,

And time's majestic stream is backward roll'd
With mighty sweep, like Jordan's flood of old,

in order that they may all appear, hale and healthy, in their proper place.

The man of sorrow, whom mental distress hath sunk in the Slough of Despond, and the child of misfortune, whom weakness persuadeth to seek for temporary solace at the tavern, would do well to follow my example, and call upon the mind to become its own physician. Nothing more is requisite, than the ideal presence of a few well-beloved objects whom remembrance esteems; and pitiful indeed is he who possesseth not a single recollection worthy of being paraphrased. It is my daily practice, and I care not who knows it, to sweeten the goblets of bitterness that fall to my share, with the remembrance of past enjoyment, from sunrise even until sun-set.

And when the weary hours, in rosied air,
Flap their broad dusky wings, and speed away,
Leaving the mind loose from the yoke of care,
At large in Fancy's wilderness to stray:

Then wakes my soul—then passeth in review
Each boyish pastime and endearing scene;
Again the foot-ball freely I pursue,
And strip for *Scotland* * on Balachan-green;

Glide down the giddy dance on trysting night,
Blithen with comic tale the jocund hearth,
Or, haply, wing my drear ideal flight,
Far from the dwelling-place of social mirth;

And by the wild, the vent'rous Muse enticed,
Lightly on consecrated ground I tread;
Wake in their graves the men whose love I priz'd,
Shake their cold hands, and commune with the dead.

In this state of mental absorption, am I now enjoying a convivial hour with men and women, long since gathered to their fathers. I hear my favourite song, *Gude night and joy be wi' ye a'*, sweetly lilted,—I see the countenances of my friends powerfully operated upon by the singer's melody,—and my heart feels its influence; but they seem as though their hour was come.

Why from the ring so hastily arise,
And upward lift, my friends, your beaming eyes?
The embers on the hearth are glowing still,
The lamp of heaven is lingering on the hill.
Nor wakes the lark, her matin song to sing,
Nor hath the warning heath-cock flapt his wing;
Yet on my sight your fading forms decay,
Like shapeless shadows ye dissolve away,
And leave me sad of heart, and lonesome here,
A solitary shade in desart drear,
To brood o'er scenes enjoy'd, and pass'd away,
And mourn for you, whose love woke with my natal day.

Fain would mine ear uncloy'd attention lend,
A little longer, to their minstrelsie,
And cheerfully my willing heart attend,
To what, like sea-maid's song, delighteth me.

But, lo! the curtain falls, and Fancy's dreams
Depart, like sailing vapour from my view,
And fading fast the phantom scenery seems,
Swimming like mist upon the mountain's brow.

Gone are the dwellers of the hollow tombs,
Fled are the living men afar from me,
And haply holding, in their joyous homes,
Heart-cheering converse in reality.

Pure be their mirth, and chaste their revelry,
Fair as the heaving snow on beauty's breast,
Each blithsome evening of festivity,
Though of the mental cheer my soul will never taste!

* Alluding to the well-known game of *England and Scotland*, so much in vogue amongst our Nithsdale younkers.

Maid of the snowy hand and raven hair,
Lass of mine early love, draw near to me;
Nor wight unworthy of thy virgin care,
With guile be-sprinkled tongue be-seecheth thee.

The heart alive to symphony have I,
The soul that sought thy loveliness to ken,
When first thou smiled on me, a ruddy boy,
Strolling about the solitary glen;

Chasing the grasshopper from blade to blade,
Feasting on berries wild, the briars among;
Or, pensive, pausing on the greenwood glade,
And listening to the throstle's vesper song.

Thou, heavenly maid! with that white hand of thine,
Pillow my head, and hush me to repose,
And with a fondling Seraph smile benign,
Mine eyes in slumbers sound serenely close.

Far on the moor the lamp of heaven glows,
And cairn, and cleugh, and reedy lake illumes,
And every haunt the wary heath-cock knows,
Ere he alights amongst the purple blooms;
And cowers his lonely head beneath his shining plumes.

SPIRITUALITIES—A REVERIE.

I AM sitting at my window, in the twilight of an autumn evening. There is not a whisper among the leaves of those tall poplars in the field beneath. The moon has just risen, broad and red, through those thick vapours, which have succeeded the sultriness of the day. Her light comes glimmering and feeble into my little study, and falls upon my table, showing a mountain of books, papers, and writing-materials—and a vellum-bound Plutarch, open at the Life of Marcus Brutus. It is at that passage where he describes, with a solemn simplicity, that strange visitation which disturbed the patriot, first on the frontiers of Asia, and afterwards at Philippi. "One night, after he had passed out of Asia, he was very late, all alone, in his tent, with a dim light burning by him—all the rest of the army being hushed and silent: and musing with himself, and very thoughtful, he saw a terrible and strange apparition, of a prodigious and frightful body, coming towards him, without speaking. Brutus boldly asked it, 'What art thou? —man, or God?—and upon what business dost thou come to us?'—The spirit answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus; thou shall see me again at Philippi.'"

How strangely are our feelings affected by trivial circumstances! When I read this passage an hour ago, the setting sun shone bright and cheerful. Those trees were curled by a gentle-stirring breeze,—that field was gay with the bustle of the reapers,—and a vessel was beating into yonder broad estuary, with her white sails glittering in the sun. I read it with a half contemptuous smile, and wondered that the great mind of Brutus should have thus yielded to the visions of a heated imagination. But now alone, in this solemn stillness, under this faint and tremulous light, I feel less confidently sceptical. A half-lurking belief begins to creep into my mind. I recall the tales of all ages and nations, the consent of the ignorant and enlightened, the wicked and the good; and feel that I cannot now smile with such confidence at this singular story. Is it possible, then, that the mere absence or presence of light can effect so important a change? and shall I say that Reason rules the day, but resigns her sceptre, at night, to the imagination? Shall I not rather consider this influence as the effect of a feeling implanted in us by nature, which we stifle or overcome, in the bustle and business of the day, but which re-asserts its empire in the solitude of night, like the increasing radiance of yonder stars, hidden by light, but discovered by darkness? If, in natural theology, the existence of a God is rendered strongly probable, merely by the concurring belief of all ages, shall I reject all arguments, from a similar belief in the question of spiritual existences? Universal effects must have a cause as universal. The opinion cannot be repugnant to our notions of the soul, since it has suggested itself, at the same time, to those

who had no communication with each other. It cannot have been altogether unsupported by fact, because a mere speculative opinion, without some appeal to experience, must soon have been forgotten. Above all, it must indeed be deeply rooted, since all the exposures and refutations of special narratives have never been able to eradicate it from our minds. When the Jew Abraham, in Bocaccio, proceeded to Rome, in spite of the remonstrances of his friend Giannotto, who had been labouring to effect his conversion, his Christian instructor abandoned all hope of success, being aware of the scenes of vice and immorality which the conduct of the Catholic priesthood would offer to his view. But, to his agreeable surprise, the Jew, on his return, remarked, with great justice, that all these scenes had only confirmed him the more in his intention: for a religion, which, in spite of the notorious wickedness of the highest of its professors, could yet go on and prosper, like the Christian, must indeed be founded on a rock, and supported by Divine Power. An opinion, therefore, which, in spite of the ridiculous absurdities with which it has been overlaid, can still produce such powerful effects—a feeling which we confess by our fears, even while denying it with our lips—must indeed be firmly rooted, and shows the visible impress of Nature herself. "Est enim hæc non scripta sed nata lex, quam non didicimus, accepimus, legimus, verum ex naturâ ipsâ arripuimus, hausimus, expressimus." In fact, the very frequency of such attempts at imposture is, in itself, a virtual acknowledgment of the strength and universality of this belief; for no one could venture to found a scheme for deceiving another, on principles repugnant to the notions of the person deceived, or to touch so tender a string as that of spiritual visitations, if he were not secure of finding an answering chord in the bosoms of mankind.

Nor is there any thing in this belief more revolting to the reason than the feelings. No one can believe the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, without admitting the possibility of spiritual appearances; and the probability of such occurrences is a matter that must be decided according to evidence. There may, indeed, be some who hold that no evidence issufficient to establish a fact of this kind. This is merely an application of Hume's ingenious argument against miracles. The question, like any other, is susceptible of human testimony, with this qualification only, that the evidence is to be received with a degree of caution proportioned to the extraordinary nature of the fact which forms the subject of investigation. Every reasonable deduction must be made for the fallacy of the senses, the over-excitement of the imagination, or the deceit of the narrator. Hume's test of the truth of miraculous narratives, which Paley considers as a fair statement of the question, may here be safely applied. We must weigh and balance the two probabilities—whether it is more likely that the circumstances related have really happened, or that the narrator has been himself deceived, or, from interested motives, is deceiving us,—and then decide according to the preponderance of the one or the other. I admit, however, that there may be a presumption, from internal evidence, against the truth of such a story, too strong to be overruled by testimony. We cannot believe that in any case such occurrences should take place, without the immediate permission of the Deity; nor can we conceive, without impugning the noblest of his attributes, that they should be so permitted, without an adequate end or purpose—still less, that that end should be one of mere wantonness or malice. Relations of this kind are the offspring merely of human folly and credulity, and bear the same relation to truth, as polytheism to true religion, being absurd and unnecessary multiplications of a principle in itself genuine and divine. All those tales, therefore, of spirits, hostile to man,—who delight in wantonly terrifying and tormenting those under their influence,—which the superstitious fancy of man has created in all ages and countries, are at once swept away by this consideration. Instead of swaying the judgment with the strength of reality, they must now be content to exercise

a faint and precarious influence over the imagination; and Reason teaches us to rejoice at their fate, though Poetry still laments over their tomb. Puck is now but an empty name. Gloriana wields a powerless sceptre. The gentle fairies have fled their green knolls. Oberon and Titania have ceased their moonlight revels. The Brownie no longer haunts his hereditary castles. No longer can the Lubber-fiend drain his cream-bowl, or stretch his hairy length before the cottage fire. Never again shall the woods echo to the hoofs of the spectre Horseman. All those visions "of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire," with which credulity had peopled the dark cave, the gloomy forest, or the ruined hall, now bear in themselves their own refutation; and we only wonder that mankind should have ministered so liberally to their own uneasiness, in thus turning to shape, and giving to these "airy nothings" of the brain "a local habitation and a name." But thus it has ever been. Like the Israelites of old, they frame the idol, and then worship the golden calf which they have set up.

Tales such as these oppose the fundamental principle upon which alone the reality of spiritual appearances is rendered probable; that is, the effecting some useful and important end; and, therefore, however strongly corroborated, they can never produce conviction. Thus, when Sully informs me* that a frightful spectre haunted the forest of Fontainbleau, and that it had been more than once seen by the King and his whole suite in hunting; and when I find this testimony corroborated by most of the cotemporary historians and annalists†, I admit the circumstance to be inexplicable; but I cannot bring myself to the belief of its reality. Thus, too, when a German tells me, that, on certain nights in the year, an infernal troop sally out from the ruinous castle of Rodenstein, and gallop to a neighbouring ruin; though I have the strongest concurring testimonies to the fact of its having happened so late as the Battle of Waterloo, I can no more believe the story, than I do the exploits of a similar personage in Bocaccio's novel of Nastagio, or in Bürger's Ballads of Lenore and the Wild Huntsman.

It is certain, too, that many deductions from the aggregate of spiritual appearances, must be made on account of the influence of the imagination, especially when the mind is agitated by fear, anxiety, or any violent passion. The power of imagination, in such circumstances, is indeed wonderful; and where the probability of the occurrence rests on the testimony of a single individual, if there is any reason to suppose his mind influenced by such causes, we are warranted to conclude, according to Hume's rule, that the probability of his being deceived is greater than that of the circumstance having happened,—and to reject his evidence accordingly. Thus, that terrible spectre which shook the mind of the Sicilian Dion, seems to have been but the coinage of his brain*. Wearied out by the repeated insults and treachery of Heraclides, his wonted clemency forsook him, and he sullied his fame, by allowing him to be assassinated. From that moment he never knew peace. His conscience, torn by remorse, conjured up a spectre, which, in the shape of a tall and frightful female figure, appeared to him every night, and seemed to sweep the apartment with violence; and his diseased fancy connected the sudden death of his son, which happened soon after, with this apparition. We know but little of the laws which regulate our associations, nor can we trace any natural connection between the murder of Heraclides, and this peculiar creation of Dion's fancy; but in the circumstances of the case, we cannot, I think, hesitate in attributing the whole to the weakness of a mind agitated by remorse. But the mind is still more liable to be deceived by erroneous impressions on the senses, than by its own creations; and to the frequency of such fallacies, a still larger proportion of such tales is to be ascribed. The following incident, which I think is not generally known, would, in the hands of

* Memoirs, Vol. II. B. 10.

† Perefixe. Pere Matthun. Bongars. Journal Henri IV. Chronologu Septennaire.

* Plutarch in Vit. Dion.

a person of less science, or more superstition, have passed current as a most undoubted ghost story:

Mr Schmidt, mathematical teacher at the school of Pforte, near Naumburg, slept in a room in the academy, which had formerly been a cloister, and waking, one morning, as it began to dawn, he saw, as he thought, a monk standing at the foot of his bed. On looking at him stedfastly, he appeared to be fat, and his head almost sunk between his shoulders. He raised himself in his bed; but the apparition did not move; he only saw somewhat more of it, and the folds of the surplice which it wore were more conspicuous. He then moved his head towards it, on which the figure began to retreat backward, but still with its face towards the bed. Following the apparition with his eyes, it retreated with speed, swelling to a gigantic form, and all at once was changed into the gothic window with white curtains, which was opposite the bed's foot, and about six or seven feet distant from it.

Several times after this, Schmidt endeavoured to see the same appearance, but to no purpose; the window always preserving its usual appearance. About a week afterwards, however, happening, as before, to wake in the grey light of morning, he again saw this corpulent sprite at his bed's foot. Being now aware what occasioned the appearance, he examined it more narrowly. The great arch of the window formed the monk's shoulders,—a smaller arch in the centre, his head,—and the curtains the surplice. Schmidt, who was short-sighted, accounts very mathematically for all these phenomena, by the peculiar state of the eye at the moment of awaking, from some moisture which had accumulated on it during the night, and its gradual return to its usual state; though, as his demonstration is a little tedious, it is needless to extract it.

To causes such as these, a very large proportion of tales of apparitions are attributable. A sudden noise—some object seen through the obscurity of twilight or moonlight—or some natural phenomenon of the elements, or the heavenly bodies, is caught at by weak minds, and magnified, like Don Quixotte's fullingmills, into some "terrible and superhuman adventure." But the progress of science has sadly abridged the empire of the supernatural in this quarter. The spectres of the Hartz mountain have sunk into the mere effects of the sun's rays; chemistry has clapped an extinguisher on the corpse-candles, which have now dwindled into *ignes fatui*; and Sir Humphry Davy has tamed that malignant spirit of the mine, whose visitations had been so fatally frequent, under the shape of Fire Damp.

In thus labouring to reduce the sum-total of these spiritual visitations, I may seem to have retracted the avowal with which I set out. But such is by no means my intention. If I narrow my field of operations, it is in the hope of being able to act with more security in what remains; just as a politician sacrifices a part, to retain the remainder; or as the governor of a fortress, in the hour of danger, expels every doubtful ally from the garrison, and trusts his defence rather to the efforts of the faithful few, than the suspicious many. Admitting that many of these tales are obviously incredible, even from internal evidence, and that, in others, the evidence of the senses is to be rejected altogether, or received with extreme suspicion, I hesitate not to say, that there remains behind a large class which is liable to neither of these objections; when, in the first place, the end and purpose of the visit was obvious and adequate; and when, secondly, no suspicion could reasonably be entertained of the coolness and courage of the observer; where men of profound science, undaunted courage, and tranquillity of temper, have given their testimony to the reality of such appearances. What reasonable objection can we frame to that of the firm and philosophic Brutus? What shall we say to the evidence of Ammianus Marcellinus*, or how impugn his account of that figure which attended the emperor Julian, which quitted him before the death of Constantine, and again appeared to him, crossing his tent, with a sad countenance, and a melancholy gesture, the night before his fatal

* Amm. Mar. in Vit. Julian.—Æ. XXI. XXV.

battle with the Persians? What shall we say to the following strange story, told by Pliny, in his letter to Sura, among several other tales of apparitions, and which, from the tone of the letter, it is evident that that great man himself believes? A large house in Athens became deserted by its inhabitants, from frightful noises which were heard in it, and the spectre of an old man, bound with chains, which had been seen by them every night. Terror had bewildered their senses, and want of sleep brought a distemper upon them, which was followed by death. The house, being abandoned, was advertised at a low price. Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens—read the inscription by chance—suspected the lowness of the terms—was informed of the whole—and took the house immediately. At night, he removed his family to the inner-part of the house, ordered his writing materials, and a light to be placed for him in the front apartments, and applied himself closely to writing, to prevent the intrusion of those imaginary fears and appearances, which the mind is apt to figure to itself when unoccupied. At first, there was a profound silence in the house, as at other times; but soon after, the distant clanking of chains was heard. The sound came nearer, and was heard, sometimes without, at other times within the apartment. The philosopher looked up, and perceived the spectre as it had been described to him, standing still, and beckoning with its finger. After some delay, he obeyed the signal, took his light, and followed it. It stalked slowly along, as if overloaded with its chains, turned into a court belonging to the house, and vanished. Athenodorus, when he was left alone, marked the spot with some weeds and leaves. The next day he went to the magistrates, and procured an order for digging on the spot. It was done, and several bones were found, bound up and entangled with chains, while the flesh, putrified by time, or eaten away by the irons, was entirely gone. These were gathered up and buried publicly; and, by this ceremony, the house was freed from its troublesome visitor.

When a person gets into a story-telling humour, on a subject such as this, it is the most difficult thing in the world to stop. I shall only trespass on the reader's patience, however, with one other anecdote, which, as it occurs in a work not much known in this country *, may, perhaps, be new to him. The Marquis de Rambouillet, and the Marquis de Precy, both young, and intimate friends, were serving together in the wars. One day they happened to be conversing about the affairs of another world, of the existence of which neither, at that time, felt very strongly persuaded. They promised that, in order to settle the point, the first who died should return, to describe his situation to the survivor. Rambouillet soon after set out with his regiment for Flanders. Precy, who was about to follow, was detained by a fever in Paris. He was long ill, and was just beginning to recover, when looking out of bed one night, he perceived his friend Rambouillet in the room. He rose to embrace him, but the other, with a wave of his hand, declined the compliment. He then told him, that he had been killed in Flanders the evening before, that all he had heard of another world was too true, and that it was time for him to pursue a very different line of conduct. He then disappeared. Precy roused the house, and related the story, which only procured him the character of an absurd visionary, till the news of Rambouillet's death, which arrived soon after, silenced his incredulous acquaintances. Precy engaged in the civil wars, and was soon after killed at the battle of St Antoine. This tale will probably recall to the reader's recollection a similar story of two collegians at Oxford, which occurs in the Gentleman's Magazine, and which seems to be proved as strongly as such a circumstance can be.

In no question could the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, from the authority of great names, be employed with more effect. Should I be ashamed to entertain an opinion, which was recognised as true by a solemn decision of the Sorbonne in 1518—which was admitted, in numerous cases, by the parliament of Paris, and con-

* Memoires de Rochefort.

firmed by the Faculty of Theology in 1724? Even so late as the year 1726, a trial, by appeal, took place before the parliament of Aix *, founded on the supposed discovery of a treasure, by means of a spirit; and though the imposture was detected in this particular case, the truth of the general principle was assumed on the one side, and admitted on the other, almost without contest or contradiction. Shall I be ashamed of that which Bacon considered probable †,—which Johnson openly believed,—which Addison modestly, but distinctly avows? No; when I find myself fortified by such authorities, and meet with narratives, proved, as far as I can see, by competent and unexceptionable witnesses, I confess it appears to me far more philososophical to admit the fact, than to refuse my belief to their clear and unbiassed testimony. If it is absurd to believe such narratives, it is certainly much more so to endeavour to explain them by such chemical systems as those of Gaffarel and de Vallemont. What can be more gravely ridiculous, than the following reasoning, which I have endeavoured to compress from the "Curiositez Inouies" of the former? "As objects," says he, "are perceived by impressions caused by them on the brain, and vibrations in the nerves, it is probable the vibrations on the nerves, and the consequent perception, may continue long after the object which first caused them is removed, just as the pain of a blow continues after the removal of the striking body." Besides, if the movement of the nerves is communicated to the brain, why may not the movement of the brain be recommunicated by some other channel to the nerves, and thus produce the same effect or one but little weaker than the original perception? But being rather apprehensive of the stability of this precious fabric of reasoning, he subjoins another explanation, for the satisfaction of those heretical personages who still persist in thinking the objects of their terror external. "This may be," says he, "for luminous vapours arise from putrid bodies, which preserve the same situation and form in issuing from the ground, as at the moment they quitted the carcase; and, of course, will exactly represent the shape of the body that produced them: and that this does not happen in day-light, is owing to the coldness of the night-air, which condenses these vapours, and prevents their dispersion." From this, then, we may explain those appearances which are frequently seen in church-yards, and fields of battle, which are nothing more than these forms of condensed vapour, proceeding from the bodies interred there. Certainly, if the doctrine of spirits is never attacked but by these redoubtable arguments of Jacques Gaffarel, the dynasty of the invisible world is not likely to be speedily overthrown.

And, after all, what is there in such a belief so disagreeable, that science and philosophy, true or false, thus set themselves in array against it? Does it weaken the evidence of religion? Does it trench on any of the attributes of the Deity? Is there any thing in such a belief that can weaken the hopes, or increase the fears, of the good and the virtuous? No. The inhabitants of the grave have no terrors, but for the guilty. The form which shook the mind of Dion, was regarded with firm tranquillity by the stoical virtue of Brutus, and the mild philosophy of Julian. To the good, there is something in this intercourse not dispiriting or revolting, but elevating and ennobling. The ancients believed that a Genius attended every man from the hour of his birth, as the guide and director of his conduct, but visible only to those illustrious for their virtues *. But how much more consoling the reflection, that after death has snapped asunder the ties of this earthly communion and fellowship, those friends who have been withdrawn from our eyes, become, in their turn, the guardian Genii, who watch over the happiness of the survivors, and influence their fates and fortunes, even from that unknown coun-

* Causes Célébres, Tom. 12.

† De Augm. Scientiarum.

* Απαντι δαιμον ανδρι συμπαριστατε
Ευθυς γενομενω μυσταγωγος της βιου
Αγαθος. *Menander in Frag.*

try which they have reached, and where we hope at last to rejoin them! Under the weight of misfortune, the depression of grief, or the desertion of friends, there are moments, when, far from regarding such visitations with terror, we could cling to them with eagerness, as the alleviation of suffering. We can then sympathise with the enthusiasm of the visionary Petrarch, when, in the solitudes of Vaucluse, and by the waters of the Sorga, he invokes the shade of his departed Laura, or pours forth his gratitude for those visits, which, in the stillness of night, consoled his affliction. When I gaze from my window, upon the loveliness of the scene without; that broad full moon now rising high in the heavens; those clustered stars which sparkle in the depth of the unclouded azure; that varied plain, here rising into silver light, there sinking into shadow; and those aged and massy trees, through which the moon-beams play with such fantastic variety · I feel, that, "in such a place as this, at such an hour," if descending spirits can indeed converse with man, I could summon up courage to bear the conference. Spirits, I say, of those whom I have loved and lost, let me look on you once more! Let me peruse again your beloved lineaments; the venerable aspect of parental care —the vivacity of brotherly affection —the softened tenderness of a sister's love! Ye have no terrors for him, who, sick of the tumults of this world, has long since fixed his thoughts upon another, and who will look on you as the messengers of peace and consolation, not as the ministers of evil, or the harbingers of sorrow. *μ*

THE FEELINGS AND FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH TUTOR.

"Sed vos sævas imponite leges," &c.

Juv. Sat. 7., sub finem.

A Scotch tutor is a being in a state of transition from the humble obscurity in which he is usually born and educated, to the respectability and usefulness of a Presbyterian clergyman. Ascending, by a gradual transition, from rusticity and ignorance, through all the various modifications of middle, and even of what may be termed higher, life, he not unfrequently exhibits, in succession, the sheepishness and clownishness of the rustic, the conceit and pomposity of the pedant, the frippery and frivollity of the beau, the smartness and petulance of the wit, the pertinacity and obesity of the disputant—with all the morbid sensibility of the man of feeling. From the nature, likewise, of that dependence upon the will and the caprice of another, to which he is unavoidably subjected, he usually contracts a kind of jealous and testy independence, which accompanies him through all his gradations, and which, more, perhaps, than any other circumstance, serves to classify and mark his character. His opportunities of observation, too, are neither few nor unfavourable; for whilst neither father nor mother, neither menial nor dependent, think it worth while to conceal or to disguise their character, in the presence of the poor, dependent tutor, his eyes, if he is actually possessed of eyes, are open, and he has sufficient leisure, as well as education, to turn all these opportunities to account, in the shape of observation and reflection. It being his province at table, and in the presence, particularly, of company, to listen rather than to speak—to solve difficulties rather than to start them—to eat his pudding, drink his glass of wine, and retire, rather than melt down into, and commix himself with, the after-dinner confabulation; he must be possessed of less natural shrewdness than Scotsmen are generally endowed with, and of more good nature than usually falls to the lot of his cloth, if he do not, upon all this, play the censor and the satirist at his leisure; making up in one way, for what he is compelled to relinquish in another. Yet, with all these cynical tendencies, which are the consequences of his condition, his heart is open, in a singular measure, to the accession of kindness and good will; and should any individual, in the family where his lot, for the time, is cast, single him out by friendly attentions, it will go hard with him indeed if he do not prove himself grateful. Of all others, female con-

descension, in the shape of youth and beauty, is to him the most dangerous and overwhelming; for being inexperienced in the world, and fascinated by the glitter of high life, he is apt to brood over visions of his own creation in secret, till possibility assume the port and bearing of reality, and what is merely desireable, begins to seem an object of probable attainment. Such are the predominating features of the character of which I am about, from my own experience, to attempt a sketch, reserving, however, at the same time, to myself, the privilege of introducing into the narrative such exceptions as, however inconsistent they may seem with the outline I have given, are, notwithstanding, true to nature, and taken from observation.

At the usual period, I was sent to school, and after the expiration of seven years of the most vivid pleasures and the most oppressive pains, —of ecstacy and anguish, in close and alternate succession,—I entered upon life, with much skill in analysis, great readiness in syntax, and a competent knowledge of promiscuous questions. Besides all this, I wrote a fair hand, (as you may see!) had studied book-keeping, in all its forms of "Sundries Dr." and "Cash Cr.," and had occasionally, though with but doubtful success, attempted the composition of a hexameter line. There were, indeed, several passages, in what are termed the higher classics, which I could not master. Some questions, too, in double position, and the cube root, proved too much for my skill; and a confounded long rule in Ruddiman's grammar, beginning with "Pyrrhichius," absolutely upset my powers of articulation. By the help, however, of a whole host of "auxiliaries," I was enabled to perform absolute miracles! Did any portion of an author appear to be suppressed, or had it aotually, under the haste and inattention of the original transcriber, evanished altogether from the text,—instead of admitting this fact as a solution, I went instantly to work with an "Ellipsis," and the vacuum was immediately filled up,—the surrounding words closed in over this blank,—the wound, as it were, cicatrized,—and "Dr Ellipsis" had the whole credit of the remedy. If, on the other hand, a redundancy was felt, like that in one of our very best Paraphrases, where it is said—

> "There we shall meet to part no more,
> And still together be;"

this aukward circumstance was instantly remedied, not by cutting off the fox's tail,—the "redundans pondus appositum,"—but, by setting to work with a "Pleonasmus," under whose reducing skill and power, I verily believe, seven balls might have been lodged in one socket: the same word, seven times repeated, would have been deemed even elegant expression still. Should an unfortunate vocable happen, by one of those accidents to which all things moveable are more or less subject, to have been mislaid, and to have taken up a wrong position amongst its companions and associates—whip, Jack! and begone!—by a "Hysteron proteron," the last became first, and the first last. Herman Boaz, of legerdemain memory, or Dr Caterpelto, with his hair on end,

> "At his own wonders wondering,"

never performed a transference from one pocket, or from one hand to another, with greater address. The "Licentia Vatum," a kind of forlorn hope, was regularly brought into play, when any anomalous difficulty occurred. He was, in fact, the Dr Gregory of the Nine Muses, being called in, in all desperate cases, when any one of their numerous and fantastical progeny required extraordinary aid. A "subauditur" was ever at hand, to pin, as it were, and plaster up the crevices and chinks in composition; and I was more indebted to the verb "cæpit," and "cæperunt,"—to the substantive noun "negotium,"—and to the nondescript "quod ad," than I can well express. The will of the grammarian was on all occasions the standard of composition; and whenever Horace, or Livy, or Virgil, or Sallust, seemed to take upon them to differ from Ruddiman, I made very short work of it. I concluded,—along with hundreds who remain practically under the same delusion throughout their lives,—that all those anomalies or irregularities in the classic authors,

which do not seem to come conveniently under grammarian authority, are, in fact, blemishes, and only to be corrected, and rendered intelligible, by those rules and figures which Ruddiman has detailed. The Scripture has it, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,—and, by a similar process of reasoning, I concluded, that the classics were made for the rules of Syntax, and not those rules derived from, and constructed upon the classics. Had Juvenal, in fact, or Terence arisen from the dead, and heard me in the act of construing their own works,—with all the appliances, and means to boot, of Syntax,—they would absolutely have been ashamed of that dismal piece of mosaic, out of which I contrived, however, to bring government and concord in abundance.

But along with these more shewy and astonishing accomplishments, I had almost unconsciously acquired a certain portion of that honest manliness of spirit, which characterized a Roman citizen. I had stolen from the altars of Greece a small spark of that sacred and inextinguishable fire which there burnt so brightly. The love of liberty and of literature, had entwined themselves around my soul, in inseparable conjunction; and whilst my heart was warmed, and expanded with the admiration of noble and generous sentiment and achievement, my imagination was delighted, and my understanding invigorated by the finest specimens of thoughts and composition. Woe be to him, whatever his rank or his authority in the state, who would discourage the study of classical literature amongst us,—who, in the pursuit of the merely and directly useful, would have us overlook, or underrate, the ornamental and becoming —who would train up our generous and high-spirited youth to an acquaintance with tables of interest, steam-engines, and algebraical abstractions,—to the exclusion of the pages of the Mantuan Bard, and of all that variegated and invigorating landscape of taste, genius, and sentiment, amidst which the classical scholar lives and luxuriates: And a triple woe be extended, in all its Catholical force, to him, or to her, who, in compliance with the feverish bigotry of an excited age, would substitute "Ralph Erskine's Gospel Sonnets" for the Odes of Horace, and "Newton's Cardiphonia" for the Epistles of Pliny! whilst, that blessing which bespeaks the gratitude of the heart that bestows it, rather than confers benefit on any one, abide and rest upon the memory of the Monks of Mount Cassin and Otranto, of Salerno and Amalfi, who, in the solitude and seclusion of their cells, drew forth into light and into public view the slumbering soul of antiquity—the immortal spirits of those men whose names are now associated with all that is truly noble, and generous, and elegant, and tasteful amongst us!

Yet it is quite possible to possess a genuine relish for classical literature, without possessing the slightest knowledge of men—to be, in short, a scholar and an enthusiast, without being acquainted with the mere ordinary affairs of life. And this was actually my own condition at the time I am speaking of; for I was as ignorant of the world as if I had been born and educated in the Ring of Saturn. Except on one occasion, when I was sent with a present of gooseberries to a widow lady, a distant relation of my mother, I had never once set my foot upon a carpet. I had constantly devoured my dinner without the assistance of knife or fork, and had no more notion of the use of a table-cloth, than I had of a hand-basin or a towel, whilst the clear stream and my own coat-tail remained to be used.

Had I passed, in this uncultivated and inexperienced state, into the mansion of a nobleman, I had been discouraged, laughed at, and entirely ruined; I should have fallen back upon that station of society to which I was born, and should never, in all probability, have got on. But happily for me, I found, at the age of seventeen, employment in a situation less exposed to the inconveniencies and discouragements of rank and ceremony, and what are termed "manners." I took up my lodging in a farm-house, from which I issued every morning, to hold rule in what was termed a subscription or opposition school. In this situation I had

indeed prodigious hard labour; but then the honest and aged persons with whom I lodged were plain people, and but one degree elevated above the cottage rank. The transition, therefore, was easy and natural; and whilst I still made use of *green horn* instead of ram-horn spoons, and a broth-plate for my breakfast porridge, instead of a wooden luggy, I was by no means puzzled or startled by the change. But "nemo est ab omni parte beatus." I was a subject of envy, and consequently of enmity, in a quarter where I was most anxious to become one of regard and esteem. The school-master of the parish into which I had been introduced in consequence of his real, or alleged indolence or incapacity, had a daughter, the very pink and Sharon rose, in my estimation of beauty, and of every attractive quality. For she was fat and plump, as the Hottentot Venus,—had a fair complexion, hair verging towards red, but which, in certain lights, might be mistaken for auburn; and an arm, and a hand, in which neither elbow-bone nor knuckle were visible. Her countenance was open, for her features were upon somewhat of a large scale: nothing was crowded upon another, but nose, mouth, and eyes, seemed all anxious to preserve a respectful, and a distinct distance from each other. But what charmed me most of all, was her manners, which were free and affable; and although she walked every Sabbath to church upon pattens, and wore a dress of the very last fashion, and of the most genteel air, yet she would condescend to converse with me by the way, and occasionally, as I imagined, forgot her psalm-book at home, that she might have the benefit of mine at church. Her father, however, who was a most pompous and authoritative personage, I could easily see, liked me not, and would from time to time give his daughter such looks of earnest reproof, when she happened merely by chance to cast the tail of her eye my way, that I had been stupid indeed, as well as blind, not to have perceived his antipathy.

For some time, however, no overt act of annoyance was attempted in reference to me, or to my originally small, but now flourishing academy; and I had every reason to conclude, that the embers of his yet unkindled wrath and indignation had been smothered in their own ashes; when I received an invitation to spend the evening, or, as it is termed "the forenight," with his family. This invitation was most acceptable; so having arrayed myself in my very best, and having assailed my yet nascent beard with an unwonted degree of pertinacity, and having brushed up my grammar rules, in case of any exigency, for the contest, I set off, about dusk of a November evening, to tea. He received me at the end of his dwelling-house, as I well remember, with a particularly low bow and a hearty shake of the hand, and conducted me straight ben the house, where his wife and only daughter were seated upon chairs, in the midst of a newly-sanded earthen floor, waiting my arrival. I took my seat immediately by the ingle-cheek, but felt all over of a prickling, or perspiration, when I perceived the face that was placed directly over against mine. However, from this embarrassment I was soon relieved, by the father of my fair Sabbath partner, only to be plunged into a worse, and a still more unpleasant dilemma. After having taken a hasty sketch of the past day, of the weather, of the country, and of the kingdom, not forgetting the French Revolution, which was then raging with volcanic fury, he pulled from his coat pocket a book, and without further ceremony, proceeded to inform me, that he had that day met with a passage in the school which had puzzled him not a little. I took a side-long glance at the size, for I could not discover the title of the ominous volume, and concluded that it must be Juvenal, or Sallust, or Ovid, at least. My fears, however, and embarrassments were greatly relieved, when I discovered that this mysterious volume, containing a passage of such intricacy as to baffle the learning of a scholar who had passed an examination by the Presbytery, was in fact, neither more nor less, than a copy of Ruddiman's Rudiments. Whilst the wife therefore, and daughter, were busied in preparing the tea, this book was spread out on the table before us, and my attention

was called to the following most perplexing sentence contained amongst the "distichs," attributed, upon what evidence I know not, to Cato.

"Rem, tibi quam noscis aptam, dimittere noli
Fronte capillatâ—*post est occasio calva.*"

The difficulty, I was told, lay in the last line, and my solution of it was earnestly, and with seeming deference, solicited. In all my course of seven years latinity at school, my attention had never once been directed to these distichs. I had indeed got by heart, and for my own amusement, the famous "Regimen mensæ honorabile," where every line ended most amusingly in "ātis;" but Cato and his "De Moribus" couplets were almost equally unknown to me. Contrary to the rule in the grace above referred to "Ne scalpatis caveatis," I forthwith set about scratching my head, as if I had expected to make the discovery on the outside, rather than in the interior of my brain. "Fronte capillatâ, post est occasio calva!" Here were cases without government, and government without cases; an ablative, where a nominative seemed to be requisite, and a nominative again, where an accusative was by Ruddiman, at least, deemed indispensable! "Post est occasio." Was there ever such nonsense! Post occasio! why one might as well say "Propter urbs," or "ad Roma,"—it was downright absurdity! and so after a few writhings and twistings, by my finger and thumb, of my nose, I pronounced it; when, to my utter surprise and confusion, in the presence of the very girl whose good opinion I was anxious to win, and of the dissenting minister, who had now, as if by accident, joined us, my arch enemy explained the words most distinctly, and in such a manner, as to leave no doubt even upon my own mind, that he was not only right in his exposition, but that this had all along been a plot to entrap me! I made a feeble stand on the score of "Post," and of its government propensities, but was at last compelled to give up this forlorn hope, by a copious adduction of examples, where "Post" was used as *an adverb, and not as a preposition;* to express myself in a wretched pun, but in the very meaning I wish to convey, I literally found myself in this case a *post* behind, and all owing to my keeping most rigorously to the rules of that very grammariah, whose confounding "Disticha Catonis" had fairly upset me. To those who have a character of any kind to lose, this may appear but a trivial occurrence; but to me, who had mine to make and to establish, this was beginning at the wrong side of the account, and could not fail, as I knew, to tell fearfully against me.

In our discourse, likewise, after tea, which continued, notwithstanding the presence of the ladies, to proceed upon literary, or rather classical subjects—having occasion to speak of the Latin verb, and of its fitness for the expression of various shades of thought, I was again thrown from a vantage ground, which, in keeping by generalities, I had now fairly gained, by a most direct and posing question, which was put to me by the seceder clergyman, respecting the reason why the Latins had no present participle passive? The fact was, I had never missed this participle at all. I had followed Pope's axiom, "whatever is, is right," and cannot be otherwise; so I was taken here again, like a ship at sea, upon whose every sail the wind has suddenly and violently shifted; and I remained quite mute and embarrased. The next inquiry coming to be, how this deficiency was, in practice, supplied? in what way—by what circumlocution, the Romans contrived to express the meaning, without making use of the tense? I heard, to my utter astonishment, that "*quum*," with the pluperfect subjunctive active, was deemed an equivalent. Had I been told that ten was equal to one, or a part to a whole, I could not have been more confounded. Yet, upon trying the tense, with all the coolness and collectedness of which I was capable at the time, I was compelled to admit the justice of what had been said; and yet, after all, neither of my antagonists, for in this point of view I had now begun to consider them both, were in any degree distinguished or accurate, or even tolerable scholars; but, having prepared themselves, doubtless, before-hand, and

taking advantage of my inexperience, they succeeded in convincing me, at the time, most religiously, of their profound scholarship. Supper-time at last, much to my satisfaction, arrived, and, after the cloth was removed, the Bibles were laid down upon the table before me; and, for the first time in my life, I was requested to make family-worship; or, as it is termed amongst the peasantry of Scotland, "take the Book." If I had been upset in my scholarship by means of Ruddiman and Cato, I was much more likely to be altogether outdone in my chaplaining here.

The schoolmaster was a notorious and invincible adept at this devotional exercise. The established clergyman of the parish, as I had often heard said, could not hold a candle to him at a funeral or a death-bed: and he was often sent for express, at the middle of the night, to convoy some alarmed and despairing conscience, comfortably and peaceably, out of time into eternity. In this capacity, it was strongly suspected, and pretty generally rumoured, that he had actually accumulated a little fortune;—for, following the example of Mother Catholic, with her confessional, he had not scrupled, occasionally, to insinuate into the ears of departing devotees, particularly of the frail sex, that a little money deposited with him would be carefully, though secretly and unostentatiously, laid out on "pious uses." With respect to the secrecy of the application of these deposits, no one could ever find fault; for he seemed to have complied most literally with the Christian maxim, never to let his left hand know what the other did; and so his cash-accounts with the bank accumulated daily. The dissenting clergyman, too though a young man, and as yet but partially known, was said, in the expressive language of my landlady, who was a hearer of his, to be wonderfully gifted, and to keep them standing on their feet, even for a whole hour, sometimes, of a Sabbath morning, without their feeling either cold feet or lumbago. So, for me to proceed to family-worship in the presence of two such Dons as these, was like running my head into the lion's mouth; it was bringing the strength and the experience of the young and raw recruit, into comparison and competition with the veteran soldier. I pushed the Bibles past me accordingly, in spite of a look of scorn from the schoolmaster's wife, and one of apparent pity or commiseration from his daughter; and after a deal of disputation, it was settled at last, that the "Master" himself should proceed as usual. With a look of the most approving self-complacency, he took up the psalm-book—pronounced a long prefatory benediction—sung the psalm—read the chapter—and concluded with a prayer of a most unconscionable length, and fervour. It so happened, that, in kneeling, the daughter and I came almost into contact with each other, and either my eyes deceived me, or I could observe her looking out from beneath her braided tresses towards me with somewhat of "Eloisa" devotion, with that kind of mixed or composition piety, which partakes at once of the intensity of earthly, and of the sublimity of heavenly sentiment.

As I returned home this evening, from the first regular invitation visit which I had ever made, I felt like one who has had a fall from his horse, or who has tumbled over a precipice, all bruised inwardly, and alarmed for the consequences; and had it not been, that Resolve, in alliance with something of a still softer presence, lurked (like truth in the well, or like Hope in the bottom of the box of Pandora) in the bottom of my heart, I fancy I had that evening returned in despair to my mother's fire-side, or set off, in a coal-carrying barge, for Liverpool, or God knows where. But the tresses of this young maiden had wound themselves like Styx with Eurydice, nine times round me; and I dreamed all the succeeding night of more than I can now recollect or repeat.

I did not long remain in suspense respecting the immediate consequences of this visit, for, on the following evening, my landlady returned from a visit to a daughter-in-law, who had lately been confined, full of wrath and indignation against the schoolmaster, for spreading and propagating lies and fabrications of no ordinary import and magnitude against me. When I heard her general allega-

tions, I knew well what was to follow—but the story had not lost in the telling. The smith's wife, who had herself heard it of the shoemaker's mother, an old gossipping woman in the neighbourhood, had intimated, at first with caution and reserve—but, ultimately, with greater amplitude and freedom, that I could "neither teach nor pray;" that I was as ignorant of the Rudiments as I was of the Single Catechism;—nay, it was even averred, that one of the master's youngest, and least instructed scholars, had actually posed me with difficulties; and, finally, in the presence of the schoolmaster and the new minister, fairly upset me, and compelled me to confess, not only my own ignorance, but his superior scholarship. This was all very ill to bear, but it was still more difficult to gainsay and contradict: truth and falsehood, as is customary on such occasions, were so artfully and intimately mixed up together, that a kind of chemical union betwixt them had taken place; and the compound, however disgusting and revolting it might be, I was compelled, for the time, at least, to swallow. But this was not all;—the news, I could readily perceive, had reached my little school, and the two head boys of my highest class had the effrontery to dispute the meaning of a passage with me. In vain I stormed, and threatened, and even resorted to bodily chastisement. The more angry I seemed, and the more outrageously furious I became, the more convinced did they ardently appear of my incapacity; and when at last I dismissed them to their seats, and called up a younger form, I could hear them mutter, pretty distinctly, about "teaching wee laddies, wha didna ken ony better." From the country-talk, and the school-report, the evil, quite naturally and inevitably, ascended to the ears of my employers, at the head of whom was a respectable widow-lady, and a gentleman of spirit and property, and great influence in the parish. I had been, indeed, powerfully recommended by my teacher; but as my incapacity had become matter of public notoriety, it was deemed necessary that my vindication should be equally public and effective. Without being let at all into the secret, I found myself, one evening, a member of a pretty large party, in my principal patron, "the laird's," house: and, to my utter surprise, associated amongst several others, with the dissenting clergyman, the schoolmaster, and the parish minister. Our conversation happening, as if by accident, though I verily believe it was all previously planned by my worthy friend the minister, who knew his man perfectly, to turn upon the immensity of a certain individual's fortune, which had been acquired by dealing in black cattle; the schoolmaster proceeded, with the greatest coolness to observe, that Mr H., the person spoken of, would not be worth less than "a million of money." This seemed to startle us all, except the parish parson, who had evidently anticipated the observation; so the schoolmaster was compelled to come to a condescendence upon the various "items" of which this vast and incredible sum was composed; and in the enumeration of three thousand in the bank, and four thousand lent out on landed security, and three constantly afloat as a trading capital, we discovered at last of what his million consisted! We all looked in each other's faces, and as I looked equally intelligent with the rest, it was evident I fully understood the ridicule. A little boy, one of my own pupils, who was reading Ovid's Metamorphoses at the time, having dropt in, as if accidentally, the minister drew him familiarly towards himself, and began to question him upon his reading. The boy, as is usual with boys on such occasions, drooped his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent. However, the questions were not thus to be put off, so he called for his book, and proceeded to cause the boy read and construe the three first lines of the poet, beginning with "Ante mare et tellus, et quod tegit omnia cœlum." The boy happened to be dull and bashful, and would not, or could not, advance one single step without assistance; so a reference was constantly had, first to the parish schoolmaster, then to the dissenting minister, and, latterly, to me, on the occasion. My two precur-

sors in coadjutorship, in the most unhesitating manner, proceeded to construe "ante" as a preposition with "mare and tellus," whilst, being here in my proper sphere, and upon ground purely and confessedly classical, I found no difficulty in construing the passage so as to save the government. My two antagonists were abashed and confounded, and from that hour, my character, as an accomplished classical scholar, was established in the place, above all comparison or detraction. My gratitude towards the vindicator of my scholarship was, indeed, so excessive, and begat so fervid an admiration, and so close and indiscriminate an imitation, that for many years afterwards I used, in conversation with what I conceived to be genteel company, to throw the one leg over the other, and to pass my hand slowly and alternately from my knee to my ancle, and from my ancle to my knee, merely because I had observed this worthy clergyman practise this aukward movement.

But my embarrassments, in consequence of the ill-omened visit I had paid to the schoolmaster, did not terminate here. It was now pretty generally known and believed that I had fairly dumb-foundered both my antagonists in Latin, but then they were still deemed my superiors in the gift and the endowment of prayer; and as I proceeded, contrary to the habit of all who had preceded me in office, to the work of the day without a morning invocation of the Deity, it was pretty generally omened that little success would attend my unsanctified labours. This, therefore, became another source of serious concern; my landlady remonstrated, my employers hinted, and the news having reached my mother's ears, she was absolutely unhappy, and sorely vexed on the occasion. I wanted, besides, but this one triumph more, to lay the schoolmaster upon his back, by foiling him still at his own weapons; but it was an arduous undertaking. Though, with Hogg's impious "Laird o' Lammington," I could not aver, with truth, that "I had never prayed since I could mind," yet my prayers had hitherto been private; and, with the exception of the Lord's prayer, had consisted principally in groans and inarticulate sounds, in the form of ejaculations. How to arrange sentences and insert texts of scripture—how to modulate my voice, and how to recollect what I had previously composed, and got by heart; these were questions at the time, I remember well, of the most weighty and perplexing import. However, all is the gift of resolution, built on reason; so up I went to the school one Monday morning, primed and loaded with a prayer of no ordinary cast. As my school-room was not accommodated with a desk, I was compelled to wheel round the chair upon which I usually sat, and, with the seat turned towards the scholars, and the back placed as a prop, or support, under my arms, to proceed with the morning invocation. But scarcely had I advanced to the second sentence, (and ere yet my pupils were fully aware of the nature and intention of this novel measure,) when the feet of the chair having suddenly slipt outward, and the back accompanied and followed by my arms and whole person, having come equally expeditiously downward, I found myself laid, like Dagon, at my full length upon the floor, with the treacherous chair drifted to a considerable distance before me. To fall in such a situation, at such an exercise, and in such a presence, is indeed bad, and disconcerting enough; but, to gather up one's limbs, and to rectify, and raise into an erect position one's person, whilst half a hundred quizzical imps are enjoying, with ill-suppressed laughter, your misfortune—Oh, this is truly intolerable! and so I felt it, and so my pupils experienced it likewise; for having nothing better to do, just to relieve my embarrassment, I resumed—not the prayer, which had been thus unpropitiously interrupted, but the taws, wherewith I dealt chastisement largely, widely, vigorously, and indiscriminately, on all who came in my way!

(To be continued.)

LINES ON A SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is wav'd by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er;
But, from that hour of parting pain,
Oh! she was never heard of more!

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And oh! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quench'd in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan;
Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken-heart,
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And Fancy's endless dreams depart:
It may not be!—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know she sail'd away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

LINES ON NAPOLEON.

HIS dust is in a distant Isle,
His tomb is in a desart place,
He sleeps beneath a dreary pile—
The mightiest of the human race!
The willow trees his mourners are,
His bed of slumber weeping o'er,
Lorn waters sound his dirge-note there—
They moan for evermore!

His gloomy fame o'er earth has spread,
Wherever men and nations be,
Like some dark mountain's giant-shade,
Grim stretching over land and sea.
His name to kings was as the peal
Of rolling thunder, deep and dread,
At his wild presence thrones did reel,
An earthquake was his tread!

Yet in the regions once his own,
(Their monarchs each his crouching slave),
His cold remains, when he was gone,
Found not the shelter of the grave!
Exult who may—that will not I
Above a mighty man's decay,
Nor swell the coward note of joy
O'er greatness pass'd away!

Written by a Spaniard, upon seeing a Wild Rose growing out of a Scull, filled with earth, in the corner of a deserted cemetery in Spain.

BELLA *flor! donde naciste?*
Que temprano fue tu suerte!
Que al primer paso que diste,
Encontraste con la muerte.
Dejarte es cosa triste—
Llevarte es cosa fuerte—
Dejarte donde naciste,—
Es dejarte con la muerte.

Translation.

Beautiful flower! a dreary bed
Is thine, and early doom;
Craddled in death, thy sweets are shed
As first-fruits to the tomb.

To pass thee by, sweet flower! must grieve me;
And to pluck thee—seals thy fate;
Yet in thy natal spot to leave thee—
With death must leave thee desolate.

Σ.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Narrative is in the press of the Operations of the Left Wing of the Allied Army, in the Western Pyrenees and South of France, in the years 1813-14, under the Marquess of Wellington, comprising the passage of the Bidassoa, Nivelle, Nive, and Adour, the blockade of Bayonne, &c.; illustrated by numerous plates of mountain and river scenery, views of Fontarabia, Irun St Jean de Luz, and Bayonne, with plans, &c. drawn and etched by Capt. Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, F. R. S. and member of the Imperial Russian Order of St. Anne.

Proposals are circulated for publishing by subscription, in one volume royal quarto, Memoirs of Mr. John Debrett, and the History and Literature of his Times, from original documents and papers prepared for publication by Mr. John Debrett, some time previous to his death; comprehending a period of forty-five years, from the year 1777 to the year 1822 inclusive.

Mr Horner is about to publish an Illustrated Prospectus of his Panoramic View of London from the summit of St. Paul's.

The Rev. W. Buckland is printing a description of what he calls an Antediluvian Den of Hyenas, discovered at Kirkdale in Yorkshire in 1821, containing the remains of the hyena, tiger, bear, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and sixteen other animals, all formerly natives of this country, with a comparative view of many similar caverns and dens in England and Germany.

Researches in the South of Ireland are preparing, illustrative of the scenery, architectural remains, manners, and superstitions, of the peasantry, from personal observations, ancient authorities, and original manuscripts, by T. C. Croker.

Mr Huish intends to publish, in a short time, Letters to my Daughters on the most important Truths of Revelation. The same author has also in the press, Remarks on the Queen Bee, in answer to the "Observations on Bees" of the Rev. Mr Dunbar, of Applegarth.

Mr T. E. Evans is engaged in translating a Collection of the Constitutions, Charters, and Laws, of the various Nations of Europe and of North and South America, with historical sketches of the origin of their liberties and political institutions, from the French of Messrs. P. A. Dufau, J. B. Dowergin, and J. Guadet. The first volume, containing the rise and progress of the governments of France and the Netherlands, will appear very shortly, and the remaining volumes will be published periodically.

The author of "the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed," is preparing the Wonders of Conchology Displayed, with a description of corals, spunges, &c. in a series of letters.

In a few days will be published, Topographical and Historical Sketches of the Boroughs of East and west Looe, in Cornwall, with an account of the natural and artificial curiosities and picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood, by T. Bond.

Granger's Biographical History of England, from Egbert the Great to the Revolution, is reprinting, in six vols. octavo, with the addition of nearly four hundred new lives, communicated expressly for this work to the late Mr. William Richardson, by Horace Walpole Earl of Orford, David Dalrymple Lord Hailes, Sir William Musgrave, Bart. James Bindley, Esq. and several other celebrated collectors and antiquaries.

Don Carlos, a tragedy, translated and rendered into verse, from the German of Schiller, and adapted for the English stage, *is in the press.*

A prospectus has been published of a Map of Hampshire, upon an entirely new principle, and upon a larger scale than any map of the same extent ever before published. It will be accompanied by a complete topographical description of the county, compiled from the best and latest authority, by Mr N. Lipscomb Kentish, of Winchester, civil engineer and surveyor. It will appear in periodical numbers or sheets.

Shortly will be published, in octavo, Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the years 1821 and 1822, by a Field Officer of Cavalry.

Mr John Dunlop, author of the "History of Fiction," has nearly ready for publication, the History of Roman Literature, from the earliest periods to the Augustan Age.

In the course of the present month will appear, a new edition of the Saxon Chronicles, with an English translation, and Notes, critical and explanatory, by the Rev. J. Ingram, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and late Saxon Professor in the University of Oxford.

Sharon Turner, Esq. F. S. A. is about to publish, in quarto, the third volume of his much esteemed and elaborated His-

tory of England, embracing the Middle Ages.

In a few days will appear, Views of Ireland, moral, political, and religious, by J. O'Driscol, Esq.

The third volume of Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay is printing.

The Rev. Mr Dibdin is going to press with a new and enlarged edition of his Introduction to the Classics.

A new work on English Composition is about to appear, entitled, the English Master, or Student's Guide to Reasoning and Composition, by W. Banks.

A Narrative of a Tour through the Morea, giving an account of the present state of the Peninsula and its inhabitants, by Sir William Gell, is just ready for publication.

T. Park, Esq. F.S.A. is engaged on a new edition of Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Early in January will be published, the Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1823.

Mrs Hoffland has in the press a new tale, entitled Integrity.

Shortly will be published, a Letter to the Right Rev. Dr Milner, Catholic Archbishop, on the controversy between Mess. Lawrence, Abernethy, and Rennell, on the subject of the human soul, and on organization.

The State of the Cape of Good Hope in July 1822, will soon be published.

Observations on the Diverse Treatment of Gonorrhœa Virulenta, with particular reference to the use of diuretics, purgatives, and *piper cubeba*, or Java pepper, will soon be republished from the London Medical Repository, with additional remarks by Mr. James Morss Churchill, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

A Series of Views in Spain and Portugal are preparing, to illustrate the "History of the late War in Spain and Portugal," by Robert Southey, Esq. drawn on stone by W. Westall, A.R.A. to consist of three parts, quarto; and part I. containing eight views, illustrative of Vol. I. will be published in January.

A Biographical work is announced, under the title of *the Cambrian Plutarch*, from the pen of Mr. J. H. Parry, editor of "the Cambro-Briton."

Mr. Westall is employed on a series of drawings to illustrate the Sketch-Book.

A poem will make its appearance in a few days, entitled Falearo, or the Neapolitan Liberal. The work is written in cantos, in the stanza of "Don Juan," and containing satirical, humorous, and quizzical remarks, on the principal personages and institutions of Great Britain. The author announces himself as a member of "the Satanic School."

A Spanish quarterly magazine is about to appear, under the title of *Variedades o Mensagero de Londres*, the first number of which is expected to appear in January.

Capt. Franklin and Dr Richardson announce a Narrative of their Overland Journey and Observations, during the late Expedition to the Coasts of the Northern American sea. Nothing has yet been heard of Capt. Parry, who entered the same sea in the spring of 1821.

Dr Thomas is printing a popular volume on the way to preserve Good Health, and on Domestic Medicine.

A work, called *Pharmacopœia Imperialis*, is in the press. It is to consist of a comparative view of the Pharmacopœias of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, in the Latin text, with English notes.

The *Orlando Inamorato*, abridged from Berni, with specimens, will soon be published by W. S. Rose, Esq.

A volume of Essays on the Manners, Habits, and Customs of Bengal, is in preparation.

The fortieth volume of Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, with an Analytical Index for Volumes XXVI. to XL. will be ready for delivery early in January.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations, are preparing for publication, in three volumes.

High-ways and By-ways, or Tales of the Roadside, gathered in the French provinces, by a Walking Gentleman, will soon be published.

Prosings, by a Veteran, or the Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esq. late major in the —— Regiment of Infantry, are printing.

The Theory and Practice of Music, professionally analysed, for the use of the instructor, the amateur, and the student, will soon be published, by J. Nathan, author of the "Hebrew Melodies."

Tales of Old Mr Jefferson, of Gray's Inn, collected by the Young Mr Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn, will soon appear. Series I. will consist of—Mandeville, or the Voyage; the Welch Cottage, or the Woodman's Fire-side; the Creole, or the Negro's Suicide.

In the course of this month will be published, the Second Part of Mr Bohn's Bibliographical, Analytical, and Descriptive Catalogue of Books, comprising above sixty thousand volumes in all languages and classes of literature, accompanied by literary notices.

Proposals are issued for the publication of an uniform edition of the Works of Dr

John Owen, to be edited by T. Cloutt, M.A.

Dr Yates announces a work on the Establishment, Patronage, and Pre-eminence, of the Church Establishment.

Pulpit Orations, Lectures, and Sermons, delivered in the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, by the Rev. E. Irving, A.M. in one volume octavo, are in the press.

The Actress, or Countess and No Countess, a novel, in four volumes, by the author of "Malcolm," "Douglas," &c. will be published in January.

The Noble Pilgrim, a novel, in three volumes, by W. Gardiner, author of "the Story of Pigou," &c.; also, Edward Williamson, a narrative, by the same author, will shortly be published.

Mr Grant, of Crouch End, has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a new edition of his Institutes of Latin Grammar, revised and considerably augmented.

The first part of the Cabinet of Portraits will appear early in January, containing—Burns, engraved by Scriven; Corneille, by Thomson; Schaw, the Linnean Professor, by Cooper; Bishop Sherlock, by Freeman; and the late President West, by Meyer; accompanied by Biographical Sketches, by Robert Scott, author of "the History of the Reign of George the Third." A Part, containing five prints, will appear every month.

A Sequel to the Unpublished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White's, is preparing, by the author of "the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed."

The Antiquities of Free-masonry, comprising illustrations of the five grand periods of masonry, from the creation of the world to the dedication of King Solomon's Temple, will soon be published, by G. Oliver, vicar of Clee.

Memoirs of the Life of Rossini are in the press, with an historical and critical account of his compositions, and an historical sketch of the state of music in Italy, from the beginning of the present century, to the year 1822, or the era of Rossini, by the author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart.

The History and Topography of London and its Environs, to correspond with Pinnock's County Histories, with a map of twenty-five miles round the metropolis, is preparing for publication.

Early in January will be published, Relics of Literature, by S. Collett, A.M. in octavo, with a frontispiece of autographs of eminent characters.

An Introduction to the Hebrew Language, by W. Heinemann, Professor of the Hebrew and German Languages, and author of "the Catechism of Hebrew Grammar," "an Introduction to German Reading," will be published in January.

The Lives of Scottish Poets are entirely completed, and will be ready in a few days, in three volumes, with thirty portraits.

In a few days will be published, with twenty-six Engravings, a Narrative of a Voyage round the World in the Uranie, Capt. Freycinet, dispatched on a scientific expedition by the French government during the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20, in a series of letters to a friend, by J. Arago, draftsman to the expedition.

The Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, translated by W. S. Rose, cantos 1, and 2, foolscap octavo, will soon be published.

EDINBURGH.

A new Poem, entitled A Sabbath among the Mountains, is nearly ready for publication.

Shortly will be published, Collections and Recollections; or, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes, Notices, and Sketches, from various Sources; with Occasional Remarks. By John Stewart, Esq.; post octavo.

J. M. Duncan, A. B., of the University Press, Glasgow, author of "A Sabbath among the Tuscarora Indians," is preparing for publication an account of Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819, intended chiefly to illustrate subjects connected with the Moral, Literary, and Religious condition of the country.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANTIQUITIES.

The Architectural Antiquities of Rome: consisting of Views, Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Ancient Edifices in that City. By G. L. Taylor and Edward Cresy, architects, and Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. 2 vols. folio. £.18.18s.

Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City discovered near Palengue, in the Kingdom of Guatemala. 4to. £.1.8s.

Part I. of a Series of Views of the most Interesting Remains of the Ancient Castles of England and Wales; with Engravings and Historical Descriptions. By E. W. Brayley, jun.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Revived Architecture of Italy. Selected from Palaces, Churches, and other Edifices. By G. L. Taylor and Edward Cresy, architects. Nos. I. and II. imperial folio, containing 7 plates, and 10 pages of letter-press. £.1 11 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Albin's Catalogue of Books. Part II. 1s.

C. Baldwyn's Classed Catalogue of Second-hand Books for 1823. 1s.

C. Baldwyn's Catalogue of Portraits, &c. for illustration. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Mrs Bennis. By her husband. 12mo. 5s.

The Life of John Goodwin, M.A. By Thomas Jackson. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Napoleon Anecdotes. Edited by W. H. Ireland. No. III. 2s. 6d. (to be continued monthly,) with a portrait of Marie-Louise.

DRAMA.

The Duke d'Ormond, a Tragedy; and Beritola, a Tale. By Charles Lloyd, jun. foolcap. 8vo. 8s.

King Edward and Queen Marguerite, a Tragic Poem.

EDUCATION.

The Practical Book-keeper, or Merchant's Assistant; being a comprehensive Method of Book-keeping, founded on the Real Practice of the Counting-house. By George Wilson. 8vo. 5s.

Letters from a Lady to her Niece; containing Practical Hints intended to direct the Female Mind in the Pursuit of Attainments conducive to Virtue and Happiness. 18mo. 2s.

Sunday Stories. By Dennis Lawler. 2s. 6d. boards.

Annals of the Family of M'Roy. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1s.

ENGRAVINGS.

A Series of Portraits of Eminent Historical Characters introduced in the "Novels and Tales" of the Author of Waverley: with Biographical Notices. No. VII.: containing Graham of Claverhouse, Rob Roy, Prince Charles, King James. 12mo. 8s., 8vo. 10s.

FINE ARTS.

Thirty-two Plates to illustrate the Poems of Crabbe. Small 8vo. £.2 2s.

Six New Coloured Plates, illustrative of the Researches and Operations of G. Belzoni, in Egypt, &c. folio. £.1 5s.

No. XXV. of the British Gallery of Contemporary Portraits; with Biographical Notices, &c.

The Forest Illustrated, in a Series of Lithographic Drawings by Calvert. Folio. No. I. 10s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Museum Africanum, being Vol. II. of the Select Museum of Nature and Art: exhibiting, in a brief but comprehensive manner, the principal Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties, of Africa, interspersed with entertaining Narratives, Anecdotes, Original Observations and Descriptions, illustrative of the Customs, Manners, &c. of the Natives of that portion of the Globe. By Charles Hulbert.

GEOLOGY.

A Succinct Account of the Lime Rocks of Plymouth. By the Rev. R. Hennah, 8vo. 12s.

HISTORY.

A History of England, from the first Invasion by the Romans, to the End of George III., with Conversations at the end of each Chapter. By Mrs. Markham. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

Pignotti's History of Tuscany. Translated from the Italian by J. Browning, Esq. 4 vol. 8vo. £.2 8s.

Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots, with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry II. by Miss Benger. 2 vols. 8vo. £1 4s.

Dodsley's Annual Register for 1821, 8vo. 16s.

The First Volume of a History of the late War in Spain and Portugal. By R. Southey, Esq. 4to. £.2 10s.

Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution. By W. D. Robinson. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 4s.

MEDICINE.

A Lecture, in which the Nature and Properties of Oxalic Acid are contrasted with those of Epsom Salts, &c. By Robert Venables, M.B. 2s. 6d.

A View of the Structure, Functions, and Disorders, of the stomach. By Thomas Hare, F.L.S. 8vo. 12s.

Practical Observations on the Symptoms and Treatment of some of the most Common Diseases of the Lower Intestines. By John Howship. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Address to Parents on the present State of Vaccination. 3s.

Practical Observations on the Treatment and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption. By Sir Alex. Crichton. 8vo. 8s.

Illustrations of the Enquiry respecting Tuberculous Diseases. By John Baron, M. D. 8vo. 15s.

A Treatise on Dislocations and on Fractures of the Joints. 4to. £.1 11. 6d.

A Treatise on the Radical Cure of Hernia. By W. Dufour. 5s.

History and Method of Cure of the various species of Palsy. By John Cooke. 8vo. 8s.

Dr Faithhorn on Diseases of the Liver and Biliary System; comprehending those various, extensive, and often complicated, Disorders of the Digestive, Internal Organs, and Nervous System, originating from these Spurces: the fifth edition, with an Appendix of Cases, illustrative of the principles of Treatment. 8vo. 9s. boards.

MISCELLANIES.

The Retrospective Review. No. XII. 5s.

A Second Series of the Curiosities of Literature. By J. d'Israeli, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. £.1 1 16s.

A Memoir of the Operations of the Allied Armies under Prince Schwartzenberg and Marshall Blucher, in 1813-14. By a general officer. 8vo. £.1 1 1s.

A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alghieri. 8vo. 18s.

Fifteen Years in India, or Sketches of a Soldier's Life. 8vo. 14s.

Sketches of Field Sports, as followed by the Natives of India. By Daniel Johnson. 8vo. 8s.

The Spirit of Buncle, or the Surprising Adventures of John Buncle, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

The Bride's Tragedy. By Thomas Lovell Beddoes. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

An Introduction to the Study of Conchology. By Samuel Brooks, F.L.S. 4to. £.3 1 10s.

Ude's French Cook. Seventh edition. 14s.

The Magic Lantern. 2s.

The Golden Ass, and Philosophical Works of Apuleius. Translated by Thos. Taylor, Esq. 8vo. 15s.

Essays on the Love, the Poetry, and the Character, of Petrarch. 8vo. 12s.

Authentic Records of the Guild Merchant of Preston, in the County of Lancaster, in 1822. By J. Wilcockson. 8vo. Plates, 6s.

The Cottager's Manual for the Management of his Bees for every Month in the Year. By Robert Huish, Esq. 12mo. 3s. boards.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

German Popular Stories, translated from the Kinder and Hansmarchen of M. M. Grimm. With an Introduction and Notes. and 12 plates by G. Cruikshank. 12mo. 7s.

Isabella, by the author of Rhoda. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1 4s.

Man, or Anecdotes National and Individual. By Mary Ann Hedge. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

A Threatening Letter from Douglas (the author of No Fiction) to Le Fevre, with Le Fevre's Reply. 8vo.

The Story of Pigou, a Malay Boy. By W. Gardiner. 2s.

The Fortnight's Visit: containing original, moral, and interesting Tales. By W. Gardiner. 2s.

Original Tales from My Landlord. By W. Gardiner. 2s.

The Lollards, a Tale, 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1 1s.

The Percy Anecdotes. Part 37. Ingenuity. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Who is the Bridegroom? or Nuptial Discoveries. By Mrs Green. 3vols. 16s. 6d.

Moscow, or the Grandsire, an Historical Tale. 3 vols. 18s.

A New England Tale, reprinted from the second American edition. 12mo. 6s.

Tales of my Father and my Friends. 12mo.

POETRY.

The Enchanted Flute, with other Poems; and Fables from La Fontaine. By E. P. Wolferstan. 8vo.

The Press, or Literary Chit-Chat. A Satire. Foolscap 8vo.

The Temple of Truth, an Allegorical Poem. 8vo.

The Vale of Apperley, and other Poems. 8vo. 6s.

An Ode on the Death of Napoleon Bonaparte; Lines on the Neapolitans, and other Poems. 8vo. 3s.

The Story of our First Parents, selected from Milton's Paradise Lost. By Mrs Siddons. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Zaphna; or the Amulet, a Poem. By Isabel Hill. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. sewed.

The Beauties of Scottish Poets, Ancient and Modern. No. I. 8d.

Rogvald, an Epic Poem. By J. E. Pennie. 8vo. 12s.

The Goldfinch, or Pleasing Vocal Companion. 2s. 6d.

Poetic Pastime. 12mo. 6s.

Clontarf, a Poem. By W. H. Drummond.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. G. Crabbe. 5 vols. 8vo. £.2 12 6d. 8 vols. foolscap 8vo. £.2.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter on the Present State and Future prospects of Agriculture. By W. Whitmore, Esq. M.P. 2s. 6d.

Sketch of a Simple, Original, and Practical Plan, for suppressing Mendicity, abolishing the present System of Taxation, and ameliorating the Condition of the Lower Classes of Society.

REPRINTS.

Sir Robert Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, or Court of Queen Elizabeth. A new edition; corrected by the original MSS. With Notes, and a Life of Naunton; eight protraits. Small 8vo. 12s. 6d.; demy, £1 1s.

The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Samuel Butler. With notes by R. Thyer. Part II. Six plates. 8vo. 9s. royal 8vo. 18s.

STATISTICS.

An Accurate Table of the Population of the British Empire in 1821; specifying all the Cities and Boroughs in Great Britain, with every other Parish or Place containing Two Thousand Inhabitants or Upwards, &c. Printed on double demy paper, 5s. or on fine paper, of a very large size, 7s.

THEOLOGY.

Friday Evening, or an Attempt to prove that we are now Living in the Sixth Day of the Millenary Week. 1s. 6d.

Sermons, selected and abridged from the Works of Archbishop Tillotson. By the Rev. J. Dakins. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1.

A Sermon, preached at Rochester at the Visitation of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Chart of the Episcopacy of England and Wales, on a roller. £.1 1s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Reading Guide and Berkshire Directory for 1823.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Narrative of the Expedition to Dongola and Sennaar. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

A Journey to Two of the Oases of Upper Egypt. By Sir Archibald Edmonstone. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Historical and Topographical Essay upon the Islands of Corfu, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante. By William Goodison, A.B. 8vo. 12s.

Letters from Mecklenburgh and Holstein. By George Downes, A.B. 10s. 6d.

Notes during a Visit to Mount Sinai. By Sir Frederick Henniker, bart.

EDINBURGH.

Peveril of the Peak, by the Author of Waverley, Kenilworth, &c. 4 vols. post octavo. £.2 2s. boards.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Vol. XVIII. Part I. *Sixth Edition*, Revised, Corrected, and Improved, Illustrated by nearly six hundred Engravings. 16s. January 1823.

History of the European Languages; or, Researches into the Affinities of the Teutonic, Greek, Celtic, Sclavonic, and Indian Nations. By the late Alexander Murray, D.D. Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. With a Life of the Author. In two handsome volumes. 8vo. £.1 8s. boards.

An Abridgment of all the Statutes now in force, relative to the Revenue of Excise in Great Britain, Methodically Arranged and Alphabetically Digested. The *Fourth Edition*. Revised and brought down to the end of the year 1822. By James Huie, Collector of Excise. 8vo. £.1 10s. boards.

Illustrations of British Ornithology, Series First—Land Birds. By J. P. Selby, Esq. of Twissel House, Northumberland, Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh. No. 5. Consisting of Twelve Plates; the subjects drawn from Nature, and etched in a superior manner by the Author. In Elephant folio. £.1 11 6d. plain, and £.5 5s. coloured.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Gordon, M.D. F.R.S.E. Late Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in Edinburgh. By Daniel Ellis, F.R.S.E. &c. &c. Foolscap octavo. With Portrait, 6s. boards.

Essays, Descriptive and Moral; connected with Scenes chiefly in Italy. By an American. Post octavo. 8s. bds.

Ladies' Fancy Pattern Book, containing Fifty-one Engraved Ornamental Designs for Needle-work, with Directions for using them.

A Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Advocate, proposing a Means of procuring, (by Act of Parliament,) Subjects for the Instruction of Medical Students, whereby the present Barbarous System of Raising the Dead will be effectually prevented; the Celebrity of our Medical Schools promoted; a permanent Fund be acquired for the Burial of the Poor; and the Admission to Hospitals extended to all; whilst the demands for supporting Charity Work-houses will be diminished, and the State and Morals of all Classes ameliorated. 6d.

The Entail, or The Lairds of Grippy. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1s. bds.

The Edinburgh University Journal, and Critical Review. No. I. 6d.—to be continued weekly.

Poems and Songs, By John Goldie. Foolscap octavo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Index to the Decisions of the Court of Session, contained in all the Original Collections, and in Mr Morison's Dictionary of Decisions. 4to. £.3 3s. boards.

The Aberdeen Almanack and Northern Register for 1823. 4s. 3d. bound in red, carefully corrected to the day of publication.

Christian Theology, or, a Connected

View of the Scheme of Christianity, in which the Facts and Statements of Scripture are examined, and the Doctrines and Inferences, deducible from them, illustrated and enforced. By the Rev. James Esdaile, Minister of the East Church Parish of Perth. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The History of Scotland, from the Invasion of the Romans till the Union with England; with a Supplementary Narrative of the Rebellion in 1715 and 1745: together with Sketches illustrative of the National Institutions of the Scots, the progress of Education and Literature, Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce. With Six Hundred Questions as Exercises. By Daniel Macintosh. The Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Dr Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, No. XIII. "On the Evils and Difficulties attending even the best State of Scottish Pauperism." 1s.

No. XIV. "On the likeliest means for the abolition of Pauperism in England," will be published in February. This Number will contain Dr Chalmers' First Essay on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism in England, and is designed to exhibit the evils, and point out the means for effecting its abolition.

Memoirs of Timothy Dwight, 18mo. Fine, 2s. bds. Common, 1s. 3d. sewed.

Baxter's Compassionate Counsel to Young Men. New Edition, 1s.

The Perseverance and Success of Messiah, in promoting the Submission of Mankind to his Government by the Agency of the Gospel. By the Rev. William Logan, Lesmahago. 1s.

Memoir of the late Mrs Paterson, wife of the Rev. Dr Paterson, St Petersburgh, containing Extracts from her Diary and Correspondence. By the Rev. William Swan, Missionary, Selinginsk. 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Active Goodness beautifully exemplified in the Life and Labours of the Rev. Thomas Gouge, of London. 6d.

Macneil; or, The Scottish Orphans: A Story. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

Thornton Hall; or, Six Months at School. (Dedicated to Mrs Barbauld.) By the Author of a "Visit to Edinburgh." 2s. 6d. half bound.

The Edinburgh Almanack; or Universal Scots and Imperial Register, for 1823; 5s. bound in red, or 4s. 6d. sewed; carefully corrected to the day of publication.

Embarrassments affecting the Interests of Agriculture. By George Skene Keith, D.D. Minister of Tulliallan. 2s.

The Chorister; being a Choice Selection of the most admired Psalm and Hymn Tunes, in Four Parts: to which is prefixed, a most complete Introduction to the Art of Singing. By James Davie. 4s.

The Glasgow Commercial Memorandum-Book, or Daily Remembrancer for 1823: comprising a Correct Diary for Memorandums, Appointments, Bills Payable or Receivable, and all Cash Transactions; and a Table (calculated expressly for this Work) showing the time of High Water at Glasgow, Moon's Age, &c.; with a variety of Useful Mercantile Information. Printed on Superfine Yellow Wove Foolscap, and neatly done up, with Tuck and Pockets. 4s.

An Examination of Mr Owen's Plan for relieving Public Distress, removing Discontent, and "recreating the Character of man;" shewing that they are directly calculated to root out all the virtuous affections of the human mind, and to destroy all that is valuable in the institutions, the manners, and the laws of human society. Dedicated to the patronage and perusal of those Gentlemen of Lanarkshire who, by a vote of the Country, declared themselves Mr Owen's coadjutors. By Jasper Beatson, L.L.B. 2s.

Report of Trial of the Issues in the Action of Damages for Libel in the Beacon, Jas. Gibson, of Ingliston, Esq. Clerk to the Signet, Pursuer, against Duncan Stevenson, Printer in Edinburgh, Defender. Taken in Short-hand. 3s.

Memoirs of George Heriot, Jeweller to King James VI.; with an Historical Account of the Hospital founded by him at Edinburgh. Handsomely printed in Foolscap 8vo. with Engravings. 7s. 6d. boards.

An Address to the Conductors of the Periodical Press, upon Religious and Political Controversy; in which their attention is called to the marked distinction betwixt the Local and the General meaning of certain Words and Terms—such as Knowledge, Wealth, Christian, Infidel, Excessive Population, National Distress, Radical Reform, &c. By Abram Combe, Edinburgh. 1s. 6d.

Observations on the Present State of Landed Property, and on the Prospects of the Landholder and the Farmer. By David Low, Esq. 2s. 6d.

A Catalogue of Books, now on Sale, at the Prices affixed, (comprehending, among others, the Library of the late Professor Ogilvie, of King's College.) By Alexander Brown, and Co. Booksellers, Aberdeen. 2s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.—The insulting propositions (noticed in our last Number) said to have been made by France to Spain, as the price of peace, have been decidedly contradicted, and the subsequent policy of the former Government proves that they were fabricated. The war party in the French council of ministers has been overcome by the advocates of peace, through the help of the King, who presided over their deliberations, and decided, it seems, in favour of the smaller party. The previous arguments of the Duke of Wellington, it is supposed, powerfully assisted the minority on this occasion, in producing the King's decision. But though the determination was against a war, it can scarcely be considered as decisively in favour of peace. The contest took place at a cabinet council on Christmas-day, when M. de Montmorency, minister of foreign affairs, who was one of the representatives of France at Verona, and was created a Duke immediately on his return from the Congress, as a reward for his services at that place, produced a paper of instructions to the French Ambassador at Madrid, in conformity with the decision of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and his own views with regard to Spain, and which contained a list of the changes required by the members of the Holy Alliance in the constitution of Spain, and the conduct of its present rulers; and spoke decisively of the immediate effect of a refusal. The president of the council, M. de Villele, the head of the pacific party, produced a paper of a more moderate character; and after a full discussion, the King preferred the latter, which was accordingly dispatched to Madrid on the 26th, and, for the public satisfaction, was inserted in the Moniteur: as follows:—

"The President of the Council of Ministers, charged *ad interim* with the Department for Foreign Affairs, to the Count de la Garde, his Majesty's Minister at Madrid.

"Me le Comte.—As your political situation may be changed, in consequence of the resolutions adopted at Verona, French candour requires, that you should be directed to make known the views of the Government of his most Christian Majesty to the Government of his Catholic Majesty. Since the revolution which took place in Spain in April 1820, France, notwithstanding the dangers which that revolution presented for her, carefully endeavoured to draw close the bonds which unite the two Kings, and to maintain the relations which exist between the two nations. But the influence under which the changes in the Spanish monarchy were brought about, has become more powerful in consequence of the very results of these changes, as it was easy to be foreseen. A constitution which King Ferdinand, on resuming the crown, neither recognised nor accepted, was imposed on him by a military insurrection. The natural consequence of this transaction has been, that each dissatisfied Spaniard considers himself authorised to seek, by some means, the establishment of an order of things more in harmony with his opinions and principles. The employment of force has created the right of force. Hence the movements of the Guards at Madrid, and the appearance of armed corps in different parts of Spain. The provinces bordering on France have been chiefly the theatre of the civil war. Thus it has become necessary for France to protect herself from this state of disorder in the Peninsula. The events which have occurred since the establishment of an army of observation at the foot of the Pyrenees, have sufficiently justified the foresight of his Majesty's Government. Meanwhile, the Congress, which, since last year, had been looked to for deciding on the affairs of Italy, assembled at Verona. As an integral part of this Congress, France was bound to explain herself with respect to the armaments to which she had been compelled to have recourse, and to the manner in which she might eventually employ them. The precautions of France appeared just to her allies, and the continental powers adopted the resolution of uniting with her, to aid her (if there ever should be occasion) in maintaining her dignity and tranquillity. France would be satisfied with a resolution at once so benevolent and so honourable with respect to her; but Austria, Prussia, and Russia, judged it necessary to add to the particular act of alliance a manifestation of their sentiments. Diplomatic notes are for that purpose addressed by these three powers to their respective Ministers at Madrid, who will communicate them to the Spanish Government, and in their ulterior conduct follow the orders which they

shall have received from their courts. For your part, M. le Comte, in giving these explanations to the cabinet of Madrid, you will declare to it, that his Majesty's Government is intimately united with its allies in the firm resolution to repel by every means revolutionary principles and movements; that it equally concurs with its allies in the wishes which they form, that a remedy may be found by the noble Spanish nation itself for these evils—evils which are of a nature to disturb the governments of Europe, and to impose on them precautions which always must be painful. You will, in particular, take care to make known, that the people of the Peninsula, restored to tranquillity, will find in their neighbours faithful and sincere friends. You will, therefore, give to the cabinet of Madrid the assurance, that the succours of every kind which France can dispose of in favour of Spain, will always be offered to her, for the purpose of assuring her happiness, and increasing her prosperity; but you will at the same time declare, that France will in no respect relax the preservatory measures which she has adopted, while Spain continues to be torn by factions. His Majesty's Government will not even hesitate to recal you from Madrid, and to seek guarantees in more efficacious measures, if its essential interests continue to be compromised, and if it lose the hope of an amelioration, which it takes a pleasure in expecting, from the sentiments which have so long united Spaniards and Frenchmen in love for their kings, and for a wise liberty. Such are, M. le Comte, the instructions which the King has ordered me to submit to you, at the moment in which the notes of the cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and St Petersburgh, are about to be presented to the cabinet of Madrid. These instructions will serve to make known to you the views and the determination of the French Government on this momentous occurrence. You are authorised to communicate this dispatch, and to furnish a copy of it, if it be demanded.

"*Paris, Dec.* 25, 1822."

When the determination of the King was declared, preferring the above letter to that of the Duke of Montmorency, the latter took from his pocket a paper containing his resignation, and the reasons why he could no longer remain in the ministry. He stated, that, in compliance with his Majesty's commands, he had attended the Congress at Verona; that, after having obtained the consent of the continental part of the Holy Alliance, he returned to Paris, not only as the Minister of the King, but, in a certain sense, as the representative of that alliance; that the note which had been rejected, contained the views which he had engaged at Verona to support; and that having thus failed in convincing his Majesty of its wisdom, he would be betraying the confidence reposed in him by his Majesty's august allies, if he continued in a situation where he could not fulfil the understanding to which they had mutually come. His Majesty received this paper, and in the course of the evening sent a message to the Minister, accepting his resignation; and an ordinance to that effect was signed by the King on the same night, and published in the *Monitcur* of the 27th. It charges M. de Villele, *ad interim*, with the office of Foreign Affairs. On the 28th, another ordinance received the royal signature, and was published in the *Moniteur* of the following day, constituting the Viscount Chateaubriand, late ambassador to the Court of London, and also one of the French Ministers to the Congress of Verona, to the vacant office. M. de Chateaubriand, the personal friend of the Duke of Wellington, it is understood, entertained sentiments, with regard to Spanish affairs, coincident with those of his Grace, and did not strongly second the warlike views of his colleague, at the Congress. M. de Montmorency, on his retirement, has been graced with the nominal title of Minister of State and Member of the Privy Council, to which effect an ordinance was published at the same time as that announcing the appointment of his successor. The ambassadors of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, dispatched extraordinary couriers to Madrid, at the same time the above French note was sent off; and it was understood that these couriers were the bearers of the separate declarations of the above-named three powers resolved upon in Congress.

Here the question at present rests, but, in the meantime, both parties are preparing for a trial of strength; and the French papers inform us, that the continuance of peace will still depend on the answer returned by the Spanish Government to the representations made to it by France.

PORTUGAL.—The ordinary Cortes of Portugal assembled on the 1st December. The King made an effort to attend in person, but an indisposition, by which he had been for some days oppressed, became so severe as to compel his Majesty to absent himself, and to commit the perusal of his speech to a Minister. The speech contains no distinct allusion whatever to the state of foreign affairs. The answer of the President is equally [illegible] on this point. The omission, however, is compensated by the article, professing to be official, in a Madrid paper, which

states, that an alliance, offensive and defensive, has been actually settled between Spain and Portugal, under which Portugal is to dispatch immediately a corps of 8000 picked troops to the assistance of the Spaniards—this force to be increased as occasion may require.

In the sitting of the Cortes of the 4th, a report was made on a dispatch from the Minister for the Home Department, in which the Congress was informed, that the Queen, having refused to take the oath to the Constitution of the Monarchy, the King had resolved on carrying into execution the decree of the Cortes, ordaining that whoever shall refuse to swear to the Constitution, shall quit the kingdom, and renounce the rights of a Portuguese citizen. But that the Queen having represented that her delicate health would not permit her to travel without endangering her life, and the physicians of her household having consulted together, and unanimously declared that her life would actually be endangered if she were compelled, in her present state, to undertake a journey either by sea or by land—his Majesty issued a decree, commanding the Queen to retire to the Quinta de Ramalhao with the necessary attendants, but refusing her request to be allowed to take along with her the Infantas, the daughters: adding, that this retirement in the Quinta de Ramalhao should continue until the state of her health might permit her to travel beyond the kingdom.

ITALY.—*Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.*—A dreadful eruption of Vesuvius took place on the 21st of October last, and continued with little intermission till the 30th. In the course of that time, the greatest terror prevailed among the inhabitants in the vicinity. Torrents of lava flowed down the mountain in various directions, in several places more than a mile broad. The showers of ashes darkened the sky, and fell even in the streets of Naples. The eruption of stones was frequent; and the sounds which issued from the mountain were frightful. The damage, however, done by the eruption, was not so considerable as the dreadful and menacing appearances of the mountain gave cause to apprehend. Portici and the Torre del Greco suffered no other than that arising from showers of lapillo and ashes. about twenty moggia of land moggia is a Neapolitan mea to about four-fifths of an From the Torre del Greco, del Annunziata, the road was to the depth of two feet, with la fine ashes. The Torre del Annunziata suffered most; all its finely-cultivated lands were covered with a very thick stratum of lapillo and ashes. Near Ottalano, about forty or fifty moggia of wood were consumed. The eruption, on the whole, is considered by people who have been eye-witnesses to all three, as superior in grandeur to that of 1794, and almost equal to that of 1779, which Sir William Hamilton described so particularly.

GREECE AND TURKEY.—Recent advices state, that the Greeks have again succeeded in setting fire to a Turkish fleet at Tenedos. It appears that the Capitaine Pacha's ship, of 84 guns, was attacked on the evening of the 10th November, by three ships belonging to Ipsara, by whom a fire-vessel was drifted against their opponent, which was completely successful; and the result was the blowing up of the Turkish Admiral's ship, and the destruction of the whole of her crew. Two Ottoman frigates were also driven on shore, but their crews were saved, and one brig was captured. But this brilliant action is not the only success of the Greeks.

Omer Vrioni has experienced a signal defeat at Missolonghi, the consequence of which, it is said, will be the liberation of Western Greece from all hostile attack, till the expiration of the winter.

Letters from Trieste, dated the 6th ultimo, speak of the altered tone of the British Government towards the Greeks, as shewn in the conduct of the British officers. An English frigate had arrived near the castle of the Morea, and the captain, after giving a superb entertainment to the public authorities, assured them, that, in future, the Greeks would not be molested by the English in their efforts to effect the liberation of their country. Advices had likewise been received from the Ionian Islands, stating that the exportation of every description of warlike stores was permitted to all parts of Greece.

At Constantinople, there has been a complete change of Ministry. The Grand Vizier and the Mufti have been deposed, and Haleb Effendi, long the Sultan's favourite, has been exiled. These changes originated in a mutiny of the Janissaries, who, discontented at the reduction of the current coin, ran tumultuously through the streets, and surrounded the Seraglio, where they uttered menaces against the object of their hatred, Haleb Effendi, and against the Sultan himself. The Sultan would have appeased the tumult by profusely distributing money amongst them; and Haleb Effendi would even have given up his treasures under these circumstances. The Grand Vizier, whose head

the revolters demanded, as well as that of Haleb Effendi, was for calling into Constantinople the Asiatic troops, encamped at Budjuck-dere, and commanded by Ibrahim Pacha. Sultan Mahmoud was resolved to convince himself, with his own eyes, of the truth or falsehood of the complaints. He traversed the streets of Constantinople on the 9th, in the strictest incognito. He spoke with several persons who met him; the information which he obtained on this occasion, decided his purpose. In the same night, the Grand Vizier, Salih Pacha, and the Mufti, both creatures of Haleb Effendi, were deposed, and the seals of the empire given to Abdallah Pacha, who latterly commanded the army stationed at Scutari. The vacant place of Mufti was given to Sidke Sadi, a member of the body of Ulemas, who, as President of the conferences, was present at all the negociations of Lord Strangford with the Turkish Ministry. Haleb Effendi himself received orders on the 10th, in the afternoon, to leave the capital. Capidgi Buschi accompanied him to Brussa, where he is to await his further destiny.

ASIA.

EARTHQUAKE IN SYRIA.—The following account of the dreadful earthquakes which desolated some of the finest cities in Syria, is written by Mr Barker, the British Consul at Aleppo:—

"*Near the ruins of Antioch, Sept.* 13, 1822.

"It has fallen to my lot to relate the particulars of an event that has thrown most of the families of this part of Syria into sorrow and mourning, and all into the greatest difficulty and distress. On the 13th August, at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, Aleppo, Antioch, Idlit, Ritro, Giperstrogr, Darcourh, Armenos; —every village, and every detached cottage in this Pachalic, and some towns in the adjoining ones, were, in ten or twelve seconds, entirely ruined by an earthquake, and are become heaps of stones and rubbish, in which, at the lowest computation, 20,000 human beings, about a tenth of the population, were destroyed, and an equal number maimed or wounded. The extreme points where this terrible phenomenon was violent enough to destroy the edifices, seem to be Diabekir and Marhah, (twelve leagues south of Latachin,) Aleppo and Scanderoon, Killis and Khan Shekoon. All within these points have suffered so nearly equal, except Orfa and Latachin, which have not suffered much, that is impossible to fix a central point. The shock was sensibly felt at Damascus, Adena, and Cyprus. To the east of Diabekir and north of Killis, I am not well informed how far the effect extended in these radii of the circle.

"The shock was felt so violently at sea, within two leagues of Cyprus, that it was thought the ship had grounded. Flashes of fire were perceived at various times throughout the night, resembling the light of the full moon; but at no place, to my knowledge, has it left a chasm to any extent, although, in the low grounds, slight crevices are every where to be seen, and out of many of them water issued, but soon subsided. There was nothing remarkable in the weather, or state of the atmosphere. Edifices on the summits of the highest mountains were not safer than those on the banks of the rivers, of on the beach of the sea. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the scenes of horror that were simultaneously passing on the dreadful night of August 13. The awful darkness—the continuance of the most violent shocks at short intervals—the crash of falling walls —the shrieks, the groans, the accents of agony and despair of that long night, cannot be described. When at length the morning dawned, and the return of light permitted the people to quit the spot on which they had been providentially saved, a most affecting scene ensued.—You might have seen many unaccustomed to pray, some prostrate, some on their knees adoring their Maker, others running into each other's arms, rejoicing in their existence. An air of cheerfulness and brotherly love animated every countenance.

"In a public calamity, in which the Turk, the Jew, the Christian, the Idolator were indiscriminate victims or objects of the care of an impartial Providence, every one forgot for a time his religious animosities, and what was a still more universal feeling in that joyful moment, every one looked upon the heaviest losses with the greatest indifference. But as the sun's rays increased in intensity, they were gradually reminded of the wants of shelter and of food, and became at length alive, to the full extent, of the dreary prospect before them, for a greater mass of human misery has not been often produced by any of the awful convulsions of nature. A month has now elapsed, and the shocks continue to be felt, and to strike terror into every breast night and day. The fear that they may not cease before the rainy season commences, has induced those whose business cannot allow of their quitting the ruins of their towns, instead of rebuilding their houses, to construct temporary hovels of wood without the walls; and many families, who though

themselves, before this calamity, straitly lodged in a dozen of apartments, now exult in the prospect of passing the winter in a single room twenty feet square. The spacious mansion that has been the residence of the British Consul at Aleppo for two hundred and thirty years, is completely ruined. The houses of all the other public agents, and private European inhabitants, at Aleppo, have been entirely ruined. At Aleppo the Jews suffered the most, on account of their quarter being badly built, with narrow lanes; of a population of less than three thousand souls, six hundred were lost. Of the Europeans, only one person of note, Signor Esdra di Picciotto, the Austrian Consul-General, and ten or twelve women and children, perished. But the greater part are now suffering from ophthalmia and dysentery, occasioned by exposure to the excessive heats by day and to the cold dews of night. When it is considered that two-thirds of the families in Aleppo have neither the means of making a long journey to remove to a town out of the effect of the earthquake, nor of building a shed to keep off the rain, it is impossible to conceive all the misery to which they are doomed the ensuing winter, "or ever to find more deserving objects of the compassion and charity of the opulent," who it has "pleased God to place in happier regions of the globe." Here planks and fuel are cheap, and the people have the resource of tiles, which they were taught to make during their long residence at Antioch; but at Aleppo, where wood is very dear, they have no contrivance to keep out the rain, but freestone walls and flat roofs, made of a very expensive cement."

"*September* 20.

"I am sorry to say, that shocks of the earthquake continue to be felt to this day, the 30th after the principal shock; and no change has taken place in the state of desolation which that dreadful catastrophe has produced.

"*October* 18.

"Until the 9th inst. slight shocks of earthquakes continued to be felt; since that day, they have entirely ceased, but confidence in a continuance of safety from that dreadful calamity is not restored."

"*Levant Co.'s Office, Dec.* 19, 1822.

"In addition to the communication made to you yesterday [illegible] earthquakes in Syria, I beg to acquaint you further, that Mr Consul [illegible] reports, under the date of the 19th [illegible], (being the day after the date of the latest extract published) as follows:—

"At half-past five, P. M., a violent shock of an earthquake has destroyed all our hopes of its being terminated.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
"G. LIDDLE."

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—The Congress of the United States assembled on the 3d of December, on which occasion, the customary message from the President was read. A great part of this message is occupied with the internal condition of the United States, of which the President gives the most satisfactory account. The public revenue is said to be flourishing, as also the trade and manufactures of the country. Great progress has been made in the fortifications along the coast, and in the establishment of national armories and arsenals, it being laid down as a principle, that, in order to avoid war, they ought to be prepared for it.

The most important part of the message is that which relates generally to the unsettled state of the world, and to the policy which, in their circumstances, it most befits America to pursue. With regard to the independent states of South America, a hope is expressed that the mother country will open her eyes to the folly of protracting an unavailing struggle in that quarter, and will enter into the views of the United States in recognising the independence of those colonies. But whatever may be her views on this point, no change, it is intimated, will be made in the policy adopted by America to these states.

The war between the Greeks and Turks is mentioned. The highest sympathy is expressed for the suffering Greeks, and an earnest hope that they will succeed in recovering their independence. With regard, also, to Spain and Portugal, the President assumes a decided tone. He speaks of the revolution in those countries as a great effort for the improvement of the people; he also commends the moderation with which it has been conducted. On the whole, he concludes, from the present aspect of things in Europe and elsewhere, that the United States ought to be on their guard, lest, with every disposition to preserve peace, war may overtake them, as it did before, in an unprepared state.

The late commercial arrangements which have been made with this country are also adverted to. It is well known, that, by our navigation laws, the vessels of the United States were most unwisely excluded from the trade of our colonies: to this America replied by a similar pro-

vision, that from whatever part of our colonies American vessels were excluded, British vessels from the same port should be excluded from the United States—that if we relaxed these provisions, they would relax also—and that it was in our own power either to have a free trade or a restricted trade—or to have our trade restricted to any extent we choose. The American law was strictly retaliatory; it reflected back upon us the exact image of our own policy: and its effect has happily been to shew us the extreme folly of two great commercial states contending with each other in these petty restrictions. Great Britain, by her late acts, has wisely relaxed the rigour of her navigation laws, and America has consequently taken off the corresponding restrictions she had laid on British navigation and commerce. It is grateful to see the progress of this liberal policy between two enlightened nations, who may be the cause either of much mischief or of much good to each other; but who, we hope, warned by past experience, will hereafter exist, not for animosity and strife, but for the more amiable purposes of mutual benevolence and peace.

MEXICO.—By recent accounts from Havannah, it appears that Mexico is still in a disturbed state. Addresses had been presented to the Emperor Iturbide from various public bodies in Mexico, complaining violently of the oppressions experienced by the people under his Government, and upbraiding him with having violated his oaths made in the most solemn manner in the presence of the Congress of the empire. They represent the country as sinking fast into ruin, and express their determination to restore it to liberty, or perish in the attempt.

Acounts from Vera Cruz, dated the 11th of the preceding month, state, that the Imperial troops which were sent to Guatamala had been completely routed, and that, in consequence, another army, composed of 2000 men, under the command of General Rencon, was to march in that direction. It was, however, thought they would experience the same fate, as the Guatamelians appeared determined not to be imperialists, but republicans.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Lima Gazettes have arrived to the 3d of July. Besides the details of the occupation of the city and kingdom of Quito by the united forces of Peru and of Columbia, which success was already known to the public by advices by way of the West Indies, they mention, that disputes had again arisen among the commanders of the Spanish forces, and that Generals Canterac and Valdes, with their partizans, who were principally active in deposing the late Viceroy, Pezuela, had attempted to remove from his command General Ramirez, the Governor of the province of Arequipa, an officer much looked up to and respected among the Spaniards. General San Martin had taken advantage of these circumstances to address a proclamation to the soldiers of the Spanish army, pointing out the hopelessness of the cause they were engaged in, and promising those who should abandon the Royalist standard, if natives of Old Spain, a safe conveyance thither, and, if Americans, permission to retire to their homes, or to join, if they so chose, the army of the Independents. The proclamation was to be followed directly by an expedition intended to land near Arequipa, in the heart of the enemy's country, composed of the troops returned from Quito, assisted by their Columbian allies. It was expected that the Congress would be opened on the 28th of July.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

DECEMBER.

2.—*Salisbury Craggs.*—Last week the Lords of the Second Division of the Court of Session pronounced judgment in the process of declarator, at the instance of the Officers of State, for the interest of the Crown, against the Earl of Haddington. In this process, the pursuers maintained, that the defender was not entitled, by virtue of the rights he had to the Royal domains surrounding the Palace of Holyrood, to sell, quarry, or take away stones from Salisbury Craggs. The Earl contended that he and his predecessors had used that right for a hundred years, and he was doing nothing illegal in continuing these operations. The Lord Ordinary refused to grant the interdict, and the Officers of State petitioned the Inner House, who advised the petition with answers, and adhered to the Lord Ordinary's interlocutor, and, *in hoc statu*, refused the petition for the Officers of State. The Lord Advocate pled for the Crown, and Mr Clerk and Mr Hope for the Earl of Haddington.

5.—*Accident.*—On Thursday forenoon, a lamentable and fatal accident occurred

at the New Chapel of Ease now building in Blackhall-Street, Greenock. The principal masonry being entirely finished, the joiners were proceeding with the erection of the roof, with every prospect of a successful completion to a work which had previously advanced in the best manner, and were on Thursday, to the number of sixteen individuals, including one of the superintending contractors, employed upon the scaffolding which had been raised for constructing the roof, when a prop, which temporarily supported one of the tie-beams, shifting suddenly, the latter gave way, and precipitated the scaffolding, which was resting upon it, and on which the men were at work, down upon the front gallery. Of the entire number of persons, but one escaped unhurt, yet, considering the dreadful predicament in which they were placed, it is surprising the catastrophe was not more fatal than it proves to have been. One man only, of the name of Asher, a joiner, from Perthshire, was killed by suffocation. The remainder were all in a very short time extricated, some slightly, but most of them seriously wounded, yet not so as to endanger their lives.

Dreadful Hurricane.—Liverpool, Dec. 6.—Thursday afternoon, a remarkably strong gale of wind was experienced here, accompanied with rain, sleet, and hail, which continued with little intermission until after nine o'clock, when it increased in force and destruction, bursting against the higher buildings of the town in sudden and stunning gusts. The alarm was general. Many of the streets were enveloped in impenetrable darkness, owing to the lamps being blown out, and at a comparatively early hour they were totally deserted, save by a few individuals, who, having been caught in shops, or abroad, when the gale increased, ran along towards their respective destinations—pausing, at every gust, under a door or archway. About eleven o'clock the hurricane was more furious than ever; several people were blown down in the streets; and much mischief was done to the roofs of dwelling-houses and other buildings. About twelve and one o'clock the gusts of wind were more moderate, but about two o'clock all the preceding violence was renewed with additional mischief. Again some abatement took place; but a third increase of fury seemed to shake the town between four and five o'clock. A great many houses have had their chimneys blown down, and their roofs blown in. Mr Dixon, of Everton, has been instantaneously bereft of two daughters, of about eleven and thirteen years of age, who were killed by the falling of the chimney. In Mr Yates' house, Steel-Street, the family being from home, the servant had obtained the company of her mother to sleep with her, and by the falling of the chimneys, which broke through to the ground, the mother was killed. The daughter escaped by leaping through a window. Mrs Worrall, of Upper Islington, was sitting in her parlour, when a similar accident crushed her in the cellar, and buried her in the ruins, from which she was taken out in about three hours, a dreadfully mangled corpse. Her two daughters were considerably hurt. In Strand-Street, a chimney also fell in, and killed a woman, and much hurt a man. Indeed the accounts from all parts of the town are most heart-rending. From fifteen to twenty vessels were driven on shore, but happily only three lives were lost.

At Manchester, several buildings were unroofed, and others demolished, by the falling in of chimnies. At Stockport, a woman and her child were killed by the falling of a chimney in the Hillgate, and her husband had both his legs broken. At Warrington, the cupola of the church near the George Inn was blown down, and destroyed great part of the roof. A wind-mill in the neighbourhood was also blown entirely down. At Gloucester, a great number of houses were damaged, and several unroofed. An old woman was found dead in a quarry at Upton Hill, into which she is supposed to have been driven by the violence of the wind. Many trees were torn up by the roots. At Warrick, scarcely a roof escaped damage. This also was the case at Newcastle-under-Lyne, and in most of the pottery towns.

The damage done to the buildings in Dublin, by the storm, was even greater than in Liverpool. Several lives were lost, and limbs broken. The hurricane extended its ravages over the greater part of the United Kingdom; but was particularly destructive in the potteries of Staffordshire, and the neighbourhood.

9.—*Jury Court.*—In the Jury Court, Edinburgh, this day, Mr Duncan Stevenson, the printer of the late *Beacon*, was convicted in damages of L.500, for libels upon James Gibson, Esq. clerk to the signet, published in several numbers of the above-mentioned paper, on or about the 23d and 30th of June, and the 7th of July, 1821. Messrs Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Moncrieff, on the part of the pursuer, and Messrs M'Neill and Robertson on the part of the defender, conducted the case. The main statement in the libel was, that Mr Gibson, while acting as agent for the Bank of England,

engaged in a criminal prosecution against a woman of the name of Frances or Fanny M'Kay, and induced her to confess her guilt, by a positive promise that she was not to be tried; but that this promise he had basely and falsely betrayed. And that in consequence of this gross deception, the Officers of the Crown interfered, and, in these circumstances, his Majesty granted a full pardon. The damages were laid at L.5000. The case excited great interest, and the verdict was followed by applause from a crowded court, which, however, was speedily silenced by the Judge.

Setons, Earls of Dunfermline.—During last autumn, when the heritors of the parish of Dulgety, Fifeshire, were inspecting the parish church (a very ancient edifice) regarding some necessary repairs, they resolved upon opening a door, which apparently led to a vault under one of the aisles. The door was opened accordingly, and upon proceeding into the vault, they discovered several leaden coffins, in perfect preservation and in regular order, having various inscriptions, bearing that they contained the bodies of various members of the noble family of Seton, Earl of Dunfermline. The visitors then withdrew, and the door of the vault was again shut upon the mortal remains of the chiefs of that once powerful and noble House.

11.—*Fatal Accident.*—Last night, a gentleman, named Roe, a silversmith, of Aldersgate-Street, accompanied by the boxer, Hickman (the *Gas-light man*,) were proceeding, with several others, in single-horse chaises to town, (London) and all driving at a quick pace, but in regular succession; Messrs Roe and Hickman seeing, as they thought, an opportunity of passing some of their associates, went out of the line, when their gig came in contact with a country waggon, belonging to a Mr Lee, by which they were instantly thrown out, and the wheels of the waggon went over the body of Mr Roe, and the head of Hickman: both were killed on the spot!

Smuggling.—Dumbarton, Dec. 21.—On Wednesday last, Messrs Gulline, Ferguson, and Dryden, officers of Excise, after procuring the assistance of Mr Ferguson, commander of the Loch Lomond revenue boat, and boat's crew, succeeded in detecting two large private distilleries, on the shores of Loch Long, and notwithstanding the resistance of a great number of smugglers who gathered round them with fire-arms and bludgeons, completely destroyed all the utensils, together with upwards of 400 gallons of wash and low wines. Proceeding onwards, they discovered another extensive illicit distillery, at the bottom of a very high and almost perpendicular rock, but were unable to destroy it, owing to the number of smugglers and their friends, who had by that time gathered from all the surrounding hamlets, to the number of fifty or sixty, who posting themselves on the summit of the cliff, with their faces blackened and otherwise disguised, rolled on them large stones down the precipice, which bounding from one angle of the rock to another, rendered it extremely dangerous and difficult for these officers to reach their boat in safety, but which they happily did, without receiving any material injury. It is with much regret we learn, that these vigilant officers were unable to secure and bring to justice these desperadoes.

High Court of Justiciary.—*Dec.* 2.—James Gordon, Daniel Brown, and John Broomfield, charged with theft, committed by means of house-breaking, in the premises of Matthew Howden, pawnbroker, at the head of Dickson's Close, High-Street, Edinburgh, on the 23d of September last. The property carried off consisted of sixty-four gold and silver watches, forty-three gold seals, four gold watch-chains, six gold watch-keys, ninety-four gold rings, thirty gold broaches, twelve pairs of gold ear-rings, a necklace of imitation opal, six silver snuff-boxes, seven pairs of silver sugar-tongs, three dozen table-spoons, and eight dozen of silver tea-spoons, besides a great variety of silver and jewellery articles; the prisoners were also charged with being habit and repute thieves. They pleaded Not Guilty. After examination of witnesses and other proceedings, the Jury found a verdict of Guilty. The Clerk of Court then read the sentence as recorded, which was—that Gordon be transported beyond seas for fourteen years, under the usual certification, and that Brown and Broomfield be confined in Bridewell for the space of two years, to be employed at the tread-mill, or other hard labour, according to the rules of that establishment.

9.—Nelson Forsyth and Archibald Ormond were convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation, the former for robbing James Stewart of his watch, and the latter for robbing David Newton of his.

16.—Simon Ross, accused of robbery and theft, he having previously been convicted of theft, and also accused of assaulting one of the lieges to the effusion of his blood, pleaded Not Guilty. The proof having been led by the prosecutor, the Lord Advocate acknowledged the failure of the evidence to prove the charge

of the robbery, or the forcible seizure of the property; but contended that the crime of theft was lawfully proven. In so far he was supported by the subsequent admission of Mr Maitland, the counsel for the pannel. The Jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, found the pannel Guilty of the theft, and of the stabbing and wounding as libelled; and he was sentenced, by the Court, to be transported beyond seas for fourteen years.

James Gray, accused of theft by means of house-breaking, pleaded Not Guilty, and after a long examination of witnesses, the Jury brought a verdict finding, by a plurality of voices, the libel Not Proven. Gray was of consequence dismissed from the Bar.

IRELAND.—*Riot at the Dublin Theatre.—Outrage against the Lord Lieutenant.*—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, for the first time, visited the Dublin Theatre on Saturday night, the 14th inst. which was fully and fashionably attended—but it was evident that a riotous party, considerable in numbers, and acting, as it should seem, in concert, had distributed themselves through the house. They began by hissing and groaning the Lord Mayor. On the entrance of the Lord Lieutenant, an extraordinary scene occurred, and which, for the honour of our country, has been without a parallel. The majority of the audience hailed his Lordship with the most enthusiastic plaudits. The party, however, continued the uproar. The audience called on the performers for *God save the King*. It was was sung with great effect, the Lord Lieutenant joining the vocal performers by the most significant gestures. While the national anthem was playing between the Play and Farce, an *orange*, with a placard appended to it, was flung on the stage. A bottle was thrown in the direction of his Excellency's box, when the music suddenly ceased, and one of the musicians held it up to the view of the audience. It is impossible to describe the sensation created in the house—indignation was manifestly the predominant feeling. The musicians then commenced, as is customary, to play *Patrick's Day*, which his Excellency likewise applauded. Whilst the tune was playing, and his Excellency was standing, a second [illegible] was thrown with a surer aim, [illegible] in the box next to that of the Lord Lieutenant. Upon this occasion, his Excellency stepped forward to the front of his box, which the audience testified by a most enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats. While the cheering continued his Excellency turned round to one of his Aid-de-Camps, and by an animated gesture, and pointing his finger to the corner of the gallery from whence the missile came, appeared to designate the individual who had been guilty of so atrocious an outrage. Four persons were taken into custody, and committed for trial, accused of a conspiracy to create a riot, and of rioting in the theatre on the night in question. But the Grand Jury of the county of Dublin threw out the bills charging conspiracy, and found true bills against two individuals only for the riot. This was, in effect, also to throw out the bills, since it requires in law more than two individuals to constitute a riot. The Attorney General immediately intimated his intention of proceeding against the accused by *ex officio* informations, and they were consequently held to bail.

This shameful riot, it appears, had its origin in the disappointment felt by the orange faction in Dublin, at being prevented from outraging the feelings of their Catholic fellow-subjects, by the decoration of the statue of King William, as usual, on the anniversary of his birthday. The disgraceful circumstance above detailed has called forth generally, from all classes in Ireland, one unanimous sentiment of reprobation. Public meetings have been convened both in Dublin and the country, in all of which the same feeling of abhorrence has been manifested against the authors of the tumult, and addresses have been voted to his Excellency, expressive of loyalty and attachment.

JANUARY 1823.

Seat rents.—The following is a statement of the number of sittings, and the rents at which they are now rated, in the eleven Churches of the city of Edinburgh, exclusive of the sittings occupied by the children belonging to Heriot's, Watson's, the Merchant Maiden, and the Trades' Maiden Hospitals; and of the sittings for poor children in some of the Churches.

72	Sittings at 42s. 0d.	59	Sittings at 9s. 6d.
6	36s. 1d.	576½	9s. 0d.
81	32s. 0d.	125	8s. 6d.
66	31s. 6d.	1129	8s. 0d.
639	27s. 6d.	487	7s. 6d.
111½	25s. 0d.	469	7s. 0d.
583	21s. 0d.	337	6s. 6d.
316	20s. 0d.	391½	6s. 0d.
502	18s. 0d.	185	5s. 6d.
57	15s. 6d.	235	5s. 0d.
[illegible]	15s. 0d.	99	4s. 6d.
[illegible]	14s. 0d.	318	4s. 0d.
[illegible]	13s. 0d.	81	3s. 6d.
26	12s. 6d.	275	3s. 0d.
201½	12s. 0d.	107	2s. 6d.
251	10s. 6d.	67	2s. 0d.
291	10s. 0d.		
		4754	
5692		5692	
		10,446	

1. *Fire.*—Yesterday morning, about six o'clock, Thirlestane Castle, one of the seats of the Earl of Lauderdale, was discovered to be on fire, which seems to have originated in a vent, and was carried from it to the roof by a rafter communicating therewith. The alarm being instantly given, a number of the inhabitants of Lauder immediately repaired to the spot, and, by their zeal and activity, confined the fire to the wing of the building where it had originated, and also succeeded in saving most of the furniture. The exertions of those present were indeed highly praiseworthy. To prevent the fire from communicating with the body of the Castle, some of them built up, with wet turf, the doors connecting it with the wing on fire; while others, by carrying water from a distance, and without the aid of a fire-engine, constantly pouring it upon the building, they prevented the flames from spreading farther, and thus saved the greater part of the Castle from destruction. Only two servants were in the Castle at the time, the noble Earl's family being all at Dunbar.

Extraordinary Leap.—A correspondent of the Glasgow Chronicle states the following:—"Having observed in the Chronicle of the 26th an account of a leap over the Paisley Canal, I beg leave, as an incitmeent to greater feats among your sporting friends, to mention one that was performed by the present Lord Forrester, and Mr Wing, a sporting farmer, in the course of a distinguished run with the Duke of Rutland's fox hounds, from the noted cover of Jericho, in the vale of Belvoir. It was over a brook measuring 21 feet 6 inches in width, and on land perfectly level. Both cleared it cleverly; but the horse rode by Lord Forrester made such a spring, as induced his Lordship to bet that he had covered a space of ten yards; and he won by the decision of judges from Belvoir Castle, who declared that the distance was 31 feet 6 inches, while the mare rode by Mr Wing covered only little more than 24 feet."

5.—An action, originating in very extraordinary circumstances, was decided in the Justice of Peace Court lately. The pursuer had the misfortune to let a suite of rooms to a dashing female swindler, who, by passing herself off as a lady of consequence, contrived to purchase, upon credit, a number of costly articles from different tradesmen. Among others, she purchased from the defender a carpet and hearth rug, which she again disposed of to her landlord, who took from her a regular missive of sale as evidence of the transaction. However, the articles still continued in the lady's possession. The defender, meantime, suspecting that his customer was *on the wing*, became very importunate for a settlement, and at length prevailed upon her to restore to him the carpet and hearth-rug. Shortly afterwards she absconded, to the dismay of her numerous creditors. The landlord now brought his action against the defender, for recovering the value of the carpet and hearth-rug, alleging that he had purchased them. The Court held, that although the pursuer was landlord of the room in which the goods were situate, that circumstance alone, so long as it was in the lady's occupation, did not infer delivery, and therefore dismissed the action. The same day, a case of some importance to the mercantile world was decided by the Justices. The holder of an account, which had been indorsed to him by the person to whom it was originally owing, pursued the debtor for recovery. It is well known that the indorsation of a shopkeeper's account is sustained as equivalent to assignation; but in the present case there was this peculiarity:—The original creditor had, *subsequently* to the date of the indorsation, obtained a decree of *cessio*. The Justices held, that the indorsation of a person so situate, though bearing a date anterior to his imprisonment, ought not to be sustained as a ground of action, and, therefore, assoilzied the defender.

Installation of Sir James Mackintosh, as Lord Rector of Glasgow University.—Considerable anxiety was manifested on Friday the 3d inst. to witness the installation of Sir James Mackintosh as Lord Rector of this University. The doors of the College Hall were opened at half-past two o'clock for the admission of students, and at three to the public. The Hall and galleries were crowded to excess. Soon after three o'clock the Lord Rector entered, accompanied by a number of the Professors and distinguished friends, amongst whom we observed Lords Belhaven, Gillies, and Alloway, the late Lord Rector, Mr Campbell of Blythswood, and Messrs Cockburn, Moncrieff, Murray, and Thomson. Sir James Makcintosh was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, and having taken the accustomed oaths, he addressed the members of the university in an eloquent speech, for which we regret we have not room.

University of Edinburgh.—The matriculation list of our University wanted only a few names of 2000 last week. To this, it is believed, may be added, 200 who have not yet matriculated, so that the students attending all the classes may be estimated at 2200. The classes are

fuller than in any preceding session; and the number of students altogether, we believe, is about one half greater than at Oxford or Cambridge; so that our University still maintains her station as the first great seminary in the British Isles. We understand the parliamentary grant for erecting the new buildings is now exhausted, and that application will be made in the ensuing session for £.30,000 or £.35,000 more, to complete the work. The acknowledged utility of the establishment, not to Edinburgh only, but to the whole kingdom, leaves no room to doubt that Parliament will grant the additional sum required. All who have examined the parts finished under the present grant, will admit that the money has been laid out with admirable taste and judgment.

6. *High Court of Justiciary.*—William Macdonald, *alias* William O'Neil, *alias* Morgan, was this day arraigned, and charged with having abstracted a watch from the pocket of a man, in North Bridge Street, about the 22d August last, and of being habit and repute a common thief. The charges were fully proved, and the prisoner was unanimously convicted by the Jury, and sentenced by the Court to be transported beyond seas for the period of fourteen years.

9.—James Robb was put to the bar, charged with stealing four Highland stots from the Fir Park of Touchadam, Stirlingshire, the property of William Murray, Esq. on the 1st of October 1818, to which the prisoner pleaded Guilty. A Jury having been chosen, and no objection being taken to any of them, they found the prisoner Guilty, in terms of his own confession, Mr M'Neill having restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment. The learned gentlemen informed the Jury, that among other reasons for doing so, was, that inquiry had been made into the conduct of the prisoner during the last four years he had absconded, which was ascertained to have been industrious, sober, and honest. Robb was, in consequence, sentenced to fourteen years transportation.

11.—Charles M'Laren, Thomas Grier- M'Ewan, were put to [illegible] of theft by means of [illegible] The indictment charged them with breaking into the house of [illegible], Esq. W.S. in Gray Street, Newington, Edinburgh, on the 6th day of September, and stealing therefrom a number of articles of silver plate, &c. and also of breaking into the house of Lieut.-Col. John Munro, in George's Square, on the 14th of September, and stealing and carrying away a number of valuable articles of plate, shawls, &c. They were likewise accused of being each of them habit and repute thieves. The prisoners pleaded Not Guilty. The prisoners' declarations were read, and a number of witnesses examined, whose evidence was summed up by the Lord Justice Clerk. The jury then, after consulting for a few minutes, without leaving the box, returned a verdict, unanimously finding the first charge of housebreaking and theft Proven, as libelled; and the latter Not Proven; but unanimously recommended M'Ewan to the mercy of the Court, on account of his youth. After a very impressive address by the Lord Justice Clerk, who cautioned M'Laren and Grierson against entertaining any hopes of mercy, the prisoners were sentenced to be executed on Wednesday the 12th February, between the hours of eight and ten in the morning.

10.—This day came on the trial of James Robertson, Robert Simpson, and William M'Taggart, accused of having on the 14th September last, assaulted Angus Fraser, porter of the Caledonian Coach-Office, Inverness, at the gate of the lodging-house, Church-Street, in that town, and having robbed him of a trunk, with various bills and papers, and also with assaulting him, with intent to rob him of a bag containing various articles of apparel. The pannels pleaded Not Guilty. William Cameron detailed the robbery of his trunk. Angus Fraser deponed, that while he was conveying the trunk and a bag to Mr Cameron's lodging, two men offered their services to assist him, which he declined. In a short time after, the trunk was forced off his shoulders, and he was dragged to the ground by the shock. On getting up, one of the men was trying to take away the bag, when he seized him, and assistance coming, he was taken into custody. He proved to be Robertson. Simpson was the one who ran off with the trunk, and gave it to M'Taggart. The trunk was afterwards found in a house, emptied of its contents, in which they were drinking together the same night. After the examination of several other witnesses, the Jury gave in a written verdict, finding, by a plurality of voices, the pannels Robertson and Simpson Guilty of the first crime libelled in the indictment of assault and robbery, and unanimously finding the libel against M'Taggart Not Proven, but unanimously and earnestly recommended the two former to mercy. Sentence was then pronounced on Robertson and Simpson, ordering them to be executed at Inverness on the 21st February next.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Dec. 1	M.28	28.713	M.37	Cble.	Dull day.	Dec. 17	M.35	29.780	M.43	W.	Frost. morn.
	A. 37	.297	A. 39		rain night.		A. 44	.996	A. 45		rain after.
2	M.27	.192	M.39	Cble.	Dull, cold,	18	M.40	.999	M.45	Cble.	Very foggy,
	A. 38	.620	A. 39		but fair.		A. 44	.999	A. 44		fair.
3	M.29	.845	M.39	W.	Fair, with	19	M.38	30.101	M.35	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 38	.999	A. 39		sunshine		A. 41	.229	A. 41		
4	M.32	.808	M.46	W.	Rain, hail,	20	M.34	.242	M.41	Cble.	Very foggy,
	A. 43	.998	A. 38		and sleet.		A. 40	.170	A. 41		with rain.
5	M.30	29.206	M.40	Cble.	Ditto.	21	M.31	.122	M.39	W.	Ditto.
	A. 36	28.422	A. 37				A. 38	.101	A. 39		
6	M.30	.999	M.38	W.	Fair, with	22	M.31	29.980	M.39	SW.	Dull, but
	A. 36	29.380	A. 38		some sunsh.		A. 38	.998	A. 39		fair.
7	M.29	.520	M.38	W.	Fair, but	23	M.32	.950	M.39	Cble.	Very foggy,
	A. 38	.592	A. 38		dull.		A. 39	.954	A. 39		with rain.
8	M.28	.628	M.38	SW.	Fair foren.	24	M.34	.980	M.45	E.	Foggy morn.
	A. 40	.529	A. 39		rain aftern.		A. 38	.999	A. 39		but fair.
9	M.32	.473	M.43	NW.	Fair, with	25	M.30	30.265	M.38	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 42	.578	A. 40		some sunsh.		A. 37	.294	A. 35		sunsh. day.
10	M.35	.946	M.40	NW.	Fair foren.	26	M.25	.216	M.38	E.	Keen frost.
	A. 39	.946	A. 40		rain aftern.		A. 35	.195	A. 35		with sunsh.
11	M.30	30.218	M.40	W.	Fair, with	27	M.22	29.998	M.32	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 38	.255	A. 38		sunshine.		A. 29	.920	A. 32		
12	M.29	.538	M.38	SW.	Frost morn.	28	M.20	.896	M.30	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 36	.234	A. 37		dull day, fair		A. 27	.792	A. 30		
13	M.26	.104	M.35	SW.	Ditto.	29	M.19	.711	M.28	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 35	29.984	A. 36				A. 26	.662	A. 28		
14	M.25	.842	M.36	SW.	Frost morn.	30	M.19	.575	M.30	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 37	.742	A. 36		sunsh. day.		A. 27	.636	A. 31		
15	M.25	.647	M.37	SW.	Ditto.	31	M.19.	.555	M.31	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 39	.670	A. 38				A. 30	.555	A. 31		
16	M.30	.859	M.39	W.	Ditto.						
	A. 40	.840	A. 40								

Average of Rain, 1.635 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the date of our last to the 25th of that month, the weather continued mild and open. On the evening of that day, a severe frost set in, which continued till the 2d of the present month. On the 3d and 4th, a heavy rain fell, amounting to something more than an inch and a half in depth, accompanied by a loud easterly wind. The ground being previously dry, and rendered open by the frost, the moisture was soon absorbed, and ploughs were at work by the 6th. The weather continued mild till the 12th, when a slight frost, with a general fall of snow, obstructed the farmer's labours in the field. The mean temperature, for the last ten days of December, was 32°. The mean for what is past of the present month is 36° Fahrenheit; and it may be proper to remark here, that the mean temperature for the whole of last season, by daily observation at 10 morning and evening, about ten miles east from Perth, and about 172 feet above the level of the sea, is 46 degrees Fahrenheit—a degree, or nearly two, higher than the average temperature of this climate; occasioned more by the mild temperature last winter, than by any elevation of temperature in the summer months. Though farm-labour has met with some slight interruption since our last, yet it is, upon the whole, as far advanced as could be wished. Turnips have hitherto suffered nothing from the frost, and wheat holds out well. The appearance of barn-yards indicate that a scarcity of fodder will still be felt; and complaints of the deficiency of oats and barley grown on dry lands, are frequent. Markets for farm-produce, however, continue dull. Meetings, to petition Parliament for Agricultural relief, have been held in this country; and, in the south, from the general tenor of these petitions, we anticipate little good; they are, for the most part, too much mixed up with state politics, to be at all palatable; and we believe no serious friend to the farmer, or to his country, would wish success to the petitioners at Norfolk, who have rendered themselves famous, by their attention to William Cobbet.

Perthshire, 12th January 1823.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat. Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck	1822.	Oatmeal. Bls.	Peck.	B. & P. Meal Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		d.
Dec. 18	771	17 6 26 0	20 9	17 0 24 6	12 6 16 0	11 6 15 0	7	6	Dec. 17	382	1 0	67	10
25	894	14 0 26 0	20 10	18 0 25 0	12 6 16 6	11 6 15 0	7	6	24	426	1 0	65	10
Jan. 1	776	16 6 26 6	20 5	17 0 21 6	12 6 16 0	12 0 15 0	7	6	31	362	1 0	48	10
8	933	16 0 23 0	20 1	16 6 20 0	13 6 16 0	12 0 14 6	7	6	Jan. 7	368	1 0	69	10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs. Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Oats, 264 lbs. Irish.	British.	Barley, 320 lbs. English.	Scots.	Bns. & Pse. Stirl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.
Dec. 19	— —	— —	18 24 0	13 15 6	15 0 19 0	26 0 29 0	22 0 26 0	16 0 17 6	13 6 14 6	36 38
26	— —	— —	18 24 0	13 16 0	15 6 19 6	28 0 28 6	18 0 25 0	16 0 17 6	13 6 17 0	36 38
Jan. 2	— —	— —	18 24 0	13 15 6	15 6 19 6	28 0 28 6	18 0 25 0	16 0 17 6	13 6 17 0	36 38
9	— —	— —	18 24 0	13 16 0	15 6 19 6	28 0 28 0	18 0 25 0	16 0 17 6	13 6 17 0	36 38

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat. Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
Dec. 20	1067	16 0 24 6	20 7	16 20 0	12 15 0	10 13 6	10 14 0
27	873	15 6 24 0	20 1	16 20 0	12 15 0	10 13 0	10 14 0
Jan. 3	970	16 0 23 6	19 7	16 20 0	11 15 0	10 13 0	10 14 0
10	869	15 0 21 6	19 4	18 22 0	11 15 0	10 13 6	10 13 6

Dalkeith.

1822.	Oatmeal. Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Dec. 16	13 0 13 9	0 11
23	13 0 14 0	0 11
30	12 9 13 6	0 11
Jan. 6	12 9 13 6	0 11

London.

1822.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. Fd & Pol	Potat.	Beans. Pigeon.	Tick.	Pease. Boiling.	Grey.	Flour, 280 lb. Fine.	2d.	Quar. Loaf.
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Dec. 16	22 48	18 24	18 27	16 22	20 24	26 31	21 27	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 8
23	22 48	18 24	18 34	16 22	20 24	26 31	21 27	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 8
30	22 48	18 24	18 34	16 22	20 24	26 31	21 27	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 8
Jan. 6	22 48	18 24	18 34	16 22	20 24	25 30	20 25	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 8

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour. Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Oatm. 240 lb. Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Dec. 17	3 6 6 6	2 5 2 10	2 10 4 10	18 20	25 31	23 36	28 31	26 30	28 32	20 24	20 22
24	3 6 6 6	2 5 3 0	2 10 4 10	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 31	26 30	28 32	20 24	20 22
31	3 6 6 9	2 5 3 0	2 10 5 0	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 31	26 30	28 32	20 24	20 22
Jan. 7	3 6 6 9	2 5 2 9	2 10 5 0	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 31	27 31	28 32	20 24	20 22

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Dec. 7	38 6	19 8	28 8	18 9	25 10	28 5	— —
14	38 10	23 0	29 8	18 6	25 10	28 5	— —
21	38 8	23 6	29 0	18 9	25 10	29 4	— —
28	39 9	24 5	29 3	18 7	25 10	30 0	— —

Course of Exchange, London, Jan. 10.——Amsterdam, 12 : 6. Ditto at sight, 12 : 3. Rotterdam, 12 : 7. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburgh, 37 : 9. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 35. Bourdeaux, 25 : 85. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 157. Madrid, 37¼. Cadiz, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Genoa, 43½. Leghorn, 47. Lisbon, 52¼. Oporto, 52¼. Rio Janeiro, 46. Dublin, 9¼ ℔ cent. Cork, 9¾ ℔ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ℔ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 « 17 « 6d. New Doubloons, £.3«5s. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11¼d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s. —Belfast. 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. to 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 18th Dec. 1822, *to 8th Jan.* 1823.

	Dec. 18.	Dec. 24.	Jan. 1.	Jan. 8.
Bank Stock	246⅛	245½	Holiday.	—
3 ℔ cent. reduced	79¾	79⅛		80
3 ℔ cent. consols	—	—		79⅛
3½ ℔ cent. do.	91⅞	91½		92¼
4 ℔ cent. do.	97½	97⅛		97⅞
Ditto New	—	—		99½
India Stock	—	—		248½
—— Bonds	37 pr.	36 pr.		47 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)	6 pr.	6 pr.		8 pr.
Consols for account	81	80⅜		80⅛
French 5 ℔ cents.	89 fr.—	—		88 fr.—

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th November and the 20th December 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Atherstone, T. Nottingham, dyer.
Austin, J. Berkhamstead, coach-maker.
Bailey, T. Shoreditch, seedsman.
Ball, J. Poultry, ironmonger.
Balster, W. Sherborne, maltster.
Beams, H. Lordship-lane, Sydenham.
Bennet, H. L. Liverpool, tobacconist.
Berry, N. Huddersfield, merchant.
Blackband, J. Newport, Shropshire, grocer.
Bowker, J. Bolton-le-Moors, grocer.
Boylance, S. Liverpool, merchant.
Bridgman, E. L. Fish-street hill, undertaker.
Browne, J. N. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
Bury, James, Manchester, J. Bury, Pendhill, and T. Bury, Bucklersbury, calico-printers.
Butterton, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, money-scrivener.
Butler, J. Milk-street, merchant.
Chaplin, J. Lisson Grove, bricklayer.
Clark, H. Swallowfields, Wilts, grocer.
Clift, H. Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier.
Cookson, J. Leeds, woollen-cloth manufacturer.
Cotterell, W. Bishop's Cleve, Gloucestershire, farmer.
Craig, J. High Holborn, linen-draper.
Crisp, W. Bramfield, Suffolk, grocer.
Crisp, J. Peasenhall, Suffolk, shopkeeper.
Dane, W. Working, nurseryman.
Dawson, T. St. Thomas's Mill, Staffordshire, miller.
Deavill, E. Manchester, grocer.
Edwards, J. Langhearne, Carmarthenshire, inn-keeper.
Edwards, T. Gerrard-street, Soho, woollen-draper.
Ellis, H. Friston, Suffolk, farmer.
Errington, R. Hexam, butter and bacon-factor.
Evans, B. P. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, law-stationer.
Fairclough, T. Liverpool, slater.
Field, J. and L. Royston, Leeds, cloth-merchants.
French, G. Whitechapel-road, provision-agent.
Glading, J. Ipswich, victualler.
Glyde, J. Yeovil, Somersetshire, farmer.
Goldstein, N. High-street, Shadwell, slopseller.
Gray, C. Upper Montagu-street, horse-dealer.
Gresme, H. H. Lower Fountain-place, City-road, merchant.
Griffiths, W. Abergavenny, seedsman.
Grocett, J. T. Manchester, wine-merchant.
Hawkes, P. C. Little Abingdon-street, coal-merchant.
Hoult, L. Norwich, iron-founder.
Hudson, T. Lower Pillerton, Warwickshire, weaver and farmer.
Hulbert, T. S. Chippenham, linen-draper.
Jermyn, J. Great Yarmouth, malster.
Jones, J. C. Bridgenorth, linen-draper.
Jones, T. Cleobury, Mortimer, Shropshire, inn-keeper.
Jordin, A. Leatherhead, draper.
Kirby, T. Market Weighton, Yorkshire, brewer.
Knipe, S. Liverpool, merchant.
Lee, F. Bocking, Essex, victualler.
Le Roy, C. Pall Mall, haberdasher.
Marks, M. Romford, slopseller.
Martelly, L. H. Finsbury-square, merchant.
Matthews, T. Starston, Norfolk, farmer.
Matthews, T. Ross, Herefordshire, currier.
Morgan, J. Elder-street, Norton Falgate, lead-pipe maker.
Nettleton, W. Edgeware-road, victualler.
Passman, J. Old-street-road, merchant.
Paul, J. Winchester, maltster.
Pearson, T. Oxford-street, oil and colour-man.
Pill, M. Sidmouth, upholsterer.
Rainy, G. Marshall-street, Cavendish-square, ironmonger.
Reithmuller, C. U. Mark-lane, broker.
Ridley, W. and D. Wilson, Whitehaven, currriers.
Scott, J. Cumrew, Cumberland, butter-dealer.
Seward, J. H. Leominster, mercer.
Shackle, J. Milk-street, Cheapside, builder.
Singer, sen. Frome Selwood, clothier.
South, J. Cardiff, iron-monger.
Sowter, R. Water-street, Blackfriars, merchant.
Spedding, R. G. jun. Rickmansworth, coal-merchant.
Stock, C. Ashweek, somersetshire, farmer.
Stockdale, J. J. Strand, bookseller.
Thompson, J. J. Bermondsey Wall, boat-builder.
Todd, D. J. Douglas, and D. Russell, Fleet-street, and W. Russell, Bow Church-yard, drapers and mercers.
Tuck, J. L. Haymarket, jeweller.

Turner, T. Saundridge, Hertfordshire, timber-merchant.
Urany, J. Snowhill, grocer.
Walker, F. Ley Moor, Yorkshire, clothier.
Watts, R. Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchant.
Wells, W. Hendon, hay-salesman.
Weston, E. J. and R. Manchester, hop and spirit-merchant.
Wheeler, J. Frome, Selwood, clothier.
Wilcox, J. Madeley Wood, Shropshire, grocer.
Wingfield, G. Worthing, innkeeper.
Wiltshire, J. Wootton Bassett, draper.
Woodward, E. Whetstone, Middlesex, butcher.
Wynch, J. Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, timber merchant.
Yates, J. A. Weymouth, ironmonger.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies and Dividends, announced December 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Craig, James, corn-merchant, miller, &c. at Killconquhar Mill, Fifeshire.
Cushny, William, merchant in Aberdeen.
Dempster, George, merchant & builder in Greenock.
Dykes, John, grain-merchant at Clayhudgeons, Lanarkshire.
Ferguson, Duncan, merchant in Glasgow.
Fraser, Edward, & Co. merchants, Inverness.
Harkness, Robert, cattle-dealer, &c. at Inishnenrousk, Argyleshire.
Kerr, Alexander, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
Levach, George, merchant in Thurso.
M'Alie & Hardie, grain-merchants in Glasgow.
Robertson, William, innkeeper in Perth.

Recall of Sequestration.

Jamieson, Thomas & William, millers at Duntiblae, and merchants in Kirkintulloch.

DIVIDENDS.

Henderson, Thomas, jun. merchant in Anstruther; by W. Scott, accountant in Edinburgh.
Ouller, James, cattle-dealer at Memus, Forfarshire; by James Miller, jun. banker in Cuper Angus.
Macfarlane, Robert, & Co. Greenock, and Macfarlane, Scott, & Co. Newfoundland, merchants; by B. Macewan, Greenock.
M'Math, Donald, merchant in Inverary; by Colin Campbell, the trustee there.
Mitchell, James, jun. merchant in Dundee, afterwards at Gartocher Hill, near Glasgow; by Charles Walker, writer in Dundee.
Murdoch, Thomas, woollen-draper in Falkirk; by Robert Haldane, writer in Stirling.
Nicol, William, bleacher at Gateside; by James Craig, accountant in Paisley.
Wright, Malcolm, merchant in Paisley; by Geo. Smellie, merchant in Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. June 25. At Madras, the Lady of David Hill, Esq. one of the Secretaries to Government, a daughter.

July 23. At Madras, the Lady of Major George Cadell, Assistant Adjutant-General, a son.

Sept. 10. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of James Duff Watt, Esq. Deputy-Commissary-General to the Forces, a son.

Nov. 22. At Bargaly, the Lady of John Mackie, Esq. a son.

23. The Lady of Thomas Mackenzie Paterton, Esq. of Drumcudden, a daughter.

24. At Albury Park, Lady Harriet Drummond, a son.

— At 66. Great King Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Paton, a daughter.

— At Dublin, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Gordon, of the 5th, or Prince Leopold's regiment, of dragoon guards, a daughter.

25. In Newcastle, the Lady of Anthony Compton, Esq. of Carham Hall, a daughter.

26. At Springhall, the Lady of Capt. Douglas, R.N. a daughter.

28. At Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. a son.

29. At Ruchlaw House, Mrs Hathorn, a daughter.

Dec. 1. At Millbrook, Hants, the Lady of Major-General Sir Patrick Ross, a son.

— Mrs Thomas Kinnear, Great King Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

3. At Dreghorn, Edinburgh, Mrs Hewat, a son.

4. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, a son.

— At 16, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Renny, a son.

— The Lady of J. Anstruther Thomson, of Charlestown.

5. In Wimpole Street, London, the Lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville, a daughter.

9. In Regent Street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Peter Rannay, a daughter.

— At Gala House, the Lady of John Scott, Esq. a son.

10. At Lympne, in the county of Angleseа, the Lady of E. Hasbert Jones, Esq. a daughter.

— At Pinkerton House, the Lady of Charles Abbott Lewis, Esq. of Kindrogan, a son.

12. At Sir Archibald Macdonald's at Eastshean, Mrs Randolph, a daughter.

Dec. 12. Mrs Lyon, 20, Forth Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

13. At Norfolk House, the Countess of Surrey, a daughter.

— At St Andrew's, Mrs Grace, a son.

14. At Rignant House, Bedfordshire, the Lady of Thomas Potter Macqueen, Esq. M.P. a son and heir.

— At Harpole, near Northampton, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. T. L. Dundas, a daughter.

— In Heriot Row, Edinburgh, the Lady of Donald Horne, Esq. W.S. a son.

15. In London Street, Mrs Boswell, a son.

17. At Kentish Town, near London, Mrs S. R. Block, a son.

18. At Auchtermuchty, Mrs James Bonar, a son.

19. At Melville Place, Stirling, Mrs Birch, a son.

21. The wife of Jas. Burnett, cow-feeder, Montrose, was delivered of three children, two boys and a girl. One of the boys died shortly after the birth; the other two children and the mother are likely to do well. The remaining boy is a fine infant, and of the usual size. It is worthy of observation, that the mother had twins formerly, and that she has brought her husband nine children in the space of seven years. This prolific mother is a neat active woman, rather below than above the ordinary size of her sex.

— In London, the Lady of George Cleghorn, Esq. of Weens, county of Roxburgh, a daughter.

22. At Brussels, the Right Hon. Lady Mabella Knox, wife of the Hon. John Henry Knox, a son and heir.

24. At Portobello, the Lady of Wm. Cochrane Anderson, Esq. of Hazelhope, a son.

26. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Tytler of Woodhouselee, a son.

28. The Lady of Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. of Lindertis, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Nov. 18. At Montrose, Alexander Melville, Esq. M.D. surgeon 25th King's own Borderers, to Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. George Sutherland, of that place.

— At Cupar, Dr. Andrew Bowes, physician, Kings Kettle, to Helen, only child of Mr James Mackinnaghton, Bonnie.

24. At Bamlach, Major George Turner, of Menie, to Margaret, third daughter of the late John Ramsay, of Barra, Esq.

Nov. 26. At Pirbright Church, near Guilford, H. W. R. W. Halsey, of Henly Park, Surrey, Esq. to Mary Noel, third daughter of Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpellier, Lanarkshire.

27. At St Pancras, Middlesex, William Davidson Blair, Esq. of Glasgow, to Miss Jane Bruce, of Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, only daughter of the late Dr Bruce.

28. At Annfield, Mr John Hutcheson, merchant, North Leith, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr W. M'Kenzie, of the revenue cutter Prince Regent.

30. At London, Charles Berwick Curtis, Esq. youngest son of Sir William Curtis, Bart. to Henrietta, second daughter of the late Rev. J. B. Pearson, of Croxall, Derbyshire.

Dec. 3. At Glasgow, Jas. Benny, Esq. of Drum and Stoneywood, Stirlingshire, to Miss Margaret Smith, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr Jas. Smith, maltman, Stirling.

— At Glasgow, Lieut. Chas. Reid, R. N. to Agnes, daughter of Mr Robert Jaffray, merchant.

— At Burnbrae, William Macallester, Esq. writer, Irvine, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Burnbrae.

— At Cheltenham, Major Hill Dickson, 64th regiment, son of the late Archdeacon of Down, to Caroline Emma, second daughter of Thos. Stoughton, Esq. of Ballyhorgan, in the county of Kerry.

5. At Aberdeen, William Allardyce, Esq. wine-merchant, to Janet, daughter of Alex. Dingwall, Esq. Postmaster.

— At Holkham, the Hon. Spencer Stanhope, to Miss Coke. The bride and bridegroom left Holkham for Taversham, the seat of Mrs Branthwaite. The last act of this excellent lady, previous to her quitting her paternal home, was to give away 100 pairs of blankets to the neighbouring poor.

8. At St James's Church, London, the Earl of Belfast, eldest son of the Marquis of Donegall, to Lady Harriet Butler, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Glengall, and sister to the present.

10. At Union Place, Aberdeen, Wm. Chalmers Hunter, Esq. of Tillery, to Rachel, second daughter of James Thom, Esq. Union Place.

11. At Douglas Church, near Cork, Charles Wedderburn Webster, Esq. of the Carabineers, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Sir James Chatterton, Bart. of Castlemahon, in the county of Cork.

12. At Rothsay, Isle of Bute, Mr Jas. Malcolm Noble, Lieutenant of his Majesty's late 95th regiment, to Susannah, second daughter of William Macrae, Esq. of Rothsay.

— At Lyndhurst, Hampshire, Daniel Gurney, Esq. of North Runcton, Norfolk, to Lady Harriet Hay, sister of the Earl of Errol.

15. Thomas Weir, Esq. W.S. to Lilias Gray, second daughter of John Orr, Esq. York Place, Edinburgh.

16. At Michelmersh, Hants, Elborough Woodcock, of Oriel College, Oxford, B. A., only son of the late John Woodcock, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Sir John, and sister to the present Sir James Stuart, Bart. of Allanbank, Berwickshire.

17. At Adamton, Ayrshire, George James Campbell, Esq. of Treeshank, to Miss Elizabeth M'Kerrell Reid, daughter of Colonel Reid, late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Banff, Walter Biggar, Esq. to Anne, youngest daughter of the late James Duff, Esq. Banff.

20. At Harlaw, John Johnson, Esq. merchant, Coldstream, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Robert Kay, Esq. of Harlaw, Berwickshire.

23. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Rose, Portuguese service, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Jas. Waddell, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica.

— At Edinburgh, Jas. Cheyne, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Mrs Agnes Blackie, widow of Ralph Hardie, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

25. At Grange, Alex. Stoddart, Esq. younger of Ballendrick, to Miss Jess Young, daughter of William Young, Esq. Burntisland.

26. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Hunter, A. M. of Magdalene College, Oxford, and youngest son of James Hunter, Esq. of Holloway, Middlesex, to Miss Douglas Richardson, eldest daughter of the late Robert Richardson, Esq. of Perth.

— At Dalkeith, Thomas Brander, Esq. of Rose Isle, to Miss Jessie Grant, daughter of the late Alex. Grant, Esq. W.S.

— At Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Ramsay, of Balmain, Bart. M.P. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Hon. William Maule, of Panmure, M.P.

Nov. 27. At Edinburgh, Jas. Rutherford, Esq. W.S. to Susannah Hardcastle, of Haughton, daughter of the deceased Michael Hardcastle, Esq. of Haughton, in the county of Durham.

28. At Edinburgh, James Block, Esq. of Kentish Town, near London, to Susan, third daughter of Adam Wilson, Esq. Depute Clerk of Session.

29. At Dumfries, James Macarthur, Esq. Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of the late Capt. Richard Johnston Waugh, and relict of James Reid, Esq. Edinburgh.

Lately, At Achindarroch, in Argyleshire, Major George Germaine Cochrane, half-pay 37th regiment, to Susan, eldest daughter of the Rev. Donald M'Coll.

DEATHS.

1822. April 2. At Wallajahbad, of the cholera morbus, after four hours illness, Mr Peter M'Millan, surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, third son of Dr M'Millan, in Whithorn, Wigtonshire.

18. At Chinsurah, in Bengal, Captain John Gordon, 20th regiment of Bengal native infantry, only son of George Gordon, Esq. Inspector of Taxes.

May 18. On his return from India, William, the eldest son of Wm. Fairlie, Esq. Portland Crescent, London.

28. At Malacca, Dr Milne, the author of several learned works on the literature of China, and the historian of the first Ten Years of the Chinese Mission.

June 4. At Masulipatam, Mr Thomas Dale, in the service of the Hon. East India Company, much regretted.

11. At Valparaiso, South America, Jas. Stewart, son of the late James Stewart, Esq. of Persie, residing at Dowally, Perthshire.

August. At Madras, in the early flower of his life, the Hon. William Montague Douglas Home, second son of the Right Hon. the Earl of Home. His premature death has plunged his family into the deepest distress; and from being nearly connected with many of the noblest families in Scotland and England, will spread a melancholy feeling amongst a number who move in the first circles, as well as amongst every other circle who had the honour of knowing him.

1. On board the General Graham, on his passage from Jamaica to England, John Fairfoul, Esq.

26. At Plantation Helena, Demerara, in the 23d year of his age, Mr Jas. Fraser Chisholm, eldest son of Capt. Hugh Chisholm, Fort Augustus.

Sept. 7. At Granada, Mr Archibald M'Vean, son of the late Patrick M'Vean, minister of Kenmore.

22. At his seat at Hadersdorf, near Vienna, General and Field-Marshal Baron Laudon. He was descended from an ancient and noble family in the county of Ayr, a branch of which settled in Livonia, in which province he was born, at Totzer, in 1767. He first served in the Russian army, was Aid-de-Camp to Prince Potemkin in 1788, and was sent with the news of the taking of Oczakow to the Austrian head-quarters, where his uncle, the celebrated Field-Marshal Laudon, procured him, from Joseph II., a commission in the Austrian army. He distinguished himself in all the campaigns during the wars brought on by the French Revolution, and deservedly attained the highest honours.

Oct. 1. At Mount Grace, in the island of Tabago, Charles Warrack, son of Mr John Warrack, New Mill of Fintry, Aberdeenshire, in the 25th year of his age.

4. On board the Henry Porcher, Indiaman, on her voyage homeward, when off the Cape of Good Hope, Mr Wm. Niven, Assistant Surgeon of the Madras European regiment, aged 22, son of the Rev. Dr Niven, of Dunkeld.

14. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Hon. John Fraser, a Member of his Majesty's Council for that place.

17. At Pinehurst, in the town of Montgomery, New York, Capt. Archibald Hunter. The circumstances of Capt. Hunter's death are somewhat remarkable.—As he was opening a bow, supposed to have been poisoned in some way or other, he received a slight wound, which became immediately impregnated with the poison, and in less than an hour it was diffused over the whole system, in consequence of which he died in about

ten days. Some hogs which ate of the flesh of the cow also died.

Sept. 21. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr Richard Syme, Captain of the Adeona of Dumfries, and third son of John Syme, Esq. of Ryedale.

29. At George Town, Demerary, Colin Campbell, Esq. of Good Success, Issequibo.

Nov. 9. At Dundee, Dr Andrew Ross, physician, aged 71.

17. At Glasgow, Mr George Mercer, merchant, aged 39.

18. At Selkirk manse, Mrs Robertson, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Robertson, of the Bengal engineers.

19. At her house in Stirling, Miss Jaffray, Glassingall.

20. At Dunkeld, Mr Charles Leslie, surgeon, R.N. aged 42.

21. At Stranraer, Mr Thomas Baird, merchant, aged 82 years.

22. At Leith, Mrs Rebecca Wightman, aged 92.

— At Abbotshall manse, Dr James Whytt, formerly of Charles Street, Edinburgh.

— At Speddoch Mill, Holywood, at an advanced age, Mrs John Callender, daughter of the late Dr James Callender, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. James Hill, Kirkpatrick, Durham: Mrs Callender had children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, amounting to 45.

23. Mrs Jane Fleming, relict of the late William Scott, Esq. formerly of Madeira.

24. At Achairn, in the parish of Wick, in the 100th year of his age, Mr Wm. Mackay, late tacksman of Achoul, Strathnaver.

25. At Peterhead, John Harlaw, Esq. aged 80.

26. At Dumfries, after a short illness, Colonel Arente Schulyer De Peyster, at the advanced age, it is believed, of 96 or 97 years. For more than fourscore years he held the Royal commission, and in the course of the long and active career, commanded at Detroit, Michelimackinac, and other parts of Upper Canada, during the most stormy period of the American war, and among nations not only fierce and savage, but decidedly hostile to the British Government.—Among his other services, the late Colonel de Peyster at one time commanded the garrison at Plymouth, and while discharging that duty, he had occasion to be introduced to the Prince of Wales, then, it is presumed, a very young man.—This circumstance his Majesty perfectly remembered, and while conversing with the Marquis of Queensberry, during his late visit to Scotland, he very kindly inquired whether his old friend the Colonel was still alive. His Lordship replied in the affirmative, and at the same time stated, that nothing but the advanced age and growing infirmities of his spouse had prevented him from visiting Holyrood on so interesting an occasion. "Well," said his Majesty, "I am very sorry for it; they were always loving, and now must be a truly venerable couple, for one of the oldest things I remember is having danced Monimusk with Mrs de Peyster."

27. John Dun Stewart, Esq. of Tonderghie.

28. At Bath, Don Francisco Antonio Zea, Minister of the Columbian Republic. His health had been in a declining state for more than 12 months.

— At Dublin, the Hon. and Rev. L. Hely Hutchinson, youngest brother of the Right Hon. the Earl of Donoughmore.

— At 66, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Eleanor Roper, spouse of Mr John Paton, builder, in the 49th year of her age. Her death has deprived eleven children of an affectionate parent, and a numerous acquaintance of a sincere friend.

— At London, Sarah, wife of Captain Edmund Buchan Craigie, of the Bengal Establishment.

30. At Edinburgh, George Winton, Esq. architect.

— At Muirhead of Piteuilie, James Walker, Esq. of Muirhead.

Dec. 1. At Frevan Place, Glasgow, Mr John Stenhouse, merchant, in the 38th year of his age.

— At Burntisland, Charles Stewart, late master of his Majesty's revenue cutter Princes Royal.

— At Bredisholm, George Anderson, Esq. writer there.

— At Edinburgh, Hugh Hutchinson, surgeon, R. N.

— At Edinburgh, Mr D. Thomson, tobacconist.

Dec. 2. At Backhill of Carberry, near Musselburgh, Mrs Susannah Spalding, wife of Mr Alex. Vernor.

— At Campfield, Wm. Scott, Esq. of Campfield.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr John Caird, many years Surveyor of Taxes in this city.

5. At Peterhead, John Forbes, M.D.

— At Glasgow, Boyd Dunlop, Esq.

— At Grangemouth, Robert Wood, shipmaster, Dunbar.

— At his house in Merion Square, Dublin, William Jameson, Esq.

6. At Peterhead, Mr James Anderson, sen. merchant there.

— At Retreat, by Dunbar, Thomas H. Coles, Esq. after a long and painful illness, which he sustained with great patience and resignation.

7. At his house, in Hanover Street, Dr Andrew Wardrop.

— At Burrowmuirhead, Lieut. Edward Wightman, of the royal marines.

— At Stoke Newington, John Aiken, M.D. &c. in his 76th year; a man whose literary life was devoted, with undeviating consistency, to the support of moral truth, and the best interests of mankind.

8. At Newbyth, Miss Sidney Baird, daughter of the late William Baird, of Newbyth, Esq.

9. At Dundee, Alexander Riddoch, Esq. of Black Lunan, in the 78th year of his age. Mr Riddoch repeatedly held the office of chief Magistrate of Dundee, and was for many years one of the deputy Lieutenants of Forfarshire.

— At Dumfries, the Rev. Samuel M'Knight, after a lingering illness.

— Dr Henderson, of Westertown, deeply regretted by a numerous circle of friends.

10. At Inverness, Mrs Jane Fraser, widow of the late Hugh Fraser, Esq. of Struy, in the 66th year of her age.

— At his residence at Walton, the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Tankerville, Baron Ossulston, &c. &c. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son Charles Augustus, Lord Ossulston, Member for Berwick-upon-Tweed.

— At Auchindinny Mill, Mrs Agness Aikman, wife of Mr George Laing, paper manufacturer.

11. At Port-Glasgow, Charles Anstruther, Esq. merchant.

12. At Mill of Allardyce, near Bervie, Mr Robert Milne, farmer, in the 92d year of his age; and, at Bervie, on the 7th current, Mrs Barclay, his sister, aged 91. It is remarkable that Mr Milne, in the course of his long life, never slept out of his own house but one night, on which occasion he had come to Falkirk tryst to purchase cattle, and returned home to the neighbourhood of Bervie next day.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs L. F. Kennedy, relict of Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, of the 19th light dragoons.

14. At her house, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Maitland, widow of the late Major Robert Maitland, and daughter of the late Nathaniel Gordon, Esq. of Whitehill, Lanarkshire.

— At Ballieston House, Archibald Coats, Esq.

15. At Burnfoot, parish of Stapleton, Cumberland, Mr George Forster, at the great age of 105. He retained his mental faculties to the last, and was so little failed in bodily powers as to assist in getting in the late harvest. Above 80 years ago he was a grocer and spirit-dealer in Newcastle; and on that account was called the "Old Merchant" till his death. Though addicted to the use of ardent spirits, he never experienced sickness in his life.

16. At Eweford, Mr James Waterston, farmer.

— At Brompton, William Henry Boys, Esq. second Lieutenant-Colonel of the marines quartered at Chatham.

17. At Southampton, aged 26, Charles K. Young, Esq. son of the late Professor Young of Glasgow.

— At Colinton Bank, James Weddell, Esq. of Pendriech.

— At Dunfermline, Mr John Hutton, writer.

— At Cumnock, the Rev. David Wilson.

— At Glasgow, Mr Robert Strang, merchant.

19. At Edinburgh, Wm. Jobson, Esq. of Lochore.

20. At his residence Ranelagh House, Chelsea, in the 69th year of his age, General Wilford, Colonel of the 7th dragoon guards.

Ruthven & Sons, Printers.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

FEBRUARY 1823.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

Notices to Correspondents.
Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grisell Baillie. By their daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope..... 129
Earl and Countess of Derby—Peveril of the Peak..... 145
Elly and Oswald, or the Emigration from Stürvis: a Tale of the Grisons, *(concluded)*..... 153
The Pilgrims of the Desart..... 164
A Day in the Country..... 166
Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. during the years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820. By Sir R. K. Porter, *(concluded)* 172
Memoirs of George Heriot, Jeweller to King James VI.; with an Historical Account of the Hospital founded by him at Edinburgh.... 184
Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register, No. VI..... 185
Stanzas to Greece..... 195
Anonymous Literature, No. III..... 196
The Inquisition..... 206
History of the Peninsular War. By Robert Southey, L. L. D. Poet Laureate, &c. &c..... 208
Waddington and Hanbury's Travels in Ethiopia..... 222
Characters of certain Scottish Advocates..... 229
Journal of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, in 1819, 20, and 21. By Marianne Colston..... 231
Stanzas to Greece..... 236

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works preparing for Publication..... 237
Monthly List of New Publications.. 238

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Foreign Intelligence..... 239
British Chronicle..... 247
Promotions.—Course of Exchange. Bankrupts..... 250
Meteorological Table..... 251
Agricultural Report..... ib.
Markets..... 252
Obituary..... 253
Births and Marriages..... 254
Deaths..... 255

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. March 1823.	Morn. H.	M.	Even. H.	M.	Days. Feb. 1823.	Morn. H.	M.	Even. H.	M.
Sa. 1	4	34	4	50	M. 17	4	57	5	19
Su. 2	5	7	5	23	Tu. 18	5	39	6	13
M. 3	5	38	5	57	W. 19	6	45	7	20
Tu. 4	6	18	6	47	Th. 20	8	3	8	50
W. 5	7	15	7	55	Fr. 21	9	39	10	27
Th. 6	8	45	9	40	Sa. 22	11	3	11	37
Fr. 7	10	28	11	7	Su. 23	—	—	0	6
Sa. 8	11	38	—	—	M. 24	0	30	0	52
Su. 9	0	5	0	27	Tu. 25	1	13	1	33
M. 10	0	47	1	6	W. 26	1	53	2	10
Tu. 11	1	23	1	30	Th. 27	2	27	2	44
W. 12	1	56	2	15	Fr. 28	3	0	3	15
Th. 13	2	32	2	49	Sa. 29	3	32	3	50
Fr. 14	3	6	3	24	Su. 30	4	4	4	21
Sa. 15	3	40	3	58	M. 31	4	35	4	52
Su. 16	4	14	4	36					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.
Last Quart...	Tu. 4	47 past	6 after.
New Moon,..	Wed. 12.	31 —	6 after.
First Quart...	Wed. 19.	13 —	6 after.
Full Moon,..	Wed. 26.	34 —	5 after.

TERMS, &c.

March.

11. Court of Session rises.
23. Palm Sunday.
28. Good Friday.
30. Easter Sunday.
31. Easter Monday.

*** The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY 1823.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD, AND OF LADY GRISELL BAILLIE. BY THEIR DAUGHTER, LADY MURRAY OF STANHOPE. PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, MDCCCXXII.

In rescuing from obscurity the Memoirs of the illustrious family of Jerviswood, Mr Thomson * has established a strong claim to our gratitude, and added another to the many favours already bestowed by him on the literature of Scotland. It is, therefore, with singular satisfaction that we proceed to lay before our readers an account of this interesting volume, which the learned and accomplished Editor has enriched with a preface, and a short but spirited account of the fair author, Lady Murray of Stanhope, whose pious record of the characters and virtues of her distinguished parents will, we are confident, be read with the purest and most unmingled delight.

Mr George Baillie, the son of Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, a man equally eminent for learning †, patriotism, and virtue, who "fell a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government he had felt himself compelled to resist, and laid down his life with the serene firmness of a Stoic philosopher, and the meekness of a Christian martyr," was born on the 16th day of March 1664; and, consequently, was only about twenty years of age at the period of his father's execution ‡. A

* Thomas Thomson, Esq. Advocate, Deputy Clerk Register.

† "He was in the Presbyterian principles, but was a man of great piety and virtue, learned in the law, in mathematics, and in languages." *Burnet*, I. 301.

‡ The circumstances of Baillie's condemnation, in point of perfidy, profligacy, and contempt of law and justice, are hardly to be matched, even in the annals of the Inquisition. When in jail, loaded with irons, denied all communication with his friends, and upon the point of death from the severity of the treatment he had received, "an accusation was sent him, not in the form of an indictment, nor grounded on any law, but on a letter of the king's, in which he charged him, not only for a conspiracy to raise rebellion, but for being engaged in the *Rye-plot*; of all which he was now required to purge himself by oath, otherwise the Council would hold him guilty of it, and proceed accordingly. He was not, as they said, now in a criminal Court upon his life, but before the Council, who did only fine and imprison. It was to no purpose for him to say, that by no law, unless it was in a Court of Inquisition, a man could be required to swear against himself; the temptation to perjury being so strong, when self-preservation was in the case, that it seemed against all law and religion to lay such a snare in a man's way. But to answer all this, it was pretended that he was not now on his life, and that whatsoever he confessed, was not to be made use of against his life; as if the ruin of his family, which consisted of nine children, and perpetual imprisonment, were not more terrible, especially to one so near his end

coincidence of opinion on the subjects of civil and religious liberty, and an equal devotedness to the sacred cause of their country, against the most vindictive and profligate tyranny ever exercised on any people, had united, in the bonds of the closest friendship, the families of Jerviswood and of Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, (afterwards Earl of Marchmont); a connection which was destined to become still more intimate, by the subsequent union of the only son of the martyred Baillie, to the eldest daughter of his friend: their attachment having been first formed in circumstances at once melancholy and romantic, but which we must allow their accomplished daughter to describe, when we come to speak of her mother.

"Of the marriage between Mr George Baillie and Lady Grisell Home, (we quote from the editor's excellent preface,) there were two daughters, Grisell and Rachel. The former was married to Mr Murray, afterwards Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; the latter to Charles Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, from whom are descended the present families of Haddington, and of Baillie of Jerviswood. To Lady Murray, the eldest daughter, we are indebted for the papers contained in this volume; in which, with a pious and affectionate hand, she has delineated the characters, and recorded the private virtues of her father and mother, as well as of her grandfather, the Earl of Marchmont; and with which she has interwoven some of the many singular incidents of their varied and eventful lives."

After the judicial murder of his father, and the forfeiture of his estate, Mr George Baillie was destitute of every thing but friends, many of whom were in circumstances as hopeless as himself, and therefore in no condition to assist him. In this melancholy plight, he thought only of retiring to Holland, at that time the asylum of the persecuted and oppressed; but before setting out, he went to his estate, to take leave of his tenants and friends in that neighbourhood. Here, however, an incident of the most affecting kind occurred. From the love they bore to the memory of his father, as well as their attachment to the youth himself, the tenants not only paid him all the rents that were resting in their hands, but also advanced half-a-year's rent, "though they had then another master, the Duke of Gordon, to whom the estate was given!" Upon the sum thus generously furnished, and the credit he had in Holland, Baillie subsisted three years, till he returned, with the Prince of Orange, at the Revolution.

as he was, than death itself. But he had to do with inexorable men: so he was required to take this oath within two days. And by that time, he not being able to appear before the Council, a Committee of Council was sent to tender him the oath, and to take his examination. He told them he was not able to speak, by reason of the low state of his health, which appeared very evidently to them: for he had almost died while they were with him. He in general protested his innocence, and his abhorrence of all designs against the King, or the Duke's life: for the other interrogatories, he desired they might be left with him, and he would consider them. They persisted to require him to take the oath: but he as firmly refused it. So, upon this report, the Council construed his refusal to be a confession, and fined him £.6000, and ordered him to lie in prison till it was paid." (*Burnet*, I. 325.) Not satisfied with this, however, two informers, Tarras and Murray, were suborned to depose to some "discourses that Baillie had with them before he went to London, *disposing them to rebellion*;" and upon this evidence, the dying man was hurried to his trial, condemned, and executed the same day: "So afraid were they," says Burnet, "lest death should be too quick for them!!!" "Thus," adds the same able, learned, and pious prelate, "thus a learned and worthy gentleman, after twenty months' hard usage was brought to such a death, in a way so full, in all the steps of it, of the spirit and practice of the Courts of Inquisition, that one is tempted to think that the methods taken in it were suggested by one well studied, if not practised in them." Does it not seem strange, or rather inexplicable, that, in the very country where these murders, under the forms of law, were perpetrated, men should have afterwards been found insane enough to draw their swords in the cause of that cruel and House by which they were sanctioned and patronized?

After that memorable event, he was restored to the full possession of his patrimony, and was employed by King William during the whole of his auspicious reign. By Queen Anne he was appointed Treasurer-Depute, and Member of the Privy Council of Scotland, and after the Union, was made one of the Commissioners of Trade. Upon the Accession of George the First, he was, without solicitation, made one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and, soon after, one of the Lords of the Treasury, at the express and spontaneous request of the Earl of Stanhope, then at the head of administration. In this office he continued till the year 1725, when, at his own earnest desire, and to the extreme regret of the Sovereign, who duly appreciated his talents and his integrity, he was suffered to retire to a private station, and to spend the remainder of his life in the exercise of the purest virtue and the most exalted devotion. He died at Oxford, whither he had repaired to superintend the education of his grandsons, on the 6th of August 1738, being then in the 75th year of his age.

Never was there a man of milder manners, or sterner virtue, than George Baillie of Jerviswood: and to those who are so prone to calumniate the Covenanters and Presbyterians of Scotland,—to whom, under God, we are indebted for the inestimable blessing of that measure of civil and religious liberty which we enjoy,—by representing them as a set of morose, gloomy, and ferocious bigots, strangers to the graces, charities, and humanities of life, and intolerant of every thing but the grim austerity of a cynical fanaticism, we recommend the attentive perusal of the following character of this virtuous and excellent man, drawn, indeed, by his daughter, but never intended for the public eye:

With a rough and manly countenance, he had the most tender and affectionate heart, which, with his purse, was ever open to all in distress. He could never resist an object of charity. To his friends that wanted his assistance, I have known several instances where he has borrowed the money to let them have it.

I have three times in my life been witness, where the tenderness of his heart, and the strength of his affection for the loss of those he loved, has made the tears run down his cheeks; when in all other appearance he was firm and resigned, and by words and actions, was the comfort and support of his family and all about him.

Though he could bear, without hesitation or shrinking, any pain or operation to himself, he could not bear to see the cut of a finger in another.

He was firm and steady in doing what he thought right; though it was a great uneasiness to him, when he saw he differed in opinion from those he had an esteem and affection for.

He was strict in his own principles; and when at home, was constant in saying prayers every night in his own family. At London, where that was impossible, without greatly restraining his family in their hours, or making it known to every body, which he carefully avoided, he said prayers at eight in the morning; which no hurry of business hindered him from, nor any thing interrupted; till his deafness increased with his bad health, in the year 1728, that he was not master of his own voice, from scarce hearing it, and then had a chaplain.

He had the most universal charity, and the greatest allowance to give to others. If any body told him good of another, his constant answer was, "I am glad of it;" if bad, he said, "How do you know that? You should not repeat nor believe things you are not sure of." But this was only to his own family, or those he was perfectly free with; since he was far from assuming the character of a general corrector.

He had not the smallest tincture of revenge, or resentment, even to them he very well knew had injured him; having a much lower opinion of his own merit and judgment than any one else had, and was constantly disposed and desirous of finding others in the right.

He was disinterested in every instance of life, or he might, even with the strictest justice, have left a much better fortune to his family.

He was impartially just; which his friends and relations often suffered by, when he was in offices where he might have served them: yet he never missed an opportunity of doing it, when they had right on their side, or he thought they deserved it, though his great modesty in asking made it always a pain to him. I have seen him uneasy for a week, when he had any thing in view he thought was fit for him to ask for a friend of his own; and so pleased when he obtained it, that those that were to have the benefit of it

could not have more joy in receiving it. He had an infinite pleasure in giving even little trifling presents to his friends; but did not like receiving. If it was from any he thought had a view to his interest for them, he would not suffer it, though ever so trifling. He made us return a parrot given us, when he was in the Admiralty, by a gentleman who was soliciting something there. Of such things I could give many instances.

Though he was no joker himself, nobody relished a joke more, nor was more easy, cheerful, and pleased in company that he liked; and often went in, with the same good humour, to the diversions that pleased his company, though it was not quite suitable to his own temper.

When we came first to London, and were of an age to relish diversions, such as balls, masquerades, parties by water, music, and such like, my mother and he were always in all our parties; neither choosing to deprive us of them, nor let us go alone; and so far from being a restraint upon any of the company, that not one in it thought there could be any party without them, and they generally were calculated at the times most convenient for my father.

In all companies I ever saw him in, of any quality or dignity, he was always, by them all, considered and respected as the first in it; yet was he the furthest from pride, or assuming any thing to himself, and at all times was at pains to curb any appearance of pride or vanity in my sister or me; and the more, that perhaps he thought in some measure he might contribute to it, from the desire he had of having us inferior to none we kept company with.

Formerly, when he went to London every year to the Parliament, and we in Scotland, he would restrain himself in necessary expenses, to bring all of us something he thought we would like, and was useful to us; and would have his trunk opened to give us them, before he took time to rest himself, and showed a pleasure in doing it I can never forget.

Though the affairs of the public he was employed in took up much of his thoughts, so as often to deprive him of his night's rest, yet his family was never out of his mind, in all the times he was absent from them; which was at London, before the Union, whenever he or his friends thought his being there necessary for the good of his country; and after the Union, constantly went every winter, and staid as long as the Parliament sat, till the year 1714, that he carried up his whole family. He strictly observed his attendance in Parliament, and blamed those who made a bustle to get in, and then absented themselves upon any pretence; which he never did upon any account but when his health necessarily required it. He never failed writing to my mother every post, and often to his children, though young, with great ease and freedom, but always mixed with instruction and good advice; which he insinuated, by commending us for having the disposition to do those things he wanted us most earnestly to pursue, and that with infinite tenderness and condescending affection.

So desirous was he of having every one he was concerned in do their duty in all stations, that he generally brought with him, from London, some hundreds of little instructing books and catechisms, which he distributed amongst his tenants and servants.

In his own house, he was easy, civil, kind, and hospitable to all, and observing, to the greatest trifle what was wanting and necessary for every one, but more particularly if any of the company was of inferior rank, or modest or backward; those he always took most care and notice of, and was greatly offended if he saw any belonging to him neglect them. Many proofs of this kind I could instance, but shall only name one. Two of the poor Episcopal Clergy in Scotland came to ask charity for themselves and their brethren, without the expectation of seeing him. He received them kindly, kept them to dinner with him, contributed to their necessities, and shewed great displeasure at his servants for not having taken proper care of their horses, nor bringing them so readily as they would have done to those from whom they expected a reward.

He never thought there was too much to entertain his friends in his own house, and always complained and was uneasy at superfluity in any other body's. He could not bear putting any body to expense, though he never grudged any himself that was reasonable; but had no pleasure in any thing that others did not share with him in.

He had no ambition but to be free of debt; yet so great trust and confidence did he put in my mother, and so absolutely free of all jealousy and suspicion, that he left the management of his affairs entirely to her, without scarce asking a question about them; except sometimes would say to her, "Is my debt paid yet?" though often did she apply to him for direction and advice; since he knew enough of the law for the management of his own affairs, when he would take the time or trouble, or to prevent his being imposed upon by others.

As to his public transactions, they are

well known; nor am I capable of making a judgment of them. I know, by all his party and friends, his opinion and advice was constantly sought after, and very seldom he erred in his judgment; which nothing deterred him from giving freely, though by it he ran the risk of disobliging those he had a dependence upon.

In the year 1715, he gave strong proof of this, though then in the Treasury, which might have made him silent in giving an opinion against the measures of the Court; but he publicly declared himself for mercy to the poor unhappy sufferers by the rebellion; and, amongst many arguments for it, in a long speech he made in Parliament, which he begun by saying he had been bred in the school of affliction, which had instructed him in both the reasonableness and necessity of showing mercy to others in the like circumstances; and concluded by intreating them to take the advice which the prophet Elisha gave the king of Israel, in the 2d Book of Kings, 6th chapter, and 22d and 23d verses:—"And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them: wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master. And he prepared great provision for them: and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away, and they went to their master. So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel."

His private behaviour was no less singular. His house was open to the wives, mothers, sisters, and other relations and friends of the poor prisoners; where they met with all the advice, assistance, and kind reception that could be given them.

When the two lords suffered, he stirred not out of his room, nor dressed himself for some days; and sent the rest of his family to assist and comfort the near relations of those that suffered. In their last extremity, since it was not in his power to serve them more materially, he was thinking in what he could be useful to them; and considered, that concern and other things might have hindered Lord Kenmore's friends to get an order to receive his body: and just so it was. He immediately sent and obtained it, and sent it by Mr Robert Pringle (who was then under-secretary) to Tower Hill; where he found his body actually in the surgeons' hands.

He was the most just and sagacious observer of mankind that was possible, and was seldom deceived in his opinion of them. This made him press me, with many arguments, to marry one he preferred to Mr Murray; but as his affection and tenderness made him unable to stand out against the tears of any one he loved, upon my answering him only with tears, he said, "Dear child, I cannot see you cry; you must do what pleases yourself; I give my consent, since you cannot follow my opinion." And when it turned out to be the most unfortunate choice I could have made, which gave him a great deal of uneasiness and trouble, he never once upbraided me with having brought it upon myself; nor shewed less tenderness, in all my distress, than if it had been a thing entirely approved of by him.

A strong instance of his tenderness, and compliance with his family, was the journey he made to Naples on account of Lord Binning's health, (whom indeed he was deservedly as fond of as he could be of any child of his own), at the time of life he had devoted for retirement. He pressed Lord Binning extremely to go with some friend to take care of him: but he absolutely refusing unless we went all together, he yielded to what was both disagreeable and inconvenient to himself; but after he took the resolution, he did it with great cheerfulness, never once complained of the difficulties or hardships of the journey, and seemed to like it very well. At Naples, where we were in a manner settled for sixteen months, he spent his time much in retirement, and to his own liking; though he always came into the society we had in an evening, and diverted himself, generally kept them to supper, and showed a heartiness and hospitality not customary in that place, and gained the hearts and admiration of all; of which he had strong proofs in our great distress, when Lord Binning died, by their being most useful and serviceable to us. Indeed their affection and tenderness for Lord Binning, and admiration of him in his sufferings, which he bore with the utmost patience, resignation, and even cheerfulness and good humour, was motive enough to engage their attention to every one of us; which they exercised with the greatest friendship and humanity, and ought ever to be remembered with gratitude by this family. There were Italians, who were Roman Catholics, as well as English, who were constantly with us; and when my father was praying by Lord Binning, in his last hours, they all joined with us; which was a great proof of their affection and condescension. My father's affliction was very heavy upon him, and he expressed it more strongly than ever I had heard him. Lord Binning committed and recommended to his care, the education of his children, and said he needed give no directions about it, since he was to do it: what he wished most earnestly

was, to have them good and honest men, which he knew would also be my father's chief care.

After my father was deprived of hearing most things that were said, except when the discourse was particularly directed to him, he found people out by the judgment he made from his eyes; which were very piercing and observing, though in a way never to give offence to any; and of all things, he hated to put any body out of countenance.

He was ever fond of children, of animals, and of music; which, though a trifling circumstance, was a mark of the gentleness and tenderness of his heart.

His appearance was far from being effeminate; and he stood the hardest trial of his courage and resolution, at the age of nineteen, in seeing the execution of a most tender father, whom he dearly loved. I have often heard it was said by his mother and aunts, that it ever after gave that grave, silent, thoughtful turn to his temper, which before that time was not natural to him. He was in Holland at his studies, and was intended for the practice of the law; he was sent for home when his father was put in prison; which gave another turn to his thoughts and manner of life, and hindered him from pursuing his first intention. I have often heard him regret it; thinking those most happy that followed any profession, and made themselves independent of a Court.

We come now to the "Memoirs of Lady Grisell Baillie," from which, as it is our chief object to give our readers as much as possible of Lady Murray's narrative, we shall extract liberally.

She was the eldest of eighteen children my grandmother bore, except two, that died infants. My Lady Torphichen, the youngest, is now the only one alive, and sixteen years younger than my mother. She was called after her mother, and from her infancy was the darling and comfort of her parents, having early occasion to be trusted and tried by them. In the troubles of King Charles the Second's time, she began her life with many afflicting, terrifying hardships; though I have often heard her say, she never thought them any. At the age of twelve, she was sent by her father from their country-house to Edinburgh, (a long journey,) when my grandfather Baillie was first imprisoned, (my grandfathers being early and intimate friends, connected by the same way of thinking in religion and politics,) to try if, by her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his hand, of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could. *She succeeded so well in both, that from that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence was put in her, and the activity she naturally had far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was intrusted with* *.

Soon after that, her father was confined fifteen months in Dumbarton Castle, and was then set at liberty, without ever being told for what he was put up all that time: and till he went to Holland, she was the active person that did all, by my grandmother's directions; whose affliction, and care of her little ones, kept at home, besides being less able to make journies, and would have been more narrowly watched, and sooner suspected, than one of my mother's age.

After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather Baillie again in prison, her father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it; though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home; for no soul knew where he was, but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they

* Times like these naturally form great and decided characters. There can be no question of the authenticity of the above anecdote, although Burnet's account would seem to cast a shade of doubt on it. "Baillie's illness increased daily: and his wife prayed for leave to attend on him: and, if they feared escape, *she was willing to be put in irons:* BUT THAT WAS DENIED. NOR WOULD THEY SUFFER HIS DAUGHTER, A CHILD OF TWELVE YEARS OLD, TO ATTEND ON HIM, even when he was so low that it was not probable he could live many weeks, his legs being much swelled." (*History of his own Times*, I. 324.) The bishop has, most likely, been imperfectly informed. It appears, by the text, that it was not Baillie's own daughter, but a daughter of Sir Patrick Home's, who procured access to him in his prison: and it was that young Baillie first saw her, and conceived for her a youthful attachment, which afterwards led to their union "under brighter auspices."

durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house; where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night by herself, at midnight, to carry him victuals and drink, and staid with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time, my grandfather shewed the same constant composure, and cheerfulness of mind, that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a church-yard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers, and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking, as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery: my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry to him, without the servants suspecting: the only way it was done was, by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of the like nature. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, "Mother, will ye look at Grisell? while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head!" This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort, and constant entertainment, (for he had no light to read by,) was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in the year 1724, I was witness to his desiring my mother to take up that book, which, amongst others, always lay upon his table, and bid her try if he had forgot his Psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat; and by casting her eye over it, she would know if he was right, though she did not understand it; and he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said, they had been the great comfort of his life by night and day, on all occasions,

As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out in a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards; which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers; she helping the man to carry the earth, as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bed-clothes, and bore-holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, for it was long about, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial, for a month, of no water coming into it, which was feared, from being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for air made clear, and kept clean picked, her father ventured home, having that to trust to.

After being at home a week or two, the bed daily examined as usual, one day, in lifting the boards, the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. In her life she was never so struck, and had near dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off and leave them; in which he was confirmed by the carrier telling for news he had brought from Edinburgh, that the day before, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood had his life taken from him at the Cross, and that every body was sorry, though they durst not show it. As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, it was the first notice they had of it; and the more shocking, that it was not expected. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother worked night and day, in making some alterations in his clothes for disguise. They were then obliged to trust John Allan, their grieve, who fainted away when he was told his master was in the house, and that he was to set

out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the rest of the servants, that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth Fair. Accordingly, my grandfather getting out at a window to the stables, they set out in the dark. Though with good reason, it was a sorrowful parting, yet after he was fairly gone, they rejoiced, and thought themselves happy that he was in a way of being safe; though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own.

My grandfather, whose thoughts were much employed, and went on as his horse carried him, without thinking of his way, found himself at Tweedside, out of his road, and at a place not fordable, and no servant. After pausing, and stopping a good while, he found means to get over, and get into the road on t' other side, where, after some time, he met his servant, who showed inexpressible joy at meeting him, and told him, as he rode first, he thought he was always following him, till upon a great noise of the galloping of horses after him, he looked about, and missed him. This was a party sent to his house to take him up; where they searched very narrowly, and possibly, hearing horses were gone from the house, suspected the truth, and followed. They examined this man, who, to his great joy and astonishment, missed his master, and was too cunning for them, that they were gone back before my grandfather came up with him. He immediately quitted the high road, after a warning by so miraculous an escape; in two days sent back the servant, which was the first notice they had at home of his not having fallen into their hands. He got to London through bye-ways, passing for a surgeon; he could bleed, and always carried lancets. From that he went to France, and travelled from Bourdeaux to Holland on foot, where he sent for his wife and ten children.

He was then forfeited, and his estate given to Lord Seaforth. My grandmother and mother went to London by sea, to solicit an allowance for her and her ten children, where they long attended; and even though assisted by many good friends, from whom they met with much kindness and civility, Lord Russel's family, Lord Wharton's, and others, all she could obtain for herself and them was about £.150 a-year. They then returned to Scotland, to carry over the children; and found my aunt Julian so ill, she could not go with them. My mother returned from Holland by herself, to bring her over, and to negotiate business, and try if she could pick up any money of some that was owing to her father. Her sister was still very weak, so had the attendance of a nurse all the voyage, which happened to be very long. She had agreed for the cabin-bed, and was very well provided in victuals and other necessaries; she found three or four more in the ship, with whom the captain had also agreed for the same bed: a gentleman who was in the cabin, as they all were, said to her, "Let them be doing," (when a dispute arose who should have the bed, for she made none,) "you will see how it will end." Two of the gentlewomen went to bed; the rest lay down as they could best, my mother and her sister upon the floor, with a clogbag of books she was carrying to her father, for their pillow. Then in came the captain, and first eat up their whole provisions with a gluttony incredible; then said to the women in the bed, "Turn out, turn out;" and stripped before them, and lay down in the bed himself. But he did not long enjoy the effects of his brutality; for a terrible storm came on, so that his attendance and labour was necessary to save the ship; they never saw more of him till they landed at the Brill. From that they set out at night on foot for Rotterdam, with a gentleman, who was of great use to them, that came over at the same time to take refuge in Holland. It was a cold, wet, dirty night; my aunt, a girl not well able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the dirt; my mother took her upon her back, and carried her the rest of the way, the gentleman carrying their small baggage. At Rotterdam they found their eldest brother, and my father, waiting for their arrival, to conduct them to Utrecht, where their house was; and no sooner were they all met, than she forgot every thing, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment.

They lived three years and a half in Holland, and in that time she made a second voyage to Scotland about business. Her father went by the borrowed name of Doctor Wallace, and did not stir out, for fear of being discovered; though who he was was no secret to the well-wishers to the Revolution. Their great desire was, to have a good house, as their greatest comfort was at home; and all the people of the same way of thinking, of which there was great numbers, were continually with them. They paid for their house, what was very extravagant for their income, near a fourth part: they could not afford keeping any servant, but a little girl to wash the dishes. All the time they were there, there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights, to do the business that was necessary. She went to market, went to the mill to have their

corn ground, which it seems is the way with good managers there, dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, minded the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and in short did every thing. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord, for little money, but is a *Rucar*, now in my custody, and most valuable. My aunt played and sung well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass betwixt the sisters, about their different occupations. Every morning before six, my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him; (he was ever a good sleeper, which blessing, among many others, she inherited from him;) then got him, what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small beer with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the receipt. Then she took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them every thing that was fit for their age; some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c.; and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school; and my mother, when she had a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest, in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs of her writing when there; many of them interrupted, half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family, when she could come at it, without neglecting what she thought more necessary.

This is a touching picture, and cannot but recall to the remembrance of the reader Mrs Hutchinson and her heroic independents, or Madame Larochejaquelein and her no less chivalrous Vendéans. We have here an anecdote of a most affecting kind, and almost the counterpart of the story of the widow's mite in Scripture:

It is the custom there to gather money for the poor, from house to house, with a bell to warn people to give it. One night the bell came, and no money was there in the house, but an orkey, which is a doit, the smallest of all coin: every body was so ashamed, no one would go to give it, it was so little, and put it from one to t'other: at last my grandfather said "Well, then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have." They were often reduced to this, by the delay of the ships coming from Scotland with their small remittances; then they put the little plate they had (all of which was carried with them) in the Lumber, which is pawning it, till the ships came: and that very plate they brought with them again to Scotland, and left no debt behind them.

But a brighter era was about to dawn. The expedition under the Prince of Orange, after narrowly escaping destruction by shipwreck, landed in England: the moody and ferocious bigot, James, abdicated the throne: the exiles were restored to their country, their honours, and their patrimony: and, what was more important than all, that civil and religious liberty for which they had struggled so long, and suffered the loss of all things, was secured on a firm and permanent basis. It was natural that the new family should seek to promote and reward their gallant friends, and to gather around them those whose interests and feelings were so closely connected, and so much in unison with their own. The Princess, accordingly, offered to make Lady Grisell Home one of her maids of honour; but she preferred "going home with the rest of her family." Besides, she had her union with Mr Baillie always in view, for her daughter assures us, their affection for each other had increased during their exile; though, at that low ebb of their fortunes, they had wisely concealed their acttachment from their families. At length, however, she was married to the man whom she had so long and tenderly loved, and with whom she lived for nearly half a century, declaring, after his death, that "they never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding—no, not for a moment; and that, to the last of his life, she felt the same ardent love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance." The general character of this admirable woman is thus affectionately delineated by her daughter:

She had a quickness of apprehension and sagacity, that generally hit upon the fittest thing to be done. Though she had a quick and ready wit, yet she spoke little in company, but where she was quite free and intimate. She used often to wonder at a talent she met with in many, that could entertain their company by numberless words, and yet say nothing. She greatly disliked either receiving or bestowing flattery. I have often seen her out of countenance at speeches made to her, and had not a word to say; her integrity of heart made her silent upon such occasions, and she could not use fair words, even where she thought they were deserved; the want of which is generally a great abridgment of conversation. And this was joined with a modesty which was singular; to her last, she had the bashfulness of a girl, and was as easily put out of countenance. Though she had the greatest reason, from the deference was always paid to her judgment, was void of the least self-conceit, and often gave up her own opinion to that of others; not that it proved better, but that they were more positive and self-sufficient. If it was to those she loved, she did it from a desire of preferring their pleasure to her own; and, of any I ever knew, was the most entirely void of the smallest ingredient of selfishness; at all times ever considered herself in the last place; or rather never thought of herself at all, but how she might please, and make every thing easy and agreeable to those about her, even by often doing what could no otherwise be pleasing to herself, but that others liked it; often to the straitening of herself, and obliging her to the strictest and best management in her affairs. No mortal was so easily contented, and satisfied in every thing for herself. Her moderation in diet was not greater than in other things; her expences were for the credit or pleasure of her family or friends, and great trouble she took for their sakes, though it never appeared to be any to her. After fatiguing many hours in a day, for weeks together, in business and accounts, she always came out to her family as easy and cheerful as if she had been only diverting herself, and was ready to enter into any thing they proposed to amuse her, or because she thought it would please them; and in nothing did the capacity of her mind appear more than in this, that, whatever she did, she could apply herself so strongly and thoroughly to it, that a by-stander would imagine that to be her particular attachment. And yet the things of the greatest moment did not make her forget trifles that were fit to be thought of, which she often warned us of; and said, if neglected, would prove things of moment. She had a power of passing from great things to small ones, with a readiness that was surprising: whatever she did, whether it was playing a game at backgammon, or an affair of moment to her family, there was the same character appeared in it,—sprightliness, attention, and good humour. She possessed herself so thoroughly, that I have often heard her say, she never knew what it was to find herself indisposed to do any thing she thought proper to be done. She was blessed with a good and healthy constitution, though she sometimes had fevers, and violent and dangerous illnesses; she soon threw them off, and had no notion of those depressions that most people labour under.

In her family, her attention and economy reached to the smallest things; and though this was her practice from her youth, there never appeared in her the least air of narrowness; and so far was she from avarice, the common vice of age, that often has my father said to her, "I never saw the like of you, goodwife; the older you grow, you grow the more extravagant; but do as you please, providing I be in no debt." Nor did he ever ask her another question about the whole management of his private affairs, but "if his debt was paid?" She had a cheerful and open cordiality, that made every one easy and happy about her. Her reigning principle appeared here very much; she took all that pains, that she might have more and better things to please other people with. For her own part, upon her own account, she often said, she had known so well what it was to live upon little, that what by many would be esteemed poverty, she could be highly contented with, and think affluence.

She had the art of conferring obligations in a high degree. In this she followed the great precept, "Give, hoping for nothing again." I have been often witness to her being uneasy, even at being thanked for very great services. She was far from assuming over people on that account: the more any one was obliged to her, the more easy they might be with her, and the closer her affection was tied to do still further service.

She was unwearied, and indefatigable in business; understood it well, and had the whole load of her own affairs, as well as that of many of her friends, for whom she diligently watched every opportunity that might be of use to them, and had more pleasure when she was so, than can be expressed. From her tender years, she had been a constant help and support to her father's family. Not to name

other things, I shall only mention the trouble she took, from the time her brother, Lord Polwarth, went abroad in 1716. She had the whole management of his affairs all the time he was at Copenhagen and Cambray; the care of the education of his children; his eldest son she sent abroad, and with trouble and difficulty procured Mr Maclaurin, who was then Professor of Mathematics at Aberdeen, to go along with him as his tutor; she brought the other two sons from Scotland, and placed them at a school in London; where she had, even to the smallest necessaries in clothes, to provide for them, till it was fit to send them to Holland; she provided a tutor for them, answered their bills, and I will not say how much trouble and anxiety they cost her, since she did every thing for her father's family, with the same zeal and affection she could do for her own.

She went to Scotland every second year to see her father; and when he wanted assistance in his old age, and could not take the trouble of looking after his own affairs, she took in and settled his steward's account;—once at Kimmerghame, with a trouble and fatigue incredible, for two months, from five in the morning till twelve at night, that she scarce allowed herself time to eat or sleep, settling, and taking them from one that had long had the charge of the business, till she half killed the whole family by attending her, though they kept not the hours she did. When in London, she never failed writing to her father, or her sister Julian, who then lived with him, and took affectionate care of him, every other post; sent him the newspapers, and any new book or pamphlet she thought would divert him.

* * * * * *

Her concern for Lord Binning's family was no less than for her own. I never knew her make a distinction in any thing could be for their interest, or even pleasure. Her particular affection to him was equal, if it did not surpass, that to her own children; of which she gave a strong proof, by cheerfully undertaking and bearing the whole burthen of our long journey to Naples, upon his account. When we came to Holland, not one of the company could speak or understand Dutch; nor had she occasion to hear or speak it, since she left that country at the Revolution; yet she immediately recovered and recollected it, when she heard it spoke, and made herself understand so as to do all the business necessary; and seemed delighted with the remembrance of things long past, and pleased with every thing, and every place she went to. When she came to Utrecht, the place of her former abode, she had the greatest pleasure in showing us every corner of the town, which seemed fresh in her memory; particularly the house she had lived in, which she had a great desire to see; but when she came there, they would not let her in, by no arguments, either of words or money, for no reason but for fear of dirtying it. She offered to put off her shoes, but nothing could prevail, and she came away much mortified at her disappointment.

At Naples, she showed what would have been a singular quickness of capacity and apprehension at any age, much more at hers. She knew not one word of Italian, and had servants of the country that as little understood one word she said; so that at first she was forced to call me to interpret betwixt them; but in a very little while, with only the help of a grammar and dictionary, she did the whole business of her family with her Italian servants, went to shops, bought every thing she had occasion for, and did it so well, that our acquaintances who had lived many years there, begged the favour of her to buy for them when she provided herself; thinking, and often saying, she did it to much better purpose than they could themselves.

If she could but guess what was agreeable to Lord Binning, it was done before he had time to wish for it; and well did he deserve it from her, since no dutiful child could surpass his regard and tenderness for her upon all occasions. Not long before he died, she was so ill, that for two days she could not get out of bed to come to him; he soon missed her, and inquired earnestly after her; we made different pretences and excuses for her not coming, without owning she was ill; but he very well knew, that nothing but being very ill could keep her from him; upon which he said, with the utmost tenderness, "If any thing ails mamma," which was the name he always called her by, "I'll put my head under the clothes, and never look up again." Her sorrow for his death was most heavy, which she showed even in trifles; for never after would she wear any thing of colours. One day, in an agony of grief, she said she could have begged her bread with pleasure to have saved his life; and nothing did she grudge or spare to contribute to the preserving it, though at a time of life when ease and quiet was more natural for her to desire.

I cannot help taking notice, that Providence particularly rewarded her for her remarkable and dutiful behaviour to her parents, by giving her children who had the like affectionate regard for her;

though, thank God, they had not occasion to show it in like circumstances; and well did she deserve it from them, for their happiness was the only thing her heart was set upon with eagerness. To her grandsons, she could not deny any thing, and was fond they should appear in the world with distinction, and omitted nothing she could devise to further them this way; but yet, whenever she spoke about them, the great thing she expressed herself with most concern about, was, that they might become virtuous and religious men. She herself was much devoted to piety, and the service of God. People who exercise themselves much this way, are often observed to contract a morose way of thinking concerning others, which she had no tincture of. Her religion improved her in charity, and patience for other people's failings, and forgiveness of injuries; and no doubt was one great source of that constant cheerfulness she was so remarkable for. If we can but copy her in this, she will still be a blessing to us, though in her grave.

She often said, her natural temper was warm and passionate; but from the time I could observe her, there appeared nothing but meekness, calmness, and resignation; and she often reproved us for the contrary. Our saying "we could not help it," was no satisfying answer to her, who told us, she had been the same, and had conquered it.

Her duty and affection as a wife was unparalleled. I have it by me, writ in a book with her own hand, amongst many other things,—"The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us, died at Oxford, (where he went for the education of his grandsons) the 6th of August 1738, and was sent home to his burying-place at Mellerstain."

* * * * * *

She one day said, she was ashamed to be alive, after losing one that had writ her such letters, and with whom she could have been contented to live on the top of a mountain, on bread and water; and had no pleasure in any thing, but for his sake. Happy, said she, had it been for her, if she had constantly read over his letters, and governed her whole actions by them. She intended sealing them up in a bag, and bid me see they were buried in the coffin with her. I begged to read some of them, which she allowed me; and I earnestly entreated they might not be buried, but preserved for the sake of his posterity; and they are now in my custody. In nothing I ever saw did I find so much to instruct, to admire, to please: *they are a true picture of his heart, full of the most tender and condescending affection, just remarks and reflections, true goodness, submission to Providence, entire resignation and contentment, without cant, superstition, severity or uncharitableness to others, constant justness to all, and frugality in his private affairs for the sake of his family.* From all I read, it is plain a retired life was his choice and inclination, and that he only engaged and submitted to the business and bustle of the world, for the sake of serving his country and friends. Being from his family was ever grievous to him, and his circumstances would not admit of his always carrying them with him. But he must be ever usefully present to whoever reads those letters, in which there is the best instruction and advice upon every subject and occasion.

* * * * * *

She was always an early riser, and often recommended it to us, as the best time to perform our duty, either to God or man. Though it was her own constant practice, she often said, she never in her life got up willingly,—that none could have a greater temptation for lying in bed, yet she did it not, though it was sometimes necessary for her health, and to recruit her strength. But had she not taken that time to do her business, while my father lived, it could not have been done at all; for he could scarce ever have her out of his sight, especially the latter part of his life. Often have I wondered how she found the way to compass so much business, since she was called from it every moment, and got to it but by starts; but she was indefatigable at all times, and even at her great age, to set every thing in a clear light, for the ease of those that were to come after her; and left all things, to the greatest trifles, and memorandums from friends so marked and writ upon, as I found them, in a way that is a sure proof that she never expected to see them again. Yet cheerfully did she set out, to hide from us her uneasiness at going from a place where she thought she was settled for the remains of her life, and as happy as any thing then could make her. We had bad rainy weather, which made it a fatiguing, disagreeable journey; but she never complained, was up first, and ordered every thing for the whole company, with an alertness and spirit beyond us all; and so she did when we came to London, that nobody else had any trouble, to the smallest trifle.

The rebellion in 1745 was a great affliction to her; the distress of her country and friends went near her heart, and made great impression on her health and spirits. Nobody could be more sensibly touched

with the desolation of this poor country; yet never expressed herself with bitterness nor resentment against the authors of it, and could not bear to hear others do so. She said, it was the judgment of God upon us, and too well deserved by all ranks; therefore we ought to submit to it, and endeavour to avert it by other methods than railing and ill will at those that were the instruments of it. However different she was in her own way of thinking, she never heard of the distress of any without feeling for them, and remembering what she herself had suffered. Whenever she had opportunity, she continued to do what she had practised in 1715; for which she had my father's example, which to her was a law; though she wanted no other inducement but the compassion and tenderness of her own heart, which was ever ready to help those that wanted her assistance; and it was so well known, that many applied to her. Often was she grieved not to have it in her power to help them, yet she always tried, and did her utmost. The very last week of her life she sent a servant to Newgate, to inquire after one she heard was there in distress, and to give him some relief, though she had never seen him, but knew his friends. When the situation of things made it impossible to get any money from Scotland, and what she had was at an end, she sent for her butcher, baker, brewer, &c. whom she regularly paid every month; told them she could not then do so, and perhaps never might be able to pay them at all; of which she thought it just to give them warning, that they might choose whether they would continue to serve her. They all desired she would be in no pain, but take from them whatever she had occasion for; because they were sure, if ever she was able to pay them, she would; and if she was not, she was very welcome, which was the least they owed for such long punctual payment as they had got from her.

For some months this distress continued, though she had offers of very large supplies both from English and Scots friends; which she would not accept of, from the same uncertainty of repaying them. The occasion of her entire want of money was Mr St Clair's being ill, who had the care of her affairs, and remitting her money, till the Highlanders had possession of Edinburgh, which then put it out of his power. My nephew, George, had a horse which he was fond of; unknown to any body, he one day sold it, and brought her the money; though but £.18, it was very acceptable in the family, which every one got a share of for their little necessary: but such things discomposed her little, though the general distress lay near her heart. She went little abroad, except to Lady Stanhope; and had the pleasure of all her old friends and acquaintance, as well as several new ones, coming often to her, thinking no time better spent than in her company.

Lord Cornbury, writing to Lady Hervey on her death, said, "Indeed I am sorry that we shall see our good old friend no more. I am sorry that we shall partake no more in the society of that hospitality, that benevolence, that good humour, that good sense, that cheerful dignity, the result of so many virtues, which were so amiable in her, and what did so much honour to humanity: and I am very sorry for what those must suffer at present, whom she had bred up to have affections, and who had so justly so much for her."

The interest of these extracts will, we hope, plead our excuse for their length, and also for extracting an anecdote or two of Sir Patrick Home. With great good taste and propriety, Lady Murray has abstained from every thing which might be called politics; and, although we have formed a very decided opinion as to Sir Patrick's conduct in some instances, particularly in Argyle's ill-fated expedition, we shall carefully follow her example. In his exile on the continent, he had gone by the name of Dr Wallace: this is all that is necessary to be premised, in order to understand what follows:

My grandfather, while in high station, had frequent opportunities of showing his natural humanity to those in distress, always remembering he had been so himself. Amongst many, one Captain Burd had a process before the Privy Council, of which my grandfather was President as Chancellor, for something that imported no less than his life. The moment he appeared before him, though he had not recollected him by his name, he knew him to be the same Captain Burd with whom he had been intimately acquainted in France, and had made part of the journey on foot from that together to Holland; but the Captain little suspected to find his old friend, Dr Wallace, sitting there as his judge, and had not the least knowledge of his ever having been other than what he then appeared. My grandfather examined him pretty strictly, and with some severity; so that he was

dismissed with the utmost apprehension of no favour. My grandfather ordered his son, Sir Andrew Hume, who was then a lawyer, to get acquainted with him, and bring him one day to tell his own case; which he did in fear and trembling, dreading the severity he had already experienced. When they were alone, he was telling his story without lifting his eyes from the ground; when he had done, my grandfather said, smiling, "Do you not know me?" upon which he looked up, cried out, "God's wounds, Doctor Wallace!" run to him, and hung about his neck with tears of joy. One may judge what succeeded, and the pleasure they had to see one another. The cause was given for him, which indeed was but just, though he feared the consequence, from the first appearance of severity he met with.

This good, though not great man appears to have enjoyed life himself, and to have derived pleasure from contributing to, or observing the innocent enjoyment of others; a strange character for "a presbyterian sour!"

He retained his judgment and good humour to the last. Two or three years before he died, my mother was at Berwick with him, where he then lived; and many of her relations came there to see her before she went to London. As mirth and good humour, and particularly dancing, had always been one characteristic of the family, when so many of us were met, being no fewer than fourteen of his children and grand-children, we had a dance. He was then very weak in his limbs, and could not walk down stairs, but desired to be carried down to the room where we were, to see us; which he did with great cheerfulness, saying, "Though he could not dance with us, he could yet beat time with his foot;" which he did, and bid us dance as long as we could; that it was the best medicine he knew, for at the same time that it gave exercise to the body, it cheered the mind. At his usual time of going to bed, he was carried up stairs, and we ceased dancing for fear of disturbing him; but he soon sent to bid us go on, for the noise and music, so far from disturbing, that it would lull him to sleep. He had no notion of interrupting the innocent pleasures of others, though his age hindered him to partake of it. His exemplary piety and goodness was no bar to his mirth; and he often used to say, none had so good reason to be merry and pleased as those that served God, and kept his commandments.

We cannot conclude this article without giving some account of the accomplished lady to whom we are indebted for these delightful Memoirs. She was, as we have already seen, the eldest daughter of George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grisell, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont; and by the death of an only brother in infancy, became the presumptive heiress of her father's ample fortune. At the age of seventeen she was married at Edinburgh to Mr Alexander Murray, the son and heir of Sir David Murray of Stanhope, Baronet, by the Lady Anne Bruce, daughter of Alexander Earl of Kincardine. This marriage proved singularly unhappy. Scarcely had the nuptial ceremony been completed, when she was alarmed by the brutal and causeless jealousy of her husband, who, though his appearance and manners in society were specious, and even prepossessing, was unquestionably affected with a degree of constitutional insanity, which "made him the helpless victim of the most groundless suspicions, and of the most agonizing and uncontrollable passions." As the rigidly circumspect conduct of his wife had no effect in removing, or even moderating the dreadful disease under which this unhappy man laboured, and as her life even was conceived to be endangered by the sudden gusts of passion to which he was liable, a separation became necessary; and this was accordingly effected in the month of March 1714.

From this period, Mrs Murray was unquestionably distinguished as one of the remarkable women who graced what has been called the Augustan Age of the Court of England. In the beautiful and well-known verses, entitled "Mr Pope's Welcome from Greece," written by Gay, "upon Mr Pope's having finished his Translation of Homer's Iliad," she is honoured with an eminent place in the groupe of "goodly dames" who first advance to hail the return of the poet:—

"What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah! thou art Wortley's eyes!
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,
For she distinguishes the good and wise!
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends.
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies!
Now, Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel!"

The more recent annotators on this poem have committed a whimsical mistake, in assigning the part of the "sweet-tongued Murray" to the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who at that time must have been a school-boy. Of its true appropriation there can be no doubt; and the epithet bestowed on Mrs Murray, alludes evidently to the fascinating accomplishments for which she was early admired, and which she retained to the latest period of her life,—when she was still accustomed to sing the native airs and ballads of her own country, with a delicacy and pathos quite peculiar to herself.

The friendship which had for several years subsisted between Mrs Murray, and her still more brilliant contemporary Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was fated not to be more durable than that between the latter and the poet, whom they were thus united in congratulating on the completion of his greatest labour. In the year 1721, the peace of Mrs Murray's family had been painfully broken, in consequence of the brutality of a servant of her brother-in-law, Lord Binning, who, in a fit of drunkenness, burst into her bedchamber in the middle of the night, and threatened to put her instantly to death if she ventured to resist his violence. With great courage and presence of mind, she succeeded in alarming and calling up the family; but for this crime, which was held to be a capital burglary, the man was condemned to death, though afterwards his punishment was commuted for transportation. On the subject of this escape, Lady Mary thought fit to exercise her wicked wit in an infamous ballad; which of course she loudly disclaimed all knowledge of, but of which her own letters to her sister Lady Mar plainly enough betray her to have been the writer. This piece of gratuitous malice, at a distance of a year or two afterwards, Mrs Murray appears to have been made aware of, and to have resented in a way that gave Lady Mary such serious disturbance, that she besought Lady Mar, the more intimate and valued friend of Mrs Murray, to interpose for her protection. The subject is repeatedly alluded to in the printed collection of her letters, and still more pointedly in some of those that have not been published. In one of these she writes:—"I give you many thanks for the good offices you promise me with regard to Mrs Murray, and I shall think myself sincerely obliged to you, as I already am on many accounts. 'Tis very disagreeable in her, to go about behaving and talking as she does, and silly into the bargain." It is no small testimony to the character of Mrs Murray, that she was thus able to keep in check so proud and daring a spirit as that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In Gay's groupe of "goodly dames" there is another, whom it is here more pleasing to bring into notice. Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey, so prettily and so attractively characterised by the poet, was early the intimate friend of Mrs Murray; and of their firm and sincere attachment, to the close of their lives, she has left behind her, in her letters lately published, the most pleasing and unequivocal testimony.

In the year 1724, Mr Murray succeeded his father, and soon squandered away, in absurd and chimerical schemes, the family estate, which was only of moderate value. "On the death of Mr Baillie in 1738, Lady Murray succeeded to the estates of the family, subject to the 'life-rent' of her mother, Lady Grisell Baillie, 'to whom, for the special love, favour, and affection he had, and bore to her, and in consideration that she had been to him a most loving, affectionate, and useful wife,' Mr Baillie had secured the income of his whole property." Lady Grisell died in 1746, when Lady Murray came into full possession of her father's estates, "but continued to live in the family with her sister, Lady Binning, to whom, and to her second son, the estates were destined on the failure of the elder sister without children. We conclude this notice in the words of Mr Thomson:

In the summer of 1757, Lady Hervey made a journey into Scotland, to pass a few months with "her dearest and oldest friends, Lady Murray and her family;" a visit which appears to have afforded to both parties very high gratification. They probably never afterwards met again: Lady Murray died in June 1759, to the extreme grief of her relatives, by whom she was entirely beloved, but lamented by none beyond the circle of her own family more deeply than by Lady Hervey, who, in the following letters, (with which these desultory notices shall be closed), has given the portraiture of her friend, with a degree of force, discrimination, and feeling, that stamp on it the genuine impress of truth, and attest the perfect sincerity of the amiable and accomplished writer.

* * * * *

"*London, the 21st June, 1759.*

"Oh, good Sir! I cannot answer your letters, your questions, nor say any thing

of the receipt you kindly sent me. I am fit or able to do nothing whatever. I have lost the first friend I had—the kindest, best, and most valuable one I ever had!—Poor Lady Murray, with whom I have lived above forty years in the strictest friendship; in the whole course of which time we never had the least coolness—but our affection continued increasing: she is gone!—quite gone!—I shall never see her more!'

* * * * * *

"*London, July the 17th*, 1759.

"I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, for your long letter, so kindly meant, and so well wrote, in its way: I take it as it was meant; and therefore thank you for it, as a proof of your good will to me: but allow me to say, that, whoever is comforted for any loss by such sort of reasoning, does not want to be comforted. The whole turns on suppositions, which I am far from thinking as probable as you seem to think them: but supposing, for I cannot grant all you say to be truth, had we that reason, which we certainly have not, yet reason itself is no match for passion or sentiment; and, wherever the latter are too strong, the former, depend upon it, will always be found to be too weak. In the first struggle, every one allows that sentiment is the strongest; but that reason, by its superior strength, surmounts it before the conflict is over. The truth is, that passion and sentiment are very generally short-lived in most minds; and when they begin of themselves to decay, reason has the honour of it.

"What do you mean by saying that she had lived as long as it could be supposed her faculties would have lasted? She was but sixty-seven; had every sense and faculty as perfect as at twenty-seven. Her mother, who lived till eighty-one, was the same: I saw and heard old Lady Grisell, six months before she died, as lively, as entertaining, as sagacious, and with all her senses as perfect as ever: and Lady Grisell's father, who lived till a good deal above ninety, I have heard Lady Grisell say, had his understanding, judgment, and memory, perfect to the last. Had I not reason, when she came of so long-lived a family, to flatter myself as I did, that, seeming herself so strong, she would have lived as long as the others? But, alas! she was not strong: it was spirits that we took for strength, and that deceived her, and all of us. She is to me an irreparable loss.

"Never, in my long life, did I ever meet with a creature, in all respects, like her: many have excelled her, perhaps, in particular qualities; but none, that I met with, have equalled her in all. Sound, good sense, strong judgment, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity; a most affectionate disposition of mind; constant and steady; not obstinate; great indulgence to others; a most sweet, cheerful temper; and a sort of liveliness and good humour, that promoted innocent mirth wherever she came: and, with all this, her nature, or her understanding, or both, gave her such an attention to every thing, and every body, that neither when she was most vexed (and many vexations she had,) nor when in her highest spirits, did she ever say or do a thing that could offend or hurt any one. In forty years, and as much as we lived together, she never said or did the least thing to me, that, from any reason in the world, I could have wished undone or unsaid. Of no other person, that I ever had any connection with, can I say the same. Inadvertence, ill-humour, or too much spirits, will, in most people, at some time or other, make them do or say what may hurt, at least for a time, their best friends. But she had a kind of delicacy in her way of thinking, accompanied by a reflection so quick, that though she seemed to speak without considering beforehand, she could not, had she considered ever so long, have more dexterously and more effectually avoided the least thing that could either directly or obliquely have made any one uneasy or out of countenance. Oh! she was—— what was she not?—but 'tis all over."

The style of Lady Murray is pure, simple, and unaffected, and there is a freshness, and air of truth and sincerity about her narrative, (owing, perhaps, in a great measure, to its being intended solely for the use of her family,) which charm the reader, and produce a feeling of regret when it comes to a close. It is painful to think that so beautiful, accomplished, and affectionate a woman should have been unfortunate; but no one can doubt, that so pious and dutiful a daughter must have proved an excellent wife to any but to the madman to whom, in an evil hour, she was united. The testimony of Lady Hervey is decisive of the estimation in which she was held by those to whom she was most intimately known; while the extracts we have given from her two memoirs display the general qualities of her head and heart, without ostentation or disguise, and in a manner calculated, we think, to excite unqualified admiration.

EARL AND COUNTESS OF DERBY—PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

EVERY thing calculated to throw light on any of the characters or incidents in "Peveril of the Peak," and to show how far History has aided the author in the composition of this chef d'œuvre, must, at the present moment, be equally curious and interesting. For this reason, we shall gratify our readers with a few extracts from a rare and valuable tract, entitled "Memoirs, containing a Genealogical and Historical Account of the Ancient and Honourable House of Stanley, from the Conquest, till the Death of James Earl of Derby, in the year 1735."

It is well known, that the "House of Stanley" was one of the most ancient in the kingdom, and boasted a lineal descent from the time of the Conqueror, downwards. In the year 1485, being the first of Henry VII., the Lord Stanley was, by that Sovereign,—who, in consequence of his marriage united in his own person the joint claims of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster,—created Earl of Derby, and invested with sundry high and important offices, to which he was well entitled, by his distinguished gallantry, and his devotion to the cause of that able and fortunate Prince.

In the reign of Henry IV., the Isle of Man had been vested, by patent, in Sir John Stanley and his heirs for ever; and towards the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, this patent was declared, by a solemn decision of the Judges, to be warranted by common law, but that the Heirs General would succeed in preference to their Uncle William, Earl of Derby, by whom the principality was claimed. Whereupon the said Earl entered into a treaty and agreement with the Heirs General, for the surrender of their claims; in consequence of which, he applied to his Majesty King James I., and from him obtained a new patent or grant, conveying to him, the said Earl, and his heirs for ever, the principality of Man, with all the honours, powers, privileges, and regalities thereunto belonging; which grant was confirmed by a special Act of the Parliament, begun at Westminster the 19th of March, in the first, and continued till the 9th of February, in the seventh year of the reign of that monarch.

The noble and illustrious lord who suffered at Bolton Moor, and to whom allusion is so frequently made in "Peveril of the Peak," was the seventh Earl of Derby. He was married to Charlotte, daughter of Claude de la Tremouille, Duc de Tremouille et Trovers, by Charlotte, daughter of the renowned Count William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, by Charlotte de Bourbon, of the Royal House of France: by which marriage he stood allied to the Kings of France, and to the Houses of Bourbon, Monpessier, Condé; to the Dukes of Anjou, the Kings of Naples and Sicily, the Archduke of Austria, the Kings of Spain, the Earls and Dukes of Savoy, the Dukes of Milan, and to most of the Sovereign Princes of Europe.

By this lady he had issue three sons; Charles, who succeeded him, and Edward and William, who both died young, and unmarried; also three daughters, the eldest, Lady Henrietta Maria, married to William, the great Earl of Strafford, who died without issue; the Lady Catherine, second daughter, married to Henry Marquis of Dorchester, who likewise died without issue; and the Lady Amelia, the youngest, married to John Earl of Atholl, and who was grandmother to his Grace James Duke of Atholl.

Having stated this much, we shall now proceed, as we promised, to give a few extracts from the curious volume before us, which is the more valuable, as the author, whose name, unfortunately, is not given, has been enabled to enrich it with a number of original letters and documents, and with portions of memoirs of himself, and of the actions in the Civil Wars in which he was engaged, by the illustrious Earl, who sealed his loyalty with his blood at Bolton Moor. It is only necessary to premise, that his Lordship was one of the first Peers who repaired to King Charles the First at York, "when the seditious, insolent, and rebellious Londoners (when were they ever otherwise?) had drove his Majesty from Whitehall; thinking himself obliged, both by his religion and al-

legiance, to serve his Prince to the utmost of his power with his life and fortune, and making him a frank and manly tender of both." We shall begin with the gallant defence of Latham House, in the county of Lancaster, against the Parliament Army under Sir Thomas Fairfax. A finer example of female heroism is not upon record.

Colonel Ashton of Middleton, Colonel Egerton of Shaw, Colonel Holcroft of Holcroft, and Colonel Rigby, with their regiments, and Sir Thomas Fairfax from Yorkshire, with his troops, was called to their assistance, to besiege, or take by storm (for aught they knew) an unarmed lady in her own house; but that which the heroic lady most feared was, that they intended a sudden assault, which she collected from the multitude of their forces then in view; and that her own men, being but raw and unexperienced, would be therefore terrified, and not make a worthy resistance.

She therefore caused her men to be listed under six Captains, whom, for their courage and integrity, she chose out of the gentlemen that were in the house, to her assistance, viz. Captain Farrington of Werden, Captain Charnock of Charnock, Captain Chissenhall of Chissenhall, Captain Rosthern of New Hall, Captain Ogle of Prescot, and Captain Molineux Radcliffe. These she desired to train, instruct, and encourage her men, being yet unskilful, and unfit for service.

These Captains received all their orders from Captain Farmer, whom her ladyship had made major of the house; and he received his orders from her ladyship. He was by nation a Scotchman, very skilful in the art of war, having been long in the school of Mars in the Low Countries; a man of true courage, and approved conduct. This worthy gentleman had the misfortune to be afterwards slain in the battle of Marston Moor, serving there under Colonel Chissenhall.

This martial and heroic lady commanded all the affairs of the house to be managed with the greatest privacy, and permitted none to go out of the gates, but those she could trust and rely upon, both for prudence and loyalty; the rest were so contented, that when the enemy drew near to Latham House, they dreamed of no other resistance but from ignorant servants.

In the interim, the officers of the county being advanced to Ormskirk, two miles from Latham, Sir Thomas Fairfax, as commander in chief, sent, on the 28th of February, 1644, a trumpet, and a gentleman of quality with him, to desire a friendly conference with the Lady Derby, to prevent, if it might be, all the mischief that would ensue by a misunderstanding and breach betwixt her ladyship and him: to this her ladyship consented.

Whereupon Sir Thomas Fairfax, and some gentlemen with him, immediately came from Ormskirk to Latham, and were admitted to her ladyship; but in the mean time, by the advice of Major Farmer, to prevent a surprise, or sudden assault, her ladyship caused all her soldiers to be placed in very good order, under their respective Officers, from the main guard in the first court, down to the great hall, where her ladyship had ordered Sir Thomas Fairfax to be received: and had placed all the rest of her men in open sight, upon the walls, and the tops of the towers, in such manner, that they might appear to be both numerous and well disciplined; in hopes that this unexpected appearance of so much strength within, might give some terror to the enemy without; as she feared their great number without might something discourage her new-raised soldiers within.

Sir Thomas Fairfax and the gentlemen with him being arrived at the house, were admitted, and received by her ladyship with the greatest civility; when, after a short respite, Sir Thomas acquainted her ladyship, that they were commanded by the Parliament to reduce that house to their obedience, and that they were commissioned to offer to her ladyship an honourable and safe remove, with their children, servants, and all her goods, (arms and cannon only excepted,) to her lord's house at Knowsley; and that she should enjoy one moiety of her lord's estate in all places of England, for the support of herself and children.

To this her ladyship answered, that she was there left under a double trust, one of loyalty and faith to her husband, the other of allegiance and duty to her Sovereign; that 'till she had obtained their consent, she could not give up that house without manifest disloyalty and breach of trust to them both, therefore desired only one month's time to know their pleasure therein; and then, if she obtained their consent, she would quietly yield up the house; if not, she hoped they would excuse her if she endeavoured to preserve her honour and obedience, though in her own ruin.

To this Sir Thomas Fairfax replied, that it exceeded their commission to give to her ladyship any further respite for consideration than that one day, and so departed, observing, in his recess from the house, the situation and strength of it, and the order and regular disposal of the

soldiers; as perhaps, either conceiving the number of her soldiers to be greater than they were, or suspecting the resolution and courage of the common soldiers of his own party; or else, as being a person of greater honour and generosity than his confederates, judged it ignoble and unmanly to assault a lady of her high birth and quality in her own house, without any other provocation than keeping her lord's house, by his command; a lady that had left her country and kindred for the enjoyment of the Protestant religion *.

And agreeably thereto, at the first council of war after their return from the said conference, he declared himself against a present storm, (urged by some) and advised a regular siege, which advice was greatly advanced, by a circumstance that occurred during the time of the treaty with the lady: a Captain of the Parliament party, then before the house, observing one of her ladyship's chaplains, whom the Earl had left with her, as a person well able to assist her with his council, and would be faithful to her in all her concerns, and who had received their education together, and were not only well acquainted, but intimate and familiar with each other; at the close of the before-mentioned parley with the lady, the Captain, getting an opportunity of free discourse with the said chaplain, attempted, by direction from the commander of that party, to gain from him the secrets of that council, by which the lady had resolved to keep the house, and conjured him, by virtue of their ancient friendship, to tell him truly, upon what confidence he proceeded to reject the offers made her by the Parliament, and think to defend her house against so great a strength as was then before it encamped in the park.

To this the chaplain deriving on the same design with his lady, to avert a sudden assault, answered, that, upon a firm promise of secrecy, he would acquaint the Captain with the truth and mystery of that council, viz. "That the lady had but little provision of victuals in the house; that she was oppressed with the number of her soldiers; that she would not be able to subsist above 14 days, for want of bread to supply them; that she hoped they would give a sudden onset to the house, not from the multitude and courage of her soldiers to give them a repulse, nor upon her own strength to discourage the enemy to raise the siege; but in case they should continue a siege, she must inevitably be forced to surrender the place.

The Captain, as the chaplain imagined he would, as soon as he came to the council, imparted the conference with the chaplain, as the grand secret of the lady and her Captains; to which Sir Thomas Fairfax, and the Colonels with him, giving credit, laid aside all thoughts of a sudden force, and resolved on a close and formal siege.

Fourteen days being expired, Sir Thomas sent a summons by a trumpet to the lady, to surrender the house immediately, supposing, upon the infallible advice of the chaplain, that her provisons were then all spent; but by this time her soldiers were well hardened, the walls well lined, the cannon well fitted, and the lady resolved to make a brave defence, and set the enemy at defiance.

And therefore, by the trumpet, returned the following answer, to wit, "That as she had not lost her regard for the Church of England, nor her allegiance to her Prince, nor her faith to her lord, she could not therefore as yet give up that house; that they must never hope to gain it, 'till she had either lost all these, or her life in defence of them."

Whereupon Sir Thomas Fairfax, seeing the lady's resolution for a vigorous resistance, and that the chaplain had only abused the credulity of the confident Captain, left Colonel Egerton commander in chief, and with him Major Morgan, as engineer, to manage the siege; himself, with his own troops, being commanded by the Parliament to other service.

Latham House stands upon a flat, upon a moorish, springy, and spungous ground, was encompassed with a strong wall of two yards thick; upon the walls were nine towers, flanking each other, and in every tower were six pieces of ordnance, that played three one way, and three the other; without the wall was a mote eight yards wide, and two yards deep; upon the back of the mote, between the wall and the graff, was a strong row of palisadoes around; besides all these, there was a high strong tower, called the Eagle Tower, in the midst of the house, surmounting all the rest; and the gate-house was also two high and strong buildings, with a strong tower of each side of it; and in the entrance to the first court, upon the tops of these towers, were placed the best and choicest marksmen, who usually attended the Earl in his hunting and other sports, as huntsmen, keepers, fowlers, and the like; who continually kept watch with screwed guns, and long fowling-pieces, upon those towers, to the great annoyance and loss of the enemy, especially of

* The author of "Peveril" has represented Lady Derby as a strenuous Catholic, apparently in order to increase the interest, by involving her in the troubles of the Popish Plot.

their commanders, who were frequently killed in their trenches, or as they came or went to or from them: besides all that is said hitherto of the walls, towers, and mote, &c. there is something so particular and romantic in the general situation of this house, as if Nature herself had formed it for a strong-hold, or place of security; for before the house, to the south and south-west, is a rising ground so near it, as to overlook the top of it, from which it falls so quick, that nothing planted against it, on those sides, can touch it further than the front wall; and on the north and east sides, there is another rising ground, even to the edge of the mote, and then falls away so quick, that you can scarce, at the distance of a carbine shot, see the house over that height; so that all batteries placed there are so far below it, as to be of little service against it; only let us observe by the way, that the uncommon situation of it may be compared to the palm of a man's hand, flat in the middle, and covered with a rising round about it; and so near to it, that the enemy, in two years' siege, were never able to raise a battery against it, so as to make a breach in the wall practicable to enter the house by way of storm: now let us see how the enemy proceeded in their attack of it, after the departure of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Colonel Egerton, pushed on by the inveterate malice and spite of Colonel Rigby, gave orders for drawing a line of circumvallation round about the house; which being observed by the lady and her officers, they resolved to give them some disturbance in their first approaches; and, in a council, agreed to make a sally upon them with two hundred men, under the command of Major Farmer, which was carried on with so much bravery and resolution, that they beat the enemy from all their trenches, and pursued them to their main guard, and even as far as prudence and good conduct would permit, without hazard of being intercepted, in their retreat, by the enemy's horse.

This sally was made the twelfth of March 1644, wherein were killed about sixty of the enemy, and near as many more made prisoners, with the loss only of two men: after this smart attack by the besieged, the enemy doubled all their guards, and drew new lines about the house at a greater distance, (as one effect of the situation above described,) called in all the country, and made the poor men work in the trenches; where great numbers of them were slain by the frequent sallies from the house.

In about five weeks they finished their new line, and then run a deep trench near to the mote, and there raised a very strong battery; whereon they placed a large mortar-piece, (sent them from London,) from which they cast about fifty stones of fifteen inches diameter into the house; as also grenadoes of the same size, alias bomb-shells, the first of which falling near the place where the lady and her children, with all the commanders, were sat at dinner, shivered all the room, but hurt no body.

The lady and her commanders observing the soldiers something terrified with the frequent shooting of those unusual and destructive fire-balls, resolved, at a council of war, to make a strong sally, and attempt the taking of that mortar-piece.

Besides which, the enemy had twenty-nine short cannon, and five longer for grenadoes; with several other cannon, from which they fired upon the house many days, but particularly on the twelfth of April, a cannon ball came through the lady's chamber window, but did little damage; upon this the sally above resolved on was put in execution: the van was commanded by the brave and loyal gentleman, Captain Molineux Radcliffe; the main body by Captain Chissenhall; and the reserve by Major Farmer; and in this order they assaulted the enemy's trenches with so much bravery, that, after half an hour's sharp dispute, they made themselves masters of all their works, nailed up and overturned all their cannon, and those they found upon carriages they rolled into the mote, and brought the mortar-piece into the house; and continued masters of the enemy's works and trenches all that day, and with the utmost pains and diligence, endeavoured to destroy and render useless every one of them.

During all this sharp and bloody fight, the heroic and most undaunted lady governess was without the gates, and sometimes near the trenches, encouraging her brave soldiers with her presence: and as she constantly begun all her undertakings with prayers in her chapel, so she closed them with thanksgiving; and truly it was hard to say, whether she was more eminent for courage, prudence, and steady resolution, or justice, piety, and religion; and I think we may justly infer, that the good Providence of Almighty God watchfully protected her from the evil designs and wicked machinations of her incensed and inveterate enemies, who, as the prisoners informed us, had, about the time of our successful sally, projected to scale the walls on every side of the house with their whole army at one time, and to destroy the Countess of Derby, and all that belonged to her.

The enemy having rallied their soldiers,

repossessed themselves, the night following, of their trenches, and for five or six days wrought with all their forces to repair the breaches that had been made; in which, notwithstanding, they were three times dislodged and scattered, by vigorous sallies from the house.

Colonel Rigby, in the mean time, taking occasion, from the late defeat, accused Colonel Egerton of neglect and indolence in carrying on the siege, and got commission from the Parliament to be commander in chief; and, to give him his due, though a rebel, was neither wanting in care or diligence to distress the house: he denied a pass to three sick gentlemen to go out of the house, and would not suffer a midwife to go into the house to a gentlewoman in travail; nor a little milk for the support of young infants; but was every way severe and rude, beyond the barbarity of a Turkish General: for a fortnight together he was permitted to carry on his works without much disturbance, the house being in want of powder to make frequent sallies.

But that defect being supplied with powder which they got in by a sally, the lady proposed to the council of war to make a fresh assault upon all their trenches; which being agreed upon, Captain Edward Rostern had the van, Captain Farmer the main body, and Captain Chissenhall the reserve; these gentlemen behaved with their usual courage and resolution, beat the enemy from all their works, cleared the trenches, and nailed up all their cannon, in which service they slew one hundred and twenty of the enemy, with the loss only of three soldiers, and five or six wounded.

The enemy having lain four months before the house, in which time, by the confession of prisoners taken in the several sallies, they had lost above two thousand men, Colonel Rigby sent the lady a summons of another nature than those formerly sent by Sir Thomas Fairfax, or Colonel Egerton, to wit, "That he required and expected the lady would forthwith deliver up the house to the service of the Parliament; that there was no hopes of any relief from the King's forces, which were then in a low and desperate condition; and that if she refused to deliver it up, upon that summons, she must hereafter expect the utmost severity of war."

Her ladyship having communicated this summons to the council of war, did, with their unanimous consents, return by the trumpet who brought it, (for she refused to give any answer in writing,) "Trumpet, (said she,) tell that insolent rebel Rigby, that if he presumes to send any other summons to this place, I will hang up the messenger at the gates."

The Earl of Derby being at that time in the Isle of Man, and alarmed with the distress of his lady and children, well knowing her great and noble mind, that she would rather chuse to perish than give up herself and them to Rigby's mercy and disposal, hastened from the Island with all possible quickness, and with the utmost speed, implored his Majesty's favour for the relief of his lady and distressed children. His Highness Prince Rupert having at that time happily obtained a victory against the rebels at Newark, his Majesty gave way that he should march through Lancashire to the relief of York, then besieged by the enemy; and to quicken his Highness in his march, the Earl of Derby give his soldiers a largess, or caress, of three thousand pounds; which he had raised upon his lady's jewels, conveyed to him out of Latham House by a sally.

His Highness the Prince entered Lancashire at Stock-port Bridge, where he defeated a party of the enemy commanded by Colonel Duckenfield, and some sent from Manchester to guard that pass: Rigby now hearing that the Prince had entered the country, and fearing a visit from him, thought proper, on the twenty-seventh of May, 1644, to raise the siege of Latham House, and march with all his strength, being about two thousand men, to Bolton, a garrison of the enemy; which, with the forces he found there, and some access from other places, made up an army of three thousand, to wit, two thousand five hundred foot, and five hundred horse; with these he resolved to give defiance to the Prince; having there the advantage of high and strong mud walls, with which, and a large ditch under them, the enemy had many months before environed that town *.

Our next extract shall be an account of the fierce combat at Wigan-Lane, where Sir Geoffrey Peveril so much distinguished himself.

His lordship, on resting a while, sent out his warrants, for all persons willing to serve his Majesty under him, forthwith to repair to him at Preston, the place appointed for their rendezvous. These warrants were secretly dispersed in all the chief towns of the county, and many

* Hume notices this gallant defence, and adds, that the Countess of Derby "retained the glory of being the last person in the three kingdoms, and in all their dependent dominions, who submitted to the victorious Commonwealth."

came to him from all parts; but before he could possibly raise and accoutre a sufficient number, Colonel Lilbourn, then in the county, with eighteen hundred dragoons, and the foot militia of Lancashire and Cheshire, was got to Manchester, and marching directly against Lord Derby; his lordship was at that time about six hundred horse, and being informed that the enemy were near him, trusting to the goodness of his cause, and the courage and resolution of those with him, he resolved with these to engage that great body of the enemy; therefore gave orders to march forthwith to Wigan, a most faithful and loyal town to his Majesty, and there to expect the enemy.

But, unhappily and unexpectedly to him, Lilbourn having made long marches, had, before his lordship could reach the town, lined the hedges with his foot, and engaged his lordship's troops in Wigan-Lane; however, the earl still held on his march in very good order, and in continual expectation of an engagement, when, approaching near the enemy, he caused his troops to halt so long as to give them orders, then divided his horse into two bodies, about three hundred in each; the van he commanded himself, and gave the rear to Sir Thomas Tyldesley, and then sounded a charge.

Twice his lordship and all his party made their way clear through the whole body of the enemy; but attempting it a third time, and being opprest and environed by unequal numbers, the Lord Witherington, Sir Thomas Tyldesley, and many other brave and worthy gentlemen, were slain: Sir Throgmorton, Knight Marshal, was left among the dead, but taken up by a poor woman, and relieved by that worthy knight Sir Robert Bradshaw.

His lordship had two horses killed under him, and seconded and remounted both times by a faithful servant, a Frenchman, who there lost his life by his master's side; in the third charge, upon the fall of Lord Witherington, his lordship mounted his horse, and being seconded by six gentlemen of his party, he with them fought his way through a great body of the enemy into the town; where his lordship, quitting his horse, leapt in at a door, that stood open, and suddenly shutting it before the enemy could reach it; the woman of the house kept it shut so long, till his lordship was conveyed to a place of privacy, where he lay concealed for many hours, notwithstanding the most industrious search of the enemy.

Of the six-hundred gentlemen with his lordship, he lost at least the half, himself having received seven shots upon his breast-plate, and thirteen cuts upon his beaver, which he wore over a cap of steel, which was taken up in the land after the battle. He also received five or six slight wounds in his arms and shoulders, but none very dangerous. Perhaps this age has not seen or known an action of greater bravery, where six hundred horse fought three thousand horse and foot, in a disadvantageous place, for two hours together, leaving seven hundred dead upon the spot, besides the wounded, with the loss of three hundred only.

His Lordship having got his wounds privately dressed, and been furnished with a disguise, set out that very night to join King Charles II., then advancing towards Worcester, and was present at the unfortunate battle fought there on the 3d of September 1651, where he was unfortunately made prisoner. Soon after, he was tried by a court-martial, at which the infamous Bradshaw virtually, though not nominally, presided; and, as a matter of course, was condemned to death for his attachment to his Royal Master, and his reverence for his religion and allegiance. The particulars of his conduct, before and at his execution, are given with great minuteness of detail, and are very interesting. He was thoroughly beloved by the people; and when he appeared on the scaffold at Bolton, there was not a dry eye among the multitude of spectators assembled to witness that melancholy scene. "I thank you," said this undaunted cavalier, in his address to the people, previous to laying down his head on the block, "I thank you, both for your prayers and tears: I have heard the one, and seen the other!" Freedom of speech had been promised him: but the sympathy and admiration of the people so irritated the bloody and savage fanatics appointed to see the tragedy completed, that, during the Earl's address, the military who surrounded the scaffold attacked the people with their sabres, and slashed at them in every direction. Superior to the fear of death, and the utmost malice of his enemies, this act of wanton and cold-blooded atrocity deeply affected the heroic spirit of Derby: he discontinued his address; gave in charge the paper on which it was written, with other documents, to his chaplain, the Rev. Mr Bag-

garley; and quietly, but firmly, submitted to his fate. When his headless body had been laid in the coffin prepared to receive it, the following lines were thrown into it by some unknown hand:

"Wit, Bounty, Courage, all three here in one lie dead;
A STANLEY'S Hand, Vere's Heart, and Cecil's Head."

The murder of this high-spirited and loyal nobleman might have been esteemed sufficient atonement for any supposed offences given by his lady and innocent children, who, at the time of his execution, were in the Isle of Man, where it might have been concluded that they were in a place of safety.

But even this place of retirement was no safeguard to them, for the wicked and restless malice of their persecutors, Bradshaw, Rigby, and Birch, found them out there, and struck at his surviving and afflicted lady and children, endeavouring and using all their power to eradicate them and the whole noble family from the face of the earth.

And to this purpose had corrupted one Captain Christian*, whom his lordship had brought up from a child, and on his coming over to attend his majesty King Charles the II., entrusted him with the command of all the foot soldiers in the Island, as a guard and security of the place, and his distressed lady and children, whom he was charged to take especial care of.

But the said Christian proving a most perfidious and treacherous villain, had corrupted the soldiers of both the castles, as well as those under his command, promising to deliver up the Island to the Parliament ships and forces when they appeared against it.

Upon which Colonel Duckenfield and Birch, having commission from the junto at London, with ten ships appeared before it, and summoned the heroic Lady Derby

* In the extracts from the Earl's own memoirs, given by the author of the very interesting performance to which we are indebted for the above particulars, this Christian is mentioned in the following terms:—"While I was here, I became acquainted with one Captain Christian, who I observed had abilities sufficient to do me service; and being recommended to me by a friend, I enquired more of him, and was told he was a Manx man born, and had made himself a good fortune in the Indies; and he offered himself on these terms; that being resolved to retire into his own country, whether he had the place of power or no, he would be content to hold the staff of government until I made choice of another, and would then willingly resign: and as for the pay, he valued that so little, that he would do the service without any, or what pleased me.

"He was an excellent companion, and as rude as a sea captain should be, but something more refined and civilized, by serving the Duke of Buckingham about a year at court. Thus far I cannot much blame myself, but think, if I had a jewel of value, I prized it at too high a rate, which he knew very well, and made use thereof to his own ends, therein abusing me, and presuming of my support in all his actions, which, from time to time, he gilded over with such fair pretences, that I believed and trusted him too much.

"Also I gave too little heed to complaints against him, which was my fault, for which I have been whipped, and will do so no more. While he governed for some years, he pleased me very well, and had the quality of the best of servants; for whatever I bid him do, he would perform, and if it succeeded ill, would take it upon himself; but if well, would give me the glory of it. This he did while I continued my favours to him; the denial of which would have been as ungrateful as unwise in me, if I should not thereby have obliged him to me, as the only means to keep him good.

"But such is the nature and condition of man, that most have one failing or other to sully their best actions, and his was, that condition which is ever found with drunkenness, viz. avarice, which is observed to grow in men with their years.

"He was ever forward in making many requests, which, while they were fit for me to grant, I did not deny; but indeed a good servant would rather be prevented by his lord's generosity, than demand any thing of himself, and chuse to be enriched, as if enforced, rather than pretend to it, and ascribe the benefit to the honour of his office, and not to merit.

"But I observed, the more I gave, the more he asked, and such things which I could not grant without much prejudice to myself and others; so after a while, I did sometimes refuse him, on which it was sure to fall out, according to the old observation, 'that when a Prince hath given all, and the favourite can well desire no more, then both grow weary of one another;' ill servants, like some diseases, are easily cured when known, but are dangerous if undiscovered.

to deliver up the Island to them, for the use of the Parliament. Her Ladyship having Sir Thomas Armstrong with her in Castle Rushen, whom her lord had made Governor there, and his brother Governor of Peele Castle, and being likewise confident of the integrity of Christian and the islanders under him, refused to surrender, without licence obtained from the King

But Christian having prepared his countrymen for the execution of his treachery, that very night suffered the forces to land without resistance, seized upon the lady and her children, with the governors of both the castles, and the next morning brought them prisoners to Duckenfield and Birch, who told her ladyship, that Christian had surrendered the Island upon articles, which her ladyship desired to be favoured with a sight of, and on perusal whereof, she observed that the Isle of Man was only yielded up, and that the islands about it were not included; upon which she requested of Colonel Duckenfield and Birch, but especially of Christian, who had formed and acquiesced to those articles, that she and her children might have leave to retire to Peele Castle, situate in an island separated from the main island by the sea; from whence she proposed she might, in some little time, get over to her friends in France or Holland, or some other place of rest and refuge. She was utterly denied that favour by her hard-hearted and inhuman enemies. Neither regard to her sex, compassion to her children, honour to her quality, nor even common civility, found any place for her relief. And thus this great and excellent lady, whose religion, virtue, and prudence, were not inferior to any woman upon record, became a captive and prisoner to her most barbarous, malignant, and unmerciful enemies: and she that brought fifty thousand pounds portion to this nation, had not now a morsel of bread for herself and desolate children, but what was the charity of her impoverished and ruined friends.

After which, she, and her children with her, continued prisoners in the Island, until his Majesty's happy Restoration, (enduring all these sufferings with a generous resolution and Christian patience,) and then expecting justice against her murderers, her son restored to the estates of his father, and some for the immense losses and devastation of her family: but failing of all, her great heart (overwhelmed with grief and endless sorrow) burst in pieces; she died at Knowsley House, with that Christian temper, and exemplary piety, in which she had always lived.

In our notice of "Peveril," we took occasion to allude to the shameful, inexplicable, and we would even add, infatuated ingratitude of Charles II., to those brave and disinterested men who had suffered so much for his father and for himself. The sacrifices made in his cause seem to have been as easily obliterated from the memory of this prince as letters written in sand. For when, after the Restoration, a bill had unanimously passed both Houses of Parliament, for the purpose of restoring Charles, Earl of Derby, to all his father's sequestrated estates, upon condition of his repaying to the actual possessors thereof the inconsiderable sums given by them for their several purchases, the King, unmindful of the services of his father and mother,—of the immense sums expended by them during the Civil Wars,—of the murder of the brave Earl at Bolton, who had fallen into the hands of his enemies, chiefly by his heroic exertions to save the King's life, and afford him time to escape,—and of every consideration of justice, honour, and loyalty, peremptorily refused his royal assent to the bill!!! "So that all those estates were lost and separated from the family for ever, which so reduced the said Earl, Charles, that he had scarce sufficient left to support the honour and dignity of his character!"

This instance of royal ingratitude has been perpetuated in a manner at once singular and conspicuous. Upon the accession of George II., the grandson of the Earl who had perished at Bolton, having rebuilt his seat at Knowsley, which had been much defaced and injured during the Usurpation, caused the following inscription to be cut in stone, and placed in the front of it: "JAMES, Earl of DERBY, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of JAMES, EARL OF DERBY, by Charlotte, daughter of Claud, Duke of Tremouille, who was beheaded at Bolton, the fifteenth of October 1651, FOR STRENUOUSLY ADHERING TO KING CHARLES II., WHO REFUSED A BILL, UNANIMOUSLY PASSED BY BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FOR RESTORING TO THE FAMILY THE ESTATE WHICH HE HAD LOST BY HIS LOYALTY TO HIM!!!"

ELLY AND OSWALD, OR THE EMIGRATION FROM STURVIS: A TALE OF THE GRISONS.

From the German of the "Alpenrosen."

(Continued from our last.)

THE knight Von Moos was sitting at table, in the recess of a window, saying grace over his solitary dinner, just as Peter entered, with the snow frozen on his beard. "Why, comrade, how came you here?" said the hearty veteran to his old fellow-soldier. "Did an eagle bring you down from your eyrie? for I am sure you can only have come through the air, across the snowy mountain. The chaplain told me he was very near being lost at Christmas, when he was coming the round over the Jeninser mountain, after serving the church at Stürvis. But you contrive to get along, when even a chamois would be at fault. I suppose, my old swordsman, you have got a scent of what they are doing down below, and that is what has brought you from your snug fireside. I dare say, now, you want to be on the march again." "May God keep you, noble knight and patron!" answered Peter; "I just wanted to see whether you were come back safe from Italy, and to hear what is going on in the world; for the whole canton might be turned upside down, and we Stürvisers not know any thing about it. Besides this, Sir, I want to ask you for a little good advice." "That is a scarce article now-a-days," replied the knight; "but as for news, you may have it in plenty. The Milanese are no longer satisfied with their French troops. They want to have young Maximilian Sforza, the son of the Moor, for their Duke, and to persuade the Grisoners and confederates to help them to gain their point. This the French are aware of, and they, on their side, spare neither gold nor fair words to gain us over to their party. The country is full of their different agents, who are intriguing, and canvassing, and setting the whole world by the ears. However, the French do not gain many adherents, because they would never consent to our having the Valteline, which Sforza has promised to give up to us, as soon as he is seated on the throne. But for my part, I would not give a fig for such promises, and I see well enough how all this will end, though they think they are going on so quietly." "And you, sir knight, will of course be with the army," said Peter. "A man of an old noble race like yours does not stay quietly at home, when there is any thing to be done in the field, but takes his proper place at the head of his troops." "No," answered the knight; "I have had enough of this wild way of life. It is only a few weeks since I came back from the Cold Campaign*, where the disorders I witnessed have completely sickened me. The bishop of Sion drove us out to fight; the Pope began to tamper with the Venetians, and no pay was forthcoming; every thing like discipline was soon at an end, and our leader, the baron Von Sac, was neither able to settle any thing with the French, nor to preserve any control over his own people. Distrust, cold, and hunger, reduced the whole army to despair. They retired from Milan in detached parties; pillaged, burnt, and murdered wherever they went; and whoever refused to join in these outrages, ran the risk of being put to death by his own people. Such scenes as these I hope never again to witness. Believe me, Bathönier, it has always been a bad business for us to meddle with foreign affairs. For my part, I will never risk my life for any strange Potentate whatever; and I thoroughly despise those who are mean enough to hire themselves out to any one of them. What signifies the Edict† we all swore to observe, twelve years ago, at Coire, when not a single man has been true to his oath? But what displeases

* This name was given to the campaign of the Swiss, in the Milanese, at the close of the year 1511.

† In order to prevent the ill consequences likely to arise from the propensity of the Grisoners, for enlisting in foreign armies, an Edict, called the Pension-brief, was issued by the government, prohibiting, under a severe penalty, the practice of receiving pay from any foreign master, or enlisting into any foreign wars. This Edict, however, was never attended to.

me more than all is, that Conrad Beeli of Davos is now raising troops, and enlisting our young men, before the confederate government has issued orders for another campaign." "What! is Beeli then recruiting?" asked Peter, in a tone of surprise. "Then Oswald found out this before I did!" "You surely will not let your only son engage in such a war as this?" said the knight. "You cannot have forgotten how your Heini fell. It is only in the defence of his native country, that glory can be won by a brave confederate. This it is which makes such a proud token of that broad scar on your forehead, which you received in the Suabian war on St Agatha's day *. You ought to think yourself wonderfully fortunate, that you were not left there lying amongst the slain. But for Uli, who sacrificed his own life for yours, you certainly were a lost man." "What Uli? whom can you mean, Sir?" said the astonished Peter. "Why, Uli Halder, to be sure, your neighbour in Stürvis," answered the knight; "you surely must know how he carried you off the field." "Holy mother of God! Uli!" exclaimed Peter, "I never heard one word of it. When I awoke from my swoon, I found myself at Flesch, but I had no idea how I had got there." "Is it possible?" answered the knight. "But I think I can tell how it was. When we had stormed the Pass, and were driving the Suabians over the boundaries by St Catherine's Spring †, there were no other Stürvisers with me in advance but Uli and yourself. A great stone hit you on the head, and you fell to the ground apparently lifeless. Uli, hot as he was in the pursuit of the enemy, threw away his bloody morgenstern, and cried out, 'We must not leave the brave Bathönier lying here. Perhaps he may yet be saved; but here, in the road, he will be trodden under foot.' Upon this he lifted you up, and drew you along to the spring; but just as he was sprinkling some water in your face, a bullet passed through his neck, and instantly struck him dead. This I saw with my own eyes; and I heard afterwards, that some of our followers had carried you safely to Flesch. The next day, when we and our Allies had driven the enemy out of Mayenfeld, and punished the traitors who had let them into the town, you were brought here to my house, and my wife nursed you till you were quite recovered. Meanwhile, I was fighting in the Engadine and Münsterthale, and got wounded myself at Malserhaide; and since then, there have been so many wars and commotions, and wounds and bruises have been so common, that you and I never thought of talking any more about ours. However, it is most true that Uli saved your life, and that he lost his own in doing so." "Gracious God!" cried Peter, clasping his hands in agony; "Oh, Sir! you know not how you are heaping coals of fire upon my grey head! Ungrateful man that I am! Not only have I never done any thing for the poor widowed Goutta, but I have even set my face against having Uli's child for my daughter-in-law." "Is Oswald inclined towards her, then?" asked the knight. "Every body says she is a good and a pretty girl. What fault can you find with her?" "Oh, my noble patron! I have been led astray by that foul fiend, Ambition," answered Peter, "and I was coming this very day to ask your advice about getting the miller's daughter, Clara, for a wife for Oswald." "That would have been a pretty bargain in-

* The first success obtained by the confederates in the Suabian war of 1499 was achieved on St Agatha's Day, near Luciensteig, where 800 Suabians were surprised in their intrenchments, and put to the sword. On the following day, the victors, with a reinforcement of 1000 of their Allies, made themselves masters of the town of Mayenfeld, and four citizens, who had treacherously given admission to the enemy, were taken and beheaded. Some time afterwards, 8000 confederates gave battle to 15,000 Suabians at Malserhaide, and came off completely victorious.

† A stone boundary, placed by the side of St Catherine's Spring, a little below the high road, still marks the frontiers of the Grisons, on the side of Suabia. This stone bears, on the north side, the arms of Prince Lichtenstein; and on the south, those of the Grisons, around which is this inscription, *Alt Fry Rhezien*, (Old Free Rhætia.)

deed, for your son," said the knight, laughing. "Clara is a complete good-for-nothing, and her father, who has run through the whole of his property, is so deeply in debt, that he has just been obliged to mortgage the last meadow he had left, and will very soon be turned out of his mill." "Can it be possible? is it indeed so?" cried Peter, at length, when he had a little recovered from the surprise which had rivetted his eyes to the ground. "Surely I must have been struck with blindness! And then Oswald has gone off before day-break this morning, and has carried away my halberd with him, because yesterday I refused to let him marry Elly. He said something, moreover, about Beeli, and I should not at all wonder if he were to march off with him to Milan." "Well, this is lucky enough," said the old knight, accidentally looking out into the street. "Here comes Oswald, walking along with Beeli's black Balz*. I will send and call him here directly." Having dispatched one of his followers to fetch Oswald, the knight asked Bathönier what he intended to do when his son should arrive? "I will give him leave, in God's name, to marry Elly," answered Peter. "I owe it to Uli, who now lies in his grave, to be a father to his child, since he gave up his life for mine; and if I am obliged to stay in Stürvis to the end of my days, I must e'en make the best of it." "Oh! so you would have liked to have come down to Mayenfeld, and lived at the mill with your son?" said the knight Von Moos. "The Stürvisers are all beginning to turn their thoughts towards the valley. There are Luke Gansner, the two Enderlis, and several others, have often complained to me, that, in winter, they feel up there as if God and the whole world had forsaken them, and that they would be very glad to negociate some exchange with the Mayenfelders. Who knows but that this may be brought about, if we have only a little peace and quiet to settle it in? Your pastures would make a nice summer-alp for our township. We will talk more of this another time."

Oswald's step was now heard on the stairs, and a moment after, he was ushered into the room. He seemed a good deal surprised at the sight of his father; but quickly recovered himself, and saluting the knight with the utmost respect, enquired what were his commands? "Godson," said the lord Von Moos, "I saw you going along there with Balz, and I wanted to know what concerns you could have with him." Oswald, in some embarrassment, cast a side-glance at his father, and answered thus:—"If it please you, my lord and godfather, it seemed to me that I ought to see something more of the world than can be learnt up in the mountains; and, moreover, that I ought to go out a little into the wars, where my father before me gained so much honour. I have now a good opportunity for doing so, and Balz has engaged me to serve under Beeli, and we are going over to Milan, to help to set Duke Maximilian on his father's throne, which the French drove him away from, and then he will give the Valteline to the confederates. Such a noble prince as he is deserves that something should be risked for his sake." "Come, come, godson, this is all nonsense; Balz has been making a fool of you," said the knight. "What is Sforza to you? It would be much better for you to settle and take a wife, than be wandering about the world in search of adventures." Oswald looked again at his father, and answered in a bitter tone, "If you mean that I should take the miller's daughter, noble lord, I humbly thank you for your kindness; but I would rather be left at Milan among the slain, than marry that girl." "No, Oswald," said the knight; "I would never advise you to have anything to do with her; but I know another who I think would suit you better." "Oh, Sir! do not talk to me of marrying," replied Oswald, in a melancholy voice. "My father and I are of two minds on this subject. It is better for me to go out to the wars." "Well, tell me at least," said the knight, smiling, "how you would like to have Elly Halder?" A deep flush came over Oswald's cheeks, his dark eyes flashed fire, he bit his lips, and hastily exclaimed, "Sir knight,

* Balz, Balthasar.

you are my godfather, and I owe you respect and duty; but you have no right to make game of me." "Do not be so hasty, godson," said the knight; "but just tell me whether you would still insist upon going with Becli, if your father were really to let you marry Elly?" Peter, in an impetuous tone, now interfered. "Boy," said he, "things have changed greatly within the last hour; not because you ran away from me in defiance, but for very different reasons; I am now determined that you shall marry Elly whether you like it or not; for if it had not been for her father Uli, I should not now be alive." Oswald felt as if he had fallen from the clouds. He was lost in a tumult of joy, and could not find words to express his gratitude to his father and the knight Von Moos. He then longed to know all the particulars, and how and where Uli had saved his father's life; and when he had heard the whole story, he exclaimed, in an ecstacy of delight, "Oh! Elly, Elly, I will reward you for all this!" "And the good old Goutta, father, we will take her to live with us, will we not?" cried he; then suddenly recollecting himself, and taking a couple of dollars out of his pocket, "but how shall I contrive," he asked, "to give this money back to Balz, which he gave me when I enlisted? and how shall I get back my father's halberd, which I left in the public house?" "Oh, I will take care of all that," said the knight; "only give me the dollars, and in a couple of days you shall find the halberd at my house. And another thing, Oswald; before you keep the wedding, you must come to me for a godfather's present. And now let us empty a flask of wine together, to drink the bride's health; and then you shall make haste to carry the good news to Stürvis, for it is getting late, and you have a long and a tedious way before you." While the wine was sent for, Oswald ran to tell his sister Verena, and her husband, what an unlooked-for piece of good fortune had befallen him; and they were both delighted with the idea of having Elly for their sister-in-law, for all who knew the good and gentle maiden, could not help loving and respecting her.

The father and son chose the shortest road home; but a little beyond Rofels, Peter began to call out, "I am a stout, hearty man yet, Oswald; but if you push on at this rate up the mountain, I can never keep up with you—you really run like a madman." "Dear father," answered Oswald, "it is joy that lends me wings; I feel as if I could not be with Elly soon enough, and as if every moment were lost till I have told her that you are willing to have her for a daughter. But I will try to check my impatience, and walk behind you." "Well, I think you had better," said Peter, "for we have a good many things to settle together."

Proceeding at a more moderate pace, they now began to talk about the wedding. The father wished it to be put off till Spring, and celebrated, not at Stürvis, but in Mayenfeld, that the knight Von Moos might be present, and every thing arranged in a handsome manner. But this plan was by no means approved of by Oswald. With his father's leave, he said, he should like it to take place at Stürvis, at the end of a fortnight; and when Peter reminded him that it would be difficult to persuade the chaplain to undertake such a perilous journey, just for the sake of indulging him in his whim of being married in the village chapel, Oswald declared that the good man might easily be tempted, by the promise of a double fee. The father, being in a wonderfully complying humour, at length was prevailed upon to consent to this also; and it was settled, that all the inhabitants of Stürvis should be invited to the wedding-feast; because, as he said, this would be a good opportunity for the fathers of families to talk over the project of a change of residence, a project which the knight Von Moos had spoken of as a thing by no means impracticable. Oswald was not inclined to dispute the point, though, for his own part, he saw nothing so dreadful in being separated from the rest of the world, and would never have wished for greater happiness than to pass his whole life in the free mountain-wilds where his Elly had been born and bred. After a three hours' walk, the father and son

arrived at Stürvis, just as twilight was beginning to set in. "Greet my mother for me," said Oswald; "dearly as I love her, my first care is now to fly to Elly, and bring your new daughter to receive her parents' blessing." This evening, like the last, saw Oswald at Elly's cottage, tapping at the little window, and begging her to come out to him. But this time the mother was awake, and she opened the window, and answered—"Oswald, Elly cannot come out to you, and you must not come after her any longer, and make her a talk amongst the neighbours. I do not believe that you mean any thing dishonourable, but as your father has refused his consent to your marrying her, you must not torment my poor child any more. God knows, you have made her heart heavy enough already." "Good evening, mother Goutta," said Oswald; "you need not be afraid of letting Elly come to speak to me, for I have something to tell her which is not to be a secret from you either. Is not she there?" "Yes, she is there, crying," answered the mother, "because you will do nothing that might help to make her forget you. But I have told her, once for all, that she is never to come out to you again." "Then let *me* come in, Goutta," said Oswald; "if there is nothing else for it, I must talk to you first." "Be quick, then,' said the mother, a little softened, as she opened the door. When he entered the little low room, dimly lighted by a melancholy lamp, and saw poor Elly sitting sobbing in a corner, not daring to lift up her eyes, Oswald could restrain himself no longer, but rushed towards her, and raised her in his arms. "Elly, my own Elly—Goutta, mother Goutta," cried he, "my father has sent me to tell you that now he is determined I shall marry no other woman than the daughter of Uli Halder, who saved his life at Luciensteig." At these words, Elly awoke as from a dream. "What did you say, Oswald?" said she; "your father sent you to me?" and Goutta crossed herself, and exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! it cannot be possible!" "By all the saints in heaven!" vociferated Oswald, "I swear that it is true; and I am come to fetch you, Elly, that my parents may give you their blessing." The gentle girl now turned away from her lover, and meekly kneeling before the image of the Virgin, which hung on the wall within a tinsel garland, clasped her little trembling hands together, and exclaimed, while warm tears trickled down her burning cheeks, "Oh, thou blessed One! I have not then prayed to thee in vain—to thee let me offer my first thanksgivings, for thou hast heard the prayers of thy children; thou hast given me what is dearer than all the world beside!" She then timidly arose, threw her arms round her lover, and, still weeping, looked up in his face, and murmured in a low voice, "Now, Oswald, I am yours for ever; nothing but the cold hand of death can part us."

Goutta, bewildered with astonishment, and to whom the whole appeared an enigma, now began to inquire into particulars; and Oswald, with hasty eloquence, related all that had passed, and all that he had heard from the knight and from his father, at Mayenfeld; not forgetting to add, that the wedding was to be solemnized on St Bridget's Day, which was then very near at hand. "And now, come with me directly," cried he, impatiently—"come both of you, for my father and mother are waiting for us. My mother, you know, always loved you, Goutta, and after we are married, my father has promised me that you are to live with us." "And so," whispered Elly, "you had really run away from me, and were going to the wars? Cruel Oswald! and were you not sure that I should have died of grief? But mind, now, I shall never let you go any where alone again—and never, never, into the Fleschertha!." "What! have not you forgot your dream yet?" said Oswald, laughing; "but you know, that to dream of a corpse is a sure sign of a wedding."

They now all three hastened to Bathönier's house, where they were welcomed, in the most friendly manner, by old Peter and Catherine, who bestowed their blessing upon the blushing Elly. Until a late hour, they sat together in social converse, discoursing of the future and of the past—of the brave Uli, and of his

death at Luciensteig. Poor Goutta shed many a tear in the midst of her joy, for she had never before heard any details of the last moments of her husband, and her only consolation for his loss was in the idea that the noble deed of her dead hero would now be requited to his child.

Oswald was a restless lover, and, devoted as he was to his Elly, he could never remain half an hour quiet at her side, as she sat at her spinning, but was always bustling about, now here and now there, making some preparations or other for the wedding. First, he would be cutting and carrying wood, then getting together all his father's sheep and calves, to choose out the best for fattening; and for several days successively, in spite of Elly's entreaties that he would not expose himself to such danger, he would climb with his gun the steepest summits of the Falknis, and follow the wild chamois, till at last he succeeded in killing three of the finest that could be seen. One of these, with the addition of two capital cheeses, he laid in his pannier, and then set off for Mayenfeld, through all the ice and snow, to carry his present to the chaplain, and engage him to come and perform the ceremony on the day appointed. Besides this, he had to invite his sister and her husband to the wedding, and to fetch home his father's halberd. Not without a thousand fears did Elly see him about to tread this dangerous path; but Oswald begged of her not to be uneasy. "I leave you now," said he, "that we may the sooner be joined together, and you need not be the least afraid of anything happening to me, for the chamois-hunter treads firmly on his crampons, and is in no danger of falling."

The chaplain was a long time before he could make up his mind to the idea of venturing up the mountain again at such an inclement season; for he still thought, with fear and trembling, of his escape at Christmas, and with his own good will would not have undertaken the journey again before Easter; but the description of the feasting that was to be held on the occasion, at length brought him round, and as he contemplated the rich cheeses, and, above all, the fine large chamois, while Oswald assured him these were nothing to the presents he would receive after the wedding, he at length promised to prevail on a friend to accompany him to Stürvis, and to be there by eleven o'clock on St Bridget's Day. Much more readily did Verena and her husband accept the offered invitation, and it was settled, that on the day before the wedding, Oswald, who would have to buy a good many things in Mayenfeld, should come and fetch his sister to their father's house. He found the halberd ready for him, at the knight Von Moos's, who told him, however, that he had had great difficulty in persuading Balz to give it up to him, and take back the earnest-money. "The rude fellow began to be so loud and violent," said the knight, "that it required all my authority to silence him. I would have you be on your guard against him, Oswald, for I think he will bear you a grudge for a long time, for having disappointed him." But Oswald only laughed, and said, that if Balz wanted to bring him to account, he thought he could soon settle him. The knight having business to attend to, and hearing that Oswald would be in the town again before his marriage, now dismissed him, with an injunction not to forget to call the next time for the present he had already told him of. Equipped as if for battle, with his halberd on his shoulder, the gallant youth pressed onwards, heedless of the dangerous path, and his heart glowing with hope and joy. A mild wind from the south having melted the snow in that direction, he surmounted the difficulties of the way with less toil than usual; and near the forest, at a good distance from Stürvis, he was met by Elly, who had come out to meet him, and was impatiently looking for his return.

Meanwhile, the good mother Catherine had been indefatigable in her exertions that nothing might be wanting for the due celebration of her son's nuptials. All was now in readiness for the happy day, and all Stürvis had been invited to the bridal feast. But since Oswald's last journey to Mayenfeld, it had snowed a great deal; the cold was become intense, and the skies were loaded with

threatening clouds; yet the bridegroom had to go down again into the valley, to finish his purchases, and to fetch home his sister, and the knight Von Moos's present.

The dawn of the last morning of January was just beginning to glimmer, as Oswald knocked at Elly's window, and called out to bid her farewell. "Alas! and must you really go down?" asked the timid girl. "Yes, that I must," replied he; "my mother wants almonds and raisins for the pudding, and there are the cakes would have been good for nothing, if I had ordered them any sooner. Then there is the piece of fine linen, all embroidered with flowers and spangles, which you are to fasten to the chaplain's cowl before he marries us *; and I must bring you, too, a branch of green myrtle, to twine in your chaplet †, and who knows what fine things the knight, my godfather, has got for us. It is a joyful journey that I am going to take now, Elly; but I will make all the haste I can, and before the vesper bell, you may be sure I shall be with you again." But Elly wept, and answered, "I cannot tell why my heart is all at once grown so heavy, but last night I had terrible dreams again. Oswald, something comes over me as if you would never come back." "My dearest girl," cried Oswald, "do not make yourself unhappy without a cause; I promise, by all that is sacred, that by the close of evening I will be at home again." Elly went with him out of the village, and stood gazing at him after they had parted, till the forest hid him from her sight. He waded on gallantly through the snow, leaning on his trusty staff, and with his empty pannier at his back. The descent, however, was more difficult than he had ever found it before, as the narrow foot-path was now scarcely to be distinguished, and fearing it might be still worse on his return, he made deep marks in the snow, at all the most dangerous passes, to help him to find his way back again. The clock was striking twelve as he entered Mayenfeld, and on repairing, first of all to his sister's, he found his brother-in-law lying ill of a fever, and Verena told him, in a sorrowful voice, that she must give up all idea of coming to the wedding, for the doctor seemed to think her husband's illness so serious, that she could not venture to leave him. This was a sad piece of news for Oswald, but he was obliged to hurry away, and finish buying the things which he wanted. By way of making doubly sure, he called again on the chaplain, to remind him of his appointment, and, to his great dismay, found that he had begun to repent of his promise, and had taken alarm at the terrible cold, the deep snow, and the storm which seemed to be lowering. For at least an hour, all Oswald's entreaties were unavailing, and not till he had promised to supply the good man's kitchen with a chamois every St Bridget's Day to the end of his life, could he extort from him a reluctant consent to the fulfilment of his engagement. Provoked at the loss of so much precious time, Oswald returned to take some refreshment at his sister's, and then went to pay his appointed visit to the knight Von Moos. "You are paying dearly for your bride," said his noble friend. "It is no joke to come down from Stürvis in such weather as this. But I do not like to detain you; so look at this keg—it is full of old red wine, of my best growth: take it, and drink my health in it to-morrow. It is rather heavy, to be sure, but a stout lad like you can carry it up the mountain well enough. Pack it carefully, and get along quickly, that you may be home before night; and now, don't be going by Rofels, like a giddybrains, but go round prudently the other way. So now, God bless you, my son, and remember me to your bride, and to your father and mother!"

Oswald was obliged to unpack his cakes, and every thing that he had got in his pannier, to make room for the keg, which was at least a hundred pounds in weight. When

* An ancient custom in the Grisons, which is still occasionally practised at weddings.

† These chaplets, or crowns, made of gold or silver leaf, and, amongst the higher orders, adorned with pearls and jewels, are worn by young maidens at weddings, christenings, and the like joyful occasions.

he had disposed of this, he laid the other things on the top of it, covered the whole with a cloth, strapped on his load, and took his leave of the knight, with hearty thanks for his costly present; for he was delighted to think that he should be able, on the morrow, to treat his father to a good glass of Mayenfelder—a wine which was famous all over the country, and which old Peter was never backward in doing justice to. When he came out into the street, a violent wind was blowing from the Wallensee, and driving showers of snow through the dark heavy air, and at that very moment the clock struck two. "It will be later than I thought," said Oswald to himself, "before I can be over the Heuberge, and perhaps it would be better that I should go the round." So saying, he turned the corner, and who should stand before him but black Balz, who had seen him in the morning, and was now lying in wait for him. "So, Bathönier," cried the bully, with a malicious grin, "you are a pretty fellow indeed, to tell me you wanted to be a soldier, and take the earnest-money from me, and then to break your word, and hide yourself behind a girl's petticoat, and after all, never so much as ask me to come to your wedding." "You had better not meddle with me now, Balz," said Oswald, fiercely, "for I have no time to lose; but some other day, depend upon it, I shall be ready enough to settle matters with you. You have got your money back again, so I don't see what you have to complain of." "Come, come, don't be in such a hurry, Mr Bridegroom," said the recruiter, determined to provoke him; "for once I shall pass things over, though not for your sake, I can tell you, but only to please the Gugelberger*. If it had not been for him, believe me, you would not have come off so well. But one thing I can tell you, that if you do not come this very moment, and drink a flask of wine with me, and, remember, you are to pay for it, may the devil seize me if I do not overtake you on the mountain, and send you and your pannier rattling down the first precipice we come to! Mind this, now; but if once we have taken a glass together, to the making up of our quarrel, I will let you off again, and you may go to the deuce, if you like it, for any thing I care about the matter." Oswald recollected his heavy load, which would prevent him from being able to defend himself if this desperado should really follow him out of the town; and, for the sake of getting quit of him, he consented to go with him for a minute into the next public house. As his pannier reached considerably above his head, he was obliged to take it off before he could go into the room, and having set it down at the door, he hastily ordered two flasks of wine instead of one, that his tormentor might have enough to satisfy him. "How mighty generous we are to-day!—this is really very becoming in a bridegroom," said the provoking Balz, who thirsted more for revenge than for wine; "but I see Tritz Kaiser out yonder, and he may as well come in for a glass too—so I will just go and fetch him." With these words he ran off.

Oswald waited for him a good while in vain, went out of doors in quest of him, called, looked round, and behold his pannier was missing! Transported with rage and vexation, he ran to and fro, inquiring from every one he met, whether they had seen any thing of the object of his pursuit? but, alas! black Balz was not to be heard of. For at least two hours did poor Oswald wander about in despair, traversing all the town and the suburbs, and groaning over the idea of Elly's misery when she found he did not come home at the time he had promised; but still no Balz was to be found, and still the wind raged more and more furiously, and the snow-flakes grew thicker, and the air became darker than ever. At last he thought to himself, "I had better set off without my pannier, than not go home at all; whatever happens, I must keep my word with Elly." At this moment the clock struck five, and as Oswald was hurrying past the public

* A branch of the noble house Von Moos still uses the appellation *Von Gugelberg*, derived from an ancient castle of that name, which formerly stood near Lachen.

house, the waiter called out to him that he had just found the pannier hid under the straw in the stable. "So you see Balz only wanted to play you a trick," said he, laughing. "May God requite him for it!" cried Oswald. "For Heaven's sake, help me on quickly with my load, for it will be nine o'clock before I reach Stürvis, let me make what haste I may." "Surely," said the boy, "Bathönier, you will have sense enough to stay here till to-morrow morning. It is quite dark already, and if you attempt to go up the mountain to-night, you will break your neck, as sure as possible." "If all the devils were in league against me, I must go in spite of them," said Oswald, in a determined tone; "I have promised my bride to be with her this evening, and I had rather die than break my word." With that, he threw a piece of money to the lad, and set off full speed, forgetting the old knight's advice, and taking the shortest way to Stürvis. Near Rofels he met the Mayenfeld butcher driving a sheep down the mountain. He rushed past him without speaking, on which the man stopped, and called out, "Where are you going, my good fellow, so late, and so heavily laden?" And then seeing who it was, "Why, Bathönier," said he, "can it really be you? I thought they said you were to be married to-morrow, and yet here you are on the road at this time of night." "I must make haste, Hans," cried Oswald, without stopping; "for if I do not get to Stürvis to-night, Elly will fret herself to death." "And if a girl ten times prettier than Elly were waiting for me, I would not climb up to Stürvis in such a night as this," murmured the butcher to himself, as he drove his sheep carefully down before him.

Meanwhile, the two mothers were sitting together in Goutta's cottage, terrified at the wind, which whistled wildly through the crevices, and at the snow, which drifted against the window, and rose higher and higher every moment before the door. They talked of all the difficulties Oswald would have to contend with, and his mother thought it would have been better for him to have staid all night in Mayenfeld, than to have attempted to return home in such a dreadful tempest. Elly walked up and down in absolute despair, and after the vesper-bell had sounded, her anxiety increased every moment. "I know very well," said she, "he will either be here to-night or never. Oh that I had not begged him so hard to come home this evening!" "Perhaps he may be already with his father, unpacking his things," said Catherine; "come, Elly, let us go and see." When they arrived at Bathönier's house, Peter began grumbling in his old strain, about the village being so far from all the rest of the world, and the inconveniences this gave rise to on such occasions as the present. He did not, however, appear to entertain the slightest uneasiness on his son's account. He was a stout lad, he said, and had often got over the ground safely enough in worse weather than this. Twilight now gave place to night—still no Oswald appeared; and the darker it became out of doors, the paler turned poor Elly's cheeks. "I will go out to meet him," cried she at last; "perhaps I can help him to carry something." "You cannot do him any good," said the father, "for if he has carried his load so far, he will not find it too heavy just at the last; and let him have set off ever so late, you will never be able to get any further than the forest." "But indeed, indeed I cannot stay here," sobbed out the wretched girl; "I must go out to meet him—I must be where he is—I ought to be true to him through every thing." "No, Elly," said Catherine; "indeed I will not let you go out in such a storm." "Then I will go to my mother's, and come back again," answered the poor weeping bride; "any thing is better than sitting quiet."

She went to her mother's, then came back again to the Bathönier's, and so backwards and forwards through the wintry night: her steps grew more hurried, and her face looked more wretched, but still there was nothing heard of Oswald. At last, she came no more. "I dare say she is gone to bed; and Oswald most likely is staying in Mayenfeld till the storm is over," said Peter, with a yawn. "It is

very well if he has," answered Catherine, nodding beside the fire. Peter then began to talk of something else, but finding his wife gave no answer, he soon dropped asleep himself. When he awoke it was long past midnight. "Suppose Oswald should be come back, and gone to Elly's, that he might not disturb us; but I cannot go to sleep again without knowing, so I will just go over there and see," said he, deliberately rising. When he came to the cottage, he found that Goutta too had fallen asleep, and her glimmering lamp was almost extinguished. The noise of his entrance awoke her. "Is it you, Bathönier?" said she; "then he is come back again—Oh! how happy Elly will be!" "No, he is not come," answered Peter, "and Elly left us a long time ago." "Where is she, then?" cried Goutta, in alarm, rubbing her eyes, and looking round the room. "We have not seen her since ten o'clock," replied Peter, "and now it must be past two." They looked and called, but no Elly answered. "Holy Mary! she is certainly gone to meet him," cried Goutta; "oh! my child, my poor child!" All their search being in vain, and not a trace to be found of Elly, Peter himself at last began to think that she must have gone out to meet her lover. "It was a foolish trick," said he, "for she could never find her way in the dark, and perhaps she has lost herself completely." Goutta's despair now knew no bounds, and Peter began to repent of having alarmed her so much. "However, it can do no harm," said he, "for us to go out and look for her." Trembling with cold and anxiety, the unhappy mother followed Bathönier, who wakened his wife, looked out an old lantern, and as soon as it was lighted, they all three set off to walk through the village. It had now ceased to snow, and a few twinkling stars occasionally peeped out through the driving clouds. Seeing a light in one of the cottages, they tapped at the window, and inquired of the neighbour's daughter, who was already sitting at her spinning, whether she had seen any thing of Elly? "Why, can it really have been Elly that I saw?" said Nisa. "About ten o'clock, last night, I was looking out at the weather, and I fancied I saw the figure of a woman, with a handkerchief over her head, flitting past in the dark. I thought it must be a spirit, and such a fear came over me, that I shut the window again directly." "Let us go on," said Peter, who now began to fear the worst. "There is not a moment to be lost."

They walked on with caution, and soon discovered the prints of a little foot upon the snow. "Those are Elly's foot-marks!" cried Goutta, somewhat comforted. But the path now growing more difficult, and leading over some stones which were covered with ice, Peter's foot slipped, he fell down, broke the lantern, and the light went out. "Here is a pretty piece of business!" cried he. "Here, you women, come and help me up again." With great difficulty they lifted him from the ground, but found that he had sprained his foot, and could not stand. "Death and destruction!" roared out Peter; "what is to be done? You can neither of you walk ten steps without a light; and as to leaving me lying here, you must not think of it." The women cried; the old man raved; there was nothing for it but for them to support him on each side, and grope their way back to the village. It was at least an hour before they reached home, and then Catherine was obliged to boil some herbs to apply to her husband's swelled foot. Goutta, meanwhile, wandered about more wretched than ever, knocking at every window she came to, to call up her neighbours. At length she succeeded in rousing two of them, who came out to know what was the matter; they then called up some more, but were a long time before they could settle what would be the best course to pursue. The morning was already beginning to dawn, when eight hardy young men volunteered their services to go and reconnoitre the whole country round, providing themselves with ropes and poles, in case of accident.

Peter, in the meantime, lay groaning in bed; Catherine was busied in attending him; and Goutta was kneeling in her cottage before the image of the Virgin, and, drowned

in tears, commended her child to the care of Heaven.

The winds were hushed; the clouds were dispersed; frost reigned in the clear blue air; and the blush of morning began to glow in the east, as the young Stürvisers, following the traces of the lost maiden, ascended towards the summit of the Kamm. Immediately across the path lay a solitary mass of rock, which had stood there for centuries, and which to this day is in existence. Near this spot, the young men discovered, from a distance, something which resembled a female figure. They looked at one another in silence, and advanced with trembling steps. Lying along the path, with her head on a snow-covered stone, was Elly, peacefully reclining. Her face was pale as the white rose, and she appeared to slumber. The young men attempted to awaken her, but the gentle girl had breathed her last. At this heart-rending sight, the sons of the mountain broke out into bitter lamentations. "Cold is thy couch, thou lovely bride, and sad is thy nuptial-day!" cried they with tears of sorrow. "She was the best and fairest of all the daughters of Stürvis, and here she lies lifeless upon the ice and snow!" "And if Oswald should come now from Mayenfeld, and see this sad sight!" exclaimed young Senti; "but I will go across the mountain, and not stop till I meet him." He set off, but had only got a few steps on the other side of the rock, before he called out, "Here he is already—Oswald! Oswald!" But Oswald gave no answer. He was sitting, with his loaded pannier at his back, leaning against the rock; his arms stretched out on each side, and his head bent backwards. His mouth, which breathed no longer, was open, and his glazed eyes were fixed on nothingness. The young men took hold of him, but he was stiff and senseless; a cold corpse, like his luckless bride.

It was never known whether Elly or Oswald had reached the rock the first. It appeared that she must have sat down to wait for her lover, and have fallen asleep in the cold and snow. That Oswald, with his heavy burden, should have found his way across these dreadful heights, over the rocks and snow, on such a dark, tempestuous night, and passed every precipice in safety, was most astonishing. Exhausted by exertions, almost more than human, he had probably sat down to repose himself; and benumbed by the frost, had fallen asleep, never to wake again. Thus lay the lovers, divided only by the rock, and faithful in the hour of death. Each had expired alone, and without knowing that the other was near.

The procession returned to the village in solemn silence; all Stürvis was assembled before the house of Bathönier, where the two bodies were deposited. Words cannot express the despair of the parents, and the grief of the whole community. The chaplain arrived at noon, and the blessing he was to have invoked for the living, was now spoken over the dead. The bells of the little chapel which were to have hailed the merry nuptials, and sounded joyously through the silent valley, now tolled a mournful note, to summon the bridal pair to the grave which was prepared for them, and where their remains were laid down together.

A few weeks afterwards, the inconsolable Goutta was released by a stroke of the palsy, and placed beside her children. Bathönier, and the greater part of the inhabitants of Stürvis, regarded this sad catastrophe as a warning from Providence. They began, one after another, to negociate with the Mayenfelders, an exchange of their respective privileges, giving up, at first, only portions of private property, but ended by abandoning the entire alp, and emigrating into the valley with wives, children, and all belonging to them. Two families alone refused to desert the habitation of their forefathers, and remained behind in their mountain dwelling. Some time afterwards, they were reached by the plague, to which, being cut off from every human assistance, they all fell victims. Their cottages are swept away; Stürvis exists no longer; but the fatal rock may be seen to this day.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE DESART.

At day's decline, how sweetly comes—
From Mecca's high and holy domes,
Like distant music's dying fall
Amidst the calm—the solemn call,
That summons, to the evening prayer,
The Prophet's faithful followers there!
The soft—the soothing twilight hymn,
Sighs o'er the desart, still and dim,
And to yon melancholy train
Of pilgrims, on the lonely plain,
Seems like the strains that hail the Blest
Unto the bright abodes of rest,
When life's dark waste well travell'd o'er,
They gain at last that peaceful shore.—

And they have cross'd the burning sand,
The silent, solitary land,
From hopes the sources of whose birth
Are sever'd far as heaven from earth.
Some seek the treasures of the mine,
To gild with pomp their day's decline;
Some circle oft the Kaba's * Wall,
And at the Prophet's Tomb they fall;
And at the Sable Stone † they pray,
That wept its heavenly hues away
For mortal sin—whose dazzling white
Thus darken'd to the shade of night—
With wandering foot and weary breast
They seek to purchase endless rest.

But there was one of tender age
Upon that dreary pilgrimage,
Who sought the wealth his soul despis'd,
But for her sake—the maid he priz'd;
Though her young heart had chose to meet
A lot of poverty—more sweet
If shar'd with him than bliss apart
From the lov'd idol of her heart.
Fair Noura dwelt where sunny hours
Still bless Bassora's blooming bowers,
Which of that river gem the shore,
That stray'd through Paradise of yore,—
Upon the margin of whose flood
The first and fairest woman stood,
And gaz'd upon the charms that glow'd
Fresh from the finger of her God.—
There still a lovely region lies—
Still breathes of heaven the summer sighs
Of Evening o'er its beds of roses,
Where her departing beam reposes:—

Along the waters, bright and calm,
Reflected shines the towering palm,
That sadly graceful hermit-tree,
That dwells in lonely majesty;
In fresh unfading green it stands,
And skirts the desart's neighbouring lands,
Upon whose margin, bleak and bare,
Droop some forsaken flowers, and fair—
Like the last lingering bloom—when breath
Is fled—upon the cheek of Death!—
While pilgrims sought the Holy Shrine,
And laved them in the Well divine*,
Whose pure and hallow'd waters may
Wash every mortal sin away;
Then Murad would himself seclude,
And muse in melancholy mood
Upon the sad—the parting scene,
In weeping recollection green;—
On the pale hour—the lonely place,
When Night walk'd o'er the wilderness—
When stood the lovers on its shore,
And gaz'd that boundless ocean o'er,
Where pilgrims' tents gleam'd beauteously,
Like sails upon a silent sea,
And, o'er the pathless region spread,
Then canopied each slumbering head.—
No wandering speck you there might view,
To shade the deep and living blue;
And in that clime—though day may seem
Emblem of Passion's wasting beam,
The night is mild as friendship's ray,
When fiery feelings pass away.—
The tears were in the maiden's eyes,
Words falter'd into sobs and sighs,
As, midst the night's soft silvery glow,
She droop'd—a monument of woe;
And o'er her graceful form so fair,
The eyes of Heaven seem'd weeping there,
While Murad she implor'd to stay,
Nor tempt the dread and dangerous way,
Nor heed the wealth that cannot buy
One hour of pure and peaceful joy.—
"Oh! stay, my love!" she sigh'd, "nor brave
Yon homeless waste—the traveller's grave!
More dangers on its wilds there be,
Than on a dark and stormy sea;—
From that, at least—when all is o'er,
The dead may find some peopled shore;
But he that's lost on yon wide plain,
Ne'er heard of is by man again!"—
Upon his throbbing breast was laid
The pale and drooping mourner's head,
And long it was e'er he could leave
Such loveliness alone to grieve,
And tried to soothe, with many an art,
The sorrows of her bursting heart:—

---

* The Kaba is a sacred building, round whose walls the devout make it their duty to perform a certain number of perambulations.

† This stone is supposed, by the Mahometans, to have been brought from heaven by the Angel Gabriel, for the Temple. "At first," say they, "it was of a most dazzling brightness, but wept so long for the sins of men, that it became black."

* This Well is close by the Kaba. The followers of the Prophet believe that its waters have the power of eradicating their sins.

Till, with one wild farewell embrace,
He bounded in the wilderness!

O'er Mecca's walls slow sinks the sun,
At Mecca's shrine the rites are done;
O'er sands that sever man from man,
Again sets forth the caravan,
And where the Guard impatient waits,
Flow from the Temple's hundred gates
The Worshippers—and o'er the plain
They darken like a funeral train,
Till lost within its depths afar,
They march beneath a leading star.—
Thus Israel, o'er regions dire,
Was guided by their pillar'd fire
Slow gliding through the azure height,
To light them through the wastes of night.—

In cloudless glory, Morning's smile
Awakes to travel and to toil,
And from the lifeless, lone expanse,
Wan mist-wreaths fade before her glance,
And melt into the azure air,
Like Night's pale spectres lingering there:
The lustre of our northern days
Is twilight, to the boundless blaze
Of light and loveliness she pours
Upon her earliest Eastern bowers,
When o'er her face such blushes stray
As Beauty shews on bridal-day.—
The mountain's peak the blue sky meeting,
Smiles back a welcome to her greeting;
And Ocean, with a gleam of joy,
Hails her first footsteps in the sky;—
But o'er the wan and weary plain,
Her living light is shed in vain;
'Tis Nature's grave—the dead domain,
Where Solitude and Silence reign.—
No shrub, no solitary tree,
No fading flower its head to hang,
Not e'en thy wrecks, Mortality!
There wake one passing pang.—

Noon, fierce and fiery, brought them first
The pains of heart-consuming thirst,
And then, in direful mockery, lay
Bright waters in the burning ray;
All cool and clear they seem'd to spread
Yet still before the wanderers fled,
Who still, their parching thirst to slake,
Would chase the flying Phantom Lake.—
The baffl'd hope its streams to quaff,
Call'd forth the Desart Demon's laugh,
Who spreads delusive waves to woo
The panting pilgrim to pursue,
Till feels his soul within him spent,
Oh Tantalus! thy punishment!
Then o'er the melancholy scene,
Lay distant spots of living green—
Isles of the Blest they seem'd to be,
Embosom'd in Eternity.
Such as where dwell the parted Just,
When dust is render'd unto dust;
Sweet as some scene of early years,
When view'd o'er Memory's waste of tears,
That lovely in the distance lies
As morning-dream of Paradise!—

The last long day its course had run,
That used to see their journey done,
For Time alone can measure Space,
On a bleak and a boundless wilderness:
On its circle of Solitude there be
No land-marks to woo the weary eye;
From noon to night no shadow flits by
On the sultry sands of Immensity!
Far—far along the waste extending,
That mighty host its course was bending,
When to the foremost of the train,
Like masts emerging from the main,
Half mingled with the cloudless blue
Bassora's spires arose to view,
And trees, in distant loneliness,
Wav'd welcome from the wilderness;
And soon are sunny waters seen,
And glowing fields of brightest green:
With tube of vision they descry
The forms of friends that watch on high
Their march—from minaret and dome—
To smile and weep a welcome home;
When, midst the deep and sudden calm—
For there stirr'd not a leaf of the lonely palm—
The vanguard's thrilling shout of joy
Is answer'd from the rear,
By a hopeless and heart-rending cry,
A shriek of mortal fear—
Of home just hail'd—a last farewell,
For behind them rush'd on the Samiel,
The burning breath of the red Simoom,
Which makes the waste one mighty tomb,
To every living thing that strays
Beneath its hot and crimson haze.—
The cry of Despair its approach doth tell,
Before them was Heaven, behind them was Hell.
And fast and flat on the sands they fell!—
There man and beast lie still and low,
While the winds of wrath above them blow.—

'Tis gone—the deadly whirlwind's gone!
Yet of that multitude not one
From his hot pillow lifts his head;—
Perchance its last remains they dread!—
Away, vain dream—they're dead!
Angel of Death! in one wild blast,
Fell Egypt's eldest born by thee;
So o'er that host thy breath has past
And dark at noon their slumbers!—

Low pillow'd on a sleepless bed,
Is laid fair Noura's drooping head;
But when pale Memory's spectre light
Comes wandering o'er her dreary night,
Then, with wild gaze, that seems to hover
O'er distant waste and dying lover,

With arms extended in despair,
She weeps o'er some sad phantom there,
And speaks of sands that roll in waves,
Of burning blasts and bloomless graves,
Till her fair brow her fingers press;
Sunk back into forgetfulness,
Her soul and sorrow gently part,
And peaceful sleeps her broken heart.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Rure ego viventem, tu dicis
In *urbe* beatum. *Hor.*

MR EDITOR,

I LIVE in the neighbourhood of a bustling country town, and, though possessing but a moderate income, contrive, by practising the virtues of hospitality, to have a pretty extensive acquaintance, and sometimes very odd and eccentric guests at my table. Indeed, the journey of life is like that of a mail coach, where, even in the most sequestered roads, one occasionally meets, at the different stages, with very amusing fellow-travellers: and I have always felt a strange pleasure in contemplating singular and diverting characters.

One day last summer, when about to sit down to dinner with my family, a neighbouring surgeon, who had some time since returned home, after twenty years absence, called in upon me. No sooner had we entered the dining-room, to partake of our repast, when another rap was heard at my door, and a singular squat-looking figure, dressed in shabby black, and with his head beplastered over with hair-powder and pomatum, which the heat of the weather had caused to flow in plentiful drops down his face, was ushered by my servant into the apartment where we were sitting. He introduced himself as an itinerant clergyman, who was collecting subscriptions for publishing a novel, and stated that he had taken the liberty of calling, to request the honour of my name and patronage to his work. Having once been not a very successful author myself, I have always felt a sympathy for such scribblers; and I requested him to join us at table, and we would talk the business over after dinner. This invitation he most readily accepted, as a matter of course, and, from the manner in which he played his knife and fork, I shrewdly suspected that he had not before tasted a morsel that day. After the bottle began to circulate pretty freely,—for I find such characters are like wind instruments, they are most musical when they are wet,—my two guests became very lively and communicative, when we were unexpectedly joined by a third of genteel appearance, and of polite though rather obsequious manners, who delivered me a letter from my friend D——, who, like myself, takes an interest in the fate of every unfortunate brother. He had not dined; and after having satisfied his hunger, and joined us at the bottle, he evinced himself the most amusing of the groupe. His mind was quite a storehouse of *anecdotes* and *bons mots*, happily selected, and admirably told; and he possessed a rare turn for mimicry, which, though I do not much admire, as detracting from the dignity of him who indulges it, is always very amusing; and I have seen a good mimic find his way into companies, from which more deserving and modest persons were excluded. I have seldom found myself amongst three more eccentric companions; and I will give you, Sir, some traits of the characters of the two first, and leave the last to speak for himself.

My friend, the doctor, as he was called, had been a very sad dog. Having been very harshly treated by his parents when a boy, and driven about among his relations in a very cruel and dependant manner, he had early become quite a misanthrope. He was extremely sarcastic, and his remarks were often very original and acute; and, though he was an unwelcome guest in many families, yet he received a cordial reception among all those who, from spleen, envy, or revenge, indulged an ill-natured pleasure in seeing their neighbours cut up; a propensity of which this cynical son of Esculapius knew well how to take advantage. Such persons, to the disgrace of human nature be it spoken, constituted a pretty large proportion of the neighbourhood; and the doctor's caustic wit procured him more dinners than his practice. And as the last

company he left usually became the *but* of his ridicule in the next, so the materials of his satire were never exhausted. His wit was a stream that fed itself by the fountains which it met with in its course.

Having been very dependant, he had gone early to sea, by embracing the first offer of employment which occurred. He had begun his professional career as the surgeon of a *Greenland Whaler*, for the small remuneration of £.40 for the trip, besides running the risk of being frozen to death in those high latitudes, or suffocated with the stench of blubber. To add to his other mishaps, he had imprudently quarrelled with his captain, who stinted his allowance most ungenerously, and one day administered such a dose to him in a bason of *soup-maigre*, that the doctor was well nigh poisoned with his own medicines.

He found, however, some friends in London, after his return from his voyage,—for there was something attractive, both in his talents and humour,—and he was appointed an assistant-surgeon on board of a British ship of war. It were endless to recount all his adventures, which were often very strange and unfortunate, and not unfrequently the consequence of his own misconduct and imprudence. He had been at four naval engagements, and even in the submarine shelter of the cock-pit, did not escape being twice wounded, when attempting to relieve the wounds of others. But though a misanthrope, the doctor was by no means so insensible to the charms of the fair as he pretended. He contrived, somehow or other, to insinuate himself into the good graces of a wealthy merchant's pretty daughter at Amsterdam; and was just about to carry off his fair *frow* from her father's house, at the *witching* hour of a trysted night, when, being suspected and watched, the doctor was received, not by his mistress, but by half-a-dozen assassin-looking fellows, who loaded him with abuse, and cudgelled him unmercifully, (to which some maliciously said the lady was herself privy,) that he never ventured again back to the scene of his amours.

He had also been repeatedly shipwrecked on the enemy's coast; and being confined as a prisoner in one of their low damp continental dungeons, (for the very prisons of England, indifferent as they sometimes are, are vastly superior to those of her neighbours,) he contracted rheumatism to such a degree, as to cause him ever afterwards to limp when he walked. He quarrelled, however, again with his captain, as might have been expected, and left his ship,—had afterwards become a surgeon in a merchant vessel, and was again shipwrecked on the coast of Italy, when in possession of the French; and with scarcely a shoe on his foot, was forced, with a few other miserable wretches like himself, to walk over the Alps, to become a prisoner at Verdun.

At Verdun, his caustic wit, (which, like nettle juice, blistered wherever it touched,) his eccentricity and intemperance, attracting notice, gave much amusement to those gay bloods his fellow-prisoners, a great many of whom had no other object than how they might most pleasantly spend their time and money; and my friend the doctor was frequently rescued from his pecuniary embarrassments by the generosity of his countrymen. Fearless, dissipated, and sarcastic, and having a thorough contempt for the character of the French, so opposite to his own, he frequently engaged in midnight *rows* and quarrels, which sometimes nearly cost him his life; and he often paid for the dissipation and extravagance of a single night, by weeks of confinement on bread and water.

With the return of peace, he returned to his native land, with his cynical humour soured rather than mollified by his misfortunes, but so much worn out and broken down, that his mother refused to recognize him as her son. He contrived, however, through the interest of a military M. P., to obtain £.500 of arrears with half-pay for life. The former he soon spent, living extravagantly at a hotel, with a few choice spirits like himself, and the latter serves him, though with difficulty, to get occasionally drunk, and to keep soul and body together. He had lately begun to practise as a Surgeon, but was so seldom to be found, that his talents

and experience have proved of little service to him.

He supports himself, however, by an extravagant idea of his own qualifications, realizing that one of the beatitudes which Swift says was omitted through mistake, "Blessed is he that hath a good opinion of himself, for he shall never be confounded." With few amiable qualities, he contrives to make himself occasionally respectable; and his talents, wit, and sarcasm, procure him friends in situations where many a more worthy son of misfortune might starve.

I do not deem it necessary to be very minute as to the history of my second guest,—the Clerical Itinerant. His father was a small farmer in the western parts of Scotland. He was the youngest of five sons, and possessing an eccentricity and inaptitude for labour, which were mistaken for genius, he was kept longer at school than his brothers, and, in due time, became a teacher, and singer of Psalms, in a country parish; two offices not unfrequently conjoined in such situations. Though his figure was like that of a scarecrow, and his visage most ungainly and much pitted with the small-pox, yet he imagined himself a great favourite of the fair sex, though perhaps the only one in the world who perceived the charms of his person and manners. Having been successful in making *dove* to rhyme upon *love*, he discovered that he was a poet, and employed that time in writing puling sonnets on his *mistress' eye-brow*, which he ought to have spent in drilling his tyros in the elements of grammar. He passed, in his own opinion, and in that of his rural admirers, as a first-rate son of Apollo, and his evenings were consumed in flirting with the female rustics of his neighbourhood, or in coquetting with those old maids and blue-stockings, —the Muses. In short, my guest B—— believed himself a second Anacreon or Catullus; and having enjoyed the supreme felicity of obtaining an acrostic to be printed in the poet's-corner of a provincial newspaper, he dreamed of nothing but the fame and ambition of an author.

He possessed, however, the unpoetic virtues of economy and frugality,—though he had no objections whatever to feast and carouse at any other's expence than his own. In this manner he picked up as much money as enabled him to attend a few Sessions at the University at Glasgow, and at last, to his own astonishment, and that of his friends, found himself a preacher. It is well remarked by Dr South, "that many a one knocks his head against a pulpit, who would have served his country better at the plough-tail;" and B—— would have been at once happier and more respectable, had his ambition never soared beyond the humble threshhold of his paternal shade.

His scarecrow figure, sharp, ungainly visage, embarrassment in utterance, and frequent grimaces,—physical defects, by which Nature shewed that she intended him for any thing but an orator,—made his pulpit orations more apt to excite the laughter of the profane than the piety of the grave; and in him the sentiment of Goldsmith was truly reversed,

> "That those who came to laugh,
> Remain'd to pray."

His eccentricities were sometimes exhibited even in the pulpit itself, and he has been known, in a hot summer day, when much exhausted with preaching, to drink off the water from the baptismal basin beside the pulpit, and beat the head of the ill-fated precentor, instead of that of the "pulpit-drum ecclesiastic." He possessed, however, a savage independence of character, which gained him some friends, while it lost him others, and his bitter invectives against the licentiousness of the great were extremely palatable to the multitude, who always love to see them pulled down.

Repeated disappointments in love, and in his professional views, none of which, certainly, was to be wondered at, made him at once a *misanthrope*, and, if I may be allowed the expression,—a *misogynist*. These he ascribed to the ingratitude of the times, and hated his country, as an ungrateful mother who maltreats the best of her sons. Hoping to be more successful in a new scene, he embarked for America,—but thither,

his defects also accompanied him, to mar his advancement; and he found amongst the Anglo-Americans the same neglect which he had experienced at home. Disgusted with this treatment, he became a missionary among the natives, whom he represented as the only true gentlemen he met with, and who were, indeed, somewhat less savage than himself; and after many wanderings through pine-forests, and being nearly devoured by the *bears* and *wolves* with which they abound, he returned at last, to his own country, as many have done before him, without having been able to find a better. He was now become a *sentimental novelist*—a strange metamorphosis for this theological cynic,—and was collecting subscriptions, which he designated as *a tribute to genius*, but which were nothing else than a disguised mode of receiving alms, or, as it is frequently styled, *raising the wind*.

Such was the history of my two guests, but the third told the story of his own life so frankly, and with so much vivacity, that I must give it in his own words:—

"My parents," said he, "were, at one time, respectable proprietors in the vicinity of E———, but were so reduced by a series of misfortunes, as hardly to be able to become tenants of the land which they once possessed. They found means, however, to send me, for two sessions, to the University of E———, where my inclinations led me to the study of medicine. I made rapid proficiency in my studies, was a member and speaker in several medical societies, and unhappily embraced those opinions about life and organization, which have recently been advocated by several eminent French, German, and even English, physiologists, which immediately lead to materialism, and which have had rather a malignant influence on my future character and happiness.

"Sanguine in all my prospects, I resolved to adventure my fortune in London, that great mart of talents, and thither I repaired, with a few introductory letters, and about £.50 in my pocket. The former procured me only a few dinners, compliments, and empty promises, and the latter did not last long in a situation where so many temptations occur, to dissolve the feeble attraction which subsists between a young man's money and the bottom of his pocket. At length, when reduced almost to my last shilling, I obtained, by a lucky chance, the situation of a kind of sub-secretary to Mr T——, then about to proceed as a government agent to France. I lived about two years in Paris, as gay and happy as that dissipated capital could make me; dined almost every day at a table d'hôte, or restaurateurs; spent my evenings at the boulevards, caffés, or theatres; visited all the musées, and other curiosities; and frequently lounged in the salles of the Louvre, ere that superb collection of pictures and statues was stript of its most valuable productions. Having little officially to do but to copy over a few letters, I gave perfect satisfaction to Mr T——, and was as happy as youth and pleasure could make me. I occasionally mixed with the medical gentlemen in Paris, natives as well as foreigners; and my creed of materialism was only rivetted more strongly, by perusing the writings of *Cuvier*, *Cabanis*, and *Maupertius* *. He who disbelieves the immortality of the soul, has sapped the strongest argument for virtue, and even at this early period of my life, I was guilty of some actions which I now never think of but with a blush. The superstitions of Catholicism in France have brought even true religion itself into contempt; and that takes but slender hold of the mind, which is neither inculcated in the systems of education, nor spoken of in the *coteries* of the fashionable. There the churches are deserted, while the theatres are filled, and superstition and libertinism live in harmony with each other.

"The period of my engagement with Mr T——, being elapsed, I returned to London, with £.200 in

* The late very ingenious and profound work of Dr Barclay, on "Life and Organization," clearly and completely refutes the opinions of the Materialists, and ought to be carefully studied by every pneumatologist and divine, as well as by every physiologist. It is by far the ablest treatise that ever has appeared upon this subject.

my pocket, but with no hope of any future patronage from my employer. Here, living quite idle, and full of money,—the most dangerous situation for a young man imaginable,—I gave myself up to my unbounded appetite for enjoyment. My money was again quickly expended, and I soon found myself in debt, difficulties, and despondency. I was at this time, however, so fortunate as to obtain the situation of Reporter to the * * * * * Newspaper—a very popular print,—became a staunch Whig, for, as a point of honour, I deemed it necessary to defend the politics of the paper for which I wrote; —attended, with a shabby coat, the galleries of the House of Commons,—wrote my two hours of short-hand,—lampooned and *nick-named* the worst speakers,—even joined the House in coughing them down,—took down only the speeches of the best, and walked home to prepare them for the press,—and led a sort of nocturnal drudgery, sufficient to keep me alive for a few weeks, but which was by no means to my liking. Having, therefore, realized a few pounds, for such situations are tolerably well paid, I relinquished this employment in disgust. My money was again soon expended, and I was reluctantly obliged to borrow from those who were unwilling to lend, in order to keep my head above water. I became thoughtful and desponding, and one day having gone to Chatham, I found myself in the unpleasant predicament of not having a farthing in my pocket. Walking in the streets in a pensive enough mood, and not knowing well how to turn myself, I was presented with the bill of a company of strolling players, who were that night to perform in town the play of Romeo and Juliet. A thought immediately occurred to me to offer myself to these strollers as a young actor; for Nature had blest me with a tolerable voice and figure, and I had always been passionately fond of spouting. I deemed this employment, indeed, beneath my profession, but I was here unknown; and poverty is so persuasive an advocate, that, without many scruples, I offered myself to the leader of the company. 'You are come very a-propos,' said he, 'for I have just been puzzling myself to find a person to enact the part of Romeo tomorrow evening, and you are just the man I want. You have a good figure, voice, and manner, and as impudence is the first quality of a strolling player, I have no doubt that you possess that quality in perfection.' I have often wondered how well I played my part on my first essay. I drew repeated plaudits from the audience, and I now discovered myself in possession of talents which I had never dreamed of before. I began to indulge dreams of theatrical ambition,—of becoming a modern Roscius,—of rivalling the well-earned fame of a Garrick or a Kemble. 'I am certainly made for the *stage*,' as a coachman once said to himself, 'and I shall certainly realize a fortune.' I acquired some friends in this place, and what with my wages, and the proceeds of my *benefit*, I found myself in possession of £.100. No sooner did I finger the cash, than to London I once more repaired, that most attractive scene for such gay and dissipated young fellows as myself, and launched again into expences but ill suited to my circumstances. Here I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with the younger D——, who occasionally employed me to write some little *afterpieces* for the Surrey Theatre. Not, however, conceiving my dramatic talents sufficiently appreciated or exhibited, I formed a connection with a few disappointed sub-actors like myself, who having a better opinion of themselves than their employers, had resolved to get up a kind of unlicensed pantomimical theatre in Westminster, for which I, too sanguine in my hopes of success, agreed to purchase the dresses and decorations. Not, however, succeeding to our wishes in this attempt, I was left by my rascally coadjutors to pay the piper, arrested for the price of these *scenic paraphernalia*, and confined in the King's Bench for nearly six months. The walls of a prison I had always associated with solitude, sickness, and sorrow; but here I was agreeably deceived. I got acquainted with a number of choice spirits, my fellow-prisoners, to whom I recommended myself by my good humour and vivacity, and who, though unable to pay their debts, had contrived to muster

enough to soften the rigours of confinement. Our time was chiefly consumed in gaming, and swilling porter; and I blush to own, that, during the whole period of my durance, I seldom went one night to bed sober. Conscience occasionally, however, resumed her sway in my breast, and I became uneasy under the galling lash of my own reflections. I was at length liberated, and became again a gentleman at large,—poor as Job, but without any of his patience or his virtue. I frequented the gaming-houses the usual resort of spendthrifts and knaves,—and made out a precarious kind of subsistence, by my occasional winnings at play; but my mind was continually on the rack, as to my provision for the future. I keenly felt, too, my own degradation, and often had recourse to inebriation, to escape the bitter reproaches of my own heart. And whilst walking to my lodgings at midnight, amid the *cyprians* and beggars of the city, I deemed myself the most miserable of them all.

"But my sorrows were not soon to close. I was, partly from the state of my mind, and partly, perhaps, from my mode of living, seized with a slow nervous fever, which confined me to my bed-chamber for nearly two months. It was my lot to live, at this period, with a very pious landlady; but her piety was quite of a speculative nature, and if it had not been for the disinterested and unwearied attentions of the chambermaid, I never, certainly, could have lived to have told the story of my recovery. For this happy result, I was exclusively indebted to the humanity and kindness of this good girl, of whom I shall never think but with grateful tears. It was then, for the first time, my pious hostess ventured to visit me, and so read me a lecture on my condition and conduct. I told her that I despised a religion like hers, which consisted only in a few speculative dogmas, and that it would have evinced more Christian humanity, 'when sick, to have visited me,' and to have called a medical person to have attended me, than to allow me to perish in her house from neglect; and that I was more willing to subscribe to the creed of that humane girl, her servant, by whose tender and unremitted attentions, I had been snatched from destruction. My landlady, holding up her hands, pronounced me lost and undone, but hoped that I had still Christianity enough left to pay her for my lodgings! Soon after this, I again returned to my native land, wiser than, but, alas! not so innocent as when I left it; and my friends were not a little astonished to perceive the quondam surgeon metamorphosed into a player. I soon after went to stay some weeks with a retired country clergyman, a distant relation of my own; and when I took my solitary Sabbath-walks, amidst his peaceful shrubberies, or listened to the rural sound of his church-bell, and reflected on the guilt and pollution which I had contracted in the world, I could not help likening myself to the Arch-fiend in the Garden of Eden, though, unlike him, I bore no ill-will to any creature in the universe. Left here to my own reflections, and perceiving the happy influence of true piety upon this good man's life and family, I found my religious scepticism more removed than by a thousand speculative arguments. Still I indulge the dreams of rising to eminence as an actor; (which requires, however, a combination of talents of no common order;) and I have been induced to offer myself as a manager to the theatre in your neighbourhood, and my friend D—— has, by his letter of introduction, procured me the honour and happiness of your acquaintance."

Such, Mr Editor, is the actual history of my three guests, who realised the observation, that the events of life are frequently as remarkable and interesting as the pictures of the imagination. The best of men may indeed be unsuccessful, but it holds true in the game of life, as well as in that of Chess, that *he is usually the best player who wins*. My three eccentric guests left me next morning, and I have sent you their history, to prove, to a citizen like yourself, that there is sometimes enjoyment to be found even from A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, ANCIENT BABYLONIA, &c. DURING THE YEARS 1817, 1818, 1819, AND 1820. BY SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

(Concluded.)

AT Kandavar, Sir Robert surveyed the ruins of a superb temple of Diana. It appears to have been quadrangular, each side measuring nine hundred feet. The thickness of the wall, near its foundation, is thirty feet, and the ground in the neighbourhood is covered with broken columns, pedestals, capitals, and other fragments, which indicate the classic elegance of the structure. "When the temple," says our author, "stood in its day of prosperity, overlooking, from its commanding rock, the fine vale beneath, reflecting the splendour of an Asiatic sky, which here mingles the glowing rays of a ruby tint with the bright cerulean of Athens; it must have appeared to the transplanted Greek, a repetition of his own Parthenon, set in a warmer heaven."

The mountain of Besitoon was an object alike interesting to our author as an antiquary, and an admirer of the picturesque. It is a huge mass of crags, presenting a nearly perpendicular face of fifteen hundred feet. The lower part of it has been smoothed to a height of one hundred feet, and to a breadth of one hundred and fifty; beneath which projects a rocky terrace of the same extent, from end to end, with the smoothed cliff above, and sloping gradually, in a shelving direction, to the level of the ground below. Near this rocky platform are traces of a piece of sculpture, gigantic in its proportions, but barbarously mutilated, which Mr Macdonald Kinneir ascribes to Semiramis, who had thus stamped on the rocks of Media a memorial of her conquest over that country, which she fondly imagined might be everlasting. Higher up the rock is a more interesting piece of sculpture, executed in as fine a style as the best in Persepolis. It consists of fourteen figures,—a king, with two attendants, and ten captives, one of whom lies supine at the king's feet, with his arms raised in the attitude of supplication; the rest are attached by a halter passed from the neck of one to another, and their hands tied behind their backs; in the air, over the heads of the centre figures, appears the floating Intelligence, in his circle and car of sun-beams. This sculpture Sir Robert Ker Porter conjectures, and almost proves, to be a representation of Salmaneser, King of Assyria and Media, receiving captives of the ten tribes, after his total conquest of Israel. Should his conjecture be proved to be correct, by the decyphering of the inscriptions, this sculpture must be nearly two hundred years older than any which are ascribed to Cyrus, at Persepolis or Pasargadæ.

About four miles from Besitoon is the mountain of Tackt-i-Bostan, not more celebrated for its magnificent sculptures, than for the romantic loves of Khosroo Purviz, and his fair queen Shirene, which they are intended partly to commemorate, and which are the favourite themes of Persian poetry. The mountain itself frowns, in rugged and awful grandeur, over the beautiful vale of Kermanshah, and from its base issues a remarkably pellucid stream, to which the natives have given the name of Shirene. Within two deep and lofty arches, excavated, with great labour and skill, in the side of the mountain, are several bas-reliefs of great excellence. The greater arch, the exterior of which is finely decorated, and flanked with two figures, resembling Fame and Victory, contains a bas-relief of three royal personages, a colossal equestrian statue in alto-relievo, and a bas-relief of the boar and deer-hunts, executed in a very masterly style.

Tackt-i-Bostan is in the province of Mahmoud Ali Mirza, the eldest son of the Shah, and the avowed enemy of Abbas Mirza, whom the monarch has publicly announced as his heir. Regard for the latter prince, from whom he had experienced so much attention and kindness, rendered our traveller anxious to avoid appearing at the court of his rival. To conceal, therefore, from the inhabitants of Kermanshah, his residence in their neighbourhood, he re-

royal firman, and purchased from the peasantry in the village of Tackt-i-frained from availing himself of the Bostan, whatever he wanted for his servants and cattle. The arrival of a Frangy stranger, however, could not long be concealed; and while Sir Robert was engaged, the third morning, in sketching the sculptures in the great arch, a minister of Mahmoud Ali Mirza came to invite him into the city, to be the prince's guest. Sir Robert pleaded the shortness of the time he could pass in that neighbourhood, and the necessity of his being near the objects which he came to examine; but his apologies only gave new warmth to the hospitable eloquence of his visitor. A hint of the prince's intention to leave his capital, in a few days, on a hunting excursion, presented to Sir Robert a favourable opportunity for extricating himself from this dilemma, by proposing to defer his visit till the prince should return. Next morning, the minister returned, with a request, on the part of his master, that Sir Robert would halt at his camp on his way to Bagdad; and, in the mean time, to give him a specimen of the hospitality which he might have expected under his own roof, or that of the prince, the minister regaled our traveller with a feast, in the true Persian summer style, on the verdant grass, under the broad shade of a tree.

In the second arch, Sir Robert found two bas-reliefs, with Pehlivi inscriptions, which prove them to be representations of Shapoor I., and his son Shapoor II. These sculptures are of very inferior execution to those in the first arch. Besides these, there is the fragment of a colossal statue, lying in the stream, and ascribed to Shirene, though it more resembles the statue of a warrior than of a queen. This statue the natives regard with such superstitious veneration, as to believe its touch capable of healing the most malignant diseases in man and beast; and in gratitude they hang its neck with a variety of votive offerings, in the shape of rags, and other articles of every material and colour.

The vale of Kermanshah is almost incredibly fertile. When the other provinces were suffering under famine, this Goshen of Persia abounded in every article of human subsistence: and while Sir Robert remained there, the daily expence of half-a-crown procured ample provisions for his whole retinue, consisting of ten persons, and twelve horses, with mules in proportion. Yet all this abundance cannot overcome the predatory disposition of the natives. "Whether they live in villages or towns, their hearts yearn after all that belongs to the open field; the boldest spirits, for the foray and the spoil, and those who do not object to the prey without the chase, gladly embrace whatever plunder fortune may throw into their hands."

Kermanshah, the capital of Mahmoud Ali Mirza, is situated in latitude 34° 26′ N. It stands on a south-western slope of the mountains, exhibiting the glittering domes of mosques within, and the battlements and towers of lofty walls without. This city is famous for an excellent manufactory of fire-arms; and the villages, in its vicinity, for carpets of the most beautiful colour and fabric. The population amounts to 15,000 families, a few of which are Christians and Jews. Among other sources of revenue, the governor receives annually 30,000 tomauns as a peace-offering from the Pasha of Bagdad.

Soon after passing the Persian lines, into the territories of ancient Assyria, Sir Robert came to the ruins of a city, called Kesra Shirene, which he conjectures to be the same as Artimeta, or Dustajerd. The whole country around this place appeared in a state of utter neglect; the hills savage and stony, the valleys rank and uncultivated, and the natives in perfect keeping with the wild rudeness of the place. While our traveller, disturbed by the impertinent intrusions of those people, was vainly courting repose in a wretched caravanseral, the leader of a band of pilgrims appeared to crave the favour of allowing his party, at least ten hundred in number, to be attached to his little band. The danger of an attack from the Arab tribes, through whose country they were next day to pass, was the reason which he assigned for this request. The event justified his fears. Next morning the pilgrims were attacked by a marauding

ing party, and a scene of consternation and confusion ensued, which our author has described with much graphic effect. From the number of the pilgrims that were seen coming in from the hills after the banditti had retired, it was supposed that fewer of them had suffered than was at first apprehended; and Sir Robert afterwards learned, that no lives were lost, though many mules, laden with the property of the company, had been carried away.

When our traveller had reached Kizsil Robal, distant eighty-five miles from Bagdad, the faithful Sedak Beg, his Persian secretary and interpreter, and his only surviving Russian servant, were suddenly seized with a fever, in consequence of the violent heat. The detention which their illness occasioned was the more vexatious, as his finances began to fail, and he was out of the reach of proper medical skill. He therefore dispatched a message to Bagdad, to apprise Mr Rich, the British resident, of his situation. He was not under the necessity, however, of waiting for relief from that quarter. The keeper of the khaun-caravanserai, guessing the errand of the courier, came to Sir Robert with a large bag of piastres in his hand, and earnestly, but respectfully, entreated him to accept of it, and to apply for as much more as he might want for present use, or for the necessities of his journey. Sir Robert's word that it should be repaid to a friend of the khaun keeper's at Bagdad, was to him bond sufficient. The high character of Mr Rich, and the generosity of Sir John Malcolm, had impressed this good man with such a favourable idea of Englishmen, that he was happy to have it in his power to do a favour to one of that nation.

The liberality of mine host of the khaun enabling our knight to resume his journey, he had his invalids stowed in two panniers, balanced on the sides of a mule, and proceeded at a slow and easy pace towards Bagdad. Soon after leaving Kizsil Robal, they passed over a rocky tract, part of a long, uneven ridge of uneven country, called the Hamreen Hills. These were the last considerable heights they had to pass, before they came within sight of the vast and almost uninterrupted level of that part of ancient Babylonia which lies north of the Tigris. While halting at the khaun of Bacoubi, a Turk came up, whom, from the magnificence of his attire, his air of authority, and the profound respect paid to him by the inmates of the khaun, Sir Robert imagined to be a person of very high rank. He was not a little surprised, therefore, when this superb-looking personage approached him, with as many reverences as if he had been the Pasha himself. He proved to be one of Mr Rich's trusted servants, who had been dispatched with a letter from that gentleman, accompanying a purse of a thousand piastres, and proffered his own services to conduct them to Bagdad. From Mr Rich, whom he found living in a style of great magnificence, he experienced the utmost kindness, and from his extensive and accurate information in regard to every thing connected with the ancient and present state of Bagdad, he derived the most important assistance. The Europeans of his establishment were Mr Hyne, surgeon to the mission, and Mr Belins, a young German, his oriental secretary, who were likewise of great use use to our author in his researches.

The pashalik of Bagdad comprehends the ancient kingdom of Assyria and Babylonia, and holds of the Sublime Porte by so slight a tenor, that, in the hands of a bold and able governor, it becomes nearly independent. The military establishment of this province is lamentably deficient. From its own resources, it cannot send into the field above 10,000 men: the Arab chiefs, who still acknowledge its authority, may furnish 8000 more. Its whole moveable train of artillery consists of three or four guns. Amidst the military parade of the Pasha, however, there is a splendid body of unserviceable troops, and merely as the body-guards of his Highness, and as appendages of his palace. With so contemptible a military, it is not to be wondered if some of its remote subjects should occasionally set its authority at defiance. At the time of our author's visit, the Arabs of the deserts, to the south and southwest, were in open revolt, and had gained some signal advantages over the troops of the Pasha.

The old town of Bagdad standing on the eastern shore of the Tigris, is now considered only a suburb to the more modern and extensive city on the eastern shore. It is well furnished, however, with shops, ranged along numerous and extensive streets, which are protected by embattled and towered walls. Beyond these comparatively recent bulwarks, are numerous mounds, formed by the ruins of houses, and still strewed with fragments of tiles, bricks, and rubbish. In this quarter towers the Mausoleum of the celebrated queen Zobeide, an octagonal building of brick, surmounted by a lofty superstructure in the form of a cone. From the top of this cone, a view is obtained, vast and sublime, yet by no means pleasing. A dreary desart, spread on all sides, in the midst of which stands the city, on each border of the river, "its sombre and irregularly-roofed dwellings varied here and there by a dome or a minaret; its embattled walls, dark towers, and gardens at intervals, breaking the dun line of the streets. These cultivated spaces yield a variety of excellent fruits; pomegranates, grapes, figs, and olives, with the abundant date-tree; and mingling their verdant tracts with the animated current of the Tigris, partially shaded by the palm-groves which grow on its steep banks, they present a cheering object in the dismal waste. But beyond, not a habitable spot appeared for countless miles. When looking down on these delightful gardens, amidst a country thus lying under the curse of nature, they seem like the last parting smile on a face haggard with famine and stiffening into death."

The Tigris, in Persic, *Teer*, the arrow, owes its name to the rapidity of its stream. This, as well as its depth, varies with its periodical inundations or subsidings; but the average rate of its current is about seven knots an hour. It swells in November, immediately after the annual rains, in the mountains of Armenia, whence it takes its rise; and in April, after the melting of the winter snows. During the Spring torrents, the land is so completely inundated, "that Bagdad stands like a castellated island in the midst of a boundless sea. The vaster Euphrates unites with the Tigris in producing this mighty flood; for its waters, swelling from the same cause, reach their greatest elevation about the end of April, when they meet the overflowing Tigris, and continue, for two months, to cover the country, west, east, and south, beyond the reach of sight, imparting to the soil an amazing fertility. The Tigris is navigable for sixty miles above Bagdad, to vessels of twenty tons burden; and considerably higher up, it is made subservient to the purposes of commerce and intercourse, by means of the Kelek, a kind of raft, supported by inflated sheep-skins. Besides the Kelek, Sir Robert describes another singular vessel that appears on the Tigris. It is called the Kufa, (or basket,) and is formed of close willow-work, coated with the bituminous substance of the country. By this crust it is rendered watertight, and is completely secured from sinking. Perfectly circular, it resembles a large bowl on the surface of the stream, and holds about three or four persons with room enough, though not in the most agreeable positions. It is paddled across with ease, and without losing much way from the force of the current."

During the oppressive heat of the summer months, the inhabitants of Bagdad take refuge in certain arched apartments called the Zardaub, constructed deep in the foundations of the house, for this very purpose. At sunset they issue from these gloomy retreats, and ascending to the top of the house, take their evening repast beneath the open sky. Under the same free canopy they spread their bedding along the roof, the irregular forms of which are so contrived, as to catch every passing zephyr's breath. The eastern division of Bagdad is defended by a lofty brick wall, additionally strengthened by round towers placed at certain intervals. Of these, seventeen are higher than the rest, each surmounted with five guns, of various calibre, commanding a pretty fair range on all sides. Some of the guns are of a considerable size; but, like their unwieldy carriages, they appear scarcely serviceable, while others gape, dismounted, over the breast of the embrasure. What is called the *citadel*, is an embattled

area, of no great extent, at the north-west termination of the wall. Its fortifications are a few feet higher than the general ramparts of the city, and its western face commands the egress of the suburb on the opposite bank. It is used as an arsenal and barrack for the Pasha's guards. The whole circumference of the city, including all its buildings on both sides of the Tigris, is computed to be about five miles. The houses are mean in their external appearance; even the palace of the Pasha is a very humble dwelling. The importance of the city has been long on the decline. Its population is not supposed to exceed 100,000 souls; and so miserably is its government at present administered, that scarcely a year elapses without an apparent necessity, from the dread of scarcity and consequent tumults, for driving some hundreds of the poor inhabitants from within the walls, to seek for bread where and how they can find it.

In one respect, the ladies of Bagdad enjoy a greater degree of freedom than those of Persia. While the latter hardly ever move abroad, except on horseback, escorted by trains of eunuchs and other trusty superintendants, women of the first consequence in Bagdad, go about on foot, and with scarcely any attendants. It is the etiquette to avoid, in public, any striking distinction of appearance. Hence, all the fair sex in Bagdad wear, promiscuously, the blue-checked *chadré*; those ladies of rank having no other distinguishing marks than a few gold threads woven into its border. Besides this cover, their faces are concealed behind a black-stuff envelope of horse hair. At home, however, or when they enter the apartments of their female friends, their dress is extremely rich and splendid.

A few miles north-west from Bagdad is a huge pyramidal pile, called by the Arabs *Tell Nimrood*, and by the Turks *Nemrood Tepasé*, both of which appellations mean the Hill, or Tower of Nimrod. It stands on a gradual elevation, ascending upwards of sixty yards from the level of the plain. This elevation consists of loose sandy earth, intermixed with fragments of burnt bricks, pottery, and a kind of hard clay, partially vitrified. The enormous solid mass which crowns this elevation is composed entirely of sun-dried bricks. Its height appeared to be above a hundred and twenty-five or thirty feet; its circumference at the bottom is three hundred feet; and about ten feet in a perpendicular line from its base, it measures a hundred feet in breadth. The bricks are united by a thin lining of pure slime, no trace of lime or of bitumen being visible. Each horizontal course of bricks, consisting of five or six layers, is marked by a stratum of reeds, to a thickness of two inches, unmixed with any other substance. These reeds are in a wonderful state of preservation differing from those that grow in the place below, only in being of a somewhat darker hue. This curious pile is entirely solid, excepting where certain square perforations, going directly through, intersect one another in the heart of the building; in the northern face, too, at a considerable elevation from the base, there is an opening of an oval form, rather larger than a common-sized window; but it does not penetrate farther into the pile than five or six feet. Conjecture is perplexed in regard to the use of those enormous solid hills which mark the sites of the earliest settlements of mankind; Sir Robert is inclined to suppose, that what now remains of this "Tower of Nimrod" is no more than the base of some loftier structure, probably designed for the double use of a temple and an observatory;—a style of sacred edifice common with the Chaldeans. Some mounds of ruins seem to indicate that this place was the site of an ancient city; and the name, which it still retains, evidently refers it to the age of the first mighty potentate in the line of Shinar.

From Bagdad, Sir Robert, accompanied by Mr Bellino, made an excursion to the banks of the Euphrates, to explore the ruins of Babylon. On his way thither, he examined an elevated pile, called by the natives *Bowrsa Shishera*, similar in its construction and materials to the Nemrood Tepasé. Around the base of this pile were seen many scattered fragments of bricks, tiles, and other vestiges of buildings. From these

appearances, as well from its name and position, Sir Robert was inclined to think, that this might be the site of Borsippa, where Alexander the Great breathed his last. Another pile, of greater magnitude, but different in construction, inasmuch as it wanted the strata of reeds,—the bed of the Nahar-Malcha, or royal canal, —with some piles of various magnitudes, were the objects that attracted the attention of our traveller, as he proceeded toward the city of Hillah, in the suburb of which a house was prepared for his residence, when he should be engaged in exploring and examining the ruins of Babylon.

The site of ancient Babylon is marked by a few vast piles, the sepulchral monuments of its departed greatness. The first of these which Sir Robert visited was the Birs Nimrood, at the first sight of which Mr Rich, as he informs us in his very valuable memoir, could not help exclaiming, that this, if any, must be the Temple of Belus. This idea Mr Rich renounced, on account of the difficulty of reconciling it with the descriptions of the ancient historians, and the limits which the great city was supposed to occupy. Nothing startled by this difficulty, Sir R. K. Porter undertakes to prove, that this is, in reality, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, afterwards better known as the Tower of Belus. His reasoning is plausible, as his examination was diligent and minute. Comparing the present dimensions of the ruin with those of the entire temple, as mentioned by Herodotus and Strabo, they were found to correspond, as nearly, perhaps, as could be expected in any similar case. The circumference at the base, as it now stands, our author found to be 2082 feet, including a projection towards the west, which throws it into the figure of an irregular oblong: the circumference of the structure, as given by ancient authors, was 2000 feet. Its elevation, according to Strabo, was one stadium, or 500 feet, rising through the regular gradation of eight successive towers, to a pyramidal form: only three stages, and a remnant of a fourth, now remain; but the proportion of the ruin correspond so accurately to the calculation of the original dimensions of the entire structure, as to amount, in Sir Robert's opinion, to even a mathematical demonstration of their identity. It is the only pile on the western side of the Euphrates, where this celelebrated tower or temple was situated, which can be supposed to be the ruin of so mighty a structure; and even its distance from the Mujelibé, which alone staggered Mr Rich in his conjecture that it might be the temple of Belus, will not appear an insuperable objection, when we recollect that the ancient city enclosed an extent of at least 48 miles. and that it is altogether as uncertain whether the Mujelibé was the fortified citadel, or whether the Birs Nimrood was the Tower of Babel.

This huge mass of building, when seen from the east, appears like an oblong hill, sweeping irregularly upwards to its western aspect, in a broad pyramidal form. There is some difference between the statements of Mr Rich and Sir R. K. Porter, in regard to its measurement at the base. According to Mr Rich, its circuit is 762 yards: Sir Robert makes it 694 yards, "at least as nearly that as the dilapidated state of the outline there would allow him to ascertain." In regard to its elevation, they agree more exactly. From the foundation of the whole pile, to the base of the small tower by which it is surmounted, Mr Rich makes 198 feet,—Sir Robert 200 feet. The height of the tower, according to Mr Rich, is 39 feet,—according to Sir Robert, 37 feet; so that the elevation of the whole, according to both statements, is exactly the same. The tower-like ruin on the summit is a solid mass, constructed of the most beautiful masonry of furnace-burnt bricks. Masonry of the same style and materials seems to have encrusted the whole structure in gradual stages, while sun-dried bricks composed the body and base of the pile. These bricks were united so firmly with lime, that no force could separate them. Towards the foundation of the walls, however, and on the large fragments of brick ruins at the base of the pile, Sir Robert found great quantities of bitumen: hence he was led to suppose, that the Chaldean builders employed this substance only in the foundations and lower parts of their

edifices, for the purpose of preventing the bad effects of the damp and water, to which this country must always have been exposed, from the successive inundations of the river. It is remarkable, that, on the summit of the tower, and in many of the upper parts of the structure, the bricks are found in a vitrified state; while towards the base of the standing wall they are totally free from the appearance of change; evidently proving, that the power by which this vast pile was broken into ruins acted from above—in short, that it was the lightning of heaven. About 270 feet from the eastern front of this great pile, appears a mound of great magnitude, extending north and south to a breadth of 1242 feet, when those two sides take a rather triangular form, to a distance of 1935 feet, meeting in a bend to the eastward. Its summit and sides are furrowed into endless hollows and channels, and all are thickly embedded with fragments of bricks, tiles, vitrifications, and bitumen,—the remnants of ancient buildings which Sir Robert conjectures to have been occupied by the priests and other officers who ministered in the temple. From this mound, he made his observations on all the remains yet visible within what he fancied to have been the great encompassing square of the sacred enclosure. A large open area stretched on all sides; but towards the north, where the area measured across between three and four hundred feet, mounds of varied elevations were seen in unconnected heaps, filling the ground from that line to the banks of a great canal. Clustering ranges of these remains appeared to continue curving round to the east; then, after a vacuum, they extend again from the eastward in a similar sweeping direction, along the southern front of the great mounds. Sir Robert found no difficulty in tracing, from the same position, the lines of embankment which had compassed, as he supposes, the whole sacred area. Their extent appeared to agree very nearly with what Herodotus mentions as inclosing the ground of the Temple of Belus. The bricks which compose the tower and these neighbouring mounds, are generally stamped with three lines of inscription, in the cuneiform, or Babylonian character. Those dried in the sun are larger and coarser than those burned in the furnace, and are composed of clay mixed with chopped straw, or broken reeds, to compact it.

Next in interest to the Birs Nimrood is the Mujelibé, or Maclouba, "the overturned." It stands on the eastern side of the Euphrates, about four miles north of Hillah. It presents the form of an oblong, facing the four cardinal points. The side to the north measures 552 feet; that to the west 551; the southern and eastern sides measure each 230 feet. The sun-dried bricks, of which it is composed, rise to an elevation of 140 feet. On its broad summit are the fragments of buildings which it had formerly sustained, bricks both in their original and a vitrified state, bitumen, pottery, pebbles, and even shells, bits of glass, and mother-of-pearl. Regular lines of brick-works are discernible along each face; and on the western front may be traced a perfectly straight wall, that appears to have cased and parapeted this side of the pile. All its sides, and particularly the eastern, are worn into deep channels by the rain; and several excavations have been made in various parts of it, which are now the dens of wild beasts. Some Turks, searching for bricks, found, in a subterranean passage, a coffin of mulberry wood, containing a human body inclosed in a tight wrapper, and to appearance partially covered with bitumen. This discovery induced Mr Rich to open an entrance into the same passage from above, and he succeeded in discovering another coffin, containing a human skeleton in high preservation. A little farther on was found the skeleton of a child. From these circumstances, Mr Rich thought it probable that the whole of the passage, whatever its extent may be, was occupied in a similar manner. Sir R. K. Porter, however, is of opinion, that the Mujelibé must have been the citadel of the fortified palace, mentioned in all ancient descriptions of Babylon; and that the coffins discovered in its passage must contain the remains of persons who had died there during a period of siege. That it could not be, as Delle Valle, Beauchamp, Niebuhr, and

other travellers have supposed, the Temple of Belus, is evident from its present appearance, which plainly indicates that it could never have risen in a pyramidal succession of towers. "Had one such stage ever surmounted it," our author correctly observes, "we should have found a slight elevation at least, towards the middle of the summit; but instead of that essential feature, it sinks there in a deep hollow." Besides, the extent of its base far exceeds the stadium specified by the ancients as the measure of the base of the Tower of Belus.

Another stupendous mound has been minutely described by Captain Frederick and Mr Rich, with whom Sir Robert agrees in supposing it to be the site and ruins of the palace. It is named by the natives the *Kasr*, and is the most august mass, after the Mujelibé, on the eastern side of the river. According to Mr Rich's description, it is nearly a square of 700 yards in length and breadth; Sir Robert makes its length 800 yards, its breadth 600, and its height full 70 feet above the general level. Sir Robert observed an essential difference between the manner of its construction, and that of the Mujelibé and Birs Nimrood. In the latter, the great stamina of the piles were sun-dried bricks, consolidated by the intervention of reeds and lime; but in every part of the Kasr mound, within and without, the material was most beautiful burned bricks, so fresh in their appearance, that it was difficult to believe that it was not a recent structure. The cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks, however, prove their antiquity beyond the possibility of doubt. The internal decorations seemed to be as unequivocal evidence of its having been the palace of the proud monarchs of Babylon. The workmen of Mr Rich, after a day's labour, brought to light the statue of a colossal lion; while fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthen ware, marble, and varnished tiles, all attest its ancient splendour. Only seven years had elapsed since that gentleman had examined it with such diligence, and described it with such precision; yet in that short period, the sacrilegious industry of the people employed in digging for bricks, had entirely changed some of its principal features. The piles of wall, to which the natives have more peculiarly given the name of the Kasr, or Palace, still stand in striking fragments, from 16 to 18 feet above the general line of the summit. Part of them are so connected, as to give indications of their having originally formed square piers or supports, rather than distinct ranges of chamber or tower walls: their thickness, in general, is from 8 to 9 feet; and their materials are so strongly cemented, that, though the bricks are of the hardest kind, it was almost impossible to separate them from the mortar. To this circumstance, indeed, these masses owe their preservation. But in the lower part of the structure, the work of demolition has proceeded more rapidly. The serdaubs (cellars), dark chambers, and numerous intricate passages, have been broken up, or impenetrably buried; and the subterranean way, near the ravine, which Mr Rich has described with so much precision, is now completely lost.

Of the tree mentioned by Captain Frederick, as growing among the mouldering ruins of the Kasr, with which they assert that it is coeval, Sir Robert has given a particular description. Its species is quite strange in that country; but two of his servants, natives of Beuder-Bushehr, assured him that they had seen several like it in their own country, where it is known by the name of Gaz, or Guz, and lives to a great age. Its trunk has originally been enormous; but now only part of its original circumference, hollow and shattered, supports the whole of its yet spreading and ever-green branches. They are particularly beautiful, being adorned with long tress-like tendrils, resembling herons' feathers, growing from a central stem. These delicate sprays, bending towards the ground, give the whole the appearance of a weeping willow, while their gentle waving in the wind produces a low and melancholy sound. In digging into those extensive mounds, an incredible number of curious objects of antiquity are picked up; and these, by a strange fatality, generally find their way into the hands of the Jews, who are yet aliens in the land of Shinar.

' About 800 yards from the Kasr Mound is the Amran Hill, an enormous pile, nearly triangular in its form: its south-west face extends to a line of 1400 yards, its eastern face 1100, and its northern 850. In height it is nearly equal to the Kasr; and, like it, is broken into deep ravines, and long-winding furrows. It seems completely exhausted of all its useful bricks, and is now composed of earth, mixed with fragments of brick, pottery, mortar, bitumen, vitrifications, &c. On the most elevated spot stands the tomb of Amran, from which this mass receives its name. Before the western face of the hill extends a considerable line of flat ground, bounded by the river's high embankment. In this embankment Mr Rich found a number of urns, filled with ashes and pieces of human bones, which had not undergone the action of the fire. The Babylonians and Persians interred their dead without burning them; hence he concludes, that these urns contained the ashes of some of Alexander's soldiers.

The western side of the river had hitherto been little explored, but the diligence of Sir Robert discovered traces of building there to an extent of several miles. Amidst a numerous and conspicuous assemblage of mounds, one rose to the height of thirty-five feet; and from its summit he observed, " that the face of the country, both to the north and the south, for upwards of a mile either way, bore the same hillocky appearance; besides being thickly scattered with those fragments of past habitations, which in all Babylonian ruins have so particularly marked their character." Here Sir Robert supposed that he had found the site of the old or lesser palace. About a mile south-west from this, again appeared multitudes of mounds of inferior elevation, with the actual indications of former buildings spreading in a circular form, rather more than half-a-mile in width. Proceeding about three miles and a half farther, in the same direction, they came to a vast tract, covered with every minor vestige of former buildings; and these appearances continued the whole way to the eastern verge of the boundary around Birs Nimrood, a distance of nearly a mile and three quarters. From these remains Sir Robert derived a fresh proof, that one division of the city stood on the western bank of the Euphrates, and that the Temple of Belus was in that division.

At the distance of eight miles from the Euphrates, on its eastern bank, our author found another pile, the grave of former buildings, called the Al Hymer. The fragments around it proclaim it of Babylonian date and origin, though its distance from the river precludes the idea of its having been part of the great city. It is of a pyramidal form, its base nearly circular, and is in circumference 276 yards; its height is nearly 60 yards. Numerous smaller mounds surround it as dependants. One-third of its elevation is composed of sun-dried bricks, the rest of such as had passed through the furnace. It is remarkable, that of the latter, such as were exposed to the external air were so soft as to be broken with the slightest force; while those in the interior of the pile were as hard as any in Babylonia. Layers of clay seemed to be the only cement; but a bright white substance appeared in some places an inch thick, which, on touching it, crumbled into the finest powder. Subsequent analysis proved this powder to be principally composed of common earthy matter; apparently justifying the conjecture of Sir Robert, that it has originally been the common layer of reeds, thus transformed by the operation of the air.

Such are the most interesting particulars which Sir Robert discovered or ascertained in his investigation of the ruins of Babylon. No spot on the surface of the globe can be contemplated with more intense, yet melancholy interest, than this desolate site of the Queen of Nations. At Persepolis, there is still a splendour in the ruins to recall distinctly the former magnificence and beauty of its palaces and temples. In the remaining fragments of architecture and statuary in Greece, we can still adore the divinity of that genius, which has commanded the admiration, and guided the taste of so many nations and ages. But the vast shapeless piles of Babylon are so

many graves, in which all its former glories are buried for ever from the eye of curiosity ; and which indicate only by their extent the magnitude of the structures which they conceal in impenetrable night. That there are still so many of these sepulchral monuments, and of such vast dimensions, may serve to give us some idea of the former greatness of a city which has furnished materials for so many capitals, and which has been a quarry almost incessantly ransacked for more than two thousand years. No spot more impressively proclaims the mutability of human affairs : and on comparing its former grandeur with its present desolation,—on viewing the present sterility of its fields, once the most fertile in the world,—we reverence that " sure word of prophecy" by which its awful change was so clearly foretold : " How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations !" " Come against her from the East—open her store-houses —*cast her up as heaps*—and destroy her utterly ;—let nothing of her be left." " The wild beasts of the desart, with the wild beasts of the islands, shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein ; and it shall be no more inhabited for ever." —Jerem. l. 23, 26, 39.

The troubled state of the country, in consequence of the irritation of some of the Arab tribes, prevented our author from accomplishing his design of visiting the three ancient capitals, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Susa. On the 2d of December he took leave of his kind friends at Bagdad, and proceeded on his route towards the mountainous regions of Courdistan. On the 9th he reached Kirkook, a town containing about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. In the neighbourhood of this town are springs of Naphtha, and a burning sulphurous hill. Two days more brought him to the district of Sulmania, in the country of the Courds. The entrance to this district he found remarkably fertile and well cultivated ; " but this genial part of Courdistan," he tells us, " like the fabled god of the vine rocked in his stone cradle, lies in the very lap of rocks and mountains." Sulimania, the capital of the district, is an open town, containing about 3000 houses, and nearly 15,000 inhabitants. This is one of the largest districts within the pashalik of Bagdad : and from the natural strong holds with which it abounds, and the proud independent spirit of the natives, the Porte is obliged to allow them a governor of their own nation, with the high title of Pasha, though all other places within the jurisdiction of Bagdad are governed by officers in the immediate service of the Grand Seignior. The Courds of Sulimania are, in general, of low stature, but well proportioned, robust, and healthy. Their complexion is fairer than that of their brethren in the neighbourhood of Kermanshah ; their eyes dark and fine, and their general physiognomy more grave and thoughtful, with less shrewdness and knavery in its expression, than that of the southern tribes. Their faith is of the true Sunni, or orthodox Mahomedan creed, though sectarians of every description are scattered throughout the country. The tenets of some of these are of the most ferocious cast ; particularly those of the Sorani tribe, who call themselves Yezedi, after a caliph of Damascus.

The task of travelling through these mountainous regions Sir Robert found more arduous than any which he had hitherto undertaken. After toiling up the steeps of Tahite mountain, a new and more formidable point of escalade lay before him, in the smooth and marble side of the Daroo. Here they had to climb over naked and slippery marble rocks, sinking suddenly into deep clefts, and intricate and apparently untrodden paths, between rough, fissured slopes, bottomed with such beds of loose stones, that the feet of their cattle sunk into them at every step, at the imminent hazard of breaking their legs.

Our author was now in one of the most difficult points of the route of Xenophon in his memorable retreat ; and he justly observes, that " no one can sufficiently appreciate the invincible courage of Xenophon, nor the heroic following of his soldiers, who has not witnessed the terrific passes of Courdistan : and when armed with hostile men on every rock, what must have been the virtue that then led steadily forward !" Savage and sterile as the aspect of

these high regions is, every mountain side has its villages; and close to each, are little hidden vallies, which produce corn, barley, and tobacco in abundance, besides fine fruits of various sorts, particularly grapes, pears, apples, pomegranates, and cucumbers.

After various difficulties and adventures, (the most remarkable of which was being benighted on the Houstah mountain, and being obliged, through the inhospitality of the villagers of Yeltomar, to take shelter, during a winter night, in a cave,) he reached Tabreez on the 25th of December 1818, and had the pleasure of spending Christmas in the true English style, among his kind and hospitable countrymen, and of interesting their sympathy, and calling forth their congratulations, by recounting the toils and perils which he had endured and escaped.

A residence of several months in Tabreez enabled our author to become more fully acquainted with the present system of government in Persia, and with the enlightened plans of Abbas Mirza for its improvement. Corruption pervades every part of it, from the fountain-head of power, to the remotest of its ramifications. From the ancient and fatal practice of receiving presents from the governors of provinces, oppression and extortion are in a manner patronized by sovereign authority; and the example descends to the lowest officers of state. Even the chief of a village district, or the leader of a horde of banditti, easily makes his peace with his superior, by a well-timed offering of part of the spoil, acquired by rapacity or murder; and Justice herself is dazzled on the bench, by the bright temptation which is tendered by the hand of Guilt. Our author anticipates much benefit from the integrity, benevolence, and talents of the heir-apparent, aided by the just and liberal principles introduced by the continued influx of Europeans, by which the people of Persia will be unconsciously prepared "to understand the value of equitable laws, and of a sovereign likely to establish them." The arsenal at Tabreez, formed on a British model, and by a British artificer, and the fulling mill lately erected at Koig, may be regarded as interesting preliminary pledges of the improvements projected by this enlightened prince. The better to ensure the completion of these projects, he has sent over several young Persians to England, to study, at his expence, medicine, and other useful sciences and arts. All these beneficent schemes, however, are in great danger of being frustrated by the fierce jealousy of Mahmoud Ali Mirza, who has openly threatened to dispute his brother's succession to the throne.

The growing power and commerce of Russia in this quarter affords our author a subject of less doubtful speculation. By its late acquisitions, this overgrown monarchy is now in possession of almost the whole of the western shore of the Caspian, commanding the Kur river entirely, and all the northern bank of the Araxes, except the districts of Nakshivan and Erivan,—a narrow but fertile stripe of territory between the Russian frontier and that of Turkey. New facilities are daily presenting themselves for transporting her merchandise from the shores of the Caspian into the heart of her territories. "Excellent roads are constructing from the point where the Kur ceases to be navigable; and there the goods which have come up from the Caspian will be disembarked, and carried over land to Tiflis; thence conveyed by the way of Kootaiæ, the capital of Imeritia, to the navigable part of the river Rion, where adequate vessels will receive and carry them down to the newly-established port of Poti, on the south-eastern coast of the Euxine. The passage thence to Odessa is direct; and I need not expatiate on the ease with which the different merchandize may be spread, through various obvious channels, all over Europe."

From Tabreez, Sir Robert set out on a parting visit to the Shah at Teheran, carrying with him the portrait of his Majesty, finished from the sketch which he had formerly taken. He was received very graciously, and was invested with the Order of the Lion and Sun. He likewise made an excursion to the curious caves of Kerefta, for an account of which we must refer our readers to his own minute descrip-

tion. Lake Ouromia was another object that engaged his curiosity, and on his visit to its shores he found the Persian army, organized and disciplined according to British tactics, by Captain Isaac Hart, encamped near the ancient city of Ouromia. This army is composed chiefly of Afshars, and Sir Robert speaks in the highest terms of their appearance and discipline,—their number amounts to nearly 12,000.

On the 19th October 1819 he took his final departure from Tabreez; and turned his steps westward on his return to the Northern Capital. He visited the ruins of Eski Julfo, and the Armenian cemetery, in which he found thousands of grave-stones, in general richly and laboriously carved. We do not think it necessary to accompany our traveller on his homeward route; both because the countries through which he had now to pass are so generally known, and because our limits prevent us from indulging in any farther detail. We take leave of him, therefore, certainly without much regret, but not without some degree of respect. In the lighter accomplishments of grace, vivacity, and wit, he by no means shines; and the reader, whose fastidious taste can relish no production which is not highly seasoned with these ingredients, will soon turn, we fear, in dislike from these plain matters-of-fact volumes, if he is not at first deterred by their ponderous magnitude. His pages, too, are frequently disfigured by offensive peculiarities of style. Against some of the minor parts of speech, which we have been accustomed to think of considerable consequence in the construction of English sentences, he seems to have declared formal and irreconcileable hostility. Relatives, and conjunctive and conditional particles, he almost entirely discards; and by the want of them, his narrative is rendered generally inelegant, and sometimes obscure; even the demonstrative and the personal pronouns are sometimes banished from the station which they are accustomed to hold, leaving a vacancy which appears equally novel and unpleasing. Sir Robert sometimes indulges, too, in very unnatural applications of the plainest words, and in a phraseology, which, to say the least of it, is very uncouth. His distance from London, while his work was proceeding through the press, may serve as some apology for such blemishes; but either he or his publisher should have submitted his MS. to the inspection of some person of taste and judgment, or at all events have made provision for the careful revision of the sheets before they were finally thrown off. Such care would have prevented this costly work from coming forth to public view with so many defects upon its head,—defects which appear the more ludicrous, amidst the splendour of embellishment by which the volumes are distinguished. These defects, however, are more than compensated by the sterling qualities of diligent research, accurate observation, sound judgment, correct principle, and amiable feeling. The classical and the biblical student will derive much valuable information from Sir R. K. Porter's patient and enlightened investigation of Persepolis, Babylon, and the other interesting ruins which it was his good fortune to visit. His conjectures, guided by the torch of history, often throw a clear light on what was formerly obscure; and he has the high gratification of having, on many occasions, illustrated the truth of sacred history, and pointed to the exact fulfilment of prophecy, by topographical observations made on the very scenes to which they refer. But it is in the description of scenery that he chiefly excels. He looks on Nature with a painter's and a poet's eye, and his description of some mountain scenes, particularly in the ranges of Caucasus and Mount Avaral, would do no discredit to the pen of a Byron or a Scott. In the account of his midnight wanderings among the mountainous regions of Taurus, there is a terrific interest, which forcibly reminded us of Lord Byron's stanzas on a similar occasion, and do not suffer by the comparison.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE HERIOT, JEWELLER TO KING JAMES VI.; WITH AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE HOSPITAL FOUNDED BY HIM AT EDINBURGH. EDIN.: CONSTABLE & CO. 1822, AND HURST, ROBINSON, & CO. LONDON.

As our present is, to a certain extent, an antiquarian Number, we cannot omit noticing the "Memoirs of George Heriot," compiled for the laudable purpose of illustrating "The Fortunes of Nigel." This little volume contains much curious information, industriously collected, and judiciously arranged; and forms a useful and necessary accompaniment to the admirable tale in which the benevolent goldsmith makes such a prominent figure. The sketch of Heriot's Life has been compiled chiefly from Maitland's History of Edinburgh, from the Biographical Memoir of the Earl of Buchan, from the notice which appeared in the Scots Magazine for February 1802, and from other sources of information to which the Editor had access; and is as full and distinct as the scanty materials for such a performance would possibly permit. The Appendix, too, contains a number of important and interesting documents, the most remarkable of which are, Elogies on George Heriot; Donations and Legacies to George Heriot's Hospital; Last Will and Testament of George Heriot; Statutes of George Heriot's Hospital, compiled by Walter Balcanquel, D. D.—Anno 1627; Last Will and Testament of Robert Johnson, L.L.D.; and Extracts from Accounts and Vouchers relative to Jewels furnished by George Heriot, to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James VI. 1605–1615.

The perusal of this volume has served to confirm on our minds the favourable impression of Heriot, which we received from "The Fortunes of Nigel," as well as to show,—if, at this time of day, that had been necessary,—how extensively and how accurately the "Great Unknown" is acquainted with the history, both general and local, of his native country. Nothing, indeed, escapes the keen inquisition of this most inventive, powerful, and original of writers; and it is one of his prominent excellencies, that he has chosen most of his subjects, in a department which had totally escaped the search of every other writer of his class; that he has thrown a charm, amounting, sometimes, to fascination, over details which had hitherto been considered as the legitimate province of the dull, plodding, matter-of-fact antiquary; that he has set people a-searching into some of the most interesting, yet, before his time, most neglected periods of history; and that, by conjuring up the genius of antiquity, and embodying, in living and moving forms, the characters of the olden time, he has not merely afforded delight and amusement to all classes and orders of men, but, directly or indirectly, conveyed to us, without our being conscious of it, instruction substantial and important. We will venture to assert, that the history of Scotland was never so thoroughly or so generally known as at this moment; and he who recollects how different was the state of information prior to the appearance of "Waverley," will be able to ascertain how much of this is due to the author of what the Cockneys call the Scotch Novels.

For this reason we think such performances as that before us are particularly useful. They enable us to separate the provinces of History and of Fiction; show how far the novelist has followed, deflected from, or embellished the details of the mere chronicler or annalist; and enable us to appreciate the wonderful power of realizing the soul and spirit of history, even in a fabulous narrative, possessed by the illustrious man whom Nature seems to have gifted with a sort of ubiquity of intellectual vision. To the admirers of "Nigel" we would, therefore, recommend the perusal of this modest and unambitious volume, which has evidently been compiled with great care and attention, and the accuracy of which may, therefore, be implicitly relied on. Let us at the same time suggest, that, even independently of the interest excited in his life and character by the novel, George Heriot has an individual and substantial claim to the attention of all true Scotchmen, from the munificent and splendid benefaction which now forms so proud a monument to his memory, and which has been productive of so much good to his native city.

CHARACTERS OMITTED IN CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER.

No. VI.

STILL must my pen a bootless warfare wage,
With follies register'd on every page;
This faithful record, I lament to find,
Still tells of fools of heterogeneous kind:
As in the gaudy tulip's flaunting race
We endless shades and variations trace,
Some form'd by Art, and some by Nature's hand,
Unknown the species, till the flower expand;
The glowing bauble then receives a name,
But still the genus is in all the same;
As countless the vagaries of the mind,
The endless aberrations of mankind;—
Some term them frailties—call them what you will,
Reflection tells us they are follies still!
Of such, with pensive heart, again I sing,
Though rough the verse, and harsh the sounding string.

Register of Baptisms.—Maria Gay.

Maria—Laura—Angelina Gay,
How shall I frame to thee the liquid lay?
Or how, in melancholy notes, rehearse
Thy loves and sorrows, in melodious verse?
It may not be—in vain the task I try,
No muse, responsive, echoes back my sigh,
And vainly sacrificing sense for sound,
Is not to be in gilded fetters bound:
I therefore cast my leading-strings aside,
Content to strut in homely, rustic pride:
This lady's long, mellifluent, sounding name,
Enough to waft a Spanish Don to fame,
Must be curtail'd—harmonious though it be,
And plain Maria must suffice for me;
Perhaps for her it had been better too!—
Truce with reflection—I my tale pursue:

Maria's mother in high life was bred,
For she each morn dress'd Angelina's head—
The youngest daughter of a noble sire,
London his home—his lands in Lincolnshire.
This Angelina, beautiful and vain,
Had still admirers dangling in her train;
To draw attention was her sole delight,
Her daily study, and her dream by night:
Her maid was skill'd in all the arts of dress,
To make the most of Nature's loveliness;
Could rouge or carmine dext'rously prepare,
The bosom decorate, and braid the hair;
Besides, she flatter'd with such fluent art,
As fix'd her favour in her mistress' heart.

But Love this cunning handmaid's heart beguil'd;
For Dick, the coachman, flatter'd, sued, and smil'd;
She kindly listen'd—found resistance vain—
Her heart was tender, and she bless'd the swain;
And Richard Gay, their fortunes to begin,
Made her the mistress of the White-Horse Inn.

Before the honeymoon had lost its charms,
An infant daughter bless'd the husband's arms;
And now the name should Angelina be—
But she, though loved, the youngest was of three;
And hence, the child all due respect to pay,
Was named Maria—Laura—Angelina Gay.

It boots not, here, to waste the reader's time,
To tell an infant's charms in jingling rhyme;
The nameless graces that the child endears,
And renders lovely in its early years,
Each mother feels, each father's fond heart knows,
And all the parent in his bosom glows;
While clambering on his knees with playful wile,
The winning look, and soft endearing smile,
The lisper's prattle, and the glancing eye,
The simple question, or the prompt reply—
Oh! these to love primeval bliss impart,
And shed new raptures round a parent's heart;
Till, daily gazing on these artless charms,
A doting fondness all the bosom warms;
Each passion prompted, and each humour nurs'd—
The child is in the parents' kindness curs'd.

And such, alas! Maria's early morn,
Soft on the sun-bright tide of pleasure borne;
No passion check'd, no pert demand denied—
Each folly cherish'd, and each wish supplied;
Her doll in silks and lace superbly fine,
Her paroquet in gilded cage must shine;
The nursery hung with splendid drapery round,
Her fairy tales in red morocco bound—
Her dress so rich, so gaudy, and so clean,
Maria look'd and mov'd a fairy queen.

Meanwhile, the White Horse Inn, with growing fame,
O'er all the country round had gain'd a name;
For carriers, coachmen, grooms, Dick drew good beer—
His kitchen, too, could still supply good cheer;
And then, his cellars held such racy wine,
That country squires would sometimes meet to dine.
For ever busy, bustling day and night—
The landlord civil, and his wife polite;
The ostler careful, fresh his corn and hay;
A bar-maid blushing like a morn in May;
Time lightly trode, and still their business grew—
Old friends were steady—fame still brought them new.

Thus on their heads auspicious Fortune smil'd,
And still Maria was their only child;
And she in beauty's loveliness was seen,
With angel sweetness, and just turn'd sixteen;
Of slender form, and delicate in health—
Their pride—their all—and heiress of their wealth!
Why should the tender fair be taught to toil,
Bronze her complexion, and her fingers spoil?
Besides, she had a sentimental mind,
A heart susceptible, and taste refin'd;
Hence, it was proper she should keep afar
From vulgar noise and bustle at the bar;
For sensibility to her was dear,
And rustic laughter painful to her ear;

Hence, in a room apart, she sat retir'd,
While tales of tenderness her soul inspir'd;
The mawkish novel, and the morbid tale,
Were sure to wake the sentimental wail:
"First Love,"—"The Secret Sigh,"—"The Broken Heart,"—
And "Delicate Distress," could bliss impart:
O'er "Werter's Sorrows" she would sit and weep;
With "Female Frailties" cry herself asleep;
And she had, weekly, from the teeming press,
Romantic nonsense—fanciful distress.
And then, the Muse was ready with relief,
In plaintive strains to sing "the joy of grief."
A votary of the Della Cruaca school,
Whate'er her heart, her head was never cool;
A cheese-mite shaken from its rich domain
Would heave her bosom with extatic pain:
A solar microscope to her display'd
Those forms unseen, that boundless space pervade;
Her heart grew sick—her eyes were full—she sigh'd—
"Poor animalculæ!—ah! hapless race!" she cried;
Then quick retir'd, her sorrows to rehearse,
And mourn'd their fate in most melodious verse.

John Hopkins, tenant of a neighbouring farm,
Was young, well made, in worldly wealth was warm;
And thought that it might add a bliss to life,
Could he obtain a fair and faithful wife;
And Love, who will fantastic antics play,
Fix'd his affections on Maria Gay:
His love was told in language blunt and plain,—
Maria's smile with hope dismiss'd the swain.
Meanwhile, she mused on all his youthful charms—
His manly air, and two rich cultur'd farms;
But then his name so vulgar in the sound—
Its very echo gave her heart a wound!—
Still more—if ere her heart to love inclin'd,
It must be one of a congenial mind;
That John's was such there was much room for doubt,
But she would search each mental feeling out.

One morn a fly was in her cream-pot drown'd,
The maiden's heart was plunged in grief profound!
She sadly sigh'd—perhaps some tears were shed—
Her fix'd eye gazing on the hapless dead;
And as she ne'er invok'd the muse in vain,
She now sat down to weave the funeral strain.
A long and laboured elegiac lay
Had crown'd her labours ere the close of day!
The sable-border'd sheet was hardly dry,
When John came in—and now, his taste to try,
Maria read, as from a female friend,
The plaintive ditty, by her fingers penn'd,
In tragic style, and pathos most sincere,—
Oft heav'd a sigh—and scarce restrain'd the tear.
John stared—but soon his sides with laughter shook;
Maria paus'd, with proud indignant look:
Said he, "You mimic well, upon my word—
'Bombastic nonsense!—trifling most absurd!
"But you burlesque it in such solemn strain—
"Read on, I pray, and let me laugh again!"

This clos'd their loves—they parted in chagrin;
Though both were glad they had each other seen.

A martial corps was quarter'd in the town,
From whence the officers would gallop down,
Breathe country air, then at the White Horse dine,
And spend the evening o'er inspiring wine;
Or, as all heroes are still frank and free,
Would join the ladies o'er a dish of tea;
Where Captain Woodville—Lovelace of the day—
Paid prompt attention to Maria Gay;
Responsive echo'd all she said or sung;
With tender glance, and eloquence of tongue,
Approv'd her taste, her sentiments admir'd,
And soon Maria's high respect acquir'd;
Till at his ease, and quite familiar grown,
He to the White Horse often came alone,
To hold communion with a kindred mind,
A peerless gem, in richest casket shrin'd;
For dear to him the sentimental sigh;
The tear of sympathy in beauty's eye
Far brighter shone, shed lustre more divine,
Than richest diamonds from Golconda's mine.
So Captain Woodville to Maria said,
And tears of rapture o'er her verses shed.
A mind so pure Maria ne'er had met—
And tête-à-tête with him enraptur'd set,
O'er tales of fiction heav'd commingling sighs,
With tears of pity trembling in their eyes.

Platonic love no sensual dross defiles—
Ethereal transports, and seraphic smiles!
No low desire the spring of mind controls,
Or checks the raptures of congenial souls!
So thought and felt the fond, impassion'd pair;
No warning voice at hand to cry "Beware!"
Until by dire Experience doom'd to find
That soul and sense below are still combin'd!—
Maria weeps—but not o'er fancied woe;
Her bitter tears from heartfelt sorrows flow.
No art can hide, nor time wipe out her stain—
And where is Captain Woodville?—Gone to Spain!

The blushing mother of a bastard boy—
No husband came to smile, and wish her joy;
Her mournful lullaby Maria sings,
While vulgar scorn her anguish'd bosom wrings!

When to the sacred font her father came,
And stood before me with this child of shame,
Methought his troubled spirit felt rebuke,
And read reproaches in his pastor's look:
For he was careless, and his child naughty:
Ye sentimental fair—do not my tale despise.

Register of Marriages.—John Marlowe.

And now the nuptial page invites my eye,
I shall not here again have cause to sigh.
Alas! it tells of one of restless mind,
Unfix'd, unstable as the wintry wind;
With Fate and Prudence at perpetual strife—
A giddy, whirling weathercock through life.

John Marlowe's father was a thrifty man,
Who always acted on the saving plan;
From youth to age this proverb trite maintain'd—
"A penny sav'd is still a penny gain'd;"
Who liv'd a life of penury and care,
To scrape a fortune for a thankless heir.
I'm wrong—for when the miser breath'd his last,
A glance of gratitude the young man cast;
With sparkling eyes, and out-spread hands uprais'd,
"He's now at rest!" said John, "and Heaven be prais'd!"

Five years had John his father's shop-boy been,
Now his the whole—and he not yet eighteen:
The shop was in a well-frequented street,
And John had been to customers discreet;
Hence, he presum'd, a fortune might be made,
By persevering in his father's trade:
The present stock, to fashion's eyes quite stale,
Must find a market in a public sale;
And drugget, duffle, shag, shalloon, and stuff,
All meet the "going—gone!" of Mister Puff.
The shop must be repair'd, new painted all—
The door's disgraceful—windows far too small:
And ere his father's turf was cloth'd in green,
What vast improvements on the place were seen!
In gilded chains a crystal lustre hung,
A fine glass door on patent hinges swung;
The roof on fluted columns seem'd to lean;
An arch, like Iris, proudly ran between,
On which we read, most dazzling to behold,
"John Marlowe, Mercer," gay in blue and gold;
Two broad bow windows to the sight display'd
Attractive samples of the stock in trade;
From London, Norwich, north, south, east, and west,
Whate'er the fashion-mongers term'd the best,
Was promptly order'd, and procur'd in haste,
The richest patterns, and the newest taste:
Above the door a female figure shone,
With flowing drapery, and a sparkling zone,
Which on a gilded anchor seem'd to lean—
Some said, it was a strange, outlandish queen;
And others thought, that John had placed it there
To show how he admir'd and lov'd the fair;
When, tir'd with gazing on the gaudy show,
"Taste, Fashion, Fancy," caught their eyes below.

With gentle friction as brown amber draws
To closer contact feathers, rags, and straws;
As airy webs entrap the silly fly;
So novelty attracts the gazer's eye;
And now, the mercer saw, with keen delight,
His shop with ladies throng'd from morn to night:
The wither'd spinster in brocade and lace,
These vain allurements for a wrinkled face;—
In new gilt frames, thus faded portraits stare,
When cankering Time has laid the canvas bare;—
The matron, stately as the full-blown flow'r,
Its bosom spread, to hail the noontide hour;
The bashful virgin, blushing to the view,
Like half-blown rose-bud, in the morning dew—
Before the youth so rich a banquet spread,
No wonder witching woman turn'd his head;

For though his heart had never heav'd a sigh,
Yet Fancy could the place of Love supply;
And such his volatile, unstable mind,
Still to the newest was his heart resign'd.
Surrounded now with beauty, fair and young,
The speaking eye, soft smile, and fluent tongue,
The glowing blush, that gave a nameless charm,
The swelling bosom and the polish'd arm,—
On these would John in youthful fondness gaze,
While round his heart play'd Fancy's flickering blaze;
A transient spark of cold, phosphoric light,
The fleeting ignis-fatuus of the night;
No lasting flame—no pure ethereal fire—
An exhalation from the putrid mire;
Though restless still, it vainly seems to rise,
Now here, now there—then, lost in darkness, dies!

Miss Bloomfield's cheek first caught the mercer's eye,
And cost him many a secret, pleasing sigh;
Six months and more a fondly amorous fool,
The fire he felt he thought would never cool;
And she took care with smiles to feed the flame,
For almost daily to the shop she came,
And she would cheaply purchase silks and lace,
With glowing blushes on her downcast face;
But ladies who delight in love we find,
Will sometimes, heedless, leave their wits behind:
One day, Miss Bloomfield led her cousin there,
The sweet Miss Mandeville, young, tall, and fair;
Her locks play'd round a slender neck so white,
John's heart was ravish'd with a new delight;
Fate and the stars were partners in the plot,
And in a week Miss Bloomfield was forgot.

Miss Mandeville an invalid had been,
And sought sea-bathing and a change of scene;
Her languid look, so delicately fine,
John thought her more than mortal—half divine!
Gloves, ribbons, oft were barter'd for a smile,
A melting glance, from Fanny Mandeville!
His passion grew—and blest he might have been,
Had he Miss Mary Sparkle never seen;
But out at tea, the lightnings of her eye,
Keen as the fiery shaft shot from the sky,
Pass'd through his head—John thought it was his heart;
But that was not the vulnerable part!
A lingering pain Love doom'd him to endure;
But Time works wonders—and perform'd a cure.

Miss Rigadoon led up a country dance,
Her graceful motion fix'd our hero's glance;
Light as a sylph he saw her bound along,
Glide o'er the floor, and thread the mazy throng,
And Love's attractions, John transported feels,
Proceed not from the fairest face, but lightest heels:
His passion, like the moon, must wax and wane,
And, like that planet, change, to change again.

A lay of love so sweet Miss Tweedle sung,
So soft the trembling wires symphonious rung—
So lightly o'er the keys her fingers flew,
And mock'd the ivory with their fairer hue,

He listen'd—gaz'd, with ravish'd eyes and ears,
As Hebe struck the music of the spheres;
And had she never ceas'd her tuneful skill,
Perhaps the mercer might have lov'd her still.

Miss Blandford shone in native eloquence,
As Venus lovely, with Minerva's sense;
Each sentence charged with wisdom most profound,
And rhet'ric's harmony in every sound!
John listen'd long—at last, he saw, with pain,
That knowledge made the lady pert and vain.

He left the fair, of eloquence afraid;
But Violetta was a modest maid;
With downcast eyes, her accents mild and meek,
A bashful blush still glowing on her cheek.
Insipid charms no lasting love inspire,
For lack of fuel, dies the languid fire.

Miss Woodbine's manners were devoid of guile,
And she could prattle, dance, blush, sing, and smile;
Her heart and soul were still intent to please,
With frank, good-natur'd, unaffected ease;
But prov'd so loving, and so fondly kind,
Fears for his honour fill'd the mercer's mind!

Jane Lettuce was a fair, but prudent maid,
Dress'd with decorum, in her manners staid;
These are the graces that adorn a wife—
And John expected to be bless'd for life;
But tête-à-tête when seated with the prude,
He seiz'd her hand—she frown'd, and call'd him rude;
Her glowing cheek he struggled to salute—
Enraged, she cried, "Stand off!—licentious brute!"

Though woman still was to our hero dear,
Now, sage Experience whisper'd in his ear
"What's Beauty?—Gewgaw of the passing hour!
'Coquettes too wanton—prudes of temper sour;
And female wisdom still will strive for pow'r!
'Tis wealth alone can lasting bliss impart,
Gold has unfading charms that fix the heart."
He heard, approv'd, and eager in the chace,
Soon started game—though distanced in the race;
For he had lov'd so long, so oft, that fame
Had taken freedoms with his hapless name;
As weathercock, or fortune-hunter known,
Each fair beheld him with a heart of stone.

His five-and-thirtieth year now pass'd away;
John felt the business of his shop decay—
Supplies were wanting—something must be done!
Time press'd—and Widow Wilkin's heart was won.
Large was the widow's stock of years and health,
To which report had added worldly wealth:
That Gaffer Wilkins left much wealth, was true;
But he behind him left three daughters too!
He had been dead some sixteen years, or more,
And Time had made sad inroads on the store;
Even poverty approach'd, with rapid stride,
Though she had managed still that truth to hide.

When they before me to the altar came,
She tried to blush—to show she felt Love's flame;
It would not do—that cheek refus'd to glow,
Where Time had scatter'd wrinkles years ago;
Whene'er she spoke, a vacant space was seen,
Where ivory teeth in days of yore had been;
And straggling hairs stood bristling on her chin,
In colour darker than her sallow skin.
They left the temple in a chaise and pair,
While rattling wheels made all the village stare.

Short was their honeymoon of soft delight,
For both soon found it was a mutual bite;
John hoped the widow's cash his bills would pay,
And she had match'd, to scare grim want away.
With duns and angry creditors beset,
John saw his name enroll'd in the Gazette;
Asham'd, deserted, and quite tir'd of town,
Through miry roads, the pair on foot came down,
And in our village fix'd their place of rest,
Where both agreed of bad to make the best.
Their shop—oh! how unlike to that, where shone
The gilded lady, with the glittering zone!
One little window, fill'd with tapes and toys,
Comfits, and gingerbread for girls and boys:
If not fastidious, we may enter there,
And look around us on their motley ware:
A deal-board counter stands behind the door;
But tread with caution on the crowded floor,
There bottles, boxes, and dried fish you'll find,
With cheese, and crockery-ware of coarsest kind.
Have you enough? or shall we forward pass,
And closer view the heterogeneous mass?
Tobacco, snuff, soap, treacle, herrings, eggs,
While tallow candles hang on wooden pegs;
There rancid butter—rotten apples here,
With thimbles, needles, pins, and nameless gear.
We've had sufficient for our every sense,
These mingled odours soon would give offence!
Yet, though in haste, impatient to be gone,
A moment pause, and cast a glance at John;
Behind the counter, gaunt and grim, he stands,
A rusty snuff-box fills his dirty hands;
His long, lean fingers have his face embrown'd,
And toss'd the titillating dust around;
His thread-bare coat all stain'd, at elbows torn;
With hair uncomb'd, and bushy beard unshorn.

See Mrs Marlowe, cowering o'er the fire;
Pale is her face, and ragged her attire;
The scalding stream flows from her haggard eyes;
Her croaking voice is harsh, discordant cries;
Her cap unchanged, the same by night and day,
Hides not her matted locks of grimly grey;
A ragged 'kerchief round her scraggy neck,
Displays the slattern, lost to self-respect;
Half bare her bosom, and her stays unlaced,
The gown hangs loosely on her long, lank waist;
A black tobacco-pipe, two inches long,
Between her skinny lips is smoking strong;
With aspect melancholy and forlorn,
Her looks at John imply reproach and scorn;

Slip-shod she shuffles o'er the clay-cold floor,
With wasted form, and withered at the core!
Her shivering husband, yawning, looks askance,
And eyes his helpmate with contemptuous glance;
Curses his folly, and his wayward fate,
And mourns his errors, when, alas! too late.

Register of Burials—Widow Welsted.

That there are follies in life's every stage—
That wisdom does not always dwell with age,
If proof were wanting, 'tis recorded here,
I grieve to say, unblotted with a tear*.

James Welsted had a fair and prudent wife,
But dying, left her, in the noon of life,
The widow'd mother of an infant boy,
Now all her care, her hope, and only joy:
As fortune had on their short union smil'd,
Five hundred pounds was left this orphan child,
Herself sole guardian, by the father's will,
And long did she the sacred trust fulfil.
She kept a tavern, had a thriving trade,
Nor had the bloom of youth begun to fade:
The handsome widow was by numbers woo'd,
By giddy youth, and grim old age pursued;
Though she could love, her heart was not in haste,
And ten long years "she liv'd a widow chaste."
Her cheek still glowing like the morning sky,
The fire of love still glist'ning in her eye,
When David Morton tried to gain her heart,
By smooth-tongued talking and insidious art;
For, though the lovely widow pleas'd his eyes,
He deem'd her wealth by far a nobler prize.

Now David was in worldly widom sage,
A prudent man—her match in rank and age;
Long time she ponder'd, like a bashful maid,
Whose heart is half inclin'd, but still afraid,—
Afraid that she might do her child some wrong,
For still maternal love was warm and strong;
And as she mused, thus to herself she said:
'Though often woo'd, and willing to be wed,
'For ten long years I've led a single life,
"While love and duty sometimes were at strife;
'My son, thank Heaven! is now a child no more,
'And Love for me may still have bliss in store;
'To headstrong youth my heart I would not yield,
'But years would prove a buckler and a shield,—
'And may not I in David Morton find
'Experience sage, with youth's fond love combin'd?"

When Love and Prudence parley, one may guess
Whose potent arguments will strongest press:
The widow's heart was given to have and hold,
But Morton's mercenary soul was cold;
Her heart sincerely true, and warmly kind,—
His the smooth, guileful tongue, and sordid mind;

* "The Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a *tear* upon the word, and blotted it out for ever." STERNE.

In trade, a scheming, speculating man,
Pursuing still some visionary plan;
But cash was wanting,—now the widow won
That snug *five hundred* for her darling son
Would suit his purpose,—answer all demands,
And gain a thousand in his thrifty hands.
Such was his talk, with blandishments of speech,
When David tried the golden prize to reach;
But though a wife, she was a mother still,
And hence declin'd compliance with his will;
She said, his specious plans might all be cross'd,
And they would mourn her William's fortune lost.
When he in vain had flatter'd, smil'd, caress'd,
In harsher tones he still his purpose press'd;
The clouded brow, cold words, and low'ring eye,
O'ershading deep and dark Love's halcyon sky;
" Though I have been," she said, " deceived, beguil'd,—
" My mind's resolv'd—I will not wrong my child."

Love's glimm'ring taper soon was quench'd in night;
The son grew hateful in the husband's sight;
Though William was a cheerful, lively boy,
Yet David nipt his every bud of joy;
Took him from school,—his growing spirit broke,
And bent his neck beneath an iron yoke.
Some quarrel rose, the husband stamp'd and swore,
And in his rage fell'd William to the floor;
Unsated wrath urged him to strike again,—
From William's head the blood now flow'd amain;
The anguish'd mother sicken'd—went to bed—
And ere she rose, her darling son had fled!
To Shields, with hasty steps, his course he bent,
And there on board a new-rigg'd collier went.

Love banish'd, and domestic peace destroy'd,
Now Mrs Morton's heart became a void,—
No; not a void, for grief and pining care,
With keen remorse, had made their lodging there!
Hysteria follow'd, with her countless train,
That rack the body, and disturb the brain;
And cordial drams applied, these ills to cure,
Confirm'd their strength, and made their progress sure:
Yet still she felt a transient gleam of joy,
When fond hope whisper'd she should see her boy;
But when three long and ling'ring years had pass'd,
A gale swept William from the rocking mast,
And plunged him deep beneath the mountain wave,
His shroud the sea-weed in a wat'ry grave!

Fate, when she dealt this unexpected blow,
Loos'd the last tie that bound her heart below;
While David felt his dearest wish was won,
For Mrs Morton now could heir her son.
Dead to the charms of wealth, and ev'ry joy,
The wretched mother mourn'd her sailor boy;
Found comfort in a dram—then wept again—
And sought anew the soother of her pain.

On speculation's wings the cash was sent;
Lightly it came, and with the winds it went;
And David saw each airy project fail,
By poverty alone secur'd from jail.

His wife, though neither loving nor belov'd,
Since they were join'd, had twice a mother prov'd;
Although maternal love she seldom felt,
But wrathful stripes without distinction dealt;
For drams alone now gave her heart delight,
Her only comfort, morning, noon, and night!
When sober, stupid—drunk, a maniac mad;
Whate'er the price, the poison must be had.
I need not tell her oaths, and frantic din,
Or that her petticoat was sold for gin;
How crockery ware she would in shivers dash,
Or break the windows with a thundering crash,
Rush to the street half naked, lost to shame,
Abusing all with some opprobrious name!
Led home—would rave, laugh, cry, with frenzied brain,
Doze, dream, and wake—ere night get drunk again;
To scold her husband, tear his clothes and hair,
And, in return, his brutal blows to bear.
Such was the life this wretched woman led,
When all that dignifies the human form had fled.

On Mrs Morton when I cast my eye,
I thought of Widow Welsted with a sigh;
I hail'd the day that made her sorrows cease,
And bade her restless frame repose in peace.

Stanzas to Greece.

FAIREST clime of the earth—once the region of glory,
Too long the lost land of the tyrant and slave!
Once more do thy children awake at thy story
When thou wert the home of the free and the brave.
Down—down on the Moslem their hosts are descending,
Rage and shame in their bosoms are burning and blending,
The wild shout of battle the welkin is rending—
Their watch-word is "Liberty, Life, or the Grave!"

How oft, when the evening has flamed on the forest,
Where silence and solitude hold their dread sway,
The youth, when the thought of his thraldom was sorest,
Hath wept in its shades o'er his country's decay!
While he gazed on her mountains of fame, proudly soaring—
Like a voice from the dead whose far torrents were roaring,
Or listed the lone little streamlet, deploring,
That wander'd in desolate music away;
While waters, and woods, and green isles of the ocean,
The sorrowful cypress, and loneliest palm,
And dim gleaming temples of ancient devotion,
All sadden'd around him, and slept in the calm;
Then o'er them the Crescent, like evil star shining,
With the last lovely ray of the evening declining,
Hath waken'd his soul into rage and repining,
From dreams of the past—to his bosom as balm!

The Spirit of ages departed is o'er thee,
From their dark reign of fear shall oppressors be hurl'd,
That Spirit to freedom again shall restore thee,
The wonder, once more, and the pride of the world!
On thy foes—till the land they have ruin'd shall grave them,
Or, reeling away, till each wild waste that gave them
That locust broud, open its bosom to save them—
Unsheath'd be thy sword, and thy banner unfurl'd!

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

MR EDITOR, No. III.

THE higher order of evils, that harass our march through life, are not half so annoying as those of low degree; that is to say, the wasps, the gnats, and the hornets. Ill harsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, and such like casualties, are endurable; but I'll defy any man, unless he is either a stock or a stone, to keep his temper when pestered by a succession of *run-away-knocks* in the manner that I have been for three nights without intermission. My landlady, poor woman, was shockingly scalded, last Friday was a week, when lifting an unlucky kettle of fish from the trevet; and, just as the devil, or some of his emissaries, contrived it, Sally Diggles, the servant lass, forgathered with the self-same misfortune when lifting it on again; so that between the two disasters I have had a fine time of it. Not a soul being in the house, with the exception of our three selves, the whole stress of receiving company, attending the street-door, answering inquiries, taking in messages, parcels, &c., naturally enough devolved on poor me; and may all the enemies of Scotland have their patience heckled precisely in the same manner that mine hath been! During the day, matters went on pretty smoothly considering, and the intervals of respite between every *rat-tat* were not at all to be complained of; but immediately after night-fall, no sooner was I arrayed in my study habiliments, and seated at my desk, than the door-knocker summoned me without ceasing. Some three or four out of a dozen might have passed for business knocks, the rest were *run-aways*, every soul of them. I'm sure last night, Mr Editor, you would have sworn that all the errand-boys, ticket-porters, and special messengers within the bills of mortality, had broke loose, and scrupled not to berogue the miscreants who teased me so unmercifully. Such was my indignation at their unmannerly audacity, that I actually armed myself with the kitchen poker a little after nine o'clock, and stood behind the street-door, fully determined to flatten the first scoundrel who touched the knocker and took to his heels; and I leave you to judge, my dear Sir, how exceedingly my wrath was kindled when I distinctly heard the fumbling of fingers outside. Some young sinner, thought I, whom Satan hath not altogether seduced, is counselling with his conscience, whether to work iniquity or leave it alone be most commendable; but before the thought was well hatched, down came the most tremendous peal of double rat-tats that ever astounded human ear. I instantly rushed out, vociferating, "Stop him, stop him!" and before the offender was fifty yards off, three old *Charlies* hobbled from their watch-boxes, rattle in hand, and essayed to cut off his retreat; but, Lord help them! he perfectly snapped his thumbs in derision, laughed them to scorn, and scampered away from their pursuit like a rein-deer. Never did I behold such a pair of heels. Nettled with disappointment, and cursing the fellow's long legs, I retraced my steps, accompanied by the aforesaid Charlies, who hazarded an opinion, that some of our young Millenniumites were also concerned in the annoyance; and truly their conjectures were feasible enough, for every door was standing a-gee, and the openings filled up with clusters of fair faces. "What a dashing scarlet night-cap!" quoth Mary Ann Chitterling, the tripeman's only daughter, in an audible whisper: "my truly! the wit in his attic is well secured against frosty weather." "And only see how tastefully the new-fashioned study-gown is puckered at hands and bosom," observed Miss Maria Blowzley, late bar-maid of the Cockatrice and Fiddle, Minx-Alley, whose parents having made a good thing of it, retired from the public line altogether, and took up their abode at No. 19, Millennium Terrace, last Whitsuntide: "I'll lay a gallon of stout to a noggin of gruel, that it's genuine *Colerane*, and sewed every stitch by Widow Vandervrow's own hand. 'Pon honour he looks extremely well, and steps in old Van's yellow moroccos like a prince." "And what a mercy it was," quoth that sly little slut, Kate Marmoset, whose papa run a hot poker through the

smithy bellows on receiving a note from Tom Bish, stating that the Ticket No. 3587, of which he, the said Marmoset, held a quarter, was that day drawn a prize of £.30,000, sterling, and soliciting his future favours—"what a mercy it was," quo' Katharine, "that he came not out when our hands were at the knocker!" "Nonsense," replied her cousin, Sophia Glaikly, the washer-wife's daughter, who commenced sporting a full suit of half-mourning that very afternoon for her rich West-India uncle; "d'ye think the gentleman's a pasha? Not he, indeed. Mr Killigrew's a man of letters, and sufficiently imbued with good nature to restrain him from lifting a poker to either you or me. Besides, he's a philosopher, and well knoweth that youth and frolic are inseparable cronies. Have a little patience until the coast is clear, and see if I don't rap him out again." When the last syllable, Mr Editor, was quavering on her lips, do you believe me, that conscience presented a list of the auld wives' winnocks and lums, blocked up with sods by your very humble servant, when his teeth were langer than his beard, to gaur them trow on the morrow, that mirk Monday was come back again; and, with the celerity of northern lights, or merry-dancers, as the Orcadians call them, all of a sudden my churlish temper, which was even more sour than unripe billisters, became perfectly mollified, and so deliciously juicy withal, that I actually presented our night guardians with a crown to drink his Majesty's very good health, and strictly commanded them not to molest a single he or she that might feel inclined to take liberties with Mrs Vandervrow's door knocker. Such a wonderful and speedy transition from billowy rage to smooth good humour, can only be attributed to mental magic, whose very extraordinary effects are not to be accounted for by human wisdom; and therefore, my dear Sir, you and I, and every body else, may just as well sit down contented with our ignorance, and say, with the royal Psalmist, "fearfully and wonderfully is man made."

On drawing near to my lodgings, I perceived *something* where *naithing* should ha'e been, and presently took possession of a brown paper parcel, well secured with rosin, and fastened to the door-knocker by means of a shoemaker's lingle, the which I cut without ceremony, hurried up stairs with my prize, and the following inscription, written in a fine, free, Roman hand, satisfied my conscience that I was perfectly justifiable in so doing:

"To Samuel Killigrew, Esquire,
Millennium Place, London:
From his hearty friends and weelwishers,
A wheen merry *Souters* i' the Hole
o' the Wa'."

Until my dying day, Mr Editor, will I be thankful, that he who suspended my literary present was so light of foot. O, Sir, what a burthen it would have been on my poor conscience, had I smote a souter, and maltreated the man who deserved my best and heartiest thanks! Besides, I have long and cordially cherished a kind of natural affection for the whole bristle-licking fraternity. Weavers, tanners, tailors, and other tradesmen under the sun, are all very well after their kind; but there is something in the humour and mannerism of a shoemaker that pleaseth me beyond measure. He is by far the most intelligent, facetious, and merry-hearted craftsman I ever forgathered with, and therefore do I, without farther comment, present you with the *Souter's Benefaction*, always remaining,

My dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
Saml. Killigrew.

London, 1823.

Prom.

On the evening of Tuesday was eight days, when takin' our toddy in the Hole o' the Wa' as usual, in came *Deacon Brogueram*, fresh and fasting, from the Council Chamber, called for a cheerer, and sat him down just as the mid steeple-clock was striking seven. "Weel, deacon," quo' *Birsey Daffodil*, "what measures ha'e our town counsellors ta'en to succour poor Killigrew?" "Deed, Birsey," replied the deacon, "I ken nae what to mak' o' them. In a multitude o' counsellors there may be safety for

aught I ken, but, O, man! their opinions are many-coloured, pirny-complexioned, and unco swear to amalgamate. The whole o' our deliberations, this blessed day, may be comprised in five words,—meikle said, and little done." "Gude truly," quo' *Dan Yerkingsteek*, "the waefu' lad will ne'er be a syllable the better o' their counselling, tak' my word for't; and unless a wheen gude fallows like oursel'es lay their heads thegither and contribute a sheet now and then, to keep him on his legs, he'll gae to the bane dyke without remead. Here's a round half dizzen o' us, sitting wi' auld-farrand subjects under our bonnets, amply sufficient to fill a score o' Maggazeens, if we only kend how to clothe their nakedness; and a thousand pities it is, for the tale-gatherers elick them awa' frae our verra tongue-taps, and after they ha'e gane through a kind o' classical purgatory, we buy our ain gudes back again, in many instances, at the rate o' fifteen white shillings the set. Supposing ane o' us, the deacon, for example, war to tell a story aff loof, I really do believe we cou'd muster enough o' gumshon amang us to shave its beard, and curl its wig, and send it awa' to the press without the aid of a literary barber."

Our worthy deacon having long cherished a wish to see one of his mental bantlings in black and white, felt himself tickled in the kittlest place, and without farther solicitation, publicly declared, that if any gentleman would voluntarily come forward quill in hand, he would supply him with the raw material; an offer that the whole company received with three cheers, because we entertain a very high opinion of the deacon's tragi-comic powers.

When our shouting was over, and our tumblers replenished, Birsey Daffodil incontinently sharpened his pen-knife on the upper leather of Dan Yerkingsteek's shoe, his own having been defiled in a glaur dub as he fled from the wrath of *Nan Skinker* the Burndrawer, whose waterstoups the mischievous rogue had upset, and very politely made a tender of his services in any capacity the company might deem him qualified to fill; a tender that was also accepted with every demonstration of joy, because we all knew Birsey to be an expert penman, and the best valentine writer within the Borough Roods of Dumfries. Indeed we may say, without fear of contradiction, that he excels all living men in that particular branch of scholar-craft, none of his valentines having ever failed to please, save and except the forty-fifth, and good judges are still of opinion that it is altogether unexceptionable.

Birsey having compared woman's voice to that of the goldfinch, linnet, mavis, and all manner of singing birds, actually ran short of epithets, and in an evil hour his ear was delighted with the shrill, squeely notes, of *Rab Lindsay's* hand-saw, whose teeth were undergoing a thorough sharpening. Struck with the very singular melody, he instantly set his muse to work, sang *Nell Grier's* praises from head to foot, and transmitted his eulogy on her mental and personal accomplishments under cover of the aforesaid valentine, which Miss Grier duly received. Nell being a plain, home-grown country lass, not overwell skilled in decyphering allegorical devices, and altogether incapable of perceiving the beauties of delicate comparison, retired with her love-token down the house, opened it very carefully, and beheld a pair of cooing doves coloured from nature. "What the devil are ye doing there?" quo Nell; "twa midden cocks pikeing ane anither's een out. My truly, Birsey, this is a bonnie picture indeed to send a young lass whase price ye hae been speering. What's a' this palaver about?" Miss Grier then cast her eye on the poetic effusion, and read a few couplets with tolerable satisfaction. Grass-green snood, berry-brown hair, choup-rose cheeks, and goshawk-eye, sparkling like the diamond on Criffle, gave no offence whatever; but when she perused these lines,

"And when thou lilts a lovely lay
My sorrows to beguile,
Thy voice, like hand-saw, charms the ear,
Harmonious as the file,"

good God! how the girl danced, and tore, and strewed Birsey Daffodil's valentine to the winds of heaven!—But to go on with our story:—Dan Yerkingsteek having procured

paper and quills, and our landlady brought ben the ink-bottle, the deacon and Birsey clubbed their wits, and in less than half an hour the following tale was told, engrossed, approved of, and declared by one and all sufficiently worthy of appearing in black and white.

The Sorrows of Ned Cantiloan.

Many of our elders, heads of families, and others, continue to believe that the Cordwainer's glory was at its highest, when fame proclaimed with a loud voice,

"Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
Down wi' the Earl o' *Hume*;"

but, in my opinion, it shone with equal splendour when every *last* was in its place, and not an idle *ailshen* to be met with, from the town-head down to the Soutergate-brae, and from thence to the farthest Kirkgate, for either love or money. This happened the very year after *Wattie Marjorum* and I began journey-work for *Convener Ailshender* in the auld flesh-market, and what was very remarkable, the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the field, and the fruits of the earth, were by far more abundant and fair to see, than I ever beheld them either before or since, and so uncommonly reasonable withal, that giblet pye, boiled beef and young cabbage, were a tradesman's dinner, and roast lamb and green peas the dessert. Moreover, there was such an incitement to industry, and respect for industrious habits abounding in the gude town o' Dumfries, that no young man in the shoemaking line, unless he was either an apprentice or a profligate, took the *Dock* on a Sabbath afternoon, without an English claith-coat on his back, and a pound or twa in his master's hand. This happy state of affairs, as might have been expected, naturally begat such an unusual gaiety of heart, that our *knowing ones*, like unto the prudent physician who breathes a vein to free his patient from a superabundance of blood, gathered themselves together in the Trades' Ha', and unanimously agreed to honour His most excellent Majesty, King Crispin of blessed memory, with a royal procession. The shoemakers of those days being a body of fine personable, well-looking men, little or no difficulty occurred in selecting a sufficient number from amongst them to represent his Majesty and royal retinue, with the exception of one potentate, whom no man within the range of Convener Ailshender's eye was deemed worthy of personating. This naturally enough induced many of our leading men to demand a scrutiny, which was most cheerfully complied with, and after rummaging the whole Trades' Ha' from end to end, Convener Ailshender, on whose judgement all men relied, brought forth *Ned Cantiloan*, whom modesty had seated in an obscure corner, and declared him altogether worthy of representing his royal highness the *British Prince*. The sequel of our story will clearly show that Mr Ailshender was a man of sound judgement.

Neddy being a little grateful, lion-looking fellow, returned many suitable thanks for the honour decreed him, in a strain of free-born eloquence, worthy of Caractacus himself, and retired from the Trades Ha' full seven-eighths of an inch higher than when he entered it, which exalted him to the stature of five feet eight inches, and three-tenths of an inch, statute measure; an altitude which Mr Cantiloan hath most honourably upheld ever since. On the evening preceding our grand parade, notwithstanding the very honourable part he was about to play, it unhappily struck Neddy, that nothing on the morrow but "pull baker, pull devil," would be going forward in the barber's shops, and therefore it behoved him to have his hair drest that very night, when the operator's head and hands were completely at leisure. For this purpose, he repaired to *Jamie M'Caskie*, the most celebrated shaver in Friars' Vennel, who highly approved of the measure; "because," quoth James, "we'll ha'e nae a bang o' them here the morn's morning, lang before parritch time, wrangling for the first frizz, and tulzieing for the next shave, that I perfectly dread the thoughts o't. How dy'e think it's possible, Mr Cantiloan, for a tradesman to do his duty in a tradesman-like manner, when he's beset by a parcel o' impa-

tient souters,—I may as well say, bothering him to death, and gabbling a' thegither—'Me next, me next,'—'God's mercy, is the deacon's wig no drest yet?'—'Whare's the saep-box, by the lord Harry I'll shave mysel'!'

[illegible] Jamie, [illegible]
il's i'
day,'—'O that my nose was between the finger and thumb o' John Gass! he's the boy for polishing muzzels!' Whare's the man, I say, in fifty thousand parishes, capable o' trimming a customer genteely i' the midst o' sic annoyance? But we needna dree the evil hour by anticipation. Sit down, Mr Cantiloan, and I'll mak' ye a head like an exhibition cauliflower."

The Prince *elect* gave ear to Jamie's advice, drew in a chair, and placed his posteriors thereon; very graciously observing, that he himself would perform the operation of shaving in the morning; because his beard, which was both black, stubborn, and bushy, would be apt to sprout too far during the night, and ill accord with the colour of his cravat; a measure that M'Caskie also extolled, and embraced the opportunity of assuring Ned, that he would lend him a razor worthy of shaving the Provost.

Preliminaries being settled, the barber fell to work on Neddy's rigging, and in the short space of one hour and three quarters absolutely wrought such miracles, that when Mr Cantiloan was returning home, hat in hand, to save his curls, every window in Friars' Vennel flew up, and every well-dressed woman, of known taste and judgment, waved her handkerchief, and congratulated his highness in the most cordial manner, until his own door received him. In a few minutes thereafter, Mr Cantiloan was waited upon by *Jean Bennach*, the canniest washer-wife that ever dabbled in suds, with a clean Sunday shirt, got up in her very best manner, cravat, pocket-napkin, and a pair of white silk stockings, that she assured him the Duke of Queensberry himself would be proud of,—and Jean was a very safe woman to speak after. The silks and linens being examined, and highly approved of, Neddy acquainted Miss Bennach,—for she either was, or should have been, a maiden lady,—that it was his full intention to walk to and fro in the chamber until fair daylight, in order to preserve the workmanship of Jamie M'Caskie's hands whole and entire. But this scheme was not at all approved of by Miss Bennach;—"Tut," quo' Jean, "what the plague wou'd ye do that for? Sit down i' the arm-chair here, and I'se pack ye up in a sleeping posture safe enough. Gude be wi' us, Neddy, what a dreadful trial it wou'd be to parade the streets o' Dumfries for a whole blessed day without comforting yoursel' wi' a wink o' sleep the night before!" Ned Cantiloan took her advice, and Miss Bennach having collected every bolster, pillow, and cushon, she could lay her hands on, that good lady proceeded to business, and in a very little space of time made him as snug as a bee in a box. But perfection is not so often attained at one operation as some people imagine. On surveying Ned Cantiloan front, flank, and rear, Miss Bennach was clearly of opinion, that something in the nature of a binder was absolutely necessary, to prevent him from swagging in his sleep; and as neither tow nor tether was to be met with in the whole apartment, she very politely untied her own garters, with leave of the ladies, and strapped him to the chair back. In this position, Mr Cantiloan thanked Miss Bennach for her kindness, and Miss Bennach wished Mr Cantiloan a very good night. Sound and refreshing was Ned's sleep,—pleasant, and worthy of being held in remembrance, were the dreams of his rest; but the last and best was by far more interesting than any of its predecessors. Amongst the visions of the night, he beheld *Riddell M'Naight's* blood-mare richly caparisoned, prancing on the plain-stanes, and tossing her head on high, whilst two noble Lords-in-waiting set her bridle aright, and a gallant Duke held the stirrup. Thither went Prince Cantiloan in the costume of an ancient Briton, and mounted with the agility of a grasshopper; but the moment his highness applied the spur, and merrily sang out, "Gee up, Smiler," he awoke, and behold it was a dream. On ascertaining, by the usual means, that he was still in his own apart-

ment, Ned Cantiloan disengaged himself from the thraldom of Jean Bennach's garters, rubbed his eyes, opened his window-board, and seeing that the sun was up, resolved upon treating himself to a bit of a walk in direction of Cargen Brigg. With this view he left the good folk of Friars' Vennel to enjoy their slumbers, marched off at a smart pace, and ascended the Corbelly hill; but such an apparition, in all probability, never wandered thereon, Mr Cantiloan being habited in a coat of green cloth, whose tell-tale elbows had seen better days,—an old drab-coloured Swans'-down waistcoat, patched on sundry places with corduroy,—black velveteen breeks, whose knees betokened the fervour and frequency of Neddy's devotions,—half a pair of grey worsted hose on his right leg, the left being arrayed in figured cotton, with shoes to correspond, the one buckled, the other tied with a leather whang,—all of which, when contrasted with his well-powdered head, appeared very strange. In fine, Mr Cantiloan really seemed to be what he really was not, *i. e. a runaway recruit.* On gaining the hill-top, he mounted an old sod dyke, that officiated as a barrier between the turnpike road and Willie Tuewheet's rye, musing on the procession in which he was about to appear so very conspicuously; and many were the charming pictures of regal pomp and jovial festivity delineated by Madam Fancy, on the retina of Ned's imagination, that emigrated to his brain in the usual way, and commanded a satisfactory smile every now and then, to blithen the gloom of his long black beard.

These were all enjoyed by Mr Cantiloan in silence; but when her ladyship had finished the spectacle to his entire satisfaction, and presented him with the *Dumfries Weekly Journal,* (for in those days we had no *Courier,*) the poor lad became so electrified with delight, that he actually sat down on the aforesaid dyke, spread forth his hands, hem'd three times, to tune his throat, and then spoke as followeth, word for word, just as though he had been reading a newspaper:—"Upon the whole, we never beheld a more gallant cavalcade: King, Lords, and Commons, played their parts with great spirit and fidelity, amidst the cheers of an immense multitude assembled from all quarters, to witness the procession. Some say that his Majesty supported himself throughout in a very superior style,—others speak highly of the Champion,—others of the Indian Monarch and his two bashaws,—and many tongues are busied in praising the late King; but were we called upon, as impartial and independent journalists, to deliver our unqualified opinion, Mr Cantiloan, who so very ably personated an ancient British prince, is the gentleman on whom we would certainly bestow the meed of praise."

Thus far had the young man proceeded in his reverie, when, just as Beelzebub would have it, and he is always on the look-out for mischief, up came a recruiting serjeant, on his way to Portpatrick, slapped Neddy familiarly on the shoulder, and thus accosted him: "What regiment, comrade?" "Nane ava, Sir," replied Ned Cantiloan; "aff hands, or I'll let ye ken wha ye're meddling wi'." "Mother of Jesus!" exclaimed the corporal, "its Harry Dudgeon, as I'm a living man. Och, Harry, boy, and where did ye laive *brown Bess?*" The drummer and fifer also came forward, and at half a glance fully recognized Harry Dudgeon, in the person of Ned Cantiloan; the former gentleman observing, that he had long eluded the halberds, but his day was come. As for the recruits, eleven in number, they certainly could not say positively that Ned was a deserter from the ranks, never having been in the ranks themselves; but one and all of them were clearly of opinion that the fallow looked devilish suspicious. Against such a cloud of lying witnesses, it was perfectly idle for poor Ned to lift up his voice, and he therefore suffered himself to be led back to Dumfries in custody, the whole party retrograding for that purpose. They marched him past his own door, up Friars' Vennel, and down the High-Street, without meeting a single soul that knew his face, or a friend to take his part, though he called out most lustily for help, when passing Jamie M'Caskie's shop, and the town-houses of certain cordwainers; but every souter was fast

asleep, and deaf to the supplications of Ned Cantiloan, not a man of them having had the precaution to put his hair in curl the preceding evening. Serjeant Corslet being a resolute fellow, marched boldly on, sword in hand, and beat up the quarters of *Joe Reid*, the under-turnkey, who came growling to the door like a Polar bear, and swearing most ferociously, because, forsooth, he had been called from his warm bed, to receive a prisoner at four o'clock in the morning. But the serjeant pacified Joe's wrath, by observing, that he, the said Corslet, and his party, would necessarily be detained until the fellow was taken before a magistrate; and if Mr Reid would therefore have the goodness to lock him up for the present, and step over to the Red Lion, half a mutchkin of *John Kenyon's* ben-the-house bottle would be at his service.

The turnkey, whose throat lining was proof against aqua regia itself, and thirsted after the spirit without ceasing, opened the door of a certain apartment, where vagrants, evil doers, and loose characters of every denomination were usually lodged, until they had a hearing, and there he deposited Ned Cantiloan, though the poor little fellow beseeched him, in language that would have moved a stone, not to incarcerate his person in such an ignominious place. These were his words, "Oh, Joey, Joey! it's me—Ned Cantiloan, ye ken—they're liars, they're grand liars, every one of them. I ne'er snacked a flint at pouther a' my days, but three times, and that on the Kingholm, when we shot for the siller gun. Blessings on ye, Joey, dinna lock me in that vile hole, for there's a saul here, (smiting his bosom most pathetically;) that never deserved unkind usage." But the cool-blooded ruffian knew him not, in any other capacity than that of a prisoner, locked the door, set off to John Kenyon's, full speed, and there he found Serjeant Corslet and his party, rejoicing over their morning's luck. "Dem him," said the drummer, "he's a strange dog, after all; who the devil would have thought that Harry Dudgeon, a fellow whom Colonel Glaive was within an ace of promoting to the halberd, would have taken to his scrapers!" "Aye, and desert with his side-arms, knapsack, musket, and all," quoth the serjeant; "by the muzzle of Mons Meg, he deserves to be shot and gibbeted. How the rascal contrived to brush with his accoutrements, and elude our vigilance for three long years, is more than I can divine; but he's now, thank God, in safe keeping." "D'ye mean the young man," quo' Joseph, "that we ha'e just now been locking up?" Serjeant Corslet replied in the affirmative, and Joe Reid proceeded to assure him, that the prisoner, Edward Cantiloan by name, was town-bred, and, to his certain knowledge, never had a red coat on his back. This piece of information somewhat startled both serjeant, corporal, drummer, and fifer; but after a little consultation, they unanimously declared, that if Harry Dudgeon was above ground, all was right. "Weel, weel," quo' Joe Reid, "do as ye like, but depend on't, gentlemen, ye'll get yoursel's into a scrape. Ned Cantiloan, if ye'll believe me, was never a day's journey frae the fish-cross o' Dumfries." "Then," said the serjeant, "how came it to pass that you received him as a deserter?" "Because," quo' Joey, "I thought ye had nabbed him yestreen, when a' the souters were half cock, and, like monie a gude fallow when he comes to his sober senses, it struck me that Neddy had been kicking at the breeching." After some farther conversation, it was deemed advisable to take another look at the prisoner. Serjeant Corslet and his men, accordingly, disguised themselves as well as they could, with plaids, great-coats, and what not, and proceeded along a little narrow street that separated the *auld jail* from the Council Chamber, because Mr Reid thought it was even more than probable that Ned would be on the watch for friends to release him, at his chamber window; which not only looked into the aforesaid lane, but also commanded a side glimpse of the High-Street, and Joey conjectured not far amiss. The serjeant, corporal, drummer, and fifer, marched in line, and individually eyed Neddy as he gazed through the iron bars, then facing about, they retraced their steps, took another actual survey, and

pushed on to the Red Lion, perfectly satisfied that Harry Dudgeon was still at large. "Now, gentlemen," quo' Joey, "how d'ye propose to get out o' this scrape?" Serjeant Corslet, as we before hinted, being a brave honourable fellow, declared that he was ready to make the young man every compensation in his power, and willing to wait until some of the magistrates got up, in order that he might see him liberated with his own eyes. "The diel a bit o' that ye maun do," said Mr Reid; "our town souters are a wheen clanish, ill-contrived blades, and seldom let the fallow escape wi' a skinfu' o' hale banes, that maltreats ane o' the brogue-making brotherhood. Tak' my advice, and be aff, or by the Lord they'll gi'e ye kelty. But if ye will be a gentleman, leave a crown or sae i' the landlord's hand, to weet Ned's tooth, for he tak's his gill; and I'se ha'e him before Baillie M'Whilter the moment he tak's down the shop shutters."

This piece of advice being deemed sufficiently wholesome, the serjeant presented Joey with five shillings, to lubricate Ned's wissand, observing, that it could not be left in more discreet hands; and after apologizing for starting him so early, he and his party set off for Portpatrick at a marching pace. The coast being now clear, Mr Reid fell to and melted the serjeant's crown in John Kenyon's half-mutchkin stoup so very cleverly, that the lordlord, who himself was a bit of a don at gill-drinking, actually marvelled at the capacity of his swallow, and stood for a moment or so in utter astonishment. But, notwithstanding he admired the turnkey's Bacchanalian virtues, and even wished that his own gullet was equal to that of Joe Reid, such is the stingyness of some men, that no sooner did Joey hold out the empty half-mutchkin, from whence the fifth and last shilling's worth had just taken its departure, than mine host pointed to a long score of long standing, shook his head, and retired. The turnkey perceiving that no more corn was to be had in Egypt, without money in the sack's mouth, turned his thoughts upon raising the wind; and conscious of having sat much longer than he was welcome, on the coat-laps of every prisoner that could afford to purchase his civility with a gill, he determined to fasten on Ned Cantiloan's skirts, and for that purpose visited him in prison. Edward, who was still on the look-out, no sooner beheld Joey, than his tongue reviled him for all the bare, gude-for-naething, gallows-looking, woodie-wintling, heartless blackguards he could think of; but Mr Reid, well knowing that a soft answer turneth away wrath, saluted Ned most cordially, and protested to his God that he was heartily sorry for the evil that had befallen him, and also for being constrained to incarcerate a decent town's-lad in such a place. "But our jail regulations," quo' Joey, "are positive, and we darena for our souls confine a prisoner in an up-stair's apartment before examination, though he was the King's son." Then Mr Reid proceeded to state, that the serjeant and his men were beginning to suspect they had gotten the wrang sow by the lug; and farther declared, that in his opinion the matter of half-a-crown's worth, mingled with a little well-seasoned persuasion, would induce them to abandon the charge altogether. "For which causes," quo' Joey, "I wou'd advise ye, Ned, to bargain wi' them their ain gate, because thae soger blades are no like you and me—they ha'e neither the grace o' God i' their hearts, nor his fear before their e'en. The law's open, it's true, and fause imprisonment fetches heavy damages now-a-days; but keep in remembrance the gude auld saying, for it's a true ane—'Pursue a beggar, and grip a louse.'" Ned was so thoroughly satisfied with the turnkey and his logic, that he called him gentleman, gude-hearted fallow, winsome Joey, &c.; and having some loose silver about his person, shilled out half-a-crown, with which Mr Reid departed, whispering, in a humane tone, as he locked up his prisoner—"Dinna be down-hearted, Ned, I'll soon be back again." It is almost superfluous to observe, that Ned's half-crown followed the serjeant's five shillings, and that Joey speedily returned for a fresh supply, in the levying of which he was but too successful, even unto the sixth and last

application, when Ned Cantiloan mustered eighteen-pence, and declared, on the veracity of a Christian, that he had not another sixpence wherewithal to bless himself. The jailor again set off to negotiate with Serjeant Corslet and his associates, whom, he assured Ned, were such a pack of sad unprincipled dogs, that they would not even hesitate to swear through a stone-and-lime wall; and, naturally enough, forgetting to return, the prisoner lost all patience, walked to and fro in his dungeon, cursed every shoemaker by name whom he had summoned to his aid through the medium of Mr Reid, uttered many bitter imprecations against the cruelty, selfishness, and duplicity of mankind in general, and even began to suspect the fidelity of Joey himself. But in the midst of his mental distress, when ire had fairly overpowered reason, the clamour of many tongues at a distance, partially drowned in martial music, told Ned Cantiloan that the procession was actually advancing. His heart flew to his lips. He uttered a wildish kind of a shriek, that savoured much of despair, leapt against the jail window like a squirrel, jammed his head between a couple of staun-cheons, and the first known face he beheld was that of Tam Stabblum, the herald, in full costume, who told the civilized world, by tout of trumpet, that his most gracious Majesty, King Crispin, was at hand. But Tam being too much taken up with his own din to heed that of a fellow-creature in distress, Ned suffered him to pass on, and reserving his wind until the Champion drew near, he called upon him with all his might, "Jamie, James—I say, Mr Awlbanger, that's a gude lad: O man, send some o' them down to Convener Ailshender's, and tell the mistress that I'm here." But whether the prayer of Ned's petition lost its way when journeying to Jamie's lug, or Champion Awlbanger considered himself above redressing the grievances of little men, is uncertain, though much hath been said, *pro* and *con*. We must, therefore, content ourselves for the present, with stating a few facts, that all men acknowledge, *to wit*, the Champion continued his route, neither casting his eyes to the right hand nor yet to the left, tossing his plumy helm, and flourishing his glaive most gallantly. "O, ye lang, pluckless, pot-licking slabber!" quo' Ned Cantiloan, when he saw Jamie marching away without so much as honouring the jail window with a single glance: "You a Champion! Sic a skinfu' o' cowardice clad in mail's enough to put champions out o' fashion. D'ye mind the night when you and Davie Cawkers, and Wattie Rivelling and mysel', were nabbing Robie Gillespie's lang megs? Ye drapped frae the tree, without saying a word to ane o' us, and skulked awa,' like a singit cat, frightened for the wowff o' Lady Carnsallock's messin." The procession continued to advance, and Ned continued to hail every gentleman shoemaker whom he knew; but to no purpose, for the attention of our cordwainers being wholly taken up with the duties of their own high callings, not a man of them had a morsel to spare for other purposes; and the prisoner unfortunately attributing their apparent disregard to cold, heartless indifference, mustered his mental forces, and demeaned himself accordingly. Long before the Secretary of State and Privy Counsellors hove in sight, Ned's wrath burnt most furiously, and when these gentlemen made their appearance, it was fit to calcine the soul of a stoic. Having called to every man of them without effect, and fairly exhausted his stock of temperate expostulation, Ned Cantiloan fell to, and mauled their characters, both public and private, without mercy. But it would be very uncandid to put on record the bitter language in which he expressed himself to many of these gentlemen, because the best of us are apt to speak rashly when our understandings are chafed, and our minds undulated with passion; therefore do we content ourselves with selecting a specimen or two of his mildest sayings, beginning with that which he addressed to the ear of Sandy Galash, one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State, though it never reached him. "Wha' made you a privy counsellor," quo' Ned, "ye muckle beetle-headed bogstalker? Solomons ha'e been scant indeed, when they put the like

o' ye on the list. Saturday afternoon, nae farther gane, the pious man, Mr Ephraim, the Methodist minister, ca'd in as he gaed by to see if Marion was i' the land o' the living. He interrogated ye a' round and round, about election, and free-will, and sanctification, and the New Jerusalem; but the uncircumcised answers he received left nae dout on his mind that the ideas o' baith auld and young had never flown onie higher than the lum-head; and when the reverend gentleman held up baith his hands, and cried out, i' the bitterness o' spiritual affliction, 'O Sirs! this is a dark, dark house!' wha was't but yoursel' that answered and said, 'Dinna misca' the house, Sir. It's far frae being dark when the wisp's out o' the winnock; but our wife, there where she lies, downa thole a gliff o' light, an' flytes and bans waur than Mall Farls hersel', when the least glimmer o't meets her e'e. Sae I just tied a wheen lint shaws thegither wi' a thumb rape, and stowed them i' the winnock to keep her frae being crabbit.' And when daft Nannie Syme daddit Bailie Napagain's haffits i' the Auld Kirk o' Dumfries wi' his ain wig, and tauld him to haud up his e'en, for there was nae sleepin' in h***, wha but the like o' ye wou'd ever hae thought o' crossing Peg M'Gandy the spae-wife's loof wi' a white half-crown, an' speering at her whether Nannie was possessed by a gude or an evil spirit?" The Secretary of State and Privy Counsellors being mere public men, their conduct, of course, merited public reprehension, if deserving of it; but no liege subject of the realm will ever forgive Ned for reviling the sacred person of Majesty. He holloed to *Mr Samuel Benskelper*, who that day wore the crown, and beseeched him most humbly to exercise his royal prerogative in mercy; but the high-minded monarch kicked a dead cat from his presence, that happened to lay in the line of march, turned his quid, and followed his nose, sceptre in hand, without giving ear to the prisoner's prayers, which exasperated Ned to such a degree, that he showered a whole volley of seditious epithets on Sam's head, and then coolly exclaimed,—"Dinna misken yoursel', Mr Benskelper, for I ha'e seen ither days wi' ye, and I'll aiblins seen them again. There was a time when the beggar wives borrowed wee Sammy, week and week about, to quicken the pulse o' Christian charity, and there was a time when the duds on his back was fitter to busk a scaur-craw, than clead a Christian, and there was also a time when a neivefu' o' new sheel'd groats was the crousest cheer that craw'd in his crappin. Curse ye, Sir, I ha'e seen ye lickin' mair meal i' the Stakeford Mill than ye had slaver to swallow." Neddy continued to deliver his mind in a strain similar to these specimens, until Riddell M'Naight's blood-mare, led by a couple of bare-headed grooms, sported her figure, and then his eyes were opened. That noble animal being full of keep, and in excellent spirits, pranced, and pawed, and neighed most delightfully, which caused the prisoner's heart to leap at a strange rate; but when he saw that her saddle was empty, and perceived princely garments buckled thereon, indicating that no man save himself was deemed worthy of wearing them, his blood ceased to boil, and his heart melted within him like rosin in a yetlin pot, because of the evil and very unwarrantable manner in which he had spoken of men who certainly deserved better at his hands. Indeed, many discreet people were of opinion, that Ned would get his fairing from some of the gentlemen, whom, in their estimation, he had abused beyond forgiveness; but when all was over, and his doleful mishap fairly weighed in the balance, every man of them shook him by the hand, and even marvelled that he hadna gane stark staring mad. With respect to his liberation from durance, we have only to say, that the mid-steeple clock struck nine, and Mrs Ailshender declared her hour was come. She accordingly left the ball-room, accompanied by Tam Taggie, the junior apprentice, and providentially mistaking her way, being a little light-headed with dancing, &c. turned down the very street that Serjeant Corslet and his men paraded in the morning, a tether length of which she and her gallant squire had not trodden, when Ned Cantiloan called from the jail window, "O, mistress,

mistress, is that you?" Need it be told how Convener Ailshender's wife rejoiced over the lost sheep, whose mysterious absence no man could account for? Need it be told how she flew to Bailie M'Whilter's shop, and how Bailie M'Whilter flew to the jail? Need it be told that Ned Cantiloan was set at liberty, and Joe Reid cashiered a few days thereafter, for mal-practices? Certainly not, for every body knows that Mrs Ailshender was a most tender-hearted woman, and Bailie M'Whilter an upright magistrate. But Ned's evil genius was determined to have another slap at him before he departed, and therefore whispered in his ear, "The dancing's no done yet. Gae hame bye and shave the beard o' ye, and put on a Sunday's suit, and aff to the ball-room, before Jock Aiken's owre far gane; better the end o' a feast than the beginning o' a fray." Our unfortunate youth shanked to his hame like a lamplighter, and returned, in less than twenty minutes, so gaily arrayed, that he might have appeared at either ball or assembly, with ever a he in the land. But alas! what availed the elegance of his shirt frill, plaited a-la-mode, by Miss Bennach's ain hands, and the incomparable beauty of his toilinet waistcoat, and the peerless glance of his shoe-buckles, and the witchery of his wanton ringlets, that Jamie M'Caskie brags o' to this good hour, when he met Jock Aiken the fiddler, blind with infirmity, and blinder with drink, groping his way home, and cursing every stone that he dashed his foot against: whilst the shoemaker lads in *toto*, paired off with their sweethearts, and left not a single she to take the arm of Ned Cantiloan, because *every Jenny had her Jock!* We add no more, lest a superabundance of fellow-feeling should provail on us to try the mettle of our quills, at describing how poor Ned's heart palpitated for upwards of eighteen hours by the mid-steeple clock; a task, Mr Killigrew, to which we really are incompotent, and, therefore, beg leave to continue, as noted on the envelope,

Your hearty friends and weelwishers,

A WHEEN MERRY SOUTERS I' THE HOLE O' THE WA'.

Hole o' the Wa', Dumfries, February 1823.

P S. Mr Killigrew will please to observe, that we have endeavoured to keep pace with X. Y. Z., and his brother contributor of Nithside, in so far as delicacy is concerned, the names and surnames of our shoemaking Dramatis Personæ being all fictitious, and only known to the trade, whose character for inviolable secrecy ranks higher than that of any other corperation in the borough. So much for our single-heartedness. As for Joe Reid, Jamie M'Caskie, Jock Aiken, and so on, these gentlemen belong not to our brotherhood, and therefore we have taken the liberty of giving their real names at full length, not knowing how they are called *by the sly*. *A-propos*. Birsey Daffodil being deputed by the trade at large to inspect your London fashions, and study the doctrine of *revolving heels*, at the foot of a certain eminent Professor on Snow Hill, is also commissioned to deliver this parcel in the manner that seemeth good unto him, and that he may acquit himself in a creditable manner, is the prayer of

DEAR KILLIGREW,
Yours as before,
A WHEEN MERRY SOUTERS, &c.

The Inquisition.

'T is the small bird's morning call—
It is the sunshine on the wall;—
The blessed sound, and beauteous beam,
Have woke me from a fearful dream,
Where past realities did roll
Like troubled waters o'er my soul;
For I revisited, in sleep,
The dungeon cell—all dark and deep,
Where I have sigh'd long hours away,
And not a wandering beam of day—
That blessed visitant from heaven—
To cheer my lonely night was given!
In Lisbon stands, in sullen state,
A mansion-house of gloom and fate,
Where hopeless captives darkly dwell,
Each buried in his vaulted cell—

HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, L.L.D. POET LAUREATE, &c. &c. LONDON: MURRAY, 1823.

THE public have at length been favoured with the first volume of what may be considered the Laureate's *great work*, and which, that accuracy might be answered, and criticism disarmed, he tells us he has been careful not to "bring out," till the period fixed by Horace for correction and revision had nearly expired. "*Eight* years," says he, "have now elapsed since the conclusion of that memorable war which began upon the coast of Portugal, and was brought to its triumphant close before the walls of Thoulouse. From the commencement of that contest, I entertained the hope and intention of recording its events, being fully persuaded, that if this country should perform its duty as well as the Spaniards and Portuguese would discharge theirs, the issue would be as glorious as the cause was good. Having, therefore, early begun the history, and sedulously pursued it, it would have been easy for me to have brought it forth while the public, in the exultation of success, were eager for its details. But I was not so unmindful of what was due to them and to the subject; and I waited patiently till, in addition to the means of information which were within my reach, more materials should be supplied by the publications of persons who had been engaged in the war, and till time enough had been allowed for further consideration, and fuller knowledge, to correct or confirm the views and opinions which I had formed upon the events as they occurred." (Preface, v.) So far Mr Southey's conduct was worthy of himself and of the subject, and demonstrates his desire to attain historical accuracy; but it has nevertheless occurred to us, in the perusal of his portly quarto, that had the "eight years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the war" evaporated a little of that furious, uncompromising, and intolerant spirit of party with which he seems to be so grievously afflicted, and of that almost insane hatred with which he views every proceeding, whether civil or military, of the late Emperor of France, the dignity and authority of history would have been better consulted, and men of all parties might have perused his work with unalloyed pleasure and instruction; viewing it, not as the production of the organ or mouth-piece of a monopolizing faction, but as the faithful and impartial record of a series of triumphs and events, which shed equal lustre on the British arms and on the British character. Instead of planting himself on this vantage-ground, and surveying the region below him with the calm eye and unruffled mind of a Philosophic Historian, he too often descends to mingle in the passions engendered during the process of the strife; and to men of distinguished talents and virtue, and whose stake in society may, without any offence, be considered as vastly greater than his own, hesitates not to impute the most dishonourable and even traitorous intentions, and to charge them with maintaining a sort of league, and acting in concert with the inveterate and formidable enemy of their country. The gravamen of this accusation is of so serious a nature, that it ought to be stated in the author's own words: "The Foxites, from the beginning of the war, through all its changes, *had uniformly taken part against their country*; consistent in this, and *in nothing else, they had always sided with the enemy, pleading his cause*, PALLIATING HIS CRIMES, extolling his wisdom, magnifying his power, vilifying and accusing their own government, depreciating its resources, impeding its measures, *insulting its allies*, calling for *disclosures* which no government ought to make, and forcing them, sometimes, from the *weakness and mistaken liberality* of their opponents. Buonaparte, as Washington had done before him, relied upon their *zeal* and *virulence*; and they, by their speeches and writings, served him more effectually upon the continent, and in France itself, than all the manifestoes of his ministers, and the diatribes of his own press. In future ages it will be thought a strange and almost incredible anomaly in politics, that there should have

Where ebbs their life in sigh and groan,
Unheard—unpitied—and alone.
There—guiltless as I was of ought
Against the church, in word or thought—
By ruffian hands, one fatal morn,
From wife and children was I torn!
Their struggling yet methinks I see,
And their convulsive agony—
The accents of each lisping tongue,
And shrieks by shuddering nature wrung
From my poor wife—for well she knew,
Of those how went that way, how few
Return'd to tell their tale of dread—
A tale enough to wake the dead,—
Within the shroud to raise the hair
And make the cold hand tremble there!—

An infant was my youngest child,
And as I pass'd, she gaz'd, and smil'd,
And stretch'd to me her little hand—
Oh! then I lost all self-command,
And wept until my heart and brain
Became delirious with their pain!
On waking from my trance, I found
That all was rayless night around.
I listen'd—but no sound was nigh,
Save my own deep and heavy sigh;
I could not see my dungeon wall,
But round the dreadful place did crawl,
The dreary dwelling to explore,
From which I ne'er might travel more!

I knew not how time pass'd away,
I knew not when 'twas night or day;
To me 'twas an eternal night,
Save when my jailor's sombre light
Its melancholy gleams would throw
Upon my darksome den of woe,
Whose floor with falling drops bedew'd
The bones of perish'd victims strew'd!—

Thence was I summon'd to a hall
Where mourning garment robed each wall;
A ghastly glare its tapers gave,
Most meet for hell's own grim conclave:
My judges then desir'd that I
Should there confess my heresy,
And crimes from which I was exempt,
And e'en of which I ne'er had dreamt;
But this I scorn'd—though dews bedrench'd
My limbs that on the rack were wrench'd,
My pangs extorted groan and sigh,
But not a self-condemning lie!

Then back to darkness was I sent,
To nurse the pains of punishment,
And for new horrors to prepare
In that dread dwelling of despair,
When o'er my long o'erlaboured frame
In mercy soothing slumber came.

I slept—it was a lovely sleep;
I dreamt—it was a lovely dream:—
Methought I saw the Tagus sweep
To ocean blue his golden stream,—
And Lisbon, soaring by his side,
Enthron'd upon her hills of pride,
Her seven glad hills—her place of trust,
Where, like a Queen, she sits alone,
Till earthquake hurl again to dust
Her mighty piles and mountain throne.
Methought I felt my wife's caress,
And tears of speechless tenderness—
My children prattled out their joys,
Their little hearts were in their eyes.
Midst shady trees we seem'd to glide,
Where the lone breeze in whispers died,
But left us every sweet perfume,
Caught from the silent groves of bloom—
And then methought I was alone,
My lov'd companions all were gone;
They melted from my sight in shades,
'Mid gathering gloom, as rainbow fades:
And I awoke from scenes so fair,
In utter darkness and despair,
To muse upon my fearful fate,
And feel as lost and desolate
As would a soul if left alone,
When heaven and earth have pass'd and gone—
The dweller of infinite space
And endless night—without a place—
Amidst black, boundless nothingness!
But I became delirious then,
And howl'd within my direful den,
And tore my hair, and beat my breast,
And then—oblivion hides the rest!—

When reason came, the whole did seem
The phantasy of troubled dream;
I woke once more to see the sky,
In which the Sun was riding high;
But it was long before my gaze
Could bear the glory of his blaze—
I saw and knew my chamber well,
And then a thought of dungeon cell
My memory caught—and wander'd back
To the dim demon-hall and rack,
Which rose all ghastly to review,
And into such distinctness grew,
That I began again to quake,
And dread I was not yet awake,
Till wife and children round me press'd—
Oh! let the heart reveal the rest!

existed in the legislature of any country a regular party, organized and acknowledged as such, *whose business it was to obstruct the proceedings of Government, and to render it, by every possible means,* CONTEMPTIBLE *and* ODIOUS *to the people;* a party *always in semi-alliance with the enemy,* who, in time of difficulty and danger, prophesied nothing but failure, disgrace, and ruin; and whose systematic course of conduct, if it had been intended to bring about the fulfilment of their predictions, could not have been more exactly adapted to that object," (pp. 55, 56.) Now we put it to any candid and impartial person, if this bitter tirade had been read to him, without his being at the same time informed whence it was taken, whether he would not have at once pronounced it an excerpt from the Quarterly Review, though rather in the best style of that dull, sensible work, not a citation from a grave history of the very highest pretensions to fidelity: for the author informs us, that his sources of information, public and private, have been such as to entitle him to assert, "that, since the publication of Strada's Decades, no history composed by one who was not an actor in *it*, has appeared with higher claims to authority!" (Preface, vi.)

Yet though this history be far from impartially, we have no doubt that it is honestly written. Mr Southey is incapable of knowingly and wilfully perverting facts; and though the discoloration which his own opinions and passions spread over his narrative must, in some degree, detract from the value of his otherwise able and excellent performance, we cannot but respect the straightforward sincerity with which they are pronounced, or hesitate a moment in declaring our conviction, that, with the exceptions already pointed at, his pretensions to superior authority are well founded; while in some instances, particularly in his masterly account of the Convention of Cintra, he manifests an independence of spirit worthy of his genius and acquirements; both of which, in spite of all our objections and disagreements with him, we hold to be of the very highest order. The charm of his narrative is irresistible. His style is beautifully clear and simple, yet dignified, and suitable to the subject; and what of ornament he employs presents itself so gracefully and spontaneously, that there is never the least appearance of art, labour, or embellishment. You might easily mention a more profound, scarcely a more elegant historian.

In his introductory chapter, Mr Southey has endeavoured to present a general view of the political and moral condition, and of the state of parties and of public feeling in Spain and Portugal, France and England, immediately prior to the invasion of the Peninsula by the hitherto invincible legions of Napoleon,—and to exhibit the causes which had combined to produce the changes in the circumstances or policy of each of those countries. For a long period antecedent to that to which we have now referred, Spain and Portugal had been rapidly retrograding. Upon these countries the shock of the French Revolution appeared to have made nearly as little impression as that of the Reformation. Ignorance, corruption, and apathy prevailed, among all classes; and the slumber of the middle ages seemed yet undisturbed. This deplorable degradation proceeded from two causes; the tyranny of the Church, and the discontinuance of the Cortes.

With regard to the former, Mr Southey justly remarks, that "in other countries, where absolute monarchy has been established, and the Romish superstition has triumphed, both have been in some degree modified by the remains of old institutions, the vicinity of free states, and the influence of literature and manners: but in Spain and Portugal almost all traces of the ancient constitution had been effaced; and as there existed nothing to qualify the spirit of Popery, a memorable example was given of its unmitigated effects." Those who entertain any doubts as to the pernicious tendency of the Roman Catholic religion, when not counteracted by opposite agencies, have only to direct their attention to Spain and Portugal at this period. Possessed of the two great instruments of power, enor-

mous property*, and the most despotic control over the minds and consciences of the people, the clergy were enabled to rivet their dominion, by perpetuating ignorance and bigotry, and by the unhappy alliance that subsisted between an intolerant faith and a weak and profligate government. By means of the Inquisition, the people were not only awed into subjection, and effectually precluded from all doubt of the infallibility of their spiritual guides, and all inquiry into their conduct, but any sort of intellectual communication with the rest of the world was entirely cut off: to use an expressive phrase of Bacon's, it had barred the Temple of Knowledge, and thrown away the key. Such a system could only endure while ignorance and bigotry were universal; and these, in their turn, contributed to degrade the national character, and to vitiate public morals.

With regard to the latter, the long discontinuance of the Cortes, it was productive of effects the more baneful and pernicious, as it co-operated with the tyranny of the Church, and the fatal vigilance of the Inquisition, in debasing the minds of the people, and extinguishing every spark of public liberty and public spirit in the mind of the nation. The government and the clergy were thus left without any check or control: the courts of Madrid and Lisbon became as despotic as those of Constantinople and Ispahan: the laws not only ceased to afford protection, but were never enforced except as instruments of tyranny and oppression: a relaxation in the bonds by which society is knit together was the speedy and inevitable consequence; and the whole country was infested by ruffians and bravos: the most deplorable apathy spread among the people, and the army soon partook of the degradation: in a word, those countries which, recently after the revival of letters, had taken the lead of all European nations in genius and enterprise, had, by the combined effects of spiritual and temporal despotism, sunk into such utter contempt and insignificance, as hardly to form the smallest element in any calculation of the general balance of power.

Mr Southey endeavours to shew that, prior to the invasion of the Peninsula by Napoleon, the higher clergy had "undergone a gradual and important change, which had not been brought about by laws or literature, but by the silent and unperceived influence of the spirit of the times;" and that the morals of the lower were more deteriorated and corrupt than those of the higher classes. But where, we would ask, are the evidences of this advance in improvement, and this pre-eminence in profligacy? The result of all the inquiry and investigation we have been able to give to the subject goes to establish a conclusion diametrically opposite to this; namely, that the higher classes were greatly more vitiated and profligate than the lower; that even at the lowest point of degradation, traits might be observed in the people which had some relish of salvation in them; and that of all classes in Spain, the most ignoble, and worthless, and abandoned, was that of the nobility. It is now matter of history, that the only effective patriotism displayed in Spain, after the kidnapping of the royal family at Bayonne, and the subsequent usurpation of Joseph Buonaparte, was among the lower classes, particularly the peasantry. The upper ranks, almost to a man, were either traitors or *imbéciles*. This Sir John Moore afterwards found to his cost; and to

* The number of clergy and religious persons of all classes in Spain, before the late Revolution, was 180,242; and the property belonging them as under:

Pious foundations for the use of both sexes, consisting in lands and buildings, ...	£.62,500,000
Estates of the Secular Clergy, ...	62,000,000
Estates of the Regular Clergy, ...	62,000,000
Real property, lands, and buildings, ...	£.186,500,000

Exclusive of tithes, and various other taxes and dues for the Clergy!!!

the same cause are to be ascribed the greater number of the reverses which overtook the patriotic armies in their contest with their invaders. It is true, that they had to struggle with a highly-disciplined and veteran enemy, and that the conquerors of Jena, Austerlitz, and Friedland, possessed enormous and disproportionate advantages in a war with an armed rabble: but it is no less certain, that, when the spirit of a nation is once roused by unprincipled aggression; when the flame of enthusiasm has fairly spread among a people, and created a determination to resist, to the very uttermost, the power, however gigantic, by which they are assailed; and when the mass of a nation take up arms in defence of a cause which their feelings and principles have made their own,—the ordinary calculations and chances of war no longer hold, and both discipline and experience may be forced to yield to that energy which they cannot impart, and for which they are frequently but indifferent substitutes. But, unfortunately for the Spaniards, and, in the first instance, for their British Allies, the first burst of enthusiasm was allowed to evaporate before advantage was taken of it; and even when armies were at length organized, persons of character, talents, and integrity, could not be found to command them. The men, consequently, had no confidence in their officers, and the officers had no confidence in their men. The independent movements of their armies were, therefore, a series of blunders, often so gross and palpable, that they are hardly explicable, even on the greatest admitted imbecility and ignorance. Revolutionary movements in other countries have almost always elicited the display of great military talents: but it is peculiar to the Peninsular War, that it scarcely called forth a single Spaniard, with talents above the level of commanding a company. These facts serve better to illustrate the state of degradation into which the Penisula had fallen, than the fine-spun theories of Mr Southey, and his wonderful Academies at Madrid and Lisbon, which, moreover, chiefly concerned themselves with the wars of the Moors, and the exploits of Gonzalez and Sebastian, showing a magnanimous contempt for all the heretical modern improvements in science and philosophy.

In enumerating the causes of the French Revolution, Mr Southey has only detailed those upon which writers of a certain class have been so long ringing changes; imagining, that the seeds of republicanism had been chiefly imported from America, and forgetting to make any account of that monstrous system of organized oppression, under which the French nation had groaned for ages, and which could not fail to go to wreck, and tumble into pieces, whenever the light of knowledge broke in upon the minds of the people. There are periods in the affairs of men, when the crimes of centuries, concentrated, as it were, into one moment of irrepressible energy, rouse the spirit of an indignant people, and bring down inevitable vengeance and destruction on the heads of their oppressors. Such a period had arrived in France. The body politic was diseased; and unless it could, by its own innate vigour, expel the distemper, must become its victim. The government of prostitutes, and the exclusive privileges of a domineering nobility, could not last for ever. We lament, as much as Mr Southey can, the excesses and crimes to which that convulsion gave birth; but we hold that these atrocities were entirely owing to the universal corruption of manners introduced by the government which the Revolution overthrew, and which having, both by its conduct and example, thoroughly sapped the foundations of religion and morality, was, by a just retribution, made to reap the bitter fruits of its own criminality. It sowed to the wind, and it reaped the whirlwind. Much nonsense has been talked and written on the effects of certain philosophical speculations, in producing this prodigious, and almost universal movement in France. But has not our country, happily not yet revolutionized, been as abundantly favoured with such speculations as ever France was, even during the reign of the much-abused Encyclopedists? Have not Hume and Gibbon assailed the very strong-holds and bulwarks of Chris-

tianity? and are not republican and revolutionary doctrines circulated every month, every week, every day, in flying leaves, and penny publications? These certainly are great evils: but *other* causes must combine their operation, before the governed can be driven to an appeal to arms against their governors. The truth is, that all the reasoning founded upon such assumptions as these proceeds upon an error so gross, that nothing but wilful blindness could shut men's eyes to the absurdity which it involves. Speculations which strike at the root of established systems and institutions, can never produce any effect whatever, till the minds of the people have been *disposed* and *prepared* to receive them, by discovering that these systems and institutions have ceased to answer the purposes for which they were originally intended, and been converted into engines of abuse, misrule, and oppression. But when this disposition has once arisen, such speculations are then greedily received, and serve to feed the flame that had already begun to burn. Hence they are rather to be held as the indices or exponents of the state of public opinion, than as themselves the primary cause by which that opinion was created and influenced. For these, and many other reasons, which, were this the proper place, we could adduce, it appears to be quite as absurd to damn to everlasting fame Rousseau and Voltaire, as the authors of the French Revolution, as to assert gravely, as a matter of argument or opinion, that Newton was the author of the Solar System.

But differing, as we do entirely from Mr Southey, as to the causes of the French Revolution, we agree with him, that the union of the three estates in one chamber was the fatal error which, by transferring the whole power to the Commons, destroyed that equipoise so essential to a free and constitutional government, and ended by the subversion of the monarchy, and the reign, for a season, of the anarchists and the terrorists. Yet it was this error, the origin and cause of so much misery and crime, that brought into action the whole physical force of France,—enabled her successfully to resist foreign invasion, and to suppress domestic insurrection,—and laid the foundation of that system which, when wielded by the consummate military genius of Napoleon, crushed down the old and ricketty fabric of the other European despotisms, and, but for the accidents of the Russian Campaign, might have placed her in a position to give law to the world.

Of the singular man, who so long directed the prodigious power which the Revolution put into his hands, and whose reverses have read such an impressive lesson to all those who aspire to universal dominion, by neglecting, or trampling on the rights of mankind, Mr Southey has attempted to draw a character, in which, by a rare felicity, he has contrived to foist in every exploded calumny, to which, during the long and eventful contest which he waged with us, our own Treasury Journals had given currency, and to clothe them in language full of hatred, bitterness, and all manner of uncharitableness. Death, which mollifies the hostility of other men, seems only to have exasperated that of Mr Southey. That Napoleon's "ambition was insatiable," will not be readily denied: but Mr Southey has forgot to record, that coalition after coalition had been formed for his destruction; that it was natural and necessary for him to endeavour, by every means, to overcome the formidable foes whom British influence and British gold had arrayed against him; and that if we furnished him with occasions of triumph, he was not greatly to blame for availing himself of his good fortune. We are farther informed, however, that "his heart was impenetrable;" that "he was without honour, without veracity, without conscience;" and that "he looked for no world beyond the present, and determined to make this world his own, at whatever cost." In answer to these heavy charges we have only to remark, that it seems inexplicable how such a wretch could have been so generally beloved, so faithfully served, and so deeply regretted, by an immense majority of a great, powerful, and enlightened nation; and how, even in his misfortunes, he should have been the object of so much affectionate and self-sacrificing

devotion. Let Mr Southey examine the ample roll of tyrants and despots, from the foundation of the world to the present hour; or, to narrow the question a little, let him take up a list of the legitimate members of the Holy Alliance, and point out, if he can, a single *homme couronné* who has been the object of so much personal regard and attachment. But Mr S. has advanced, if possible, still graver charges, and, as appears, upon authority equally indisputable. Among these, are the pretended military executions in Italy, the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, and the poisoning of the sick before Acre, to prevent, as he says, their being exposed "to the humanity of an English enemy!" The first of these accusations rests upon the authority of Mr Southey, and his friends, the Treasury scribes—and will do, to all eternity: the second is true in point of fact, but may be easily explained and justified. In the first place, the town had been taken by assault; and, by the laws of war, it was justifiable to put every man found in it, with arms in his hands, to the sword. In the second place, the prisoners put to death had violated the terms upon which they had been formerly released by the French; and if spared upon this occasion, would have immediately joined the Turkish army, without the least regard to any pledge that might have been extracted from them. In the third place, having thus forfeited their lives, the French were in such a desperate situation, that to have spared them would have compromised the safety of the army.

With respect to the last charge, that of poisoning the sick, it is substantially false; for although it was proposed to administer opium to *seven* soldiers affected with the plague, the proposal originated in a desire, as their case was desperate and incurable, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Turks, or of Djezzar Pasha and his Albanians, by putting a period to their sufferings. *But even this proposal was not carried into effect!* So much for raking up exploded and refuted calumnies, to blacken the memory of a man, who, had he been our ally instead of our enemy, might have had the good fortune to be the object of the Laureate's most fulsome panegyric. Really Mr Southey should not be so fierce a critic *de jure belli*: his zeal is apt to provoke people to put puzzling cases, and ask impertinent questions. Suppose, for example, that Napoleon Buonaparte, not Sir Thomas Hislop, had got possession of Talneir, having previously agreed to terms of capitulation; and that, immediately afterwards, he had taken it into his head to hang the Killedar or Commandant, assigning as a reason for that summary and decisive step, the fidelity with which the said Killedar had executed the trust reposed him by his master, in refusing to give up the place without orders—in other words, to betray it—and gallantly defending it to the last extremity: suppose, we say, and we merely put a *possible* case, that Napoleon, not Sir T. Hislop, had been guilty of such an act—in what terms of indignant and fierce reprobation would not the Laureate have recorded it in his next History! *Mutato nomine*, &c.

We put this case, because the object of our worship is Truth, not Napoleon,—because we think history ought to be just, as well as severe,—and because we regret to find, in this otherwise excellent work, a colouring of passion, a proneness to exaggeration, and a rancorous bitterness of spirit, invariably manifesting themselves on every occasion where the author has to speak of the late Emperor of the French. God knows, that at the tribunal of impartial history, the memory of that wonderful man has enough to answer for, without being needlessly blackened and aspersed by the miserable calumnies which venal writers were so long and indefatigably employed in circulating, in order to keep alive, if not blow into a flame, the national hatred to his person, character, and government; a hatred which blinded the nation to the prodigious evils of a contest, waged, as the result has shown, not so much for the purpose of overpowering a formidable military despot, and arresting his insane career of violence and aggression, as for extirpating every vestige of popular government in every country of Europe; for reviving the exploded absurdities, that the rights of the people

emanate from the sovereign, not those of the sovereign from the people; and for organizing a confederacy of despots to exercise an unwearied surveillance on every manifestation of liberty, and every attempt to ameliorate the condition of men,—and of which, in our ruined agriculture, and decayed commerce,—in the pressure of the enormous debt which it has accumulated, and in the utter hopeless and misery into which we are plunged, we are now tasting some of the bitter fruits. But we must by no means lose sight of Mr Southey.

The reader has already seen that the worthy Laureate puts in loud claims to accuracy in all his statements. This naturally leads to close examination of pretensions so boldly and undisguisedly brought forward; and we regret to say, that the result of that examination does not always tend to justify the imperious demand which the author makes on our entire and implicit faith. We presume, in his formal declaration of authenticity, he meant honestly to except his opinions, which are not only partial, discoloured, and vehement, in short, the very opposite of those calm, well-weighed, and deliberately-pronounced judgments, to which Dionysius of Halicarnassus alludes when he defines history to be philosophy teaching by examples, but are often grounded upon assumptions in point of fact, which, in many instances, we now know to be false. For example, it is said that the Jacobins * "had many sympathies with Buonaparte, who favoured that irreligion to which they were fanatically attached, because it at once flattered their vanity, and indulged their vices;" and that, both at home and abroad, "they became his most devoted and obsequious adherents." With respect to the former assertion, that "Napoleon favoured the irreligion to which the Jacobins were fanatically attached," the case is so completely the reverse, that, after the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire had thrown the supreme power into his hands, one of his earliest acts was to repeal the law of the decades, to re-open the churches for public worship, and to decree pensions to persons of both sexes under religious vows, who consented to take an oath of fidelity to the Government. The consequence was, that the greater part of the religious of all classes and orders submitted; the country churches were re-opened, and domestic religious rites once more performed; and "*the number of the theophilanthropists* (or *pantisocratists,*) *rapidly diminished!*" So far from favouring irreligion, it was every where, and by every means, discouraged. Napoleon was well aware that, in a country destitute of religion, there can be no regular or permanent Government; and accordingly employed himself zealously in re-organizing that fabric which the Revolution had demolished, admitting no man to any public office who was an open and professed infidel. In a report on the religious and moral condition of France, made about this time, and under the express direction of the first Consul, a deplorable picture is drawn of the brutalizing effects of the Revolution, and the havoc which it had made of all that

* The most celebrated, and the most powerful, because the most daringly desperate, of all the political sects which sprung up in France during the Revolution, received the name of "the Jacobins," (which Mr S., by an affectation we do not exactly comprehend, uniformly spells "Jacobines,") from the place of meeting, in the Rue St Honoré, which was called the "Hall of the Jacobins," from having formerly belonged to a fraternity of Dominican Friars, who were denominated after their patron saint. This sect originated in 1789, under the denomination of the "Breton Club," in consequence of having been first established by the representatives of Britany. Its numbers were rapidly encreased by deputies from the other provinces, and the members then termed themselves more comprehensively "the Friends of the People." "In the zenith of its renown, this central meeting in the capital kept up a constant intercourse with every part of France, by means of 20,000 affiliated clubs. It was only when they had fallen from their pitch of power, by their despotism, and thirst of blood, aptly expressed, in their own favourite phrase, 'the System of Terror,'—that the Jacobins took upon themselves the comparatively obscure appellation of the *Société du Manège*, from holding their meetings in the *Manège*, or Riding-House, where the National Convention had before held its sittings." *Napoleon's Memoirs*, I. 58.

is most dear and venerable to man: "They" (the people of France,) says this document, "are without the idea of a God, without the notion of right and wrong. The barbarous manners which have thus arisen, have produced a ferocious people, and we cannot but groan over the evils which threaten the present generation and the future." Now, with the private opinions of the late Emperor of France, neither Mr Southey nor any other man has a right to concern himself, even if he knew certainly what these opinions were, which he does not: but we hold that, to represent the man who so industriously sought to remedy these enormous "evils" as "favouring that irreligion" to which the Jacobins "were fanatically attached," is a deviation from historical truth, which is the more unpardonable, as Mr Southey *must* have known that it was false; and, moreover, that one of the points which Napoleon, both as First Consul and as Emperor, most strenuously laboured to effect, was the restoration of the ancient faith, and the re-establishment at once of religion and religious toleration. But this gross misrepresentation of facts will be rendered still more manifest, by directing the attention of the reader to the latter of the assertions above quoted; namely, that "the Jacobins, both at home and abroad, became the most devoted and obsequious adherents" of Napoleon. We are well aware that this assertion has been reiterated times without number, in every government print, for the last twenty years, and that the confidence with which it has been, on every occasion, brought forward, has caused it to assume, in the eyes of superficial thinkers, the appearance of an incontrovertible and universally admitted fact: *It is, nevertheless, wholly false.* 1st, The revolution of the 18th of Brumaire was effected, not only without the co-operation, but in defiance of all the power, and all the intrigues of the Jacobins; and it is recorded by Napoleon himself, that they were his most implacable enemies. Sièyes, by whose instrumentality that revolution was in a great measure accomplished, entertained a mortal hatred to the Jacobins, and, on one occasion, came to Napoleon in great agitation, in the middle of the night, to inform him of their intrigues and machinations against him. Napoleon knew, however, that they were become contemptible, both in numbers and talents; that by their inhuman atrocities, they had lost all hold on the public mind; and that he could crush them at his pleasure. "Let them alone," said he; "*in war, as well as in love, we must come to close quarters to make an end of it.* Let them come; it may as well be settled one day as another." 2d, With the exception of Bernadotte and Fouché, few or none of the Jacobins were employed by him: the former was related to him by marriage, and was a man of vulgar character and inferior talents; the latter betrayed his party, and was retained to execute the dishonourable but necessary office of hunting down his old friends the Semptembrisers, though not without the most strenuous opposition on the part of Sièyes, with whom Napoleon agreed that no reliance could be placed on the morality of such a man, but that he might be usefully brought into action against the faction *du Manège*, "WHICH IT WAS NECESSARY TO DESTROY,"—such are his own words! 3d, The Jacobins were too well acquainted with the energetic character of the man who had assumed the reins of government, to believe that, under his vigorous sway, they could carry on their old practices of proscription and plunder, and must, therefore, have regarded him as their most formidable, as well as irreconcilable enemy. Besides, Napoleon carefully steered clear of *all* the factions by which France was then torn and divided. His interest was identified with that of the nation, not with the views and purposes of a gang of rapacious and blood-thirsty villains, whose excesses had for ever dishonoured the Revolution, and the history of whose proceedings was written in tears of blood. The country sighed for repose,—a blessing which it could only look for at the hands of the man who had the energy and the means to destroy anarchy, and to reproduce security to persons and to property. Napoleon saw his ground, and accordingly his first measure was to annihilate the blood-

iest, and yet, in point of talents, or influence, the most contemptible faction that had ever inflicted misery on a great country. To be permanent, his government must be national: this lesson he had learned from the incessant changes and disorders which had prevailed, when the different factions were struggling for power: and to become national, little more were necessary, than to deliver the country from that "multifaced demon" which it had engendered in its own bosom, and to re-establish tranquillity with a strong hand.

"Yet," says Mr Southey, "this man, like Augustus, had an opportunity of earthly redemption afforded him; and while he fabricated for himself a splendid fortune, *might have deserved the* GRATITUDE *of* EUROPE, not only in the existing generation, but throughout after ages. When he had attained the supreme authority, HE MIGHT HAVE RESTORED THE BOURBONS IN FRANCE, and taken Italy for his own reward: an arrangement for which no fresh act of injustice would have been required; which none whom it offended would have been able to oppose; and which, more than any other conceivable alteration in the state of Christendom, might have tended to the general good. Here," he adds, with infinite exultation, "here was an object worthy of ambition, and a richer prize than military ambition had ever yet achieved: so great would have been the public benefit; so signal and durable the individual glory!" Buonaparte might have deserved the gratitude of Europe, by restoring the Bourbons in France, and taking Italy for his own reward!!! Verily, the Bourbons have been restored, and—SPAIN IS ABOUT TO BE INVADED! But that Napoleon Buonaparte should have restored the Bourbons in France, and taken Italy as the price of his service, however bright the idea may appear to Mr Southey, is nearly as absurd as if he, the said Mr Southey, should tell a man who had robbed a particular friend of his, "You will be accounted a very honest fellow, not only in the existing generation, but through after ages, if you restore my friend to his property, of which you have somehow got possession, and take the property of his next neighbour for your own reward." General Monk did in England what it is here supposed Buonaparte "might" have done "in France:" yet who ever supposed that he might have taken Scotland for his own reward? If the title by which Napoleon held the supreme power in France—that of public choice—was inadequate and incomplete, what possible right, in such supposed circumstances, could he have to indemnify himself, by seizing on the kingdom of Italy? He either had a proper and unquestionable title to the throne of France, or he had not. If he had, he might have resigned that title certainly, but it is difficult to perceive how he would have merited "the gratitude of Europe, not only in the existing generation, but through after ages," by restoring a race of miserable *imbèciles*, so cordially detested by an immense majority of the French nation, and by giving up what, on this supposition, he had a claim to, in order to indemnify himself by plunder and usurpation. If, again, he had no title to the French throne, it seems a strange perversion of all political morality to assert, that a military chief could establish a lasting claim to the gratitude of Europe, by surrendering what he had seized upon in one kingdom, and by "taking for his reward" another to which he had no conceivable title, except what is founded on conquest. Who doubts, moreover, if Napoleon had been idiot enough to realize this notable piece of political quixotism, that he would, in due time, have become an object of special care to a Holy Alliance, and a sanatory cordon; and that legions of Tartars, Muscovites, Huns, and other barbarians, would have poured down the Alpine defiles into the plains of Lombardy, in order to give him a *second* and still better title to "the gratitude of Europe, not only in the existing generation, but through after ages?" "But," says Mr Southey, "none whom it offended would have been able to oppose it." Perhaps not in the first instance, and till some pretext had been found as despicable and atrocious as that which is now set forth by the Bourbons to justify their meditated crusade against the rising liberties of

Spain: we will even concede this point; but cannot, at the same time, avoid remarking, that Mr S. has here propounded the very doctrine upon which he anathematises the whole of Napoleon's political acts, namely, that "none whom they offended" were for a long time "able to oppose them!"

Mr Southey proceeds to develope the means employed by Napoleon to consolidate and perpetuate his power. Of these, he gives a pretty tolerable outline, though much in the same spirit with what we have already had occasion to animadvert on, and without the introduction of any original facts or views,—which were not, perhaps, to be expected. The principal of these were the Conscription, and the organization of a system of National Instruction. The Conscription, originally borrowed from the *legitimate* monarchy of Prussia, Buonaparte found established to his hand, and in full operation. The French Republic, assailed by one of the most formidable confederacies ever formed against a single state, necessarily directed its main attention to the organization of a military force, commensurate to the exigency of its position; and although the universal enthusiasm that overspread the nation at first supplied volunteer recruits more than sufficient to repair the losses in battle, and other casualties, the persons at the head of affairs were too wise to put their sole trust in such a precarious resource, and accordingly laid the foundation of a system which might call to the service of his country almost every Frenchman capable of bearing arms, and which furnished nearly inexhaustible means of carrying on a war, either of defence or aggression. That this powerful engine laid the foundation of the triumphs and conquests of Napoleon, is as undeniable, as that it proved extremely oppressive in its operation. But this oppression was not unequal, and therefore odious, like the forced conscription for the Army of Reserve in this country, immediately after the rupture of the short-lived peace of Amiens,—of which Mr Southey has said nothing. By subjecting all ranks indiscriminately to its operation, and by rendering exemptions for any other cause, except physical debility, next to impossible, there cannot, we think, be a doubt that it materially contributed to improve the general character of the French armies*. In their ranks might be found persons of an education and grade in society, far superior to those who stand on the muster-rolls of the

* In noticing the superior composition of the French army, occasioned, in part, by the impartial severity of the Conscription Law, we cannot avoid remarking, at the same time, that the brutal and degrading punishment of flogging was not only unknown, but would not have been endured. Buonaparte declared to Mr O'Meara, that, even in the zenith of his power, when no reverses had obscured the glories of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram, he *durst not* have subjected the meanest soldier in his armies to the punishment of the lash; and expressed his utter astonishment, that such a disgraceful practice should be endured by the brave army of Britain. Some of the best and bravest of our own soldiers have raised their voices loudly against this monstrous anomaly in our military code. In his valuable, and highly-entertaining book on the Highlands and Highland soldiers, Colonel Stewart takes every opportunity to protest against the infliction of inexpiable infamy on a brave man, even though criminal; and, above all, records it as the result of his long experience, that, by this barbarous punishment, the good and steady soldier feels that he belongs to a degraded caste, where, for a merely military offence, which often implies no moral turpitude, he is as indelibly stigmatised as by the pillory or the branding-iron; while the profligate is rendered incorrigible and desperate, and as effectually precluded from any chance of retrieving his character, as a young woman who has lost her chastity, from again appearing in modest and virtuous society. The British Army certainly owes much to the present Commander-in-Chief; and he has only to abolish this monstrous relic of a barbarous age and a barbarous country,—more worthy of Russia or Turkey than of the greatest nation upon earth,—to entitle himself to their everlasting gratitude. Officers, who cannot maintain discipline without this instrument of torture and ignominy, are both unworthy of, and unfit for their situations, and ought forthwith to be put on the half-pay establishment.

other European armies; and the intermingling of such men, combined with the prodigious stimulus given to talents and courage, by the operation of the levelling principle—*la carrière ouverte aux talens*, infused an energy, a knowledge, and a superiority, of which their enemies received many fatally convincing proofs. War was also made to support itself. On the part of the republic, destitute of every thing but brave and willing soldiers, this was matter of necessity; but Napoleon too well comprehended its importance, to abandon a system which afforded incredible advantages, and particularly admitted of a celerity of movement and boldness of enterprize of which Europe had hitherto seen no examples. To this principle, paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, Buonaparte owed, in a great measure, his unequalled successes, and probably also his no less signal reverses. He was in the field, and ready to appeal to the mortal arbitrement of arms, before his antagonists were prepared to meet him on any thing like equal terms: but, unhappily, the soldiers became accustomed to rapine and spoliation: the countries through which they passed, or where they were stationed, were desolated, as if by an army of locusts: the people were plundered and oppressed: excesses of every kind were committed: public opinion, in which they had at first found an invincible ally, turned against them, and was arrayed on the side of their enemies; and they found, to their cost, in the campaigns of 1813 in Germany, that almost every man had become their mortal foe. The effects of this fatal and inevitable revulsion need not be dwelt upon. We think, however, that, with the *Code de la Conscription*, Mr Walsh's admirable *Letter on the French Government*, (for a masterly account of which see *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xvi. p. 1.) and other important and authentic documents before him, Mr Southey might have enlarged a little more fully on this great corner-stone of the mighty edifice of Napoleon's military power and renown, and retrenched somewhat of the nonsense he occasionally indites about ballads, and ballad-singers, as either expressing or influencing public opinion.

The remarks on the labours of Napoleon, in organizing a system of general instruction, and on the tendency and effect of his proceedings in this respect, are curious and interesting; as exemplifying at once the comprehension of his views, and the universality of his labours: and though we can by no means agree with our author in deploring the subversion of that system of private instruction which, under the former regime, was entirely in the hands of the clergy, and had been by them converted into a powerful engine, for the furtherance of their ambitious views, and for perpetuating ignorance and implicit faith, we would recommend this portion of his work to the attentive perusal of the reader. Like the ancient legislators, Buonaparte was impressed with the vast importance of having public education under the control of the state; and hence it is perfectly true, as Mr Southey remarks, that the Imperial University was one of his favourite plans: whether it "exemplifies his precipitate and thorough despotism," we have neither leisure nor inclination at present to determine. We think, however, there can be little doubt, that his interference in this matter was dictated both by policy and necessity. It was his policy to encourage the arts and sciences, and to encircle his throne with men who had reached eminence by their acquirements or discoveries; to promote and reward the useful rather than the elegant or superfluous; to give a direction to the national character propitious to his plans, and to the genius of his government; and, if possible, to render himself the mighty centre, when every blessing and every advantage was to radiate to the whole community. For this purpose, he plundered Italy, to enrich the gallery of the Louvre,—bestowed titles of nobility on men eminent in science and art,—presided at the meetings of the Institute,—bestowed liberal pensions,—and organized a vast plan of national instruction. But necessity, as well as policy, dictated the same course. The royalists, who, as Mr Southey remarks, would

have reverenced the legitimate crown even if suspended on a bush, were his steady and irreconcilable enemies. He had re-established religion, the greater part of the ministers of which were secretly hostile to his government. To have suffered public instruction again to fall uncontrolled into their hands, would therefore have been equivalent to tolerating an agency, which would have speedily undermined his government, and deprived it of that support which it found in public opinion. Moreover, Napoleon was not of a temper to tolerate the interference of priests, in any matter that concerned the welfare of the state. He deemed it enough for them if they were tolerated, pensioned, and restricted to the discharge of the spiritual duties peculiar to their sacred function; and was conscious that he could govern France without the aid of either a confessor or a mistress. In all this, we can see nothing very "precipitate" or "thoroughly despotical." On the contrary, we hold that every country is misgoverned in proportion to the ascendancy which the clergy acquire in secular affairs; we mean, of course, in proportion as they exert any other than a moral influence on society, derived from their talents, their learning, and their assiduity in the discharge of their high and important duties. The constitution of the Imperial University was, no doubt, far from perfect; but if public instruction must at all events be controlled, we maintain that that control may be more safely and beneficially lodged in the hands of the Government than those of the Clergy*. In proof of this,

* The system of education in this country has been the subject of much well-merited panegyric; and its happy effects are visible in the general diffusion of knowledge, and the high tone of moral feeling, and moral conduct, for which our people have long been honourably distinguished. But even in Scotland, with its pure, apostolic church, the aspiring and ambitious spirit of the Clergy is very visible. Witness the jealous, and, on some occasions, inquisitorial vigilance they exert over the instructors of youth, and the eagerness with which they seize every opportunity to make the parochial teachers *feel*, that the law has given them the ascendancy, and that they, the poor schoolmasters, are an inferior caste. Oh, but we shall be told that this is a necessary provision to secure the public against misconduct or neglect of duty on the part of the teachers. This is very patriotic, surely: but we would crave permission to ask, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* What guarantee have the public that the Clergy do their own duty? that they not merely read a few smooth, well-pruned sentences once a-week, but reside in their parishes, examine and catechise the young, perform household ministrations, visit the sick, comfort the dying, and, in short, discharge all those duties which at ordination they solemnly engage to perform in the strength of Divine Grace? It was never, we presume, contemplated by the founders of our church, that its pastors should become farmers, horse-jockeys, the editors of newspapers, political partizans, or non-residents; that they should convert their offices into quasi-sinecures, and live in as entire ignorance of those of whose souls they have undertaken the cure, as they do of the inhabitants of the *Georgium Sidus*. Yet they have vested in them, by law, a power of controlling, and occasionally of domineering over schoolmasters, whose income *depends* upon their own exertions and talents, and who, if they do not work, must starve. Certain evil-disposed persons pretend that it would be nothing the worse for the community, were the Clergy placed upon the same footing: with that, however, we do not concern ourselves *at present*. But, with all submission, we do hold, that there exists no reason in the nature of things, why a schoolmaster, whose existence and character depend solely on his own exertions, and who, therefore, is urged to diligence and activity by the most powerful motives that can influence the human mind, should be *presumed* to be incapable of discharging his duty in a proper manner, unless under the superintendance of men, frequently his inferiors in point of ability and knowledge; and who, at the very moment they are neglecting their own duty, are empowered to interfere with a teacher in the discharge of his. This is rank usurpation, and tends to degrade, in public estimation, a body of men, second to none in point of general ability, character, and usefulness. To put this in a clearer light, suppose a general movement were to take place among the monarchs of the Ferula; that they took it into their heads to turn the tables on the Clergy, and to attempt to organise a committee to examine, once a-year, every parish priest *before* his parishioners, or, better still, the parishioners themselves, on the improvement they had made under his ministry,—what an outcry would be raised! What gatherings of the brethren would we not see from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west! What

we might refer to the condition of Spain, Portugal, and even France itself anterior to the Revolution. We reverence the Clergy in their proper sphere; but we know their ambitious spirit of aggrandizement, their love of power, and the general use to which they have converted it wherever they have acquired it: and of all modes and forms of despotism with which we are acquainted, an ecclesiastical despotism is the worst.

Mr Southey concludes his general survey with some observations on the state of parties and public feeling, and on the prospects and resources of England in the year 1807: but as we must presume our readers to be already sufficiently acquainted with the aspect and condition of public affairs at this period, we shall now, after so much preliminary matter, advance to the narrative; remarking, *en passant*, that we have met with no sentiment or opinion in this volume to which we would more willingly subscribe, than to the just and manly declaration on the part of Mr Southey, that both Pitt and Fox left behind them "exaggerated reputations," and little else.

How early Buonaparte entertained views of aggression on the Peninsula is unknown; but when Prussia, in an evil hour for herself, began the war which annihilated her military at Jena, and which the battle of Friedland and the Peace of Tilsit terminated, the Court of Madrid manifested some disposition to join with the Allies, and issued a proclamation, exhorting the people not to be dismayed, for the nation yet "possessed great resources, and a powerful armament was about to be formed." This proclamation reached Buonaparte on the field of battle at Jena, and, by exciting his resentment, probably first turned his attention to Spain, which must have presented an easy prey to his victorious arms. That he swore vengeance is certain: if he then formed the design which he afterwards carried in execution, it was long and profoundly dissembled.

At this time Don Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, and Prince of the Peace, was minister in Spain. "He was an up-start, who, because he had been the Queen's paramour, had attained the highest power in the state, and by whatever qualities he ingratiated himself with the King, possessed his confidence, and even his friendship. There was no jealousy in the Queen's attachment to this minion: she gave him one of the royal family in marriage; but the private life of the favourite continued to be as infamous as the means whereby he had risen. It is said that there was no way so certain to obtain promotion as by pandering to his vices; and that wives, sisters, and daughters were offered him as the price of preferment, in a manner

eloquent declamations would be pronounced, and what unanimity would prevail! Not a tea-party, or blue-stocking coterie, would be safe from the industry of their peripatetic vituperation against the insurgent Ferulists. The whole kingdom would resound with their complaints and denunciations. The learned Procurator of the Church would find no rest to his eyes, nor slumber to his eye-lids; and the very throne itself would be "addressed," and the vengeance of the secular arm piously invoked against the daring insurrection. *O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!* Would this flagrant usurpation be one bit more unjust, more proposterous, more unreasonable, more impudent, than that exercised over the schoolmasters, and which has nothing to recommend it but established usage? an argument which would serve the turn of a Spanish Inquisitor, as well as a Scotch Presbyterian Clergyman. The parochial schoolmasters of Scotland are as numerous as the parochial clergy, and as a body, not inferior either in usefulness or respectability. Yet they are treated as if they were fatuous, and deserved to be cognosced. Would it be assuming too much to hold that such a body might govern themselves, as well as the Clergy? that they could take cognizance of offences, and punish negligence or misconduct? Had our parochial schoolmasters been under the direct control of the Legislature, the case would have been different; they would have been rendered more respectable, and, since their exertions were their only patrimony, not less diligent; while they would have been saved the humiliation of having a petty tyrant and an inquisitor living at their door, "dressed in a little brief authority," and sometimes "playing such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as make even angels weep." Of such system we say,—*Cito pereat!*"

more shameless than had ever before been witnessed in a Christian country. Certain it is, that the morals of the Spanish Court were, to the last degree, depraved, and that this depravity affected all within its sphere like a contagion. He was rapacious as well as sensual; but as his sensuality was amply fed by the creatures who surrounded him, so was his avarice gratified by the prodigal favour of the Crown, and Godoy had nothing to desire beyond the continuance of the authority which he enjoyed. The cruel part of his conduct must be ascribed to that instinctive dread of wisdom and hatred of virtue which such men necessarily feel in their unnatural elevation." Under such a minister, and such a sovereign as Charles IV., who could be on terms of friendship with the paramour of his wife, we need not be surprised to learn that the whole fabric of government was falling to pieces; that the navy had been nearly annihilated; that the army was in the worst state of indiscipline and disorder; that the finances were exhausted, and public credit was destroyed; that foreign commerce was cut off; in a word, that Spain presented a picture of national decrepitude and decay which has not been surpassed in ancient, nor equalled in modern times.

That nothing might be wanting to fill up the cup of misery to this unhappy country, a strong party, partial to the French interest, had been formed round the Prince of Asturias, (Ferdinand VII.), but chiefly knit together by their common hatred of Godoy; for "never had any favourite been so universally detested." In a despotic government, where no direct appeal could be made to public opinion, this naturally produced incessant intrigue and obstruction to the government, such as it was; and, what was worst of all, exposed the Prince to become the dupe of the machinations of Napoleon, whose object, in the first stage of his proceedings, seems to have been, to render all parties, including the Sovereign, his Queen, and her favourite, so universally odious and contemptible to the nation, that the change which he already meditated, if not hailed as a blessing, might be viewed with apathy and indifference, or, at least, accomplished without opposition. In this state of things, Eugene Beauharnais, the French ambassador at Madrid, advised the Prince, then a widower, to solicit the honour of an alliance, by marriage, with the imperial family of France, as the most certain means of getting the administration into his own hands, and with it an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on the detested Godoy and his adherents. Influenced by the specious reasons with which Beauharnais had sugared this proposal, the Prince addressed a secret letter to Buonaparte, couched in terms of the grossest adulation, and earnestly imploring "his Majesty's paternal protection," and that he would "deign" to "honour" him so far as to accommodate with a spouse of his august house. But Napoleon was then carrying on secret negociations* with that very minion whom the

* Mr Southey endeavours to shew that Godoy was not corrupted by France, by asking, "With what was France to purchase the services of one whose greediest desires were satisfied?" We confess we think very differently. Mr S. himself records that he had entered into "secret negociations" with France at the time that the Prince of Asturias was begging for a spouse of the Imperial Family: and although it may be perfectly true, as Mr S. remarks, that "any thing was believed of one so profligate and so odious, as if, because he would have scrupled at no wickedness, he was in like manner capable of any folly:" it is no less certain, that the secret treaty of Fountainebleau was negociated by Izquierdo, an agent of Godoy's, without the privity of the Spanish Ambassador in France, and that articles 3. and 5. of that treaty are as follow: "The kingdom of Alemtejo, and the kingdom of Algarves, *shall be given* IN FULL PROPERTY AND SOVEREIGNTY *to the Prince of the Peace*, to be enjoyed under the title of Prince of the Algarves: The principality of the Algarves shall be *hereditary* in the descendants of the Prince of the Peace, according to the laws of succession adopted by the reigning family of His Majesty the King of Spain." So that, whether his "greediest desires were gratified" or not, it appears that Napoleon had "purchased his services," by holding out the delusive hope of raising him to the rank of a Sovereign prince. Moreover, it was worthy of all the parties, that this new principality was to be erected out of the spoils of the kingdom of Portugal.

Prince was so eager to undermine; and as he had determined to seize on the Peninsula, he now artfully evaded a proposition which, in other circumstances, he would have greedily embraced.

By the treaty of St Ildefonso, the consequence of that of Basle, an alliance offensive and defensive had been concluded between France and Spain. In pursuance of his infamous project, and taking advantage of the terms of this treaty, 16,000 men, the élite of the Spanish army, were marched into the North of Germany, under the Marquis de la Romana, and another division was sent into Tuscany, under D. Gonzalo O'Farrill. The next step was to find a pretext for introducing French troops into Spain; and this was not wanting. About a month after the peace of Tilsit (that is, in August 1807,) the French and Spanish ambassadors jointly informed the Court of Lisbon, that it must accede to that insane measure which Buonaparte had baptized "the Continental System,"—shut its ports against England,—arrest English subjects, and confiscate English property in Portugal,—or—run the hazard of an immediate war with France and Spain; and only three weeks were allowed for deliberation. Without waiting for the determination of the Portugueze Government, Buonaparte seized all the ships of that nation in his harbours. In this fearful dilemma, the Prince Regent attempted to temporize: he agreed to shut his ports against the English, but maintained, that, consistently with any regard to the principles of justice and morality, he could not seize the persons and property of British subjects, in violation of the faith of treaties, and of the law of nations. A Portugueze Squadron happened at that time to be cruising against the Algerines, and it was suggested, that as a war with England might be expected, it would be prudent not to proceed to extremities, till the ships should have re-entered the Tagus. But Napoleon was not to be diverted from his object by such considerations: he had found the pretext he wanted, and was determined to lay hold of it at all hazards.

(To be continued.)

WADDINGTON AND HANBURY'S TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA.—REMARKABLE RUINS.—CONQUESTS OF THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

We consider Mr Waddington's journal as of very considerable importance. As it does not appear to us to have drawn all the attention which it merited, we shall endeavour to make up for our own delay, by giving now some particular notice of it. There are few districts less visited by modern travellers than that into which the enterprise of this traveller has penetrated. Abyssinia, the main object, next to Egypt, of North African expeditions, was almost always entered, and left by the Red Sea, and the mountains of Tigré. Bruce and Burckhardt quitted the Nile at Assouan and Shendy, and struck across the vast desert of Nubia. Poncet, indeed, after crossing the western desert, touched upon the Nile, and visited Dóngola in 1699; but after reaching Korti, he left the river, and took the desert route to Sennaar. Neither he, therefore, nor any modern traveller that we know of, visited Meramc, and its surrounding district. Even of that tract which he went over, his account, meagre and now obsolete, scarcely diminishes the novelty of that with which we are here presented.

The region watered by the Nile from Sennaar to Assouan, comprehended, both by ancients and moderns, under the general name of Nubia, is, in its physical structure, one of the most remarkable in the world. It is upwards of a thousand miles in length, and, on an average, about one mile in breadth. Beyond that narrow limit, it passes abruptly into that ocean of sand which stretches immeasurably east and west, to the Red Sea and the Atlantic. Sometimes the river is hemmed in by high rocks, through which it tumultuously forces its way, and which preventing all communication between the water and the banks, fix the latter in perpetual sterility. At other times, however, they descend so nearly to its level, that the stream can be conveyed by machines or canals; to the distance above-mentioned, and some-

times a little farther. The whole of these shores bear the traces of a people celebrated in the remotest antiquity, who, at an early period, conquered, and, in the opinion of some, civilized and instructed Egypt. Extensive edifices, sculptures, and, above all, excavations, attest the power of its early sovereigns, and a state of the arts rivalling that of Egypt. The modern inhabitants are not an interesting, much less an amiable race. They are split into a series of small states, with scarcely any regular government, and live in a state of corrupted barbarism, than which none is less favourable to the human character. The traffic in which they are chiefly employed, being the conveyance of slaves to Egypt and Arabia, cannot but tend still further to deteriorate their habits and dispositions.

The interest of the present narrative is considerably increased, by its tracing the operations of an expedition, which promises to change materially the political aspect of this part of Africa. Mahommed Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, is the only Mussulman prince who displays, at present, much energy and activity. He has rendered himself nearly independent of the Porte, and has done much to improve the internal economy of the territories under him. Not content with this, he has formed the design of annexing to them the whole course of the Nile, upwards to Sennaar inclusive. War is his instrument, and no form of treachery or violence is spared to effect his purposes. At the same time, we have no hesitation to pronounce, that, to fall under the sway of one government, and that a vigorous and enlightened one, is the very best thing that can befal these ill-governed and ill-conditioned countries. Mr Waddington seems to imagine, that the Pacha would seek to extend his conquests to Abyssinia, were it not that the British government interposed for its protection. We are sceptical as to this interposition, and should think the British government very ill employed in obstructing Mahommed Ali's attempts to polish this barbarous race, to prevent them from eating raw flesh, and leaving their slaughtered enemies to be devoured by the hyæna.

Mr Waddington very properly notices, only in a cursory manner, the part of the journey in which he went over the same ground with Mr Burckhardt, to whose accuracy he bears warm testimony. The houses of the chiefs in this country are large structures, built of mud, in the form of fortresses; while those of the poorer classes are merely mean cottages, formed of straw strengthened with branches of the palm, and thatched with its leaves. The vale of Farjar, with the pass immediately above, affords an opportunity of exhibiting some of the most striking features of Nubian scenery. Of the vale he says,

> This is the most romantic little spot I ever saw in the east; it is a green and cultivated valley, less than a quarter of a mile long, and not two hundred yards broad, closely shut in on the left by the high granite rocks, and on the right by a narrow branch of the Nile, which separates it from the barren island of Berghe, and overlooked on the N.E. by the old ruins; and thus it flourishes in freshness and fertility in the bosom of the wildest waste; the doves were in the palm-trees, and, the naked inhabitants moving about, and offering us their little civilities. He[illegible] turned off rather to the left, and in [illegible] hour and twenty minutes entered the grand Akabet of Kasma el Elma, or "the Pass of the Water's Mouth." Near the entrance, on the right, two immense stones, as regular as if art had hewn and placed them there, stand up most sublimely detached from any others, and reminded me, though they are five hundred times as large, of some stones, hanging rather similarly, in the ancient wall at Ithaca. The pass then opens with extraordinary grandeur, and we saw before us other piles of rock, hardly less wonderful than those we had left behind.
>
> There is nothing at Assouan, Wady Halfa, or in the Batn el Hadjar, at all comparable to the "Pass of the Water's Mouth," either in grandeur or in variety of scenery: the immense masses of rock piled up together, the open plains scattered over with fragments, the entire want of all vegetation, and yet the traces of so many animals; the occasional view of the distant palms straggling by the river-side, and of the boundless desert beyond it, with the knowledge that man has no power here to change the face of nature, which ever has been, and ever must be what it is; these circumstances unite to give this place an interest possessed by no other that I ever saw, and to us, perhaps heightened by the reflec-

tion, that we were the first Englishmen who had ever seen it, as we might possibly be the last

Soon after, the travellers passed Mount Arambo, a large solitary hill, marking the frontier of Dóngola, on which they now entered. On their left, appeared Aksan, a considerable town, where there was a cotton manufactory. They came next to the island of Argo, the description of which appears to merit extraction.

The large island of Argo begins just above, and the ferry is one hour and a half S.S.E. from Burgade. Not being at first aware of this, we continued more to the eastward, with a long high mound on our right hand, intercepting, as was sometimes the case yesterday, our view of the Nile and its banks. It has probably been raised to prevent the inundation from extending itself over the plains, which are low, and apparently boundless. The ground then, on the outside of this mound, is barren, and covered with a thin surface of sand, though scattered over with a few acacias, and many ruined houses and tombs; but on crossing it on our way to the ferry, we were astonished by the beauty of the wilderness, that flourishes within. We find ourselves suddenly in a natural garden, luxuriant beyond imagination; the air is full of fragrance, and the trees are inhabited by birds, some of which were quite new to us, and all harmonious, though in the general concert the voice of the dove was predominant. A narrow mound of earth separates this fairy land from the places of barrenness and death. It is impossible, without experience, to understand the effect of this sudden display of nature's prodigality on eyes accustomed to the sands of the Desert; and it is the misfortune of travellers, that they can never communicate by description the pleasure they have on many occasions experienced—a misfortune in some degree compensated by the consciousness that the recollection of the event will always renew in themselves the original enjoyment, though it must ever be a solitary one.

This island is also distinguished by its antiquities, consisting chiefly of two colossal statues, which the travellers attentively examined.

In about half an hour, due S. from the village, we came to the Antiquities, and approached them, not without great fears of disappointment. These were soon dispelled by the first object that appeared before us; it was a colossal statue of grey granite, representing a young man with the thin beard and corn-measure bonnet; the left leg is advanced: before the right, cut in the same stone, and standing on the foot, is a small statue, five feet high, bearded, and with the right hand on the breast, while the left hangs straight down; the hair is turned on the right side, in such a manner as to appear an ornament on that part of the head, and the face is much disfigured. The statue itself is broken in the middle, and the monstrous fragments lie about four feet apart, but nothing is lost; the face is entire, but flat and broad. The statue lies on its back, and is twenty-two feet six inches long, and five feet five inches across the shoulders; there is a small hole in the front of the bonnet, probably intended for the reception of the ornament or sistrum. It lies S.S.E. and N.N.W.

There is a second statue like the first, except that it is not broken in the middle, that the face is in a better style, that the beard is twisted, an ornament of leaves goes round the edge of the bonnet, the dress is more highly finished and decorated, and there is no figure on the foot; the arms and beard have been intentionally broken. It is twenty-three feet five inches long, and measures seven feet four inches from the end of the bonnet to the end of the beard. The hands, which have suffered much injury, are open; those of the other are shut, with a short staff in them. It lies S.E. and N.W. nearly; the feet of the two statues are towards each other, and about thirty-five yards apart. They are both very well executed, and are inferior, if their perfection be considered, to no granite colossus existing; though the faces are not so fine as the Memnon, and, of course, not at all comparable in expression to those at Ebsámbal, as is natural, from the superior difficulty of working the material.

About ten miles below Argo, was Maragga, built, or greatly improved, by the Mamelukes, who called it New Dóngola, and made it their capital. It is described as a large and very neat mud town, with many courts and squares, and beautifully situated. The land being very low to the west, allows cultivation to extend at least a mile and a half into the desert. The Mamelukes appear to have made very considerable exertions to extend cultivation, and clear away the trees, by which a great part of this productive tract is covered.

After sailing about eighty miles up

the river, and passing Handech, a large ruined town, the party came to the original Dóngola, which did not at all answer the ideas they had formed of its extent and importance. They had no ground to form such from Poncet, who represents it as a poor, ill-built town, half choked up with sand. It seems now to be a miserable ruin, situated in the most barren district of the country, and only recommended by its excessively strong situation, on a rock overhanging the Nile. The travellers here remarked, that, whereas, in Nubia Proper, the fertility which existed was chiefly on the eastern bank,—in Dóngola, it was usually on the western. This, however, seems to depend almost entirely on the comparative lowness of the banks, and consequent facility of irrigation. Our author makes a curious remark, that the remains of ancient buildings are generally on the edge of, and within the Desert. This might suggest the idea, that the fertile ground formerly extended farther than now; but he seems to think that the object was, to economize the scanty portion that there is, and that none of it might be taken up by the site of the houses.

After leaving Dóngola, the line of the river changed from south to east; and, continuing about forty miles in that direction, changed to almost due north, in which direction it runs for about two hundred miles, nearly parallel to the branch on which the Dóngolas are situated. It forms thus a great bend, very imperfectly noticed in our maps, and converts the territory just described into a species of peninsula. It is to be observed, that our travellers were here ascending the stream, so that the course in which it flowed was opposite to the directions now stated. The zealous Mussulmen on board were sadly perplexed with these turnings and windings, which rendered it scarcely possible to ascertain the precise direction of the Holy City, from which, however, if their position in prayer at all diverged, all its virtue was lost. The few good geographers on board amused themselves with the abortive attempts made by their fellow-sailors to place themselves in the requisite attitude.

As the travellers advanced, they began to receive intelligence of the progress of Mahommed Ali's grand expedition. The following detail is given of the force which he had mustered for the conquest of Nubia:

The means he employed appear at first sight hardly adequate to the purpose; the whole force engaged in the expedition being about ten thousand men, of whom not more than four thousand were fighting men: the addition of twelve pieces of cannon made it irresistible. His mercenaries, who form very nearly the whole of his army, are engaged, like servants, by the month, and have then the right of sending in their resignation and retiring. Those going on an expedition are engaged for the whole of it, but no one is obliged to enter upon it in the first instance; in this, they were paid six months in advance, before they left Egypt, and yet engaged only as far as Dóngola, either through a fear that volunteers would not easily be found for a more distant war, or to avoid giving suspicion to the states above Dóngola. Means were afterwards found to induce them to continue to serve as far as Sennaar; and thus far they seemed to have no fear of success, though such is their terror of the Habesh, that I believe no hopes of reward or plunder could induce them to venture into *that* country.

The best soldiers in the army were about fifteen hundred Bedouins, part of whom appear to have been natives of a tract of land conquered by the Pasha in his expedition towards the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and part Moggrebyns from the deserts near Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco; they were all horsemen, and some had bayonets to their guns; they had a peculiar song when moving on horseback, whether alone or in bodies, common to all African Bedouins, but not to those of Syria; they wear in general two brace of pistols, besides their sword and gun, and all are skilful in the use of the lance. The next in merit were the Moggrebyns, a term confined in military language (as well as I could understand) to the infantry, who are natives, not of the deserts, but of the cities on the northern coast of Africa. There were many Albanians, but not, in this army, forming a separate corps, and many Asiatic Turks, who were also dispersed under different leaders. The Generals were, Abdin Casheff, Kogic Achmet, Commander of the Bedouins, Hassán Dar, Selagh Dar, and Omar Casheff. At the head of the whole was Ismael Pasha, the younger son of Mahommed Ali, and only twenty-two years old; he is possessed of great personal courage, and much generosity, when it is consistent

with policy; he is self-willed and obstinate, as a young Prince ought to be; has some information and much curiosity, and talents apparently so considerable, that he may some day be a great Turk, though a personal defect will ever prevent in him all dignity both of appearance and manners.

The army left Cairo early in the summer, passed the Cataracts during the inundation, and advanced without opposition to New Dóngola, which they found evacuated by the Mamelouks, who had retired, some months before, to Shendy. Their next step was to advance against the Sheygýa.

This fierce and warlike people could muster ten thousand men under the monarchs of Merame and Zobeyr, and shewed little disposition to submit. When the Pacha endeavoured to open a negociation, they replied, "Either go on your business, or come and attack us." Being told that he would drive them to Sennaar, they answered, "He may drive us to the gates of the world, but we will not submit." When he attempted to terrify them by exhibition of fireworks, they called out, "What! is he come to make war upon Heaven too?" and derived from this idea a fresh occasion of courage. At Korti, however, a decisive battle took place, of which we shall extract the writer's account:

The Pasha, with about three hundred men, was encamped three or four miles in the Desert, on the left bank, not far from Korti. He was suddenly roused in his tent by shouts of, "Where is the Pasha?" He was surrounded by three or four thousand Sheygýa. He sprung on his horse, and rode up to Abdin Casheff in high spirits, and asked him, and the other Generals, whether they would fight that day in their own fashion or in his? Abdin answered, that during the many years that he had been a soldier, he had never fought in any other fashion than that of his General. The Pasha then placed the Bedouins and the Moggrebyns in two divisions in front; and behind the former, Selagh Dar, and behind the latter, Abdin Casheff; with the camels and baggage he formed a kind of rear-guard, and was himself every where. He had no cannon with him, and was, we were assured, so little prepared for this attack, that none of the men had more than sixteen rounds of cartridge, and many much less. Luckily for his life and his glory, the arms of his enemies were of a much simpler kind; they had each two lances, the long Solingen sword, and an oblong shield of hippopotamus' or crocodile's skin; but generally the former. Some of their leaders wore a coat of mail, covering the head, and falling over the shoulders to the middle of the back. A very few had pistols; but the possession of guns was confined to the Chiefs; and it is a singular proof of attachment to the weapon of their fathers, that having it always in their power to be tolerably supplied with fire-arms, and having, in their wars with the Mamelouks, than whom none knew better how to use them, experienced their fatal effects, they would never condescend to adopt them.

They are singularly fearless in attack, and ride up to the very faces of their enemy with levity and gaiety of heart as to a festival, or with joy as if to meet friends from whom they had been long separated; they then give the "*Salam alcikoum!*" "Peace be with you!"—the peace of death, which is to attend the lance that instantly follows the salutation: mortal thrusts are given and received, with the words of love upon the lips. This contempt of life, this mockery of what is most fearful, is peculiar to themselves—the only people to whom arms are playthings, and war a sport; who among their enemies seek nothing but amusement, and in death fear nothing but repose.

In this case, they had motives enough to increase even their natural and hereditary bravery. They had lived the companions of their horses, with the lance in their hand: they were to resign the former to strangers, and exchange the latter for harrows and pruning-knives; and were to drive an ox round a sakie, instead of chasing an enemy across the Desert. They had many Nubians settled in the country, whom they obliged to all the labours of cultivating the ground, and whom they treated as greatly their inferiors. They were now called upon to perform these labours, which they had been brought up to consider as servile, and were to expect no better treatment than that which they had been accustomed to exercise; they were to fall at once to slavery, not from liberty merely, but from tyranny; and again, besides their prejudices against white men generally, they had particular religious ones against the Osmanlies, to whom, in common with Christians, they applied the term *Dog*.

Their first attack was irresistible; the Bedouins were driven back, and Abdin Casheff advanced from the opposite angle of the square to support them; while he

was engaged, the Bedouins rallied in his rear, he returned to his post, and they charged again. The Moggrebyns had been similarly routed and rallied. The Sheygýa, though suffering very severely, repeated their attacks, and three times was Abdin Cashelf seen to charge in person, and throw himself into the middle of the enemy; he shot several of them with his own hand, and having disarmed one, he drove his own lance quite through his body. The Pasha was giving, in other parts, similar proofs of courage, the only one he could now give of generalship, and the pistol of his Highness is said to have been particularly destructive; he caught the gaiety of his enemies, and rode among them with a laugh. At last, the Sheygýa, finding that their magic had not been able to stop the course of Turkish balls, and that the charms of the enemy were stronger than their own, said, "that God had declared against them," and took to flight. They had placed great dependance on those charms, to which their necromancers had given, for this occasion, peculiar power and efficacy; and their first act after the battle was to put to death the whole race that had thus imposed on their credulity.

It is a singular, though very certain, fact, that the Pasha had not one man killed in this action, and only one officer and sixteen men wounded, and these, with scarcely any exception, in the back—the natural consequence of their manner of fighting; they discharge all their firearms, and then retire into the rear to reload, while the second and succeeding ranks are firing; when loaded, they advance again, and therefore, after the first discharge, the whole is a scene of confusion. One Bedouin received seven lance wounds, not one of which was honourable, and recovered of them all; he had been unhorsed among the enemy, and lanced while lying on the ground.

The Sheygýa left six hundred men on the field of battle, and they are now lying where they fell, unburied, in the Desert.

The consequence of this battle was the termination of the national existence of the Sheygýa, and their probable reduction, in the next age, into fellahs or cultivators; in which capacity, however, they will, after all, be more comfortable and useful, though less picturesque, than in that of roving and fearless robbers.

The work records also the final catastrophe of the Mamelukes. When the Pacha's troops approached Maragga, or New Dóngola, he sent a message, and making liberal promises in case of submission, they replied, "Tell Mahommed Ali, that we will be on no terms with our servant." Unable to resist, however, and being in an habitual state of warfare with the neighbouring Sheygýa, they broke up, and retreated across the Desert, from Korti to Shendi. At Shendi, they were merely allowed to encamp without the place, and on the news of the triumphant approach of Mahommed Ali, even this shelter was refused to them. They now dispersed, some retreating into Darfour; here, however, the Pacha's troops would soon pursue them. Others took the route of the Red Sea; while a few did not hesitate to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Pacha, notwithstanding all the wrongs which their race had sustained from him. Our author seems to lament the extinction of this body, who were certainly brave; but we cannot help thinking Egypt was well rid of such a turbulent and barbarous militia.

The most important geographical discovery, however, which was made by our travellers, when they arrived at the city of Merame, the capital of a considerable kingdom, inhabited by the Sheygýa nation. It is a large gloomy place, built of thick mud walls, and swarming with multitudes of half-starved dogs. But it is chiefly distinguished by containing in its vicinity the most remarkable and extensive antiquities that have yet been discovered in this part of Ethiopia. These are found at Djebel el Berkel, or the Sacred Rock, and at El Bellal, seven miles distant on the opposite side of the river. On the first, Mr W. generally remarks:

> The remains of antiquity which lie at the foot of Djebel el Berkel are of two kinds—temples, or other public buildings, and pyramids; the former, which have ornamented the city of the living, are situated towards the river, on the S.E. side of the mountain, and the ground about them, for several acres, is scattered over with broken pottery; the latter, which have been the receptacles and monuments of the dead, are on the W. and N.W. side, farther from the Nile, among the sands and rocks of the Desert.
>
> The mountain itself is about a mile and a half from the river, whose banks are nowhere more fertile than there; it is of considerable height, and solitary; and

here is an irregularity in its outline, and a boldness in its precipitous sides, which strongly fix the attention, and render it worthy to have furnished materials for the industry of an enlightened people, and habitations for the gods of Ethiopia.

The largest temple, though greatly ruined, was found to have been 450 feet long, and 159 wide. The dimensions of its first chamber were 147 feet by 111½; and there is a second chamber nearly as large. There is another temple, also very large, but not nearly equalling the dimensions of the above. These structures are greatly ruined, being composed chiefly of a species of sand-stone, ill calculated for duration. The sculptures and the hieroglyphics are almost entirely mouldered away. In a few instances only was it possible to trace their meaning, or their merits. Jupiter Ammon appeared to be the favourite divinity; but it was possible also to trace Isis, Osiris, and all the different objects of Egyptian and Nubian worship. Of the few remaining, some appeared extremely well executed, others very much the contrary; but Mr Waddington seems to suspect, that the last may have been deprived by time of their original perfection. He admits, however, that these remains bear marks of very different ages at which they have been constructed.

The pyramids of Djebel el Berkel are seventeen in number, but much inferior to those of Egypt, and generally ruinous. The largest is eighty-one feet square, but its height cannot be ascertained. Some of them, however, contain curious specimens of sculpture.

The pyramids of El Bellál are of greater importance; and the following description is given of them:

There are remains of nearly forty, of different sizes; eleven of them are larger than any of the perfect ones of Djebel el Berkel, and the greater part of the rest are reduced to a mere mound of decomposed stone and gravel and sand. That of most importance in size and interest stands two hundred and twenty feet distant from the first; its base is one hundred and fifty-two feet square, and its height one hundred and three feet seven inches. It has been built in stories, but is most curious, from its containing within itself another pyramid of a different age, stone, and architecture. This interior building, which the other has enclosed like a case, seems to form about two-thirds of the whole structure; it is of neat workmanship, and is composed of a hard, light-coloured sandstone, more durable than that which, after sheltering it for ages, has at last decayed and fallen off, and left it once more exposed to the eyes of men. May it have happened, that some king of Ethiopia, jealous of the glory of one of his predecessors, and wishing to conceal what he was unable to surpass, has enveloped with his own monument the monument of his rival, in his thirst for the exclusive possession of that immortality which was to be the destiny of neither?

These pyramids appear to be of higher antiquity than those of Djebel el Berkel, and present in general a more ruinous appearance than the most ruined of those at Saccára; the softer quality of the material may *partly* account for this. Many of them are reduced to heaps of quartz and other stones; some, however, are of a harder substance, but even those have have so ill resisted the ages that have passed over them, that the exterior coating, by which some of the largest appear to have been covered, is entirely crumbled off, and even the layers, to some depth within, have in many instances fallen away: mud appears to have been used for cement. From some very large stones found near one of the easternmost pyramids, we conjectured, that it had possessed an entrance facing the S.E., a point which we were unhappily not allowed the means of ascertaining.

The pyramids of El Bellál, like those of El Berkel, Saccára, and Djiza, are situated on a rocky place surrounded by sand, and on the edge of the Desert; a spot selected for the dead by the veneration of their survivors, that they might dwell apart in sanctity and in solitude. This is only one out of many instances of coincidence in genius, customs, and religion, between the ancient Ethiopians and Egyptians. The government of Meroe was a more complete and a more durable hierarchy than that of Memphis: a college of priests elected their sovereign, and when they thought that he had reigned long enough, sent a messenger to command him to die; and it was not till the age of the second Ptolemy, that a king named Ergamenes, who had studied philosophy in Greece, had the courage to simplify the government, by a massacre of the priests. Hieroglyphical symbols were common to both nations; the nature of their worship was the same, and the same the divinities to whom it was directed, the principal difference being this—that while Osiris held the highest rank among

the gods of Egypt, the vows of the devout Ethiopians were addressed to Jupiter Ammon.

In redescending the Mole, our travellers had an opportunity of examining the temple of Soleb, which appears a character considerably differing from that of the other Nubian remains. The details cannot be understood without the plans referring to them; but the general effect of the whole is described as follows:

The temple of Soleb affords the lightest specimen I have seen of Ethiopian or Egyptian architecture. The sandstone of which most of the columns are composed is beautifully streaked with red, which gives them, from a little distance, a rich and glowing tint. The side and posterior walls have almost entirely disappeared; and the roof (for the adytum has been completely covered) has every where fallen in, so that there remains no ponderous heap of masonry to destroy the effect of eleven beautiful and lofty columns, backed by the mountains of the Desert, or by the clear blue horizon. We were no longer contemplating a gloomy edifice, where heaviness is substituted for dignity, height for sublimity, and size for grandeur; no longer measuring a pyramidal mass of stone-work, climbing up to heaven in defiance of taste and of nature. We seemed to be at Segesta, at Phigalea, or at Sunium; where lightness, and colour, and elegance of proportion, contrasted with the gigantic scenery about them, make the beauty of the buildings more lovely, and their durability more wonderful; there is no attempt in them to imitate or rival the sublimity that surrounds them,—they are content to be the masterpieces of art, and therefore they and nature live on good terms together, and set off each other's beauty. Those works of art that aim at more than this, after exhausting treasuries and costing the life and happiness of millions, must be satisfied at last to be called Hillocks.

CHARACTERS OF CERTAIN EMINENT SCOTTISH ADVOCATES.

[Translated from the '*Characteres quorundam apud Scotos Advocatorum*" of Sir George Mackenzie.]

THIS dissertation on the constituents of judicial oratory, may be appropriately relieved and embellished by some characteristic sketches of those eminent lawyers, to whom their country is indebted for her peculiar eloquence, and who, had the language they employed been equal to the talents they displayed, might have been held up as models, not only to Scotland, but to the world at large. Of those who flourished prior to the time of *Craig*, our knowledge is extremely imperfect: they appear to us like those mountains which, whatever be their real size, are lessened in apparent magnitude by the distance from which they are viewed. With regard to Craig himself, he was a man of such profound learning, that he could hardly aspire to eloquence; and, indeed, his authority in the Courts was so great, that he did not require it; *et trunco non frondibus effecit umbram.* The office of King's Advocate was deservedly conferred upon *Sharp*, not for his intrigues, but his eloquence, which was so remarkable, that it proved often more than a match for all the learning of Craig. To these succeeded *Hope*, *Nicholson*, and *Stuart*; a triumvirate whom I have seen, but seen only as we are accustomed to behold the setting sun, when the sky is flushed with the golden light of his declining rays. *Hope's* forte consisted in a wonderful power of invention, which supplied him with such a multitude of topics, that he usually wanted time for their amplification: he did not plead, but rather reasoned, in a manner uniform and peculiar to himself. For, when he had propounded an argument or exception, he usually adduced the principle upon which it was founded, and when that appeared doubtful, the principle or reason of the ambiguity itself: thus rhetoric was not so much wanting as it seemed useless to him. Of Hope and Nicholson, you might have said that each had defined and separated his own peculiar province; the latter having refined our eloquence, the former our jurisprudence. *Nicholson*, nearly the opposite of Hope, was remarkable in his pleadings for a humorous exordium, an eloquent narrative of his case, and few arguments, but these selected with consummate judgment. He was the first who freed us from the trammels of Syllogisms, and who induced the Court to give up Aristotle for Demosthenes, rather than Cicero: in

his own time, he was called the Thunderbolt of Forensic Eloquence: to every one, in fact, he has more or less served as an example. Frequently would he relax into the utmost playfulness and jocularity; but his sportiveness was that of a falcon, which suddenly springing aloft in the air from the view of the bye-standers, darts down and pounces on its prey with irresistible impetuosity. *Stuart* pointed his arguments with his penetrating learning, and seasoned them with his insidious suavity: his favourite mode was to require certain admissions of his adversary, and then to overwhelm him by his unguarded concessions.

I was contemporary, but not of the same standing, with the *Gilmours*, *Nisbet*, *Nicholson* the younger, *Wedderburn*, *Kerr*, *Lockhart*, and *Cunningham*. Strange as it may seem, the elder *Gilmour*, though without any knowledge of the Civil Law, might be denominated a very learned man, and, by his powerful talents, raised the practice of the Courts of Law in Scotland to a level with the Roman Jurisprudence. It might be said of him, that he laid down the law itself, rather than delivered opinions founded upon the law as established, and that his clients approached him as a Judge rather than as an Advocate. Like an Hercules, he beat down his antagonists with his rough and gnarled club. He was eloquent without Rhetoric, and learned without the knowledge of letters.

To this man, Nature opposed *Nisbet*, whose judicial oratory was characterised by so much learning, and such consummate eloquence, that the scales of Justice were often in equipoise: but by always employing too much art, he rendered his art suspected. Whenever these men were opposed to each other, Gilmour carried off the glory, Nisbet the prize: in the latter there was more of art and refinement, in the former more of nature and strength.

The elocution of *Nicholson* the younger, was that of a field-preacher, not of a classic: hence he harangued rather than pled, and may be instanced as a proof, that that is best fitted to persuade, which is adapted to the spirit of an age, though mean and grovelling, and to the capacity of judges, though somewhat dull and obtuse. If, however, this learned person had transmitted to posterity any of his orations, he would have imitated the Augustan age, with which he was well acquainted.

The pleadings of *Gilmour* the younger indicated more vigour than study. He cultivated a style of speaking, so admirably adapted to his genius, that it was difficult to distinguish what was due to nature and what to art; for in him the suggestions of nature were so refined, as to resemble the elaborations of art. The master, but not the tyrant of his genius, he at one time spoke with the gravity of a senator, at another disported himself with the comic and the ludicrous; now he exhausted the richest subject in a few pregnant words, now embellished the dryest and most sterile with unhoped-for fecundity: as if any thing was allowable where every thing was possible! No man ever had a greater control over, or gave a looser rein to his natural disposition: his innate generosity leading him to show great favour to the younger members of the profession, he was extolled by them above all his contemporaries and rivals: he was reckless of money, but avaricious of fame.

Wedderburn conciliated the Judges to his client by the probity of his character, and might have biassed them, had he chosen, by the sweetness of his elocution: but he never warmly pressed any matter either false in point of fact, or unsound in point of law. He was constantly employed in the perusal of Cicero, from whom he imbibed his stately and persuasive kind of oratory; none of the young lawyers, however, could imitate him as he imitated Cicero. His matter was embellished by his elocution, and his elocution by his action; but he laboured in the acquisition of a transitory fame.

Lockhart might be called another Body of Civil Law, and another Cicero. He had the peculiar talent of disposing his arguments in such order, that, like the stones in an arch, the one supported and strengthened the other; and whatever spontaneously suggested itself to his mind, in the course of his pleading he brought

forward with great promptitude and skill, and always in its proper place. He was profoundly versed in the whole system of jurisprudence; and as soon as a case was laid before him by a client, discovered at once the arguments by which it could be defended or assailed, and penetrated into the very decision by which it would ultimately be determined. Anger, which discomposes most other speakers, served only to rouse him to greater efforts, although it led him to raise his voice to the pitch of bawling *, and clouded his countenance with frowns.

Andrew Kerr, while he studied at Bourges, (that Athens of Jurisconsults to which I also am indebted for whatever knowledge of jurisprudence I possess,) acquired considerable reputation. Ignorant of our practice, he opened a path for himself in the Courts by a fierce confidence in his own learning, which led him to despise his seniors, who in their turns treated him with contempt, and frequently sent their clerks to him that they might have an opportunity of scoffing at his utter ignorance of the most common phraseology of Court. This combination, however, he overcame rather by the admission than the consent of his auditors; but he could never conquer his excessive haughtiness, which exposed him to daily inconvenience: in Court, however, a counsel ought neither to do nor suffer wrong. His arguments were frequently both numerous and learned, but spun out with too great subtilty, so that, even when he reasoned soundly, he was believed to be dealing only in quibbling and sophistry.

Eloquent by nature, and learned by study, *Cunningham* had wonderfully improved these advantages, by being, for many years, constantly engaged in discussions with these men. At first, accommodating himself more to his clients than his reputation, he diligently examined the most neglected documents, and explored the most minute facts; nor, in arguing even a point of law, did he follow the bent of his own inclination, till he had, for many years, listened to the pleadings of these eminent men, and thus escaped envy till he had subdued it. At length, however, after his knowledge was matured by experience, his pleadings became both elegant and learned, and he acquired, by his modesty, that consideration which others snatch at by their presumption.

Lest I should be accused either of flattery or envy, I pass by the living, who cannot grudge this tribute to the dead, whose only property is their fame. I hope, however, that we shall continue so to prosecute our professional labours, that, after we are gone, *Ciceros* may spring up to record the praises of *Hortensii*. With regard to those heroes of the gown whom I have now commemorated,

Tu longè sequere, et limina semper adora.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY, DURING THE YEARS 1819, 20, & 21. BY MARIANNE COLSTON. 2 VOLS. LOND. 1823.

We have always considered ourselves as greatly indebted to those benevolent individuals, who, while we are seated quietly in our arm-chairs, at our own firesides, transport us along with them into distant regions, and impart to us a great share of the pleasure which they themselves have had in their journeyings, without any portion of the trouble, the fatigue, or the expence. We do not quarrel with the multiplicity of books of travels, which probably abound more than any other literary works, and we think he must be but an ill-natured critic who will not permit himself to derive pleasure from them, whatever may be their defects. What we chiefly desire in a traveller, is a spirit of intelligence and candour in his observations on men and manners, and a deep feeling of the beauties of nature; under such influences, he can scarcely fail of giving us much that is worthy of being read; and we are not disposed to try his work by the strictest canons of criticism. These qualities are eminently pos-

* The expression in the original is "vocem tamen *cutratu*, vultumque rugis deformabat." "*Catratu*" is not a Latin word, and therefore is probably a misprint for "*latratu*;" which we have assumed to be the case in the translation of the passag

sessed by the amiable and ingenious writer of the volumes before us. They consist of the Journal which she kept in the course of her travels; and if they are liable to the charge of being in several respects more adapted for the inspection of her private friends than of the public, yet this is a fault which, in some respects, we cannot help considering as a beauty. It is, in fact, impossible to read this work without classing ourselves, in imagination, among those friends of the author; so much simplicity, so little pretension, such an opening of the best affections appears in every page: and the total absence of that restraint arising from the apprehension of critics, and of the public, is to us, who have no delight in seeing authors trembling under the lash, so exhilarating a circumstance, perhaps from its novelty, that it almost reminds us of the golden age of English literature, that age which produced our Shakespeares and our Fletchers, when there was scarcely such a thing as a critic in existence, and when the public rather went heartily along with the writer, than the writer found himself under any alarm about the sympathy of the public. If Mrs Colston writes again, however, she must, we fear, conform more to the spirit of the times. A very little pruning would throw out of the present work every thing which can excite a sneer; and it will be easy for her hereafter, to give us the benefit of her excellent sentiments and observations, without the hazard of their effect being lost by the intermixture of any matter less generally interesting. We shall, at present, pass through the rapid sketch of this Lady's tour through France, and carry our readers at once to the Juras which she crossed in her way to Italy. It was, we must inform them, about the end of November, when, along with Mr C. she reached these mountains. They had been only married the beginning of that month, in the year 1819; when they reached the Juras, winter was setting seriously in; and, as she livelily remarks, they were probably the first persons who ever came from England "to spend the honeymoon in the depth of the snows on the Jura mountains!" Her descriptive powers appear to great advantage in her account of this stormy passage, and of the winter scenery; we shall extract some specimens, which must bring the whole picture quite home to the reader's imagination.

It was only two days since the snow had began to fall, and the inhabitants of Maison-neuve told us, they never remembered it to have become so deep in so short a time. We were now obliged to have six horses put to the carriage, by the aid of which we might be said to plough through the snow, which was constantly up to the box of the fore-wheel, and sometimes above it. Icicles of one and two yards in length hung from the houses and rocks.

The morning was delightful, and permitted us to enjoy the wonderful scenery around us, more than we had hitherto been able to do. A serene and pure blue sky tempered the horrors of universal snow, and where the sun shone on the mountains, they appeared clothed in dazzling brightness. Hills and mountain summits, of every varied and picturesque form, rose around us, covered with the Alpine fir, whose graceful foliage bent under the white burthen accumulated on it: many branches lay on the ground, broken by the superincumbent weight. We saw, by the road side, some apple-trees, nearly sunk in snow, but exhibiting the phenomenon of leaves on their higher branches, possessing the bright verdure of spring. Kites, hawks, and birds of prey, were soaring in the sky, with now and then a solitary rook or sparrow.

They were at last obliged to place their carriage on a sledge

—drawn by three horses, harnessed one before the other, and a second sledge was employed to convey the wheels. One man guided our horses, and two walked on each side, to support the carriage whenever it inclined violently towards the ground. The sledges are so constructed, as to take the back part of the carriage foremost, so that our backs were turned towards the horses, which circumstance rendered our situation still more singular, and I enjoyed its novelty in some degree, although the prospect was in the highest degree dreary.

The scene was grand and sublime; a deep carpet, as it were, of white velvet, but with a bluer tint, overspread the mountains; the fir trees rose majestically above; in those immediately near us, the dark green of the under parts of the boughs left uncovered, contrasted well

with the white mantle which clothed all other objects; the trees at a little distance were shaded in mist by the falling snow. Our guides informed us that the substantial poles which were placed on each side to mark the road, and which were about twelve feet high, are some winters entirely buried in the snow: woe be to the unfortunate traveller who at such a time should be found on these mountains! I could easily credit the report, for the snow where we were now passing was six feet deep by the road side, and the sledge, as it cut its way through, left a white wall on the right hand and on the left.

The motion and noise of the sledge were like those of a ship ploughing through the waves, when heard below deck.

The beech trees lay almost buried in snow; the hardy natives of the scene, the Alpine firs, alone towered in majesty above; their beautiful masses of foliage looking like white velvet, fringed with green worsted; many branches, however, were broken, and some exhibited headless trunks. A hamlet, at the bottom of a deep ravine, arrested our attention, the cottages of which were so completely covered with snow, that nothing was visible but the chimneys, and a darkish outline, which marked the shape of the roofs. The inmates of these habitations, from the time when the snows fall, must remain buried under them, like the natives of Lapland and Iceland, until they melt, which, I should think, by their appearance, can hardly occur before the following Spring.

We think our readers will agree with us in feeling this to be a vivid and impressive description, and they will find, throughout the work, that Mrs Colston possesses this great qualification of a traveller in a superior degree; we prefer it almost to every other. Nature and the natural aspects of man are at all times interesting—cities and the works of man only so at times, or under peculiar circumstances. The towns of Italy itself, with all their wonders of art, and all their numerous and varied associations, ancient and modern—even the Eternal City we are inclined to pass by for the present, and to shew our readers that this pleasing tourist has an eye for nature under every aspect, and that she can give the full impression of Italian scenery under all the glow of its sky and the riches of its summer vegetation, no less than the wintry horrors of the Jura landscape. After passing some months at Florence and Rome, our travellers again turned northwards, crossed the Appenines, and passed through Romagna into Lombardy; visited there the most celebrated cities, as Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, and then proceeded to Como, where they were to take up their residence for a season; and whence they afterwards proceeded for Switzerland, and from thence to France and the Pyrenees. There is a minute, and, we imagine, a very accurate description of the whole of this route, and of the various wonders of nature and art which it exhibited. We go on, as we feel inclined to do, with the former. The following is a beautiful sketch of the scenery near Terni:

We proceeded to a point of rock immediately opposite the principal cascade, where a small open shed is erected for the accommodation of travellers, from whence we enjoyed a magnificent view of this grand phenomenon of nature. Two rainbows spread their beautiful arches over an immense extent of water and wood; their lovely and vivid tints now for a moment interrupted by the dancing spray, and then again uniting in full perfection. From the great height of the fall, and the resistance of the masses of rock which oppose its progress, the water rises again in clouds of foam, even above the summit of the fall, and we were continually covered with the spray.

The rocks, which lift their majestically-pointed summits into the clouds, the trees of oak, elm, etc. clothing their sides with verdure and beauty, and the Velino and Nera rolling along their united waters, foaming and roaring, through their rocky channel, form a *tout ensemble* which wraps the mind in wonder and delight. We ascended the steep summit of the mountain, to the spot where, from a natural platform of turf, immediately opposite the cascades, and on a level with the second fall, we enjoyed the full view of this magnificent spectacle.

Although nature is so beautiful in this "bella Italia," yet its wretched condition in other respects is even obtruded upon the traveller. On reaching the Appenines, Mrs Colston says,

We continued to ascend, winding between rocks clothed with luxuriant foliage, till we reached a valley covered with verdant meadows, and through which flowed a limpid stream. We now climbed the steep ascent of the Colfiorito, with

the additional aid of two oxen. This road for two miles was cut in the rock, and the traveller enjoys from it a delightful prospect of the mountains on each side, with their evergreen oak forests waving around him. The road here is so narrow, that it is impossible for two carriages to pass each other; but, happily for us, we met none.

The beauty and grandeur of the scenery prevent the traveller from feeling, in its full extent, the desolation and misery of the country; but nothing can be more wretched than the aspect of the villages of Casa Nova, and Colfiorito, and the town of Seravalle, which we this day passed. Their inhabitants appear to suffer the extreme evils of poverty, dirt, and idleness; and crowds of beggars literally accompanied the carriage during the greater part of this day's journey. Almost the only vehicles we met were carts filled with brigands, loaded with chains, and escorted by officers and soldiers, with fixed bayonets.

The road descended, winding between richly wooded mountains. We passed the old castle of Belforte on our left, crowning the summit of a high rock. The river Chienti (the ancient Potentia) continued to accompany us, sometimes flowing through verdant banks, shaded by evergreen oaks; at others, rolling with impetuosity through a rocky channel; and finally, near Tolentino, expanding itself into a broad and majestic current, flowing at the bottom of the cliff on which this town stands. Ruined castles, situated on the summits of bold rocks; picturesque bridges, (one formed of a ladder, with the interstices between the steps filled with hurdles) thrown across the river; the soft blue green of the water; the luxuriant trees that shaded its banks, afforded a prospect continually varying and beautiful. This charming scenery is well characterised by Addison as "*Umbria's green retreats.*" I never saw a country boasting such unparalleled and lovely verdure.

Mrs Colston feels deeply the degradation of the Italians, and has her British indignation honestly and generously roused at the tyranny of their present rulers, who are far more hateful to the people than their predecessors, the French. In the seclusion of the Pyrenees, where "all was peaceful—all was still,"—she had, in an after period of her tour, less occasion to recall to mind the vices of man amidst the benignity of nature, little imagining that the blinded rulers of the world were in no long time to plan, once more, the march of hostile invasion through these pastoral recesses, and to imitate the worst acts of the ambitious Spirit that had so lately been extinguished, without possessing one spark of his genius, or the splendour and magnificence with which he could veil his crimes under enterprizes of real and lasting public good. While Mrs Colston has a just abhorrence of the delinquencies of this man of war, her admiration of his better qualities yet rises in every step of her journey. What a delusion in the sovereigns of nations, now seemingly to exert themselves to the utmost, to make *his* fall be considered as a misfortune to mankind! "Mad world, mad kings!"

A very singular ebullition of religious zeal was witnessed by our travellers at Montpellier, under the ministration of a great Catholic preacher of the name of Guyon, who goes about as a missionary, to awaken the languid devotion of the French. After preaching for some time at this place, during which a great change was effected in the habits of the people, from dancing, dressing, and card-playing, to attending churches and processions, he at last assembled the people to what was called a Plantation of the Cross. The description of the ceremony is very curious, and it was well qualified to excite a sensation in a superstitious people. The whole town, all the different religious orders, all the ladies, married and unmarried, walked in separate bodies, singing sacred music, and dressed in elegant attire, the unmarried like brides, and the married like widows.

Next followed two companies of men, who had already taken their turn in carrying the cross, two hundred in each division; a third company were relieved by a fourth, at the foot of the esplanade; the remaining six relieved each other at the various stations appointed for that purpose. At each of these places was erected a species of canopy, formed of high posts, festooned with evergreens, and connected with wreaths of the same, intermixed with artificial white flowers: from many were suspended crosses formed of lilacs, stocks, etc.

Then came the cross itself, the first sight of which was accompanied by loud

cheers from the assembled multitude, crying, "*Vive la croix, hurra, hurra!*" It was forty-five feet long; and the wooden figure of our Saviour was painted with the blood flowing from the wounds. It was to me an unpleasant spectacle, and I involuntarily closed my eyes. The artificers of the image thought it really was alive; and, in consequence, declared to the Abbé Guyon that they would not nail it to the cross; which office the missionary was obliged to execute himself. M. Guyon was in this part of the procession, marshalling the men, giving the word of command, now jumping on the cross, then on the frame-work, in the prosecution of his arduous office, and reminded me of David dancing before the ark.

The Bishop and Clergy followed the cross; after them, the Authorities, and last of all a regiment of soldiers and band. I have omitted to mention, that two thin lines of infantry extended throughout the whole length of the procession, to preserve order, and to keep off the crowd.

This ceremony was undoubtedly conducted with wonderful order, and did great credit to the talents and exertions of M. Guyon, who, unaided, unauthorised by the church or the state, had been able to procure for the mission which he conducted, so deep an interest, and so universal an attention. This procession took two hours in passing by the spot on which we were stationed; it consisted of fifteen thousand individuals; about sixty thousand were present, including the spectators assembled in different parts of the town to view it.

To this immense multitude M. Guyon addressed a few words of exhortation, first from the cross, and afterwards from a stone pedestal, which, prior to the Revolution, supported a statue. During this short harangue, which lasted only a few minutes, this extraordinary man addressed an appropriate word of exhortation to every class of people present. He spoke to the Bishop and Authorities, paying them the highest reverence; to the Clergy, the officers, the soldiers, the nobility, the merchants, the trades-people, and artisans; the ladies, the females of the lower orders; the young, the old, the rich, the poor. Above all, he exhorted them to concord, oblivion of parties and past injuries, loyalty, religion, and universal charity.

The whole scene was highly interesting, as well as animated and picturesque. It would have made a fine subject for a painting, if well represented; had my drawing-book and pencils been near me, I would have attempted a faint sketch of it. The ceremonies of Rome are more grand and august; but there is in this something at once touching and gay, which rendered it unlike any I had previously seen: it was indeed a universal jubilee.

When the cross began to be raised, a general shout of acclamation burst from the assembled multitude. A young lady near me (who had escaped from the procession, alarmed by the vicinity of the horses), exclaimed, "*Que c'est edifiant cela!*" I smiled internally, but reflected that it was well for her if she was edified, and that the sympathies and religious feelings of sixty thousand persons, even if excited by means which we consider as unsuitable, were at least no subject for ridicule.

One fine trait in this amiable writer, is her consideration for the sentiments of all descriptions of people, especially on the subject of religion. With profound and rational sentiments of piety in her own mind, she takes a liberal view of those of others, and is much more disposed to find the same principle actuating them under all varieties of forms and expressions, than to think that it is of a kind materially different from her own. We wish we had more room for this very interesting work. Suffice it to say, that we believe it, on the whole, to be the book possessing the greatest quantity of information for the use of the tourist which has yet been collected together, relative to those fine countries through which Mrs Colston passed, and as the best adapted to be a travelling companion;—while to those who, like ourselves, stay at home and travel over maps, there is none which can bring them closer to the scenes which it describes, or supply better the gaps and deficiencies of other travellers. The work is accompanied by a very splendid set of lithographic engravings, the best specimens of that art which we have seen, and which evince the readiness and activity of Mrs Colston's pencil. The scenes in the Pyrenees, especially, are to us quite new, and, for picturesque character, are every way worthy of delineation.

We wished to have added a few specimens of translation from Petrarch, by Mrs Colston's mother, which she has appropriately introduced after a striking description of Vaucluse; but, from this too we

must refrain, owing to want of room. There are some parts, in particular, of the "chiare fresche e dolci acque," given with much felicity and effect. We must indulge our readers with one stanza:

Memory, that happy hour retrace,
When a blooming boy beside,
Meekness veiling beauty's pride,
She sat, adorn'd with every grace:
As o'er her bosom falling flowers
Diffus'd their sweets in frequent showers,
And from the bending branches blown,
Enamour'd midst her tresses hung;

(Than orient pearls that breast more fair,
Than gold more bright that waving hair)
Some on th' enamell'd turf were thrown,
Some o'er the wave were flung,
Which graceful sporting down the stream
Here, seem'd to say, Love reigns supreme.

To gentle awe my soul resign'd,
Surely, I thought, a form so fair
Of Paradise alone hath breath'd the air:
And such oblivion seiz'd my mind
Of every grosser earthly thought,
Contemplating her air serene,
Her countenance and her angelic smile,
So much her accents did my soul beguile,
Sighing, I said, this is no earthly scene,
By what enchantment was I hither brought?

We now bid an unwilling farewell to Mrs Colston, but we hope she is not yet done with travelling, and that she will continue to impart to us the benefit of her travels.

Stanzas to Greece.

HAIL to the morn that o'er thee beams,
Herald of days like those gone by!
Which o'er thy night of ages streams,
And breaks thy sleep of slavery!
Thy childrens' second birth we hail,
In tyrants' blood baptiz'd the Free!"
May such soon live but in the tale
Of what hath ceas'd to be!

Thy sons have cast their fetters by,
Have burst at last the iron chain;—
Accurst the nation that would try
To bind it on the brave again!
Though few—yet of the glorious band,
Who fight for death or freedom there,
The history of our native land
Forbids us to despair.

From out the ashes of thy dead,
Rekindles Freedom's hallow'd fire;—
From heart to heart her flame shall spread,
Like lightning o'er th' electric wire.
Again she walks thy sunny shore,
Each former haunt, and fairy Isle;
Thy Spirits from the stars, once more,
On thee look down and smile!

Land of the everlasting song!
Voice of the dead that cannot die,
From sire to son which floats along
From rock to rock—as echoes fly!
Oh! thou wert never made for slaves,
Nor form'd for Tyranny to blast,
For Freedom's halo gilds thy graves,
The landmarks of the past!

Thy heroes o'er the tide of time,
All dim and distant though it be,
Still tower immortal and sublime,
As mountains soar above the sea.
Eternity their tale shall tell—
Through future ages, as they roll,
Shall despots fade before its spell,
As doth a burning scroll!

The false one's followers crowd thy shore;
Amidst thy scenes they seek to dwell;
Give them thy gift to foes of yore,
Within thy breast a silent cell.
But living may not one remain,
To cast a shadow over thee,
Or wake the bitter thought again
Of shame and slavery!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

An Encyclopædia, or, General Dictionary of the Science of Music, is about to be published under the direction of Mr Bacon, assisted by Messrs Clementi, Bishop, Horsley, Wesley, Shield, and Hewitt. The work will be printed in 2 vols. 4to. and illustrated by numerous Engravings.

An edition of Shakespeare is about to be published, containing the whole of his Plays in one pocket volume, with a glossary.

Sharon Turner, Esq. F.S.A. is about to publish, in 4to. the third volume of his History of England, embracing the Middle Ages.

Mr Frederick Clissold, who made the next ascent of Mont Blanc after the fatal accident that befel the Guides of Dr Hamel, in 1820, by the fall of an Avalanche, is about to publish an account of his journey, for the benefit of the Guides of Chamouni.

The late Dr Whittaker's General History of the County of York is within a part of its completion, and will form 2 handsome folio volumes.

The Rev. Edward Irving has in the press, in an 8vo. volume, Pulpit Orations, Lectures, and Sermons, delivered in the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden.

Mr Bakewell is preparing for Publication, "Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentane and various parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822, with Comparative Views of the Geology of these Countries with that of Great Britain," illustrated with Plates, &c.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles A. Stothard, S.A. by his Widow, will be published very shortly, in one volume, 8vo. with a portrait and facsimiles on wood of some of his original Sketches, in Letters to his Friends.

The Rev. G. S. Faber is printing, in 2 8vo. volumes, a Treatise on the Genius and Object of the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian Dispensations.

Mr Hornor is about to publish, in four Engravings, a View of London and the surrounding Country, taken with mathematical accuracy from an observatory purposely erected over the cross of St Paul's Cathedral. A Prospectus is published, containing some beautiful Engravings, illustrative of the plan and execution of the work.

Mr Scott's History of England during the reign of George III., designed as a continuation to Hume and Smollett, will appear in the course of the month, in 4 vols. 8vo., and also in 5 vols. 18mo.

The Flood of Thessaly; the Girl of Provence; the Letter of Boccacio; the Fall of Saturn; the Genealogist, a Chinese Tale, and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall, will be published on the 1st of March.

Bouterwek's History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, translated from the original German. By Miss Thomasina Ross, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Antiquities of Free-Masonry, from the Creation of the World to the Dedication of Solomon's Temple. By the Rev. G. Oliver.

A Latin Grammar, by C. G. Zumpt, Professor in the Fredericks Gymnasium, Berlin. Translated from the German, with additions. By the Rev. J. Kenrick, A. M.

Martha, a memorial of a beloved and only Sister. By Andrew Reed, Author of "No Fiction."

An Elegy on the late Henry Martyn, and other Pieces. By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, with a Portrait of Mr Martyn.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous. By Henry Neele.

Practical Christianity, illustrated by Biblical Examples, also by Reflections on some of the principal parts of the Holy Scriptures. By Mrs Sheriffe.

The Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in 1821 and 1822. By a Field Officer of Cavalry, in an 8vo. volume, with Maps, &c.

Letters upon the Art of Miniature Painting, containing the most clear, and, at the same time, progressive Instructions in the Art, and the processes for attaining perfection in it.

The Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar, with Copious Notes, illustrating the structure of the Saxon, and the formation of the English Language; with Engravings, fac-similes of Manuscripts, &c. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, M.A.

Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819, to illustrate the Moral, Literary, and Religious condition of the country. By J. M. Duncan, A. B.

EDINBURGH.

Mr Scoresby, who is already favourably known to the public, by his Descrip-

tion of the Arctic Regions, and by various scientific papers in the Transactions of learned Societies, has now in the press, an Account of his Voyage to Greenland in the summer of 1822. In the course of his voyage, he explored the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, to the extent of between 700 and 800 geographical miles, the greater part of which may be considered as original discovery. He has constructed a chart, founded on about 500 angles or bearings, taken at 50 different stations, most of which were determined by astronomical observations. This, we understand, is to accompany the work; and it will constitute the first and only accurate map of that remote and all but inaccessible region. The fate of the *lost* Colony, said to have been established in West Greenland in the beginning of the 15th century, has long excited great interest. There is reason to think, that the descendants of the colonists may still exist; for traces of recent inhabitation were found in different places. As a man of science, Mr Scoresby ranks in the first class among the navigators of our day, and we are confident that the present volume will add to his well-deserved fame.

Preparing for publication, A Treatise on the Law respecting Bills of Exchange. By Robert Thomson, Esq. Advocate.

Precipitance; a Highland Tale, will be published in a few days.

Mr Grant Stewart of Strathspey will speedily publish the Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland. Foolscap 8vo.

An interesting Novel, from the pen of Miss Crumpe, entitled Vice and Virtue, will speedily appear, in three volumes.

"When blind Ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness and true renown,
Then like an idiot gazing on a brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy. *Young.*

The Edinburgh Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary; containing a Description of Various Countries, Kingdoms, States, Cities, Towns, Mountains, &c. in the world. Abridged from the larger Work, in one thick closely-printed volume, 8vo. is in the press.

Supplement to the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. VI. Part I. with numerous Engravings, is in a state of forwardness.

*** Vol. VI. Part II. which completes the Work, will be published in the course of the present year.

Bibliotheca Britannica; or, a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, Ancient and Modern; including such Foreign Works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British Dominions; as also, a Copious Selection from the Writings of the most distinguished Authors of all Ages and Nations. By Robert Watt, M. D. Part VIII. Handsomely printed in 4to. Nearly ready. To be completed in Twelve Parts.

In the press, A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. David William Gordon, Minister of Gordon. Some of these popular Sermons were preached upon particular occasions.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LAW.

Roscoe's Additional Observations on Penal Jurisprudence. 8vo. 6s. boards.

A Supplement to the 23d Edition of Dr Burn's Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer. By George Chetwynd, Esq. M.P. 8vo. 16s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History of Roman Literature from its earliest period to the Augustan Age. In 2 vols. By John Dunlop, £.1. 11. 6.

Rivington's Annual Register, 1798 £.1. boards.

Relics of Literature. By Stephen Collet, A.M. 8vo. 18s.

Universal Stenography; or, a Practical System of Short-Hand, combining Legibility and Brevity, upon the general Principles of the late ingenious Mr Samuel Taylor, with Improvements from the best Writers. By W. Harding. Elegantly printed in 12mo. 3s.

The Inn-Keeper's Album. Arranged for Publication, by W. F. Deacon. 8vo. 12s.

Memoirs of the late Mrs Paterson, wife of the Rev. Dr Paterson, St Petersburgh. By the Rev. William Swan. 3s. 6d.

The Hermit of Dumpton Cave; or, Devotedness to God, and Usefulness to Man, exemplified in the Old Age of Joseph Croome Petit, of Dumpton, near Ramsgate, With a Portrait. 12mo. 5s.

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. Vol. I. with a Portrait and another Engraving. 8vo. 9s.

The Cabinet of Portraits, with Biographical Sketches. By Robert Scott, Esq. Five Prints. In 12mo. Part I. 2s. 6d. Demy 8vo. 4s., Quarto, 7s., India Paper, 9s.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Work Table; or, Evening Conversation. By Miss E. A. Souter. 2 vols. Foolscap, 7s.

The Happy Family, a Tale. By Miss Sandham. 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

Shakespear's Tempest, being No. I. of Pickering's Miniature Edition. With a Plate. 1s. 6d.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne on the Reputed Excess and Depreciation of Bank Notes, and on the Consequences of the New Metallic Currency. By Daniel Beaumont Payne, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Letter to the Rev. T. R. Malthus, being an Answer to the Criticism on Mr Godwin's Work on Population. By David Booth. 8vo. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

A Vindication of the Authenticity of the Narratives contained in the first two Chapters of the Gospel of St Matthew and St Luke; being an Investigation of Objections urged by the Unitarian Editors of the improved Version of the New Testament; with an Appendix. By a Layman. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Village Preacher; a Collection of short plain Sermons, partly original, partly selected, and adapted to Village instruction. Volume III. 12mo. 5s.

Sermons. By the Rev. John Hayden, Curate of Londonderry Cathedral. 8vo. 8s.

A New Self-Interpreting Testament, with the parallel passages at length, &c. By the Rev. John Platts. Part I. Royal 4to. 7s., Demy 8vo. 4s. 6d.

VOYAGES, &c.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the Uranie and Physicienne Corvettes, commanded by Captain Freycinet, during the Years 1817, 18, 19, and 20; on a Scientific Expedition undertaken by order of the French Government, in a series of Letters to a Friend. By J. Argo, Draftsman to the Expedition. With twenty-six Engravings, 4to. £.3 13 6d.

Views of Ireland, Moral, Political, and Religious. By John O'Driscol, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 4s.

Journal of a Tour from Astrachan to Karass, containing Remarks on the general Appearances of the Country, Manners of the Inhabitants, &c.; with the substance of many Conversations with Effendis, Mollas, and other Mahommedans, on the Questions at Issue between them and Christians. By the Rev. William Glen, Missionary, Astrachan. 12mo. 4s.

Notes on Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem. By Sir Fred. Henniker, Bart. 8vo. 12mo.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Annual Register, for 1819. Vol. XII. One thick volume 8vo. £.1 1s.

The Farmer's Magazine; a Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. Published quarterly, (No. XCIII.) Monday, 10th February, 1823. 3s.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Vol. XVIII. Part II. Sixth Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Improved. Illustrated by nearly six hundred Engravings. 16s. Feb. 1823.

Letters, Literary and Political, on Poland; comprising Observations on Russia, and other Sclavonian Nations and Tribes. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie of Jerviswood, and the Lady Grisell Baillie. By their Daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic, translated by J. G. Lockhart, L.L.B. 4to. 18s. half bound.

Remarks on Colonel Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders: chiefly respecting the Jacobitism of the Highlanders, the Transactions of Montrose, and the Charges against Argyle. 2s.

A Reply to Annotations on Dr Mackintosh's Treatise on Puerperal Fever; by Mr Moir, Surgeon; and to Letters by Dr James Hamilton, jun. Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c. 2s.

Letter to the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, relative to a Plan which has been proposed for reporting the Decisions of the Court of Session.

The Ancient Curious Collection of Scotland, consisting of genuine Scotch Tunes, with their original Variations, now, for the first time, arranged with Basses throughout, with the view of preserving those ingenious productions from oblivion; by Nathaniel Gow; each Tune, with its variations, forming a distinct Lesson for the Piano-forte or Harp, Violin, and Violoncello. Dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8s.

Lectures on Select Subjects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Optics, Geography, Astronomy, and Dialling. By James Ferguson, F.R.S.

With Notes, and an additional Volume, containing the most recent Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences. By D. Brewster, L.L.D. &c. Third Edition, with twenty-seven Plates. 2 Vols. 8vo. £.1 5s. bds.

A Collection for the Use of Schools. By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, A.M. Minister of St. George's, Edinburgh, 12mo. 3s. bound.

The Reader's Guide, being a Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse, designed to exemplify an entirely New System of Notation. By William Andrew, Teacher of Elocution, Edinburgh. Second Edition. 12mo. 4s. bound.

The Student's Assistant; comprising, in the form of Question and Answer, a System of Geography, the Histories of England and Scotland, and Instructions in Drawing. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.—On the subject of the difference between these countries, a variety of documents have been made public since our last Number, which we think it of importance to put upon record in our Register, and which we proceed to do with as much detail as our limits will permit.

The first of these is a circular note, which the Sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, addressed from Verona, to the several Ministers at the different courts of Europe, of which the following is an abridged copy:—

"*Verona, Dec.* 14, 1822.

"SIR,—You were informed, by the documents which were addressed to you at the moment of the closing of the conferences at Laybach, in the month of May 1821, that another meeting of the allied Monarchs and their cabinets would take place in the course of the year 1822.

"This meeting has just taken place, and we herewith make you acquainted with its principal results.

"By the convention, signed at Navara, July 24, 1821, the occupation of a military line on Piedmont, by a corps of auxiliary troops, had been fixed to the term of one year, with the understanding, that at the meeting of 1822 it should be examined whether the situation of the country should permit it to cease, or render it necessary to prolong it.

"The plenipotentiaries of the Courts, parties to the convention of Navara, have entered on this examination conjointly with the plenipotentiaries of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, and they have agreed that the assistance of an allied force was no longer necessary to maintain the tranquillity of Piedmont. The auxiliary army stationed in the kingdom of the two Sicilies will be diminished as soon as possible by 17,000 men, and be completed on the 30th of September 1823, by the evacuation of the fortress Alessandria.

"Thus, in proportion as events answered to the wishes of the Sovereigns, that is fulfilled which they declared at the close of the Congress at Laybach—'That, far from wishing to prolong their intervention in the affairs of Italy beyond the limits of strict necessity, they cherished the sincerest wish that the state of things which had imposed on them this painful obligation might cease as soon as possible, and never return.' They rejoice at being able to leave the care of the security and tranquillity of the people to the princes to whom Providence has intrusted them, and to deprive calumny of its last remaining pretext to disseminate doubts respecting the independence of the Italian princes.

"At the moment when the military insurrection in Naples and Turin yielded at the approach of a regular force, a firebrand of rebellion was thrown into the Ottoman empire. The concidence of the events could leave no doubt in the sameness of their origin. The breaking out of the same evil in so many different points, did every where, though under various pretexts, yet accompanied by the same forms and the same language, too evidently betray the common focus from which it proceeded. Those who directed this event had flattered themselves that they could use it to confound, by discord, the counsels of the Powers, and to neutralize the forces which new dangers might summon to other parts of Europe. This hope was disappointed. The monarchs, resolved to repel the maxim of rebellion, in whatever place or under whatever form it might shew itself, immediately pronounced their unanimous sentence of disapprobation upon it. Devoted with unceasing attention so the object of their common cares, they withstood

every consideration which might have led them aside from their path; but at the same time they followed the voice of their conscience, and a sacred duty, and spoke for the cause of humanity, in favour of the victims of an enterprise equally rash and criminal. The numerous confidential communications have led to a perfect satisfactory understanding with respect to the affairs of the East. Other events, deserving of the entire attention of the monarchs, have fixed their attention on the deplorable condition of the Eastern European Peninsula.

"Spain now endures the fate which awaits all states that are so unfortunate as to seek what is good in a way in which it never can be found. It passes through the fatal circle of its revolution—a revolution which deluded or ill-disposed men would willingly have represented as a blessing, nay, as the triumph of an enlightened age. Spain, at the expense of her happiness and her glory, has only furnished a new and melancholy example of the inevitable consequences of every transgression of eternal laws of the moral order of the world. The legitimate authority fettered, and changed into a formal instrument of the overthrow of all rights, and all legal privilege; all classes of the people hurried away by the stream of revolutionary movement; violence and oppression exercised under the forms of law; a whole kingdom given up a prey to disorders and convulsions of every kind; rich colonies, which justify their separation by the very same maxims on which the mother country has founded its public law, and which it would willingly, but in vain, condemn in another hemisphere; the last resources of the state consumed by civil war—this is the picture which the present state of Spain presents—such are the evils by which a generous people, deserving of a better fate, is visited; such, in fine, are the grounds of the just apprehensions which such an assemblage of elements of trouble and confusion must excite in the countries more nearly in contact with the Peninsula. If ever, in the bosom of civilization, a power arose, hostilely alienated from the principles of preservation, from the principles in which the European confederation reposes, such a power is Spain, in its present state of dissolution. Could the Sovereigns have contemplated, as calm spectators, an evil which every day threatens to become more terrible and dangerous? The decision of the Monarchs could not be doubtful. Their legations have received orders to quit the Peninsula. Whatever may be the consequences of this step, the Monarchs thereby prove to Europe, that nothing can induce them to waver in a resolution which their utmost intimate conviction has approved. The more sincere the friendship is which they feel towards his Majesty the King of Spain, the more lively their interest in the welfare of a nation which has distinguished itself by so many virtues at all periods of its history, the more strongly they have felt the necessity of adopting the measures on which they have decided, and which they shall know how to maintain.

"All Europe must at length acknowledge, that the system pursued by the Monarchs is in the most perfect harmony with the well-understood interests of the people, as well as with the independence and strength of the Government. The wisest measures of the Government cannot prosper, the best-meant plans of improvement cannot succeed, confidence cannot return, till these promoters of the most odious purposes shall have sunk into utter impotency; and the Monarchs will not believe that they have accomplished their great work, till they have deprived them of the arms with which they may threaten the repose of the world.

"In communicating to the Cabinet to which you are accredited, the facts and declarations which are contained in the present document, you will at the same time call to mind what the Monarchs consider as the indispensable condition of the fulfilment of their benevolent wishes. To ensure to Europe, not only the peace which it enjoys under the protection of treaties, but also that sense of eternal repose and durable security without which no real happiness can exist for nations, they must calculate on the faithful and persevering co-operation of all the Governments; and they flatter themselves that the words here spoken will be received as a new confirmation of their firm and unalterable resolution to consecrate all the means entrusted to them by Providence to promote the welfare of Europe."

Following upon this are three notes addressed by the courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to their respective Ministers at Madrid, which are, of course, conceived in the same general spirit as the circular. The Prussian and Russian notes are respectively dated Verona, November the 22d and 26th. The Austrian Cabinet appears to have taken a longer time to form a determination, its note being dated the 14th December. These notes, along with one from the French court, were presented to the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the

6th January. They are by no means of a uniform character, varying in tone, with a visible attention to safety and convenience. Thus Russia, to whom war with Spain is scarcely possible, denounces nothing less than invasion, and the vindication of the monarchical principle by force of arms; while France, on the Spanish frontier, holds out, plainly enough, an opportunity of accommodation.

As might be expected, from the previous high tone of the ruling party at Madrid, and indeed from the inflexibility of the Spanish character itself, these notes have been received with indignation and contempt. The Spanish Minister, disdaining to enter into a discussion with the Ministers of the three powers at Madrid, gave directions to the Spanish agents at the respective courts to declare them to be full of distorted facts, defamatory suppositions, unjust and calumnious accusations, and vague demands, which it would be unworthy the Spanish Government to answer.

Spanish Reply to the Notes of Austria, Russia, and Prussia.

"It would be unworthy the Spanish Government to answer the notes of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, because they are only a tissue of lies and calumnies; it confines itself to making known to you its intentions. 1. The Spanish nation is governed by a constitution which was solemnly recognized by the Emperor of Russia in 1813. 2. The Spaniards, friends of their country, proclaimed at the beginning of the year 1812 this constitution, which was abolished solely by violence in 1814. 3. The constitutional King of Spain freely exercises the power vested in him by the fundamental code. 4. The Spanish nation does not in any way interfere with the institutions and internal regime of other nations. 5. The remedy for all the evils which may afflict the Spanish nation, only concerns herself. 6. The evils which she experiences are not the effect of the constitution, but of the efforts of the enemies who endeavour to destroy it. 7. The Spanish nation will never admit the right of any power to interfere in her affairs. The Government will never deviate from the line traced out to it by its duties, the national honour, and by its unalterable attachment to the constitution sworn to in 1812. I authorise you to communicate verbally this paper to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the power to which you are accredited, and to deliver him a copy, if he requires it. His Majesty hopes that the prudence, the zeal, and the patriotism which distinguish you, will suggest a firm conduct, such as is worthy of the Spanish name under the present circumstances. This is what I have the honour to communicate to your Excellency, by order of his Majesty.

"I renew to you the assurances, &c.,

(Signed) "EVARISTO SAN MIGUEL.

"*Madrid, Jan.* 9."

This bitter and pithy reply was publicly sanctioned by the Cortes; and the ambassadors of the three powers immediately demanded their passports. The following are copies of the answers of the Spanish minister:—

Answer to the Prussian Note.

"I have received the note which your Excellency transmitted to me under the date of the 10th, and, contenting myself with stating, in reply, that the wishes of the Government of his most Catholic Majesty for the happiness of the Prussian States are not less ardent than those manifested by his Majesty the King of Prussia towards Spain, I transmit to your Excellency, by royal order, the passports for which you have applied.

(Dated the Palace, Jan. 11, 1823, *and signed with the usual formalities.)*

"EVARISTO SAN MIGUEL."

Answer to the Russian Note.

"I have received the very insolent note which your Excellency transmitted to me yesterday the 10th instant, and, limiting myself for my sole reply, to stating that you have shamefully abused (perhaps through ignorance) the law of nations, which is always respectable in the eyes of the Spanish Government, I transmit, by order of his Majesty, the passports you desire, hoping that your Excellency will be pleased to leave this capital with as little delay as possible.

I am, &c.

"EVARISTO SAN MIGUEL.

"*Jan.* 11."

Answer to the Austrian Note.

"I have received the note which your Excellency was pleased to remit to me, dated yesterday, the 10th, and having now only to say, that the Government of his Catholic Majesty is indifferent whether it maintains relations or not with the Court of Vienna, I send you by royal order the passports which you have required. I am, &c.

"EVARISTO SAN MIGUEL.

"*Madrid, Jan.* 10."

The Spanish Government replied at greater length, and with more civility, to the French note of M. de Villele; but they rejected, with equal firmness, all dic-

tation in their internal concerns, sarcastically declining all other aid from France, than the dissolution of her army of the Pyrennees, the expulsion of the factious Spaniards, who take refuge in her territory, and the punishment of those who defame the institutions of Spain and the Cortes.

The Spanish Ministers have communicated to the Cortes all the Notes of the Holy Alliance, and their replies thereto, as above; they added, that they intended to issue a manifesto, faithfully tracing the history of the Spanish revolution, and the conduct which the Government had constantly observed. This information, and the reading of the Spanish documents, was followed by the greatest applause, both from the Deputies and the spectators in the gallery. It was immediately proposed, that the measures taken by the Ministry should be sanctioned by a message to the King; but M. Arguelles proposed a delay of 48 hours, that it might not appear that the Cortes had been hurried away with a rash enthusiasm. Accordingly, at the appointed time, (the 11th January) the subject was resumed, and after several eloquent speeches from members of all the different parties, the following Address was unanimously agreed to, expressing their indignation and astonishment at the Notes of the Allied Powers, and their entire satisfaction with the replies made to the same; and the Address concludes with the declaration, that the Cortes are prepared to maintain, at every risk, the dignity and splendour of the constitutional throne, and of the King of Spain, and the independence, the liberties, and the honour of the Spanish nation, and to decree whatever sacrifice may be necessary for the preservation of interests so invaluable.

In the sitting of the 12th, the deputation of the Cortes proceeded from that assembly to wait on his Majesty with the message agreed to on the 11th inst. On their return, General Reigo, who was the President of the deputation, stated, that his Majesty had received the message with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. A motion, which had been made by Senor Munarriz, calling upon the Government to publish to all Europe, as speedily as possible, the motives of its conduct, was read, and the mover made a short speech in support of it. The Secretary of State rose and said, that the Government had already declared to the Charge d'Affaires of Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburgh, that it would explain its sentiments and principles to all Europe. The Government would fulfil its promise, and he would say more—it was now employed in executing it. Senor Munarriz then withdrew his motion.

Notwithstanding these threatening appearances, the hope of peace being preserved was for some time entertained. All speculation on the subject, however, was speedily put an end to, by the receipt of the King of France's speech at the opening of the Session of the Legislative Chambers, which took place on the 28th January, and of which the following is a copy:

"Gentlemen—The length of the two last sessions, the short time which they have left you unoccupied, would have made me wish to be able to put off for a short time the opening of the present. But the regular vote of the expenditure of the state is an advantage of which you have felt all the value; and in order to preserve it, I have counted upon the same devotion which were necessary for me to obtain it.

"The situation of the interior of the kingdom is improved; the administration of justice loyally exercised by the juries, wisely and religiously directed by the magistrates, has put an end to the plots and attempts at revolt which were encouraged by the hope of impunity.

"I have concluded with the Holy See those conventions which were necessary for the formation of the new dioceses of which the law authorises the establishment.

"Every where the churches will be provided with their pastors; and the Clergy of France, completely organized, will bring upon us the blessings of Providence.

"I have provided by ordinances, as economy in our expenses required, regular order in the accounts. My Ministers will submit to the sanction of the law the account of the expenses of the year 1821. They will furnish you with the statement of the receipt and expenses effected in 1822, and that of the charges and resources to be expected in 1824.

"It results from those documents, that all prior expenses being liquidated—even those which the military preparations have rendered necessary—we enter upon the year 1823 with forty millions of excess upon the accounts open for this year; and that the budget for 1824 will present a balance of receipts and expenses, without requiring the employment of this reserve.

"France owed to Europe the example of a prosperity, which a nation cannot obtain but by the return to religion, to legitimacy, to order, to true liberty. That salutary example she now gives.

"I have done every thing to insure the security of my subjects, and to preserve

Spain from the extreme of misfortune: the infatuation with which the propositions sent to Madrid have been rejected, leaves little hopes of peace.

"I have ordered the recal of my Minister: and one hundred thousand Frenchmen, commanded by a Prince of my family, whom it delights my heart to call my son, are about to march and invoke the God of St Louis to preserve the throne of Spain to a grandson of Henry IV., to preserve that fine kingdom from ruin, and to reconcile her to Europe.

"Our stations will be promptly reinforced wherever maritime commerce requires protection. Cruizers will be sent out on all parts of the coast which may be menaced.

"If war be inevitable, I will use every effort to confine its circle, and limit its duration. It will only be undertaken to conquer a peace, the attainment of which the present state of Spain renders impossible. Let Ferdinand VII. be free to give to his subjects institutions which they can only hold from him, and which, by insuring their repose, will dispel the just disquietude of France, and hostilities will from that moment cease. I here, Gentlemen, before you, make this solemn engagement. It was incumbent upon me to submit to you the state of our exterior relations; it was for me to deliberate; I have done so maturely; I have consulted the dignity of my crown and the security of France; we are Frenchmen, and we shall be always united in defence of such interests."

A petty warfare between the Royalists and Constitutionalists still continues in the northern provinces of Spain, but it is rendered languid by the severity of the weather.

On the 8th of January, the Spanish Cortes authorised the Government to settle the British claims for spoliations on its commerce in the West Indies, and has inscribed in the great book 40,000,000 reals to cover the indemnities. The Cortes has also extended the liberty of trade previously granted to the island of Cuba, to all its ultra-marine provinces, for ten months, and to such nations as the Government may think proper.

PORTUGAL.—On the 31st December, the Portuguese minister for foreign affairs presented a memoir to the Cortes, upon the political relations of Portugal with the other powers of Europe. It appears that the king of Portugal had made the following communication to the British Government:

"His most Faithful Majesty having required from the friendship of Great Britain a frank declaration, not doubting, that with this guarantee Portugal might dispense with contracting new alliances; but his Britannic Majesty, not considering it consistent with the principles of his actual policy to make the declaration required, being bound also by treaties with the other powers. His most Faithful Majesty does not, however, consider that the commercial and amicable relations between the two nations will be altered; but he sees himself obliged to seek, in fresh alliances, the aid which the Peninsula requires at this moment, when it is menaced by the formidable league of four great powers, which assert the right to decide, among themselves, as to the nature and form of the governments of Europe."

To this confidential communication, the British minister made the following reply:—

"The English Government having solemnly declared, in the face of the world, that it does not assume the existence of a right of intervention in the internal concerns of other states, England will feel herself obliged to lend to Portugal all the succour of which it may stand in need, as often as its independence may be menaced by any other power in any manner whatever. This promise, which is only the repetition of that which England has made under other circumstances, and at various times, has no relation, and can have none, with the political institutions of Portugal; its object being simply to declare, that those institutions have not changed, in any manner, the relations which heretofore existed between the two countries."

The following is the letter of her Majesty, the Queen of Portugal, to her august spouse, relative to the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the Cortes:—

"SIRE—I received last night, through the hands of one of your Ministers, the order to quit your States. So then it was for the purpose of sending me into exile, that you induced me to descend from the throne to which you raised me. I pardon, and I compassionate you from the bottom of my heart. All my contempt, all my hatred, shall be reserved for those by whom you are beset and deceived. In exile I shall be more free than you in your palace. I carry with me liberty. My heart is not enslaved. It has never crouched before those rebellious subjects who have dared to impose laws upon you, and who wished to force upon me an oath which my conscience rejected. I yielded not to their menaces; I obeyed a voice from Heaven, which announced to me, that if the period of greatness was passed, that of glory was commencing;

for the world would say, ' The Queen has preserved unsullied the majesty of the diadem—she has not consented that its splendour should be dimmed; and whilst Monarchs *(hommes couronnes)* who hold the sceptre and the sword, succumbed, she remained unsubdued, and without reproach.'

" As your obedient wife, I shall obey you, Sire, but I shall obey you alone. To you alone [illegible] that my illness, and the [illegible] son at this moment, [illegible] impossible. They have [illegible] of you to order my [illegible] death. I shall soon depart; but, to find a place of repose, whither shall I direct my steps? The country of my birth, as well as yours, is a prey to the spirit of Revolution. My brother, like yourself, is a crowned captive! and it is to no purpose that his youthful Queen asks permission to mingle her tears with mine in pious seclusion! You will not refuse permission to my children to accompany me. Among the laws you have imposed, there is not one which tears children from their mothers; and though my rights as a Queen may be despised, those of a mother will perhaps be respected.

" At the approach of spring I shall quit these States, the land in which I reigned, and in which I have done some good. I will go to share the dangers of my brother, and I shall say to him, ' They could not force *me* to yield! I am exiled, but my conscience is pure, for I am mindful of the blood that flows in my veins. Adieu, Sire; I leave you, old and infirm, on a tottering throne. In leaving you my grief is extreme. Your son is not with you, and the evil-disposed keep you from him more studiously than they do even mothers. May He who reigns over Kings watch over you, and confound your enemies! Wherever that wife, whom you exile, may be, she shall pray for your Majesty, she shall beg of God to grant you long life, and finally to bestow upon that country, whence I am exiled, peace and prosperity.

" THE QUEEN."

TURKEY AND GREECE.—A letter from Constantinople, dated December 7, states, that " the head of the favourite Haleb Effendi is fixed over the gate of the Seraglio, and from all quarters of the capital the people throng to contemplate this exhibition. The sentence placed above the head states, that he abused, in the most criminal manner, the unlimited confidence which his master had placed in him. The official recital of this tragical end shews that this favourite, unlike others, did not want personal courage. Supported by 40 friends, or devoted servants, he dared to defend himself against the Capidgi-bachia, who presented themselves to demand his head. Haleb, and his trusty defenders, after a long resistance, were overpowered by numbers, and cut to pieces. The Janissaries, infuriated at their triumph, demand that all the public offices shall be filled by their creatures. The Sultan recently went, in the most cautious incognito, to the residence of the new Grand Vizier, probably to ask his advice. The interview lasted three-quarters of an hour, and was followed by the dismissal of numerous dignitaries of all ranks. This Grand Vizier is himself only a vulgar, fanatical Janissary. The Sultan merely reigns nominally. Since the revolution operated in the ministry, all communication with the Christian ambassadors had ceased. Lord Strangford will find things much altered on his return."

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Dec.* 14.—" Massacres have been renewed in the unfortunate isle of Scio. Some Greeks, seduced by fallacious promises, and by solemn declarations of amnesty, had returned to the still smoking ashes of their habitations. These fugitives, who were at first well received, have been assassinated on the first intelligence the Turks received of the disasters of their fleet at Tenedos. The French Consul at Scio has transmitted circulars throughout the isles, to warn the Greeks of the fate which awaits them, should they return at this moment into the country where their implacable enemies are predominant. The Oriental Spectator of Smyrna will have eternally to reproach itself with the death of a number of unfortunate men, who had escaped from the first massacres, but whom their articles on the Ottoman clemency, and on the tranquillity which was re-established at Scio, have induced to return. As to the Turco-Christian gazettes, faithful allies and eternal panegyrists of the Mussulmans, and of the energetic government of the Grand Seignior, they will not change their language, even though the head of their idol, which is menaced at the present moment, should fall under the sword of the Janissaries."

The Austrian Observer, of the 18th January, contains a long article from Constantinople, dated the 24th December, which states, that since the death of Haleb Effendi, the Janissaries have been very quiet. The Turks are busy in equipping new ships of war, finding that their large vessels can do nothing against the Greeks. The Captain Pacha is therefore resolved, it is said, to employ in future only corvettes, brigs, and other small and

lighter vessels, under the care of chosen seamen.

The Greeks are said to be preparing, at Ipsara, a great expedition, destined to attempt a landing in one of the islands of the Archipelago; it is generally thought Scio, though some name Metelin or Tenedos as the most likely to be visited. The Greeks have, for some time past, had a considerable number of small vessels in the harbour of Smyrna, and threaten that city. Regiments of Janissaries are to march to the Persian frontier. The cholera morbus is making great ravages in Asia, and penetrated to Syria, so that the inhabitants of the ruins of Aleppo have been forced to quit their last asylum.

AMERICA.

MEXICO.—Accounts from Jamaica of the 18th of November state, that the Mexican empire is in a troubled state. The provinces of Verrangua and Costa Rica are desirous of a republican form of government. The new Emperor Iturbide has begun to play the tyrant. About 150 individuals of the higher class, many of them Members of the Congress, have been arrested and confined in irons.—Accounts from Alvarado mention the failure of an attack on Vera Cruz by the troops and garrison of St Juan de Ulloa, on the 27th of October, when the Royalists were defeated, with the loss of one hundred and fifty, or two hundred men, killed, wounded, and prisoners.

COLOMBIA.—A decree of the Spanish General Morales, dated Maracaibo, Sept. 15th, directs that all foreigners found in the ranks of the Patriots—in any branch of the administration—with printing-papers, or acting as editors of papers, or works encouraging the rebellion against Spain or the Roman Catholic religion, shall be tried by a military Court, and suffer death, and their property forfeited to the public chest. Foreigners not engaged in the service of the Patriots, but who introduced themselves into the country while it was under their Government, were doomed to serve in the public works, and their property confiscated. Foreigners who were accidentally in the place were ordered to quit all Spanish territory within the exact period of eight days, and never to return again, under pain of death.

Another decree, of the 17th October, declares the vessels, [illegible] and effects, appertaining to [illegible] found in Maracaibo, at the [illegible] quest of the province, to [illegible] favour of the army of [illegible].

BRAZILS.—Ad[illegible] Janeiro to the 31st of Octo[illegible] been received. On account of the [illegible] of the Constitutional Emperor to sanction some new measures proposed by his ministers, they had all tendered their resignations, which were accepted. The persons, however, applied to to succeed them having all declined office, and memorials for their restoration having been sent in by the citizens, the old ministers, after only two days' absence from power, were all reinstated in their functions. On the 21st of October, a proclamation was issued by the Emperor, in which, after reviewing the conduct of the Cortes at Lisbon, which he stigmatizes as presenting to the Brazils only a legal despotism, a thousand times more tyrannical than the caprices of an individual despot, as having insulted and threatened the lives of the Brazilian deputies, and holding his father, the Constitutional King, in captivity, he declares, that Brazil no longer forms an integral part of the Portuguese monarchy; but he intimates, that if no troops are sent against the Brazils, no obstacle will be presented to the continuance of the ancient commercial relations between the two countries; and four months are allowed to the Cortes to form its determination on the subject. The editor of the journal called Correio do Rio de Janeiro, has been ordered by the Emperor to quit the territories of Brazil, within eight days. The offence is not mentioned. He has resided at Rio twenty-three years.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

JANUARY.

Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain (exclusive of the Arrears of War Duty on Malt and Property,) in the Years and Quarters ended 5th January 1822, and 5th January 1823, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 5th Jan. 1822.	1823.	Increase.	Decrease.	Quars. end. 5th Jan. 1821.	1822.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	9,135,102	9,386,111	251,009		2,486,896	2,402,238		84,658
Excise	26,546,415	25,747,441		798,974	6,390,789	6,291,908		98,881
Stamps	6,108,640	6,208,552	99,912		1,497,128	1,450,987		46,141
Post Office	1,318,000	1,359,000	41,000		308,000	324,000	16,000	
Assessed Taxes	6,256,811	5,798,805		458,006	2,292,708	2,120,384		172,324
Land Taxes	1,263,274	1,224,551		38,723	473,000	433,592		39,408
Miscellaneous	303,463	398,534	95,071		119,696	148,132	28,436	
Total	50,931,705	50,122,994	486,992	1,295,703	13,568,217	13,171,241	44,436	441,412
	Deduct Increase			486,992	Deduct Increase			44,436
	Decrease on the Year			808,711	Decrease on the Quarter			396,976

Cotton.—The total number of bags of cotton, imported into Liverpool in 1822, is 454,500; into London, 36,900; into Glasgow, 41,850. In 1821, there were imported into Liverpool 412,400 bags; London, 40,600; Glasgow, 35,100. The stock on hand in Liverpool, 1822, was 153,000 bags; in London, 121,100; in Glasgow, 12,550. Considerably less than the stocks of 1821, though the aggregate imports are so much greater.

Liverpool.—From the 1st of January to the 31st of December 1822 inclusive, 7921 vessels have reported inwards at Liverpool, viz. from foreign parts, 1805; Ireland, 2839; coasters, 3277; total 7921. In 1821, there were 8136 vessels, burthen 892,902 tons, being, in 1822, 215 fewer ships, but 27,098 more tons. In 1723, the number of ships was only 131, 8700 tons burthen.

Affray with Poachers.—On Wednesday, the 1st current, as Mr Horrocks of Tillychewen, and Mr Smollet, jun. of Bonhill, were returning from a shooting excursion, accompanied by some friends and their servants, they unexpectedly fell in with a band of poachers upon the property of the last-named gentleman. After some manœuvring, Charles Maxwell, the gamekeeper of Mr Horrocks, and three other men, came up with the gang, consisting of seven men, five of whom were armed, who, upon being asked for their names, refused to give them, and presented their guns at the gamekeeper and his party, who, as they were unarmed, immediately closed with them, and a severe struggle ensued; at this moment Mr Horrocks and Mr Smollet, together with some friends, came up, and, after considerable resistance on the part of the poachers, succeeded in securing them; and having taken their fire-arms, which they found loaded, they were committed to Dumbarton jail, where they remain to take their trial for the assault and offence of which they were guilty. The names of the poachers are John M'Gibbon and his two sons, John Mac-Allum, a private in the 7th dragoon guards, and Archibald M'Allum, his brother, and another man. Several of the poachers were wounded in the affray, and C. Maxwell, Mr Horrock's keeper, was severely wounded on the head, by the soldier striking him from behind with the butt end of his gun, and had not Mr Horrocks opportunely come up at this moment, and knocked this fellow down, the keeper would most probably have lost his life, as he was in the act of repeating his blow.

9.—*Daring Robbery of the Mail-Coach between Dublin and Belfast.*—On Friday night last, 3d inst. the mail-coach from Dublin to Belfast, when about fourteen miles on the road from Dublin, at a place called Ashburnam, was beset by a banditti of sixteen in number, who, having previously blocked up the road, attacked the coach, robbed all the passengers in it, and carried off the Drogheda bag, which seems to have been their chief object, as a great market was to be held at that place in a day or two after; they no doubt conceived it contained much money. The loss thus sustained is not yet known. The bankers' parcels for Belfast being secured in an unusual part of the coach, fortunately escaped. One of the guards, we understand, is dangerously wounded. They carried away the arms of the guards, and, besides other booty, got five watches, one of them gold, worth 60 guineas, and about £.75 in dollars. The passengers

, were ordered out of the coach, and made to kneel on the road, where they were rifled of every thing. One gentleman concealed a few notes in the sleeve of his coat. The guard who was wounded received four shots; the other guard was slightly wounded.

The Magnet.—At a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on Monday, the 13th instant, Captain Scoresby, whose name is so well known as connected with the History of the Whale Fishing, exhibited some very interesting experiments on the magnet. His observations have been made principally with the view of correcting the errors of chronometers, which he has found are frequently occasioned by the most simple and hitherto unlooked-for circumstances—such as the position of the material of which the balances are constructed at the time they were made. He showed that, by the blow of a hammer, the polarity of a bar of iron may be reversed, according to the end on which it is struck—that if a bar of iron is bent in a horizontal position, it does not become magnetic, whereas, if it be held perpendicular when bending, that it does so with the negative or positive ends, according to their being uppermost or undermost; and as the simple stroke of a hammer is capable of rendering iron magnetic, as well as turning, polishing, and burnishing, in the event of a boat being forced to sea without a compass, it is no very difficult matter to construct one, for temporary purposes, from the blade of a knife or a pair of scissars.

Important Discovery.—Experience has taught us to be extremely guarded in being the first to announce new discoveries; but we feel much satisfaction in being able to state, that a gentleman of this city, well known as a chemist of great eminence, has discovered a simple, cheap, and efficacious mode of discharging from coal gas, while in the gasometer, the sulphureous hydrogen which it has hitherto given off in combustion, producing at the same time the offensive smell which has been so generally complained of, and injuring silver plate, pictures, and delicate furniture of every description. From the result of an [illegible] experiment made in the presence of a number of competent judges, there seems no reason to doubt that in future the most splendid drawing-room may be lighted up by coal gas with no [illegible] injury to the ornaments, and with no [illegible] annoyance to the company, as by wax candles of the best description. Silversmiths, and in general warehousemen and shopkeepers dealing in metallic articles, who, from their wares attracting the sulphur evolved from the gas, have hitherto been precluded from the use of it, will be peculiarly benefited by this discovery.—*Glasgow Herald.*

18.—*The Steam-Engine.*—A notice appeared lately in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, respecting an improvement of the steam-engine, by which seven-eighths of the fuel and weight of engine might be saved, and a cylinder of two inches diameter be made to afford a power equal to that of seven horses. Effects so much transcending what can be accomplished by the properties of steam hitherto known, appeared to us scarcely credible; and as no authority was given, it struck us that the notice might be one of those mechanical delusions which are often imposed upon the editors of newspapers by persons who are themselves deceived, and might be very innocently copied into the Journal. We have since learned, however, that the notice rests upon the authority of a letter from Mr Perkins himself, to a scientific gentleman in this city. Mr Perkins, we believe, is the American gentleman who gave evidence respecting the steam-boats of the United States to the Committee of the House of Commons. Though not a professional engineer, he is evidently well informed upon mechanical subjects, and we readily admit, that however much the discovery may run counter to established opinions, the authority is sufficiently respectable to prevent us from pronouncing decidedly against it. We wait anxiously, therefore, to have all doubts removed by the communication of the details. Such a stupendous discovery, if realised, would change the whole systeem of practical mechanics, and open to us such a wondrous series of improvements as imagination can scarcely at present conceive. We observe that Mr Perkins has taken out a patent for his invention.

25.—*Ministerial Changes.*—The Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart retires from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in which important office he is to be succeeded by the Right Hon. F. Robinson. Mr Vansittart is to be appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the room of the Right Hon. Charles Bathurst, and is to be raised to the Peerage. Mr Huskisson is to succeed Mr Robinson as President of the Board of Trade, and Mr Arbuthnot takes the office of Woods and Forests. Mr Lushington takes Mr Arbuthnot's situation at the Treasury; and Mr Hegries is to be appointed to the Secretaryship which Mr Lushington held.

Alarming Accident at the Seat of Lord Viscount Granville.—At Whersted Lodge, in Suffolk, last week, the Noble Lord had a large party of friends, to enjoy the

sports of the field. On Thursday last they were out scouring a wood. The morning was hazy, and the Duke of Wellington was so intent on his game, that he lost sight of the party, and in firing his double-barrelled gun, he unfortunately lodged a part of the contents in the face of his noble host: seven swan shot entered the cheeks, and one the nose. His Grace, hearing an exclamation of "I am shot," threw down his piece and hurried to the spot, where he found his friend leaning against a tree, his face streaming with blood. One of the party galloped off to Ipswich for medical aid, whilst the others carried the wounded nobleman to the Lodge. A surgeon in less than an hour attended, extracted the shot, and pronounced the noble patient to be not in any danger. We are happy to add that his Lordship is now perfectly recovered.

Blasphemous Publications.—In the Court of King's Bench, London, on the 20th current, Tunbridge, another of Carlile's shopmen, was found guilty of selling a blasphemous work entitled, "Palmer's Principles of Nature," by means of an apparatus which the parties thought would prevent detection; but he was foiled by the dexterity of W. Smith, a police officer. The defendant read a long defence, in which, among other charges against the Bible, he styled it a "thing of fancy." He was allowed to read four chapters of Palmer's book, but was then interrupted by the Lord Chief Justice, who would not suffer the Christian religion to be reviled in the court, and the jury also declared against his going on. He was ordered to Newgate, and he left the court exclaiming that his trial was a mockery of justice.

Jury Court, Edinburgh.—On the 10th instant came on, in this Court, before the Lord Chief Commissioner, Lord Pitmilly, and a respectable Jury, an action of damages for libel, at the instance of William Fraser Tytler, Esq. of Balnain, Sheriff-Depute and Vice-Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, against Lachlan Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore. The damages were laid at £.5000. The libel was contained in various letters, quoted in the issues, written by the defender to Col. F. W. Grant, the Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, and the Right Hon. Charles Grant, M.P., imputing to the pursuer actions inconsistent with his station and duty: such as appointing improper persons, or recommending persons of abandoned character to be Justices of Peace, and insinuating that the pursuer was a man of abandoned principles, and unworthy of public trust, &c. The case was opened by Mr Moncrieff for the pursuer, who called several witnesses, among whom were Colonel Francis William Grant, Charles Grant, Esq. senior, and the Right Hon. Charles Grant. Mr Jeffrey spoke for the defence, for nearly three hours. The case was summed up by the Lord Chief Commissioner, and the Jury, after a short consultation, returned with a verdict for the pursuer—Damages £.800. Counsel for the pursuer, James Moncrieff, William Buchanan, and Patrick Robertson, Esqs. Advocates—James Tytler and Hugh M'Queen, W.S. agents. Counsel for defender, F. Jeffrey, H. Cockburn, and Duncan Matheson, Esqs. Advocates, —Æneas M'Bean, W.S. defender's agent. Mr Mackintosh subsequently made an application for a new trial, on the grounds of misdirection of the Jury, on the part of the Lord Chief Commissioner, and that the verdict was contrary to the evidence. This application was argued at length by Counsel, and refused by the Court.

High Court of Justiciary.—On the 20th current, William M'Intyre was tried before this Court, on a charge of breaking into a house in Edinburgh, and stealing several articles of wearing apparel. Several witnesses were called, who verified the charge. It appeared two others had been concerned, but that they escaped. The jury found him guilty. The unhappy culprit, who is only seventeen years of age, was sentenced to be executed on the 26th of February next. Notwithstanding his efforts to hear his fate announced with fortitude, he was evidently greatly distressed, and shed tears from the moment the verdict was returned. There are no fewer than six wretched beings at present under sentence of death in Scotland, viz. C. M'Laren, T. Grierson, James M'Ewen, and W. M'Intyre, for housebreaking, all young boys, lying in the jail of Edinburgh; and James Robertson and Robert Simpson, for robbing the Caledonian coach at Inverness.

FEBRUARY.

3.—This day Charles O'Neill, accused before the High Court of Justiciary of issuing forged notes purporting to be the genuine notes of the Renfrewshire Banking Company, pleaded *Guilty*, and was sentenced to be transported for life.

PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

1822. Dec. 9.—Andrew Murray, Esq. to be Sheriff-Depute of the shire of Aberdeen.

10.—Sir Michael Schaw Stewart, Bart. to be Lieut. and Sheriff-Principal of the shire of Renfrew.

John Cay, Esq. Advocate, to be Sheriff-Depute of the shire of Linlithgow.

Rev. Dr Thomas Chalmers, Minister of St John's Church, Glasgow, to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrew's.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Nov. 26.—The Rev. James Paterson, Preacher of the Gospel, ordained Assistant and Successor to the Rev. Andrew Scott, Minister of the United Parishes of Stichel and Hume.

Dec. 9.—The King has appointed the Rev. Archibald M'Tairsh to the Church and Parish of Kildalton.

— The King has also appointed the Rev. Patrick Barty to the Church and Parish of Ruthven.

14.—The Right Hon. Lord Cawdor has presented the Rev. Mr Campbell, Minister of Dores, Presbytery of Inverness, to the Church and Parish of Croy.

21.—His Grace the Duke of Gordon has presented the Rev. James Walker to the Church and Parish of Huntly.

28.—Mr Richardson of Pitfour has presented Mr Henry Henderson, Preacher of the Gospel, to the Church of Kinclaven.

— Mr James Gilfillan was ordained Pastor of the Second Associate Congregation in Stirling.

Jan. 4.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Fife has presented the Rev. Wm. Allardyce to the Church and United Parishes of Rhynie and Essie.

— The Rev. David Thom, Assistant at Logie, was elected by the Congregation of Ardoch Chapel to be their Pastor.

Course of Exchange, London, Feb. 4.——Amsterdam, 12 : 5. Ditto at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburgh, 37 : 8. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 50. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 157. Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 37. Gibraltar, 30¼. Genoa, 43. Leghorn, 46¾. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 43. Dublin, 9½ ℔ cent. Cork, 9⅝ ℔ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ℔ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 » 17 » 6d. New Doubloons, £.3»5s. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11½d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast, 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. to 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 15th Jan. to 5th Feb. 1823.

	Jan. 15.	Jan. 22.	Jan. 28.	Feb. 5.
Bank Stock	245¼	244	241½	239½
3 ℔ cent. reduced	—	—	77⅜	76¼
3 ℔ cent. consols	79⅜	77⅝	76⅜	76¼
3½ ℔ cent. do.	92⅜	90⅝	90	—
4 ℔ cent. do.	97⅜	97	96⅜	—
Ditto New	99¼	—	96⅜	—
India Stock	—	248	245	241
—— Bonds	38 pr.	41 pr.	39 pr.	32 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	12 10 pr.	12 pr.	14 pr.	15
Consols for account	81	77¾	77	75⅛
French 5 ℔ cents.	87 fr. 75 c.	84 fr.—	79 fr. —	79 fr. 50 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced January 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Alexander, Robert, & Co. printers in Glasgow.
Barber, Henry, brewer, &c. in Castle Douglas.
Davidson, David, merchant in Glasgow.
Finlater, William, & Co. merchants in Greenock.
Gibbs & Co. nursery & seedsmen in Inverness.
Moffat, James, wright & builder in Glasgow.
M'Phedran, Finlay, cattle-dealer at Strathlar, Argyleshire.
Muir, William, grocer in Ardrie.
Robertson, Malcolm, merchant in Glencoe.
Scotland, John, merchant in Dunfermline.
Weir, Francis, cattle-dealer, Priesthill, parish of Muirkirk.
Wilson, George, spirit-dealer in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Anderson, John, merchant in St Andrews and Cupar; by Arch. Wallace, writer in St Andrew's.
Brown, William, senior, merchant in Edinburgh; by Andrew Usher, merchant there.
Houston, Allan, & Son, merchants in Glasgow; by James Kerr, accountant there.
Hurlet Copperas Company; by Alexander Mein, accountant in Glasgow.
Rankin, Robert, formerly merchant in Edinburgh; by P. Borthwick, merchant in Leith.
Robey, George, late merchant in Anstruther; by W. Scott, accountant in Edinburgh.
Strong, David, merchant in Glasgow; by D. Kennedy, accountant there.
Turnbull, Michael, hoster at Appletreehall; by Oliver & Elliot, writers in Hawick.
Whitelaw, late John, perfumer in Glasgow; by Archibald Lawson, merchant there.
Williamson, Elizabeth, fish-curer at Latheronwheel; by Archibald Shiels, writer in Wick.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock after noon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Jan. 1	M.19	29.476	M.30	SE.	Keen frost,	Jan. 17	M.21	29.308	M.30	NE.	Frost, with
	A. 29	.476	A. 31		some snow.		A. 29	.176	A. 29		shrs. snow.
2	M.26	.387	M.34	SE.	Rather fresh	18	M.19	.120	M.27	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 30	.576	A. 35		and dull.		A. 25	.196	A. 30		
3	M.32	.501	M.38	Cble.	Fresh.	19	M.20	.232	M.31	Cble.	Fresh, with
	A. 34	.482	A. 41				A. 31	.333	A. 32		shrs. snow.
4	M.37	.457	M.41	Cble.	Heavy rain.	20	M.25	.596	M.33	E.	Ditto.
	A. 39	.525	A. 40				A. 32	.745	A. 32		
5	M.32	.664	M.38	SE.	Dull, and	21	M.24	.825	M.32	E.	Snow most
	A. 40	.664	A. 37		fresh.		A. 31	.833	A. 31		part of day.
6	M.30	.664	M.35	SE.	Dull foren.	22	M.19	.835	M.29	E.	Foren. fair,
	A. 38	.705	A. 35		snow aftern.		A. 26	.835	A. 29		snow aftern.
7	M.30½	.864	M.37	Cble.	Fair, and	23	M.20	.744	M.28	SE.	Some shrs.
	A. 36	.996	A. 36		mild.		A. 26	.744	A. 29		snow.
8	M.29	.985	M.36	Cble.	Frost morn.	24	M.25	.729	M.33	SE.	Sunshine
	A. 36	.975	A. 36		dull day.		A. 31	.729	A. 32		and mild.
9	M.28	.668	M.34	E.	Keen frost.	25	M.23½	.720	M.30	SE.	Day fair,
	A. 32	.675	A. 34				A. 27	.650	A. 30		frost night.
10	M.28	.668	M.33	E.	Frost morn.	26	M.23	.685	M.29	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 32	.746	A. 35		mildsun. day		A. 28	.720	A. 31		
11	M.27	.777	M.35	E.	Rather	27	M.23½	.590	M.30	SE.	Frosty foren.
	A. 34	.714	A. 33		frosty.		A. 30	28.999	A. 31		snow aftern.
12	M.25	.676	M.32	SE.	Frost day,	28	M.25	.990	M.33	SE.	Fresh day,
	A. 30	.516	A. 32		snow night.		A. 34	.866	A. 35		rain night.
13	M.24	.329	M.32	S.	Snow for the	29	M.27	.658	M.37	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 30	.235	A. 33		day.		A. 38	.659	A. 37		
14	M.28	.207	M.32	Cble.	Snow most	30	M.32	.992	M.39	NW.	Fresh day,
	A. 32	.268	A. 32		part of day.		A. 39	.998	A. 39		frost night.
15	M.27	.352	M.31	Cble.	Snow foren.	31	M.24	.999	M.35	E.	Very foggy,
	A. 30	.352	A. 32		h. drift after.		A. 31	.999	A. 36		and cold
16	M.25	.352	M.32	Cble.	Frost day,						
	A. 32	.375	A. 31		snow night.						

Average of Rain, 2.641 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Feb. 12.—We have now to record a storm, which, for depth of snow, and frequency of drifting winds, has not been equalled in this country in the memory of any man living. The frost, indeed, has not been often intense, nor has the snow prevailed so much in the west Highlands, as towards the eastern part of the Island. From the 12th to the 24th of last month, showers of snow, drifted about by the east wind, were almost incessant, under a temperature ranging between 21° and 36° Fahrenheit. Towards the end of the month, the temperature became a little more elevated, and the mercury in the thermometer often stood as high as 38°. During this period, a considerable proportion of the snow dissolved, and the storm was thought near a close, when, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th, of the present month, a depth of snow, amounting, on an average, to 18 inches, was drifted about by a violent and frosty east wind, forming wreaths from 6 to 20 feet in depth. Every hollow, ditch, and rivulet were filled to the brim, and the whole country presented the uniform appearance of a regular sheet of snow. The mean temperature of the last half of January was 32°.13; of the first week in the present month 28°.88; and of the last few days 34°. The wind continued in the east from the commencement of the present storm till the 8th, when it veered to the west, and the snow began to dissolve. The greatest cold was on the evening of the 5th, when the mercury in the thermometer fell as low as 14°. The depth of snow, when melted, may amount to nearly 3 inches, but, from the extreme violence of the winds, the exact quantity is not easily ascertained.

Farm labour has been completely obstructed since our last, and plowing will soon fall in arrear. The bulk in barn-yards diminishes rapidly, and a scarcity of fodder is still dreaded. On the low moors, sheep at winter pasture have suffered severely. Sheep fed on turnips on the field have fallen off in condition by the storm, and where turnips were not stored, potatoes have been used to a considerable extent in the feeding-byre. Markets for farm produce of every description (hay excepted) continue extremely dull, and prices low. Should the present storm be followed by a late Spring, (a very usual concomitant of such protracted storms,) prices of grain and of cattle may soon be as far above their natural level, as at present they are below it. The only possible means of preventing such injurious fluctuation, appears to be the storing up the surplus produce brought to market, which surplus must be always indicated by the price.

Perthshire, 12th Feb. 1823.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat. Bls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av.pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1825.	Oatmeal. Bls.	Oatmeal. Peck.	B.& P.Meal Bls.	B.& P.Meal Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		d.
Jan. 15	844	16 0 23 0	20 2	16 6 21 0	12 0 15 6	12 0 14 6	7	6	Jan. 14	342	1 0	58	10
22	947	15 6 26 0	20 5	17 6 22 0	12 6 15 6	12 0 14 6	7	6	21	321	1 0	65	10
29	967	16 0 25 3	20 6	17 0 21 6	12 0 15 0	12 0 14 6	7	6	28	381	1 0	62	10
Feb. 5	192	18 0 25 0	21 11	18 6 19 6	14 0 17 0	13 0 16 0	7	6	Feb. 4	98	1 1	—	—

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs. Dantzic.	Wheat, 240 lbs. For. red.	Wheat, 240 lbs. British.	Oats, 264 lbs. Irish.	Oats, 264 lbs. British.	Barley, 320 lbs. English.	Barley, 320 lbs. Scots.	Bns. & Pse. Stirl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.
Jan. 16	— —	— —	19 24 0	15 15 6	14 0 19 0	27 0 28 6	22 0 25 0	16 0 17 0	13 6 15 0	36 36
23	25 —	— —	18 24 0	13 16 0	14 6 19 6	27 0 28 6	18 0 25 0	15 0 17 0	13 0 17 0	36 38
30	25 —	— —	20 24 0	13 15 6	14 0 19 0	27 0 29 0	22 0 25 0	15 6 17 0	13 6 15 0	36 38
Feb. 6	25 —	— —	20 24 0	13 15 6	14 0 19 0	27 0 28 0	22 0 25 0	15 6 17 0	13 6 15 0	36 38

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat. Bolls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
Jan. 17	666	16 0 25 6	19 6	16 20 0	11 14 6	10 14 0	10 14 0
24	943	14 3 25 6	18 8	18 22 0	11 14 0	9 12 0	10 14 6
31	977	14 0 25 6	19 11	17 21 6	11 15 3	10 13 0	10 13 0
Feb. 7	77	16 0 26 6	20 4	— 20 0	— 16 0	— —	— —

Dalkeith.

1823.	Oatmeal. Per Boll.	Oatmeal. Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 13	13 0 13 6	0 11
20	— —	0 —
27	13 3 14 6	0 11
Feb. 3	— —	0 —

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. Fd & Pol	Oats. Potat.	Beans. Pigeon.	Beans. Tick.	Pease. Boiling.	Pease. Grey.	Flour, 280 lb. Fine.	Flour, 280 lb. 2d.	Quar. Loaf.
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Jan. 13	22 48	18 24	18 33	16 22	20 24	25 30	20 25	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 7
20	22 48	18 24	18 33	16 22	20 24	25 30	20 25	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 7
27	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— 7
Feb. 3	22 48	18 24	18 32	16 22	20 24	25 30	20 25	35 38	27 31	36 40	30 35	— 7

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour. Eng. 240 lb.	Flour. Irish.	Flour. Amer. 196 lb.	Oatm. 240 lb. Eng.	Oatm. 240 lb. Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Jan. 14	3 6 6 9	2 5 3 0	2 10 5 9	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 32	27 32	28 32	20 24	20 22
21	3 6 6 9	2 5 3 0	2 10 4 8	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 32	27 32	28 32	20 24	20 22
28	3 6 6 9	2 5 3 0	2 10 4 8	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 32	27 32	28 32	20 24	20 22
Feb. 4	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 4	39 11	24 9	28 7	18 5	26 5	29 10	—
11	40 5	21 8	28 0	17 11	26 5	30 1	—
18	40 10	22 11	28 7	17 6	29 1	30 4	—
25	40 8	25 1	28 2	17 2	25 4	29 9	—

THE LATE COLONEL ROBERTSON OF STROWAN.

Died, at his residence, at the Barracks, head of Loch Rannoch, on Tuesday the 17th ultimo, in the eighty-second year of his age, Colonel Alexander Robertson of Strowan, Chief of Clan Donachie, or Robertsons. This venerable Chieftain was the fifteenth Laird of Strowan, since their decent from the powerful house of *Clan Domhnuil nan Eilein*. The Robertsons of Strowan were firm supporters of the house of Stuart, and shared in most of the misfortunes of that unfortunate family. In the reign of Charles the First, the then Laird of Strowan joined the Marquis of Montrose, with a regiment of his friends followers, and accompanied him in all his memorable battles. In 1633, Alexander Robertson, Laird of Strowan, who was both poet and scholar, joined Viscount Dundee's army; for which his estates were forfeited. They were, however, restored to him in 1703, by Queen Anne. In 1715 he joined the Earl of Mar, and was taken prisoner in 1716; but having procured his release, he made his escape to France. George the First, in 1723, not only forgave his treasonable crimes, but restored his family patrimony—of which, however, Duncan, of Strowan, was dispossessed in 1752, partly through an error in his titles, and partly through the intrigues of the courtiers. He was then obliged to go to France. At this time his son, the late Colonel Robertson, was only thirteen years of age. When fit for service, he joined the Scots Brigade in Holland, and frequently distinguished himself in fighting the battles of the States General. The forfeited estates of the Highland chieftains having been restored in 1781, the Colonel came to Scotland, and took possession of his inheritance. He soon afterwards went to America, as Major in the Duke of Hamilton's regiment, where he acquired fresh laurels. Tired of the bustle of the tented field, Colonel Robertson returned to his native hills, to spend the remainder of his life in retirement, and in exerting his influence and his means in promoting the welfare of his clansmen, by whom he was regarded as a father. His person was manly and dignified; and his mind was richly stored with all the qualities which can adorn private life. On the 1st, his remains were removed from the Barracks to his house at Mount Alexander, in a hearse—the relatives having had some difficulty in persuading his clansmen and tenants of the impossibility of their carrying the body a distance of fifteen miles shoulder-high. The mournful procession was attended by most of the gentry in Rannoch and the adjacent districts, and by about three hundred Highlanders. On arriving at Mount Alexander, the corpse was laid in state till next day at twelve; when it was borne, on the shoulders of twelve men of the name of Robertson, to a grave dug in a retired spot, previously pointed out by the deceased. Upwards of five hundred people attended the funeral. The Colonel has left his estate to his namesake, Captain Alexander Robertson, at Duneaves, the father of General George Duncan Robertson, at present in France;—thus continuing the chieftainship of the clan, as well as the estate of Strowan, in the surname of Robertson.

THE LATE DR HENRY DEWAR OF LASSODIE.

The death of Dr Dewar is one of those striking events which strongly affect the mind, and impress upon us a sense of our mortality. On Monday the 13th January he was present, in good health, at a meeting of the Royal Society, in the business of which he took a deep interest, and on Sunday the 19th January he breathed his last; his death being occasioned by infection derived from a body which he had opened in the course of his medical practice. On succeeding to the estate of Lassodie, he directed his attention to medicine, cultivated a knowledge of it with success, and served as an Assistant-Surgeon in the British army in Egypt, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was present at the battle of Alexandria, in which Sir Ralph was mortally wounded. On his return to England, he dedicated himself with increased ardour to the study of those branches of literature and science particularly connected with his profession; and his Essays on a variety of interesting topics, which have appeared in the medical and philosophical journals of the last 20 years, evince the extent of his acquirements, the soundness of his views, and the unceasing ardour with which he pursued every inquiry that promised to add to the happiness or alleviate the miseries of mankind. Death arrested him in the midst of an active and highly useful life. He was engaged in delivering a course of lectures on the Institution of Medicine, a branch of science which he had cultivated with particular assiduity, and which he taught with corresponding success. He contributed several valuable articles to the Edinburgh

Encyclopædia, to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica—to the [redacted] actions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh—and, latterly, he had bestowed a great portion of his leisure hours in preparing an English translation of Malte Brun's System of Geography, which should be worthy at once of the merits of the original work, and of the notice of the British public. As a friend, a husband, and a father, Dr Dewar was above all eulogy. In him extensive attainments and eminent talents were united with the most amiable dispositions, and the most unpretending modesty. His life was distinguished throughout by so much gentleness, candour, and liberality in his intercourse with others, yet with such perfect independence in holding and acting upon those views which appeared to his own mind to be correct, that we believe he has not left one enemy behind him, while numerous friends deeply lament his too early removal from among them.

JAMES CONSTABLE, ESQ.

The late James Constable, Esq. who died at Dundee in October 1821, left the reversion of his whole property, as a mortification for the education of boys of the names of Constable and Watson, natives of the town and parish of Dundee. The patronage to be vested in the Provost, Minister of the parish, and Dean of Guild of Dundee. The sum that remains to be applied to this benevolent purpose is found to amount to nearly £.3000.

BIRTHS, MA[redacted]AGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. Dec. 5. At the manse of Muthill, Mrs Russell was safely delivered of twins. One of them since dead.

15. At Florence, the Lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, a daughter.

18. At Auchtermuchty, Mrs James Bonar, a son.

22. At Rotterdam, Mrs James Young, a son.

25. The Lady of Sir James Milles Riddell, of Ardnamurchan and Sunart, Bart. was safely delivered of a daughter and a son and heir.

— At Quilon, Madras, the Lady of Claud Currie, Esq. surgeon, a daughter.

26. At Holkham, Lady Anne Coke, a son and heir.

30. At Kinblethmont, Lady Jane Lindsay Carnegie, a daughter.

— At Bourn Hall, Cambridgeshire, the Countess De La Warr, a son.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Forbes, a daughter.

1823. Jan. 1. At Cullen, county of Tipperary, Ireland, the wife of Lieut. W. A. Riach, 79th Highlanders, a son.

2. At Mrs Anstruther's house in Heriot Row, the Lady of John Dalyell, Esq. a daughter.

3. The Hon. Mrs Thomas Erskine, a daughter.

4. In York Place, Mrs Mercer of Gorthy, a son.

— At the Priory, Surrey, the Viscountess Eastnor, a daughter.

— At Orchard House, Kelso, Mrs Kell, a son.

6. At Tinnis, Selkirkshire, Mrs Ballantyne, of Phawhope, a daughter.

7. At Kensington, Mrs Captain Gair, a daughter.

8. At Chelsea, the Lady of Andrew F. Ramsay, Esq. surgeon, Bengal establishment, a daughter.

9. At Hermitage House, the Lady of Alexander Burn, Esq. a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs George Hogarth, a son.

12. In London, the Lady of Col. Robert Gordon, a son.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dewar, of Lamoddie, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, a son.

— In Buchanan-Street, Glasgow, Mrs James M'Inroy, a son.

14. At Langley, Derbyshire, the Lady of Godfrey Meynell, Esq. of Meynell, Langley, a son.

15. At Leith Fort, the Lady of Colonel Walker, a daughter.

— In London, the Lady of Dr Edward Thomas Monro, a son.

18. Mrs Pearson, of Myreairnie, a son.

— At Newtonlees, Mrs F. Robertson, a daughter.

19. At Blebo House, the Lady of Col. Bethune, of Blebo, a daughter.

— At Tryside, Mrs Dawson, a daughter.

20. In London, Mrs John Campbell, a daughter.

Jan. 20. At Banff, Mrs Captain Maclean, 2d West-India regiment, a son.

21. At Bollyhill, near Rochester, the Lady of Captain M'Leod, C. B. royal navy, a daughter.

21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Haldane, a daughter.

27. At Arniston Place, Mrs Charles Sievwright, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Dec. 21. At the house of the British Ambassador, at Florence, Prince Sapieha, to Miss Bold, of Bold Hall, Lancashire, daughter and heiress of the late Peter Patten Bold, Esq.

23. At Tours, Capt. Robert Pinkerton, to Henrietta Laura, eldest daughter of the Rev. Archibald Alison, senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh.

24. At Lockston of Campsie, Mr Thos. Dickson, of Kirkintilloch, to Miss Muir, daughter of James Muir, of Adamslie, Esq.

30. At Tanfield, near Edinburgh, Peter Scott, Esq. agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland, Crieff, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Scott, merchant, Edinburgh.

1823. Jan. 1. At Bonside, Linlithgowshire, A. Thomson, Esq. surgeon, in the Hon. East-India Company's service, to Sarah Ann Drummond, only daughter of Wyville Smyth, Esq. M. D. of Bonside.

— At Durham, Charles Andrews, Esq. 13th light dragoons, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of William Cooke, Esq. M. D.

6. At Leith, Mr Thomas Hutton, manufacturer, Dundee, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr John C. Peat, accountant.

8. At Jedburgh, Mr John Robison, merchant, to Miss Anne Marshall, late of Whitelee.

15. At London, the Hon. Major-General Fermor, only brother to the Earl of Pomfret, to Miss Borough, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Borough, Bart., and niece to Lord Viscount Lake.

14. At Aikenhead, near Glasgow, John Stuart Wood, Esq. to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Jas. Buchanan, Esq.

— At Wellhall, John Mackenzie, Esq. Paymaster, rifle brigade, to Elizabeth, widow of the late John Boyes, Esq. of Wellhall.

16. At Hampstead, Thomas Beckwith, Esq. of Bedford Place, to Elizabeth Sophia, second daughter of the late John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode.

— The Rev. Jas. Rodger, minister of Dunino, Fifeshire, to Jane, daughter to the Rev. Mr Haldane, of Kingoldrum, and cousin german to Sir William Ogilvy of Innerquharity, Bart

20. At Aberdeen, Captain Francis Farquharson, Hon. East India Company's service, Bombay Es.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MARCH 1823.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Notices to Correspondents.	
Scraps of the Covenant,—No. II.—*Dunottar Castle*	257
Dio Canzone	267
Weeds and Flowers—No. II.—*The Country Schoolmaster's Vacation*	270
The Spanish Lovers	282
A Sketch of the late Snow Storm, February 1823	287
Memoirs of an Artist	296
Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage—*Canto II.*	310
Phingaleis sive Hibernia Liberata, Epicum Ossianis Poema, e Celtico Sermone conversum, tribus praemissis disputationibus et subsequentibus notis; benigneque annuenti, Augusto Frederico, Serenissimo Sussexiae Duci, dicatum	316
History of the Peninsular War. By Robert Southey, L.L.D. Poet Laureate, &c. &c. *(continued)*	325
A Mother	337
Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated by J. G. Lockhart, L.L.B. Edinburgh, 1823	338
Mr Hume's Motion respecting the Clergy of Scotland—Principal Nicol's Circular relative to the mode of striking of the Fiars, and the Expediency of a new Legislative Enactment thereon, &c. &c. &c.	353
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Works preparing for Publication	361
Monthly List of New Publications	363
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Foreign Intelligence	367
Proceedings in Parliament	369
British Chronicle	373
Promotions	376
Meteorological Table	379
Agricultural Report	ib.
Markets	380
Course of Exchange—Bankrupts	381
Births	382
Marriages and Deaths	383

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. April 1823.	Morn. H.	Morn. M.	Even. H.	Even. M.	Days. April 1823.	Morn. H.	Morn. M.	Even. H.	Even. M.
Tu. 1	5	9	5	29	Th. 17	6	48	7	24
W. 2	5	51	6	16	Fr. 18	8	3	8	45
Th. 3	6	47	7	22	Sa. 19	9	24	10	1
Fr. 4	8	5	8	49	Su. 20	10	35	11	6
Sa. 5	9	34	10	13	M. 21	11	33	11	59
Su. 6	10	47	11	16	Tu. 22	—	—	0	21
M. 7	11	42	—	—	W. 23	0	43	1	4
Tu. 8	0	5	0	26	Th. 24	1	24	1	42
W. 9	0	44	1	5	Fr. 25	2	0	2	17
Th. 10	1	25	1	44	Sa. 26	2	36	2	52
Fr. 11	2	4	2	21	Su. 27	3	9	3	27
Sa. 12	2	43	3	3	M. 28	3	42	4	0
Su. 13	3	23	3	45	Tu. 29	4	15	4	36
M. 14	4	7	4	29	W. 30	4	54	5	15
Tu. 15	4	52	5	20					
W. 16	5	46	6	15					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.	
Last Quart..	Th. 3.	1	past 3	after.
New Moon,..	Fr. 11.	36	— 6	morn.
First Quart..	Th. 17.	36	— 12	after.
Full Moon,..	Fr. 25.	44	— 6	morn.

TERMS, &c.

April.

1. Easter Tuesday.
23. King's birth-day kept.
25. Duke of Gloucester born.

*** The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MARCH 1823.

SCRAPS OF THE COVENANT.

No. II.

Dunottar Castle.

" This brings me to the hardships and severities wherewith the prisoners who were sent to Dunottar Castle were exercised. It may not be improper, with this view, to bring in here a short account of the sufferings of the Rev. Mr Frazer, Minister of Alness, in the Presbytery of Dingwall." *Wodrow, Vol. II.*

THE narratives of the Rev. Mr Frazer of Alness, as well as those of Quinton Dick, William M'Millan, and Mr Robert M'Clellan, Laird of Balmagechan, all sufferers by, and MS. historians of, the same events, I have carefully perused, and it is from a collation of these accounts, with our best printed authorities, that the following paper is composed.

Mr Frazer had gone to London about the end of the year 1676, and had continued there till 1685, when he was seized, along with the Laird of Balmagechan, in Galloway, whilst they were listening to the instructions of the Rev. Mr Alexander Shields, of Fairy-fuge memory *, and forwarded by sea, under fetter and hatchway, to Leith. After a variety of tossing, and council-questioning, as was then the order of the day, they were marched from the Canongate Tolbooth, along with upwards of two hundred prisoners, to Dunottar Castle, in Kincardineshire.

Of the sudden and unexpected summoning which they experienced, the Rev. Auto-biographer speaks to the following purpose, and nearly in the words given: " We were engaged, as was customary with us in our Babel captivity, in singing a psalm: it was our evening service; and whilst the sun was sinking beyond the Pentland Heights, where all our trials had their beginning †, the voice of a godly, and much-tried woman, Euphan Thriepland, ascended, clear, full, and melodious, above all the rest. The prison-door opened upon us, and the song of our captivity was exchanged for an immediate march, under Colonel Douglas, to Leith. This poor woman, who was labouring with great bodily weakness at the time, pled hard, and strove sair, for leave to stay behind; but she was mounted

* " When Cameron and Shields took the fields,
The green-coat fairies took their heels."
So says the old adage. This learned and pious man, after the Revolution, became one of the Ministers of St Andrew's,—wrote the well-known work, entitled " Hynd let loose,"—and having, upon the union of the two kingdoms, volunteered his services in the unfortunate mission to Darien, finished his testimony in the house of a country-woman at Port-Royal in Jamaica. There are three volumes of his travels still in MS.

† Battle of the Pentlands.

behind a corporal of Douglas' company, and amidst many obscene jests, and much blasphemous language, conveyed to the pier at Leith."

Next morning, I find the whole prisoners put up in the most indecent and uncomfortable manner in two rooms of the Tolbooth at Burntisland, and undergoing an examination before the Laird of Gosford, a member of Council, as to their opinions of allegiance and absolute supremacy. About forty found it convenient, or judged it expedient, after the specimen which they had already had of government clemency, to acknowledge the Catholic King James as head of our Presbyterian Church, and Supreme Lord over all law and authority in the kingdom, and the forty-first was standing in the presence of the oath-administrator, with his hand uplifted, and in the very act of following the example of his brethren, when his aunt, Euphan Thriepland, alias M'Birnie, (for her husband's name was such,) a woman of singular firmness and devotedness to the cause which she espoused, and in support of which she had deserted home, substance, and kindred, advancing with difficulty towards the table, and eyeing her nephew in a manner which could not fail of arresting his attention, thus proceeded to address him: "Jamie M'Birnie, ye're but a young man, and muckle ye seem to stand in need o' a counsellor. Had your worthy father stood where I now stand, though it is wi' tottering joints and a feeble voice, he wadna ha'e held his peace, or withheld his admonition. He would rather ha'e seen that hand, now stretched forth to abjure Christ and his covenanted Kirk, cut off by the shoulder blade, and consumed in the fire, even bone and flesh, down to earth and ashes, than ha'e witnessed the woeful sight I now see. Jamie M'Birnie, ye may soon do what a' your life lang ye shall never find grace given ye (like Esau, wha sauld his birthright for a mess o' pottage) to undo. In order that ye may free that frail and perishing body frae worldly trouble and straits, ye may own King James, an' muckle thanks ye'll get for't, I trow; and ye may abjure and renounce Christ, an' ye'll see wha will gain or lose by that! an' ye may adhere to the King's Curates, or to the Bishops' Curates, an' starve at the breast o' a graceless an' milkless mither;—but tak' tent, that ye dinna feed and nourish in your bosom a worm, which will neither sleep itself nor allow you to sleep! Jamie M'Birnie, my bairn, (seeing his hand drop down as if powerless, and hanging dangling by his side,) cherish, oh cherish this grain o' mustard seed, an' wha can tell what a goodly tree it may yet become! Blaw, oh blaw the small spark o' grace which I see kindling, and glowing, and lowing in your bosom! Ye ha'e but to say the word o' refusal, and stand by it this day, an' ye will ha'e your portion with those who, through much tribulation, will at last enter, or ha'e already entered, into their rest." Jamie M'Birnie was no Cuddy Headrigg; he was, indeed, possessed of a similar disposition to avoid all unnecessary trial and suffering on Christ's, or even on his Aunt's account; but then his heart was full of serious convictions upon the score of the Covenant, and he trembled at the very idea of admitting King James into Kirk-supremacy. The first part, therefore, of his aunt's address made a considerable, and a most decided impression in favour of the good cause; but the allusion, in the latter part, to tribulation and trial, startled his imagination, and, taken in connection with what he had already experienced in his covenanting career, fairly shook his resolution. Thus, betwixt two contending impulses, he was much difficulted, and remained, for a time, in all the stupid apathy of one who has been suddenly struck with apoplexy. An accident, however, (or what appeared to him to be such,) as is frequently the case with human affairs, resolved at once what seemed otherwise difficult of decision. From the pocket of the officer who attended upon Gosford, the well-known instrument of torture, known by the name of the Thumbikens, dropt. The oath was immediately demanded, and as speedily swallowed; and Jamie M'Birnie was returned by the boat, now charged, with his abjured * companions,

* Abjuring National and Solemn League and Covenant.

to pine for several months in solitude, under compunctions of conscience, and ultimately to die a martyr to that very cause which he wanted firmness of character to support.

Lieutenant Beaton of Kilrennie commanded the detachment of the Fife Militia, to whose convoy through the county these poor unfortunate prisoners were committed. They were all compelled to walk, with the exception of Euphan Thriepland, who was mounted, as formerly, behind a yeoman, together with a poor lame schoolmaster, whose feet were closely and most cruelly tied down to the sides of a wild and unbroken colt. Upon these two, therefore, did the captain of the troop, as well as various of his rivals in humanity and courtesy, break their best jests, and exercise their talent for wit and ribaldry. At one time, the schoolmaster was likened to a forked radish; and again he seemed to be expiating his sins of boy-chastisement, by having the stang *rid* upon him. Euphemia was now accosted by the title of "Dame Grunt," in allusion, no doubt, to the frequent groans which her uncomfortable situation and prospects naturally produced; and again she was compelled to hear herself addressed as the Mother of all Saints, and the true blue Whigamore! One of the company, remarkable for his address in speeches of this kind, proposed that the lame Jehu and the lang-tongued Jesabel should occupy the same saddle; whilst another, of a congenial kidney, thought Jehu would look handsome "in boots," and the lady would greatly become "a St Johnstone cravat *." The foot soldiers, who were armed, as was the custom of the day, with guns and long pikes, were not behind their betters either in word or action; and ever and anon, as some poor weary wretch lagged behind, or some hungry or thirsty one seemed inclined to turn aside to procure food or drink, the pike was applied corporeally, either as a stimulus or as a monitor, and every species of blasphemous ribaldry was added thereto. The people of Fife, who were universally favourably disposed towards the prisoners, flocked in upon their retired and out-of-the-way route with every kind of provision and refreshment; but instead of being permitted to bestow them where they were needed, they were met with taunts, and in some cases with blows; and the food which was intended for the prisoners was uniformly devoured by their tormentors, or wasted and destroyed, in the very presence, and under the very eyes of those who were almost famishing from hunger. A strolling piper, who happened to be crossing their route, was sportively enlisted into their service, and compelled, like Barton after the battle of Bannockburn, to play, very much to his own annoyance, such tunes as were known to be displeasing to the friends of the Covenant.

"It was indeed," says Frazer, with more of naiveté and good humour than might, from the nature of the circumstances, have been expected, "it was an uncommon sight, to behold a large and mixed company of men and women, but indifferently clad, and ill-assorted, marching over muirs, and along hill-sides, with a roaring bag-pipe at their tail; the piper puffing and blowing, and ever and anon casting a suspicious, or an imploring look behind him, towards the pike-points which were occasionally applied to his person, in a manner the least ceremonious possible."

About dusk, the party had skirted the Lomonts, and were billeted for the night in the poor, but pleasantly-situated village of Fruchy. Each head of a family was made answerable with his property and life for the persons of those prisoners who were committed to his charge. In consequence of this arrangement, somewhat of a greater degree of relaxation or personal freedom took place; and it is worthy of notice, that not one of those poor, oppressed, and insulted wretches, who were all the way of their march on the constant out-look for a favourable opportunity of absconding, ever attempted to implicate a single individual amongst their kind and hospitable landlords and entertainers in the penalty due upon their withdrawing. Whilst the soldiery took up their residence in a large and commodious barn, from the doors and the windows of which the voice of revelment and intoxication was heard till morning

* A halter.

the Covenanters, after partaking of such refreshment as their humble landlords could afford, dedicated some time to family worship,—an exercise which they never, under any circumstances, neglected,—and retired to such rest as extreme fatigue, and the want of sleep during the whole of the preceding night, together with a clear conscience, were calculated to ensure.

Upon rallying their numbers early next morning, it was found that one aged individual, of the name of Watson, had died of over-fatigue, and that the poor schoolmaster was so much injured by his horsemanship, that he could not possibly advance further. Indeed, in a few days, after those barbarians had left him to his fate, and to the care of a kind-hearted people, who left nothing undone which their means or their humanity could provide or suggest to alleviate his distress, he died likewise, and his grave was long pointed out to such as were curious in these things in the church-yard of Kilgour*. When they arrived at the South Ferry, the tide did not serve, and a most cruel and barbarous scene was exhibited. A young man, the son of this same Mr Frazer, with the view of making interest for his father, had endeavoured to escape during the night; he was challenged in passing along the rocks, by the sentinel, and shot dead on the spot. In so far, there is no peculiar barbarity exhibited; but from the following transaction, the heart of the most hardened must recoil. His head was cut from his body, and, with the return of day-dawn, presented to the unfortunate parent, at the window of the apartment where he was confined. "He took his son's head, which was very fair," says Balmagechan, "into his hands, and kissed it, and said, 'I know it, I know it—it is my son—my own dear son!' and then added, after a pause; 'it is the Lord; good is the will of the Lord; he cannot wrong me or mine!'". About eight o'clock they arrived in Dundee, and took up their residence, as usual on such occasions, in the tolbooth of the town. Here the Laird o' Balmagechan, who walked all along bareheaded and barefooted, wished to purchase a bonnet and a pair of shoes; but although the money was forthcoming, no one amongst the soldiers could be found who would risk the displeasure of his superiors, by undertaking the purchase.

It would only protract a narrative, which is already in danger of becoming tediously disgusting, to particularize the one half of those indignities and cruelties which were practised upon these poor unhappy people, on their march from Dundee to their final destination, Dunottar Castle. On the evening of Saturday the 23d day of May, they were mustered, and permitted to purchase refreshment, in a field adjoining to the bridge over the North Esk; and though the night was rainy, and cold for the season, they were put up, like sheep in a fold, betwixt the two sides of a parapeted bridge, being guarded both on front and on the rear, and compelled to spend the whole night in this very uncomfortable situation. These men and women, who, in fact, had never been brought in any shape before a jury*, and who had consequently been convicted of no crime, were thus driven along like slaves, fed like cattle in a field, and stalled even worse than oxen, under the open air, and exposed to the derision of all who *now*, in a country where their tenets were held in contempt, beheld them. It had not, indeed, been at all surprising, if, after so many and aggravated indignities and sufferings, their resolution and firmness had at last given way, and they had either acceded to the terms of escape, which their persecutors still offered to their acceptance, or had precipitated themselves beyond the reach of man's barbarity, into the roaring flood beneath

* Kilgour, near Falkland. It is an eternal disgrace to the heritors of the united parishes of Falkland and Kilgour, to have permitted the complete dilapidation of the burial-ground of the latter parish, after its union with the former; so that now the stone-coffin in which the bones of the unfortunate Prince David of Scotland were contained, as well as the stone erected over this poor schoolmaster, of the name of Robertson, are both equally demolished. Shall not the very stones rise up in judgment against such neglect!

* *Vide* Burnet, folio, page 211.

them. And this latter alternative in particular seemed to have been the intention of those to whose charge they were committed; for many hints were given during the night by the soldiery, respecting the dungeon-misery which awaited them, and the facility with which they might *dive* beyond the reach of suffering.

About twelve o'clock of this same Saturday night, or, to speak more in consonance with the apprehension of Christians, and with the language and feelings of those individuals of whose singular suffering I am now discoursing, early on Sabbath morning, Mr Frazer, having occupied for some time an elevated and commanding position near the centre of the bridge, suggested the propriety of public worship, in their then closely congregated and compacted situation. To this proposal all of them immediately and heartily assented: and whilst the wind blew, and the rain fell, and the torrent roared beneath them, the voice of psalms, the melody of praise, was heard to mix itself with the darkness and the inclemency of the night. A lad having been fixed upon to precent, or raise and support the tune, Mr Frazer himself gave out, line by line, from memory, and in the most solemn and affecting manner, the following verses of the 137th Psalm:

By Babel streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on,
In midst thereof we hang'd our harps
The willow trees upon.

Oh how the Lord's song shall we sing
Within a foreign land?
If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
Skill part from my right hand.

Remember Edom's children, Lord,
Who, in Jerus'lem's day,
Even unto its foundations,
Rase, rase it quite, did say!

The song of lamentation and suffering had proceeded thus far, and not a single voice of all the congregation was silent, when one of the sentinels of the night-watch, imagining that he could gather some political or professional affront in the Lord's imprecated remembrance of the "children of Edom," interrupted the worship in a coarse and most irreverent manner, with a "none of your palavering here, with your damn'd psalm-singing tongues and cursing hearts. I'd have ye take care who you are speaking of, and give us less of your whiggery; for if I hear another syllable more about *Adam*, or Jerusalem, or any of your fetch-words,—for talking and singing treason against our sovereign lord the king, and those pretty fellows who receive his pay, and do his work genteelly, by the infernal powers, the first man that utters it shall have his breakfast on cold steel! So look to your *dress*, one and all of ye, and let's have less of your night-bawling." Mr Frazer, without taking any notice of, or making, for the present, any allusion to this unfeeling and impious interruption, proceeded to address his fellow-sufferers in a discourse of which I have several notices before me. Both Dick and MacMillan say in their Diary, that "it was a moving, and a heart-searching, and a soul-comforting sermon." And the Laird of Balmagechan adds, that whilst it was spoken, "many sighed and groaned, and some even wept outright." It not only reached the consciences, and touched the hearts of the prisoners, but it even made an apparent impression upon the seemingly regardless and unhallowed sentinel; and whilst the following concluding sentences, (which I copy in substance from Balmagechan,) were spoken, he was seen, first to listen attentively, then to ground his musket, and, latterly to advance towards, and, after the conclusion of his address, to shake hands with, and implore pardon of, the speaker.

"And now," continued Mr Frazer, in conclusion,—"and now, with one word of application, I leave the seed which I have sown to spring up and bring forth fruit in your hearts. And, first, in respect of the true believer, I have little to say: his market is made—his goods are laid up—his grain is warehoused—he has treasure in Heaven—and his heart is there also. His bodily frame may, indeed, be exposed to the elements: upon his bare head* and unprotected

* Many of the prisoners, as well as Maxwell, were bareheaded and barefooted.

frame, the rain, as now, may descend in torrents; and the wind may enter into his heart, and chill his very life-blood. Nay, more; he may be made to lie, as it were, among the pots—his feet may stick amidst the mud and the miry clay. He may be placed as a mark for the arrows of the wicked to penetrate; and as sleet or as hail, the scorn, and the contempt, and the derision of the ungodly may blow in upon his soul, and he may wander about in sheep-skins and in goat-skins, and find, like his blessed Master, that the world, which, by his worth, he saves from instant perdition, will not afford him a pillow of turf to rest his head upon. In the plenitude of his power and presumption, the 'man under authority' may even question his sincerity, and punish his very faithfulness; he may stand arraigned at the council-board, or be led out as a beast of burden to its drudgery, or even as a sheep to the slaughter—but what then? my beloved brethren and fellow-sufferers—what of all this? If this man's heart be not here, but elsewhere, for any thing that man can do, or the elements of nature can inflict, he need not be afraid. He walks with God in a higher house, and armed in the favour and acceptance of his Saviour. Oh, what has he to fear? or through what crevice or joining of his armour can a wound come? But as to the poor helpless, blinded, and hopeless being, whose breath is on its lips, and whose tongue is made an instrument, the meanwhile, of horror and of blasphemy,—as to that infatuated, and therefore ignorant soldier, who has so lately dared to mar God's worship and praise here below,—oh! how shall I find words to disclose, or feelings to know, the depth and the utter darkness of his state? Standing, as he now does, on the very brink of a precipice, at the foot of which is the whirlpool, and the foam, and the abyss of mighty waters—he either knows it or he heeds it not; walking, as he now appears to do, on the very parapet and edge-way of hell. He gaily talks, and regards not the danger! He holds by the rafters of a falling house, whilst the foundations themselves have given way. He leans to the support of an earthly Prince, who, like himself, is unstable, and full of insecurity. He has sold his precious, and never-dying soul, for that which an hour's sickness, or an accident, may any day, and at any season, rob him of for ever. Remorse, and trembling, and suffering, he is now treasuring up for himself, even that remorse which implies no repentance, that trembling which admits no hope, and that torment which knows no end!"

The castle of Dunottar stands upon a rocky peninsula, and, at the time of which I am writing, was only accessible by a draw-bridge, or narrow passage, from the west, or land-side. It has been, in various ages, the scene of much contention and bloodshed. It was here that Sir William Wallace is said to have burnt to the death not less than four thousand English soldiers in one night: it was within these fire-scared and blackened walls that the unfortunate Marquis of Montrose renewed the horrors of conflagration: and it was here, too, that the brave and truly manly-hearted Ogilvy so long, and so determinedly, defended our Scotch Regalia against the soldiers of the Commonwealth; and, what is more memorable or interesting than all this, it was from out these walls that Mrs Granger, wife of the minister of Kineff, conveyed away, packed up and concealed amidst a bundle of clothes, the emblems of Scottish independence; and that, after having concealed them till the Restoration, at one time beneath the pulpit, and at another time betwixt the plies of a double-bottomed bed, she restored them, upon the accession of Charles the Second, to Mr Ogilvy, who, along with the Earl Marshal and Keeper of Regalia, Keith, were rewarded, for *her* fidelity, the one with a baronetcy, and the other with the earldom of Kentore, whilst neither this woman nor her husband have ever yet been visited by any royal, or national, or even individual mark of gratitude and attention!

This castle of Dunottar, which had so recently been honoured as the receptacle of the Regalia, was now about to be converted into a State Prison, and, like the Bass, to become subservient to the views of an alarmed and fluctuating Council, at

a time when the rebellion of the unfortunate Monmouth in England, and of the haughty and ill-advised Earl of Argyle in Scotland, had set the whole kingdom in a ferment, either of hope or of apprehension. Mr Frazer's narrative of the entrance of the prisoners into the castle, upon Sabbath the 24th day of May 1685, is sufficiently graphic and intelligible. "We passed along," says he, "a narrow way, or draw-bridge, and from thence ascended, under a covered road, towards the castle, which stands high up, and looks down upon the sea from three of its sides. After having entered by a large and massy gate, we found ourselves drawn up, as it were, in the middle of a square, with nothing but soldiers and strong walls of stone on every side of us: a person in the garb of a jailor, with a bunch of large and rusty keys in his hand, opened a door on the sea-ward side of the building, and we were very rudely and insultingly commanded to enter: 'Kennel up, kennel up, ye dogs of the Covenant,' were amongst the best terms which were applied to us; and whenever the door-way was chocked full of those who were hurrying *in*, or rather *down*, (for our room was a vaulted dungeon,) the merry soldiers applied their pikes, so as to stimulate our entrance. The laird of Balmagechan being amongst the last to penetrate into this abode of stench, damp, darkness, suffocation, and every hideous variety of wretchedness, a soldier made a lounge at him with the point of his pike, wounding him even to the effusion of blood. Balmagechan was a peaceable man and a Christian, but this was fairly past all possibility of endurance, so turning round in an instant, and parrying with his arm a renewed thrust, he closed at once upon his insulting tormentor, wrested the pike from his grasp, and splintered it into shivers over the miscreant's head, adding, at the same time, these admonitory expressions: 'Tak' thou that in the mean time, thou devil's get, to teach thee manners.' This whole transaction was the work of an instant, and had not the Captain interfered, who admitted that the chastisement of the soldier was richly merited, poor Balmagechan had certainly expiated, with his life, this act of retaliation to which he had been so suddenly provoked. So soon as the laird had been stowed in, (as the Captain termed it), and the dungeon-door had, with some difficulty, been closed upon his back, no words can give any idea of the horror and the misery which almost immediately followed.

The apartment into which, with scarcely room to stand, 147 human beings were now promiscuously, without regard to sex, or age, or infirmities, thrust, was, in fact, dug out of the rock, and unless, by a small and narrow window towards the sea, had no means of admitting either light or air. All our former sufferings were nothing to this; for here, in addition to every kind of present hardship and misery, we had the heart-sickening reflection, that none of us could guess when our sufferings might, unless by the friendly interposition of Death, come to an end. As the night advanced, the heat became intolerable, and a sense of suffocation, the most dreadful of any to which our frail nature is exposed, seemed to threaten immediate and unavoidable death. In vain we knocked and called upon the guard, and implored a little air, and asked water for God and for mercy's sake. We were answered only by the scoff and the jeer, and that loud and harsh laugh which seems to express the very soul and disposition of a fiend. At last, nature, in many cases, being entirely worn out, gave way: some leaned their heads over upon the shoulders of the persons nearest to them, and, as if in the act of drinking water, expired: others lost their reason entirely, struck furiously around them, tore their own hair and that of others, and then went off in strong and hideous convulsions. Happier were they, at this dreadful midnight hour, who entered this dungeon with a feeble step, and in a wasted state of bodily strength, for their struggle was short, and their death comparatively easy—they died ere midnight! But far otherwise was it with many upon whom God had bestowed youth, health, and unimpaired strength; they stood the contest long; and frequently, after they appeared to be dead, awoke again

from their faintings into renewed strength, and a recovered apprehension of all the reality of their insufferable horrors. After the fatal discovery had been made that the door was not to be opened, the rush towards the opposite window became intolerable—the feeble were trode down, and even the strong wasted their strength in contending with each other. It was like the gathering together and gorging of ice at the head of a gullet, on the breaking up of a storm; but there was, alas! no outlet to all this pushing and onward hurrying! It was, indeed, melancholy to observe, amongst men, and amongst Christians, and amongst fellow-sufferers in the bonds of the Covenant, so little of accommodation or attention to each other's feelings. There were many of us who could, and some of us who actually did, afterwards, lay down our lives for the good cause, at the place of public execution, who yet, under the agonies of this night, seemed to consult only our own easement. But it was the degree of suffering, and not the fear of death, which overcame us, and rendered us incapable of any other sentiment than that of self-relief.

"Morning at last dawned, and whether from an apprehension of our situation, or in the regular course of prison visitation, I know not, but so it was, that the door flew suddenly open, and the effects of the free ingress of fresh air were felt, and acknowledged by a kind of universal murmur of thanksgiving. In all our extreme suffering, not one prayer had ascended, in my hearing, to God;—but now that we breathed more freely, our hearts melted into thankfulness; and whilst we implored the jailor to grant us a continued admission of air, we lifted up our eyes towards Heaven, and thanked God with all our heart and soul. So soon, however, as we were capable of recollecting ourselves, we pled for water. This was indeed brought to us by the humanity of the soldier who had seemed formerly to be seriously impressed; but a dispute happening to arise betwixt him and the rest of his companions, on the score of receiving money for each draught, the inhuman miscreants emptied the barrel before our eyes, directly into our cell, and absolutely refused either to bring more, or to permit it to be brought. This disappointment was perhaps, upon the whole, the most awfully afflictive of any dispensation which we had met with, for our thirst was now intolerable, and scarcely half-a-dozen had partaken of the means of alleviating it. It was not in the language of remonstrance which we now spoke, but in a wild yell of despair, which echoed from the roof of the vault, and caused the door to be again suddenly closed in upon us. The governor's lady, however, having got, through means, probably, of our friendly soldier, information of our unhappy state, came down herself to ascertain the truth, and immediately ordered, even at the risk of giving offence to her husband, that water should be supplied to us in abundance; that the women should have a separate apartment in the castle; that forty of the men should be removed to an adjoining cell; and that the dead, which amounted, by this time, to a considerable number, should be decently interred. Oh, woman, woman! the fittest and the most engaging instrument in the hand of a wise and a kind Providence, for accomplishing purposes of mercy,—when I, or any of those who were on this memorable day rescued from torment and death by thy interposition, forget thee, or cease to pray for thy happiness here and hereafter, may we again be condemned to sufferings such as we then endured!"

Captivity, however mitigated its form and pressure, is still a weary load and a galling burden; after having remained in the same miry, fireless, and ill-aired dungeon, into which they were originally plunged for upwards of six weeks, and without receiving any, even the most remote hope of liberty, it is not surprising to find, that, through the assistance of the same friendly guard who had, in all probability, procured for them the Lady Governor's seasonable interposition in their favour, a select number, at the head of whom were the Laird of Balmagechan, and the Rev. Historian himself, judged it allowable to attain their liberty by any means which might not implicate the life or the character of others. Accordingly, having possessed themselves

of a file, to divide the iron bar or staunchel of the window, together with a rope to be used in effecting their descent from the rock, and having given the necessary intimations and instructions to the companions of their imprisonment, they issued forth with comparative ease, and at dead of night, from their dungeon, and stood, to the amount of about fifty, on the point of the rock, and immediately behind the castle, where no sentinel was deemed necessary. "When we looked around us," continues Mr Frazer, "we found that we were standing on the very point of a precipice, with the sea before us, and on either side, and with only one rather weak rope, by which to suspend ourselves, one by one, over the brow of the projecting cliff. However, we were fully aware of all this before we undertook the enterprize, and had so arranged business, as to proceed with our device in perfect silence, and without any delay or confusion. The Laird of Balmagechan, the original contriver of the plan, was first let down, with the rope run around his waist, and the assistance of his fingers and toes in taking advantage of the juttings and crevices of the craig. There was a deis, or projecting ledge, of the rock about half-way down, where there was room for about a score, or upwards, to find footing and support. Here the Laird alighted, and unloosing the rope, assisted in conducting a successor over the frightful projection, into this temporary resting-place; and thus, one by one, about twenty-five of us were deposited on this 'Cape of Good Hope,' from whence we were now obliged to look out for a passage outwards, in order to make room for a succession of adventurers. But whilst this second movement was in the way of being accomplished, we heard a gun fired within the square, or court of the castle, and the word of alarm and pursuit immediately given. We could perceive, that those who still remained above were now hurrying with all possible speed back into their cell, and accordingly, more from an instinct of self-preservation than from any settled plan of concealment, we huddled close together into the face of the rock, and found ourselves concealed, in some measure, from view. Whilst we stood, or rather lay, here, in a state little short of absolute despair, we heard all the bustle and clamour of search going forward, and after a full hour's suspense, upon which time and eternity, life and death, freedom and captivity, seemed to us to turn, we heard the prison or dungeon-door locked in, and the tramp of a sentinel, as he paced along by the front of the window from which we had so recently escaped. He continued to mutter and to growl out curses and execrations as he walked backwards and forwards, almost immediately over our heads. 'These cut-throat Whigamores,' said he, 'with their Argyles and their Monmouths, and their protestations and their covenants, and all their canting hypocrisy of prayers and psalm-singing, would, I verily believe, take up the kingdom upon us if we did not look sharp after them. Who goes there?' and in an instant a bullet passed directly over our heads, with a whizzing noise, for one of our members had coughed, and given this alarm. We continued, notwithstanding, to preserve an incumbent and motionless attitude, whilst a voice from below immediately responded to the firing, in language at once appropriate to the occasion, and sufficiently indicative of the profession of a fisherman. He had taken time, as they say, by the forelock, and was in the act of casting his oars into a boat which lay upon the beach, and almost afloat, when the ball from the sentinel's gun had passed through the plank at his elbow. Never was there a more fortunate occurrence than this, for whilst the attention of the soldier was arrested to the reproachful language of the incensed fisherman, suspicion was lulled in regard to us, and even any little noise which might afterwards unavoidably take place, would, we judged, naturally be referred by the sentinel to the same, or to a similar cause. Still, however, we remained in a dreadful predicament, seeing no means of escape, even the rope having been retained in possession of the upper captives, and knowing that day-light must in a short while discover our perilous retreat. In these circumstances, the Laird's presence of mind

by no means forsook him, for having constructed a new rope of our shirts, which were firmly tied together by the sleeves, we were dropped, one by one, quietly and safely upon the beach, over which the surf was now, luckily for us, on account of the noise which was occasioned, breaking. The Laird was the last man, on this occasion, to leave the perilous station which we occupied, but was, at last, by the contrivance of erecting ourselves upon each others shoulders, and leaning forwards upon the face of the rock, safely landed likewise. In the present state, however, of the tide, we were closely hemmed in, and could not possibly effect our escape along the beach, and under cover of the projecting rocks, till the waters of the sea had ebbed considerably. Into the caves, therefore, which the force and the constant working of the waves had scooped out, we were glad to retreat, till towards morning, when, by the favour of a kind Providence, the Laird and I, with about half a score more, effected our escape; whilst some of our brethren, less favoured, were discovered in their endeavours to retreat, by a party of washerwomen, and were again secured, and reserved to unheard-of tortures."

Here, therefore, with the escape of the Laird of Balmagechan, and of my historian Mr Frazer, as well as with the liberation of that extraordinary, and godly woman, Euphan Thriepland, which, soon after this, in consequence of a misnomer, took place, will terminate, for the present, my narrative. Were I particularly disposed, as the reader may be ready to suspect, to dwell amongst horrors and cruelties, a scene lies immediately before me which is sufficiently inviting,—the torture, namely, of William Niven, and Peter Russel, and Alexander Dalgleish, and others of that unfortunate party, who were taken whilst endeavouring their escape, and betwixt whose fingers burning matches were placed for hours, till one died outright, another went distracted, and the fingers of a third were literally burnt to a cinder.

Reader, I inquire not into thy political creed; I ask not whether thou art a Whig or a Tory, an Opositionist or a Ministerialist,—whether thou art of opinion that "the power of the crown" has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; or coincidest in sentiments with those who are willing to render that power still stronger, and to pour the stream of ministerial influence, like an overpowering tide, through all the veins of the state. I can allow thee, for the sake of argument, to be an honest and a fair man on both suppositions; all I ask of thee is this, Art thou indeed a MAN? and canst thou in thy heart excuse, much less justify, such conduct, as, from the most unquestionable authority, I have exhibited? If thy spirit indeed revolts at such policy, and altogether abhors such cruelties, and abominations of injustice, beware how thou dost tamper with thy better feelings, and more generous principles; for there seems to be, at present, a plan in the contemplation of many, who are endowed with no ordinary measure of talent and popular influence, gradually to lessen our detestation of such transactions, and, by a good-humoured and clever ridicule, to make us ashamed of every political or religious principle or maxim that, to use a phrase of the times of which I am writing, would seem to *homologate* us with these firm and manly supporters of our natural and national rights. If thou canst not be influenced by the above statements, perhaps the words with which I shall conclude, of an English Bishop and a decided loyalist, may produce some effect:

"They spit and roast men," says Bishop Burnet; "they kill some in cold blood, or rather in hot blood; when they hear of any going to church, they do not trouble themselves to set a fine upon him, but set as many soldiers upon him as are sufficient to eat him up in a night, and all this without *trial or jury*, but simply on the allegations of some hired or suborned informers." Thou hast my say, and I remain——

T. G.

DIO—CANZONE.

From the Italian of Celio Magno.

" Del bel Giordano in su la sacra riva."

On Jordan's sacred brink I sat alone,
While on my hand my wearied head did lie,
When in the sky a sudden splendour shone,
And sounds divinely sweet came breathing by:
Then in the parted heavens my wondering eye
Beheld a golden-tinted cloud appear,
By angels borne, and guided through the sky;
It waver'd slowly through the downward air—
Then paus'd above my head—and stood suspended there.

My eyes, with that unearthly brilliancy,
Were dim and dazzled; in that misty shroud
My heart confess'd a present Deity,
My knees devoutly to the dust were bow'd;
Then from the bosom of that bursting cloud
Three nymphs came forth—all fair, beyond the flight
Of thought to paint, or tongue to tell aloud—
All fair; but one, to my delighted sight,
More heavenly fair appear'd—more eminently bright.

White was her vesture—with a starry crown
That sparkled through her darkly radiant hair,
And eyes that ever on the earth look'd down:
A robe of cheerful green the second bare,
With lifted looks and hands, as one in prayer:
In royal purple was the last array'd,
And from her loaded lap, into the air
Scatter'd her fruits and flowers: their course they staid,
And thus, in strains divine, discours'd that white-rob'd maid:

" O Mortals weak, and obstinate as weak!
O madly deaf—immedicably blind!
Ye wander from the path of Heaven, and seek,
Amidst the tempests of the world, to find
Balm to the soul, rest to the weary mind—
Peace in the midst of war, and joy in pain;
But Love Divine, even in its anger kind,
Grants to your mortal weakness once again
To hear the words of life—O let them not be vain!

" Man wakes to weeping in his very birth—
Sad omen of his future destiny;
Nor breathes the meanest living thing on earth
More powerless in its helpless infancy:
Doom'd, in the golden days of youth, to be
Mazed in a worldly labyrinth of ill,
He wanders on, unwilling to be free,
Still murmuring at his lot, and labouring still—
Feeding the worm within, that cannot have his fill.

" For what can slake the accursed thirst of gain,
Or cool the fever'd longing for delight?
What charm can Envy's rancorous tongue restrain
Or bound Ambition in his eagle flight?
And if some gleams of pleasure cheer the sight,
'Tis but a meteor light that lures us on—

A syren's song, that doth to death invite,—
A dream, that, like some shifting cloud, is gone,
Which, ere we mark its shape, hath past and overblown.

"Death waves above your heads that fatal blade
That only waits the signal stroke on high,
Whose course is all too swift, when most delay'd,
And nearest oft when least ye deem it nigh:—
O ye, that, in the boundless energy
Of youth, live fearless of your coming doom,
As if existence were eternity—
Soon shall ye stoop into a narrow room,
A humble heap of dust, coop'd in a nameless tomb.

"Thou, too, that in thy prime of life elate,
So fondly deem'st thy life's uncertain thread
With adamantine strength commensurate,
Thou too shalt hear, when sick and lowly laid,
The loud lament around thy dying bed,
And leaving all on earth that glads the mind,
Be in the silent mansion sepulchred;
Happy that last sad resting-place to find,
Not like the brutes, to die, and leave no trace behind:

"O mortals, truly wretched, if, in sooth,
That parting pang annihilated all;
Then sorrow were the sad reward of truth,
And loftiest minds would have the lowest fall,
And knowledge be but bitterness and gall:
But fear not ye—the soul's immortal ray
Burns brightest when releas'd from mortal thrall,
And when the body crumbles into clay,
The spirit soars, and smiles secure amidst decay.

"And Virtue, fearless though the tempest lour,
Looks calmly forward to her home on high,
Endures alike the bright or stormy hour,
And with sweet Patience tires Adversity.
Then would'st thou learn to look with stedfast eye
On joy and grief below, and tempest tried;
To find thy home and harbour in the sky;
Let holy reverence fill the place of pride;
Who seeks the fount of Truth, must *stoop* to taste the tide.

"Look forth, where those eternal planets roll
Harmonious through the pathless heaven, and trace
A Power that guides and animates the whole;
Mark with what prodigality of grace
Majestic Nature clothes her varied face,
And say what hand adorn'd that rolling ball—
What voice was His, that, from the depths of space,
Bade worlds awake at its creating call,
And breathed the breath of life and vigour through them all?

"Who lent the flow'rs their scent, and bade them beam
With such a rich variety of dye?
Who from his wat'ry stores supplies the stream?
Who gives the soaring bird the strength to fly?
Who sets the ocean-wave his boundary,
And guides the seasons in their constant flight,
And circles with a starry crown the sky,
And gives the sun by day, the moon by night,
Their everlasting course, and their unwearied light?

" The earth—the air—the sea's resounding base,
Are but the tongues that speak th' Almighty mind;
And mirrors that reflect his glorious face,
Clear to the eye, which no vain errors blind:
All Nature speaks his pow'r; and shall mankind,
Amidst creation's voice, be dumb and dead?—
Proud man! to whom Heav'n's bounty hath assign'd
Pre-eminence of glory, and dispread
Its own eternal rays around his honoured head—

" He who o'er Nature's vast variety
Sits as a Ruler on his lofty throne,
Himself creation's vast epitome,
And God's own image—who in him alone
Beholds a portion of his glory shown,
And watches o'er him as a parent kind;
O weakness of the soul, to error prone!
What fatal magic fetters down the mind
In darkness thus to dwell, to Truth's effulgence blind?

" Bright beam of Truth! though clouds obscure thy ray,
Nor mortal eye may view thee as thou art;
Yet doth thy presence o'er the darksome way
Shoot forth a stream of glory, and impart
Wings to the feet, joy to the troubled heart;
Thine was the guiding-star, that led along
Those pure and peaceful spirits, who, apart
From the rude bustle of the worldly throng,
Sought peace in humble weeds, the woods and grots among.

" And O! ye blessed martyrs, that have won
Those glorious palms, that ages cannot fade;
Ye too rejoiced in that all-cheering sun
When to the axe ye bow'd the hallowed head
Undaunted at the tyrant's voice, and shed
Your blood like water—not with groan or cry,
But looks of hope, and hymns of joy instead,
Rose from the stake and scaffold to the sky,
Till patience vanquish'd pain, and wearied cruelty.

" By us sustain'd amid that fearful hour,
Serene ye saw your tortures, and defied;
When vain are mortal strength and mortal power,
We stand united by the Christian's side—
The chosen of God, to counsel and to guide
His footsteps in his perilous enterprize,
Till victor at the last, and purified
By stern and fiery trial, he arise
Stainless, and repossess his own paternal skies.

" But I above my fellows do sustain
His upward footsteps to that heav'nly height,
Which mortal strength unaided may not gain,—
But gain'd, all objects dwindle to the sight.
Then let thy grateful voice with mine unite,
The glory of thy Maker's name to raise,
Bounteous in mercy, as supreme in might;
And where thy falt'ring tongue in vain essays,
Let thy full heart at least in silence speak his praise.

" O Sun of Righteousness! at whose uprise
This other sun of ours grows pale and wan;
Light of the world! at whose creating voice
Arose this mighty and harmonious plan;

Fountain of life! that from no source began,
Thou ever-flowing, yet abounding river,
Whose waves still scatter'd blessings where they ran,
Eternal from the first, and changing never,
Whom eye hath never seen, nor thought encompass'd ever.

"Thou who, enamour'st of thy heav'nly light,
The longing soul, that, panting to be gone,
Strong as a new-fledg'd Phœnix, waits its flight,
Whose plenitude of bliss depends on none—
Sufficient to itself—whose voice alone
Assigns the task, alone decrees the crown—
Who sees't the future in the present shewn—
O let thy grace, from heav'n descending down,
Infuse into my soul a portion of thine own!"

So sang the nymph divine, and, as she sang,
I felt my swelling heart with rapture bound;
Soft rose the other's answ'ring song, and rang,
Th' angelic harps responsive to the sound.
Then smil'd the face of heav'n, and earth around
Shone lovely as a second Paradise;
Then knew I how the lore of man is found
Worthless, and how the eye of Faith supplies
A vision passing far the sight of mortal eyes.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. II.

The Country Schoolmaster's Vacation.

The disgrace that waits upon misfortune,
The mere reproach, the shame of being miserable,
Exposes men to scorn and base contempt,
Even from their nearest friends. *Denham's Sophy.*

THERE are perhaps few men blest with such equanimity of mind, or so favoured by fortune, as never to be discontented with their lot or situation in life, and who never look upon their neighbours as happier than themselves. For my own part, although I neither murmur against Providence, nor envy those whom I believe more happily placed around me, yet I confess I have sometimes, after dismissing the noisy tenants of my little mansion, sat at my desk, leaning my cheek on my hand, and mentally exclaiming, "Oh! the fatigues—the vexations—and the privations of a schoolmaster!" Had Thomson ever been doomed to the drudgery of being a country schoolmaster, his conscience would never have allowed him to have written that often-quoted apostrophe, so pleasing to the ear, and soothing to the heart of every poetical reader, except to him who has long practised the wearisome trade:

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shout,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind!

All this is very fine in theory, but come to the practice: it is not then pouring the *fresh*, but the *stale* instruction, which has been fifty times poured before, and will probably require to be as often reiterated before it can be made efficient. To encourage the timid, check the forward, goad the sluggard, stimulate the careless, overcome the obstinate, inform the dull, and vainly attempt to put brains in a blockhead; these are the daily and *delightful tasks* of a schoolmaster. To be teased by the pride of one parent, the ignorance of another, and the boorish rudeness of a third, are specimens of his vexations. Then, for his privations, for eleven months in the year he must plod on in the same monotonous

track. The tailor who sits cross-legged on a board is comparatively his own master; he can make a holiday to town and country as suits his inclinations.

Such have been my melancholy musings; and I doubt not many of my brethren have indulged similar feelings. It will not, therefore, be wondered at, if the heart of the teacher, like those of his pupils, bounds with anticipated pleasure as he contemplates the approaching autumnal vacation, which is hailed as the annual jubilee of both master and scholar. That important period was near at hand, and I had predetermined that it should contribute to my felicity; that, like the great Seged of Ethiopia, I would cast every care behind me; not that, like that mighty monarch, I wished to riot on the lap of voluptuous pleasure, but, with body and mind at ease, and unfettered, I would, like the mountain bee, rove from flower to flower, my purpose being, in imitation of my betters, to see a little of the world, and study men, their manners, and their ways; enjoying, also, the sweets of Nature in her rural beauty. For these purposes, the clustered village, the lonely glen, and heath-clad hill, were to be the objects of my attention. My projected plan was to cross the Forth, see the folks of Fife, the bodies of Angus, and, if time permitted, the men of the Mearns. At the examination of my school by a committee of the Presbytery, my pupils obtained for me the approbation of that reverend body: thus, in good humour with myself, my tour was to commence under the happiest auspices. To narrate some incidents which occurred during my peregrination is the purpose of this paper. I attempt not to describe scenery, or buildings, which others have done in better style; but I wish to put upon record, for my own future instruction, and perhaps that of others, occurrence which, although trivial in themselves, had, in their consequences, a powerful influence on my happiness.

As mine was to be a pedestrian tour, it will not be supposed that I encumbered myself with superfluous baggage: a couple of shirts, and some other necessaries, tied in a silk-handkerchief, constituted my wardrobe; in my pockets I stowed a small paper book, pencil, and inkhorn, for making memoranda; a Lilliputian edition of Horace, when I might lack company; and a sufficient stock of fine-flavoured Macabau, as the snuff-box generally serves as a pass-key to open the door of conversation with a stranger. Dressed in black, with new velveteen small-clothes, a silk umbrella in my right hand, and the bundle containing my wardrobe under my left arm, I started early, on a fine morning, for Leith, to which I had a walk of several hours, and arrived just in time for the passage-boat. I seated myself beside a young lady in a rich satin pelisse. We had many passengers, and a fine stiff breeze. When about mid-water, I took out my snuff-box to have a pinch, when a sudden motion of the boat made both the lady and me change our positions, in consequence of which, she received the contents of the box right in her face, while, by a twitch of her elbow, she jerked the snuff-box fairly into the water. The pain in her eyes, I have no doubt, was excruciating, as, in spite of herself, she writhed, and cried, and soon began to sneeze sans intermission; the tears streaming from her eyes on her cheeks, blended with the titillating dust with which her face had been so liberally bestowed. Some other of her own sex coming to her assistance, I hastily arose to give them place, when the handle of my umbrella, being entangled in the satin pelisse, made a rent of at least half a yard in length. The lady, who had hitherto borne her distresses with surprising meekness, now exclaimed, "Was there ever such an awkward —!" The sentence was left unfinished; perhaps it was intended to be filled up by the word "accident," although it is more probable the suppressed substantive was some appellation mentally applied to me, although not uttered. I staggered to another quarter of the boat, turning my back on the distress I had occasioned. By the time we reached Kirkcaldy, the lady was tolerably recovered. On emerging from the boat, the pier was somewhat slippery, and wishing to display my agility, I stumbled and fell, rising with a most un-

fortunate and capacious hiatus in my new velveteens. My fellow-passengers set up an universal laugh, and I heard the lady say, vauntingly, "So much for my wrongs!" The pier was crowded with idlers, staring at the passengers. My misfortune was not of a nature to be concealed, and one pointed it out to another. Luckily the Cross-keys inn attracted my eyes, and I hastened to hide myself from the rude stare of unfeeling spectators. A knight of the thimble was sent for, who, after inspecting the unfortunate rent, said that he could certainly repair the injury, but it would be only a botched job at best, neither neat nor secure: the result was, that I bartered with the hero of the needle for others ready made, and I believe that my necessity was his opportunity; however, the expence was unavoidable. After his departure, left solitary, and rather fretted, I mechanically put my hand in my pocket to seek consolation from my snuff-box, and only then recollected that it was floating down the Forth. It was the gift of a dear friend, being a highly-finished wooden-box, with an exquisite painting from "The Cottar's Saturday-night" on the lid, and a scene from "The Twa Dogs" on the bottom, the loss of this favourite added to my chagrin.

Leaving Kirkcaldy, I hastened forward; and, having an introduction to a mill-spinner in the interior of the country, I reached his habitation about sunset, and was invited to take up my quarters with him for a week. The lady of the mansion was polite and hospitable; her husband had much eccentric humour, blended with good sense, and many shrewd observations: these made me, in some degree, forget the vexations of the morning. Being fatigued, I slept soundly, and next morning, after breakfast, I accompanied my landlord to see the spinning-mill. We began our inspection at the *primum mobile*; and while we stood looking at the ponderous water-wheel, impelled by vanity, I began a very scientific discussion on the weight of a column of water on any given fall, and the best construction of buckets on a wheel. While he listened with great attention, eager to display my skill, I suggested some improvements that might be made on the wheel under our eye. As he did not seem readily to comprehend me, I pointed my umbrella to the buckets of the wheel: it got entangled, was snapt from my hand, and carried under the wheel: my companion uttered a horrid exclamation, and while the word was yet in his mouth, the huge machine, like Pharaoh's chariots, drove heavily, revolved, and stood still, for two buckets were fairly wrenched out! The manager came from the interior, crying, what was the matter? which, when he had learned, he lost his temper, swearing that the spin would be reduced an hundred spindles before the danger could be repaired. A boy was sent to look for my umbrella, and returned with just sufficient to shew what it had once been, for the cloth was torn in shreds, and great part of the stalk had disappeared. Vexed at the accident which I had occasioned, I scarcely knew how to frame an apology, for the eloquence I had so lately been displaying had now forsaken me. The gentleman said it was of no consequence, but I saw that his tongue belied his feelings. He politely led me away to view his pleasure-grounds; but I was disconcerted, and meditated a speedy departure, which I effected soon after. It came to rain heavily; I now felt the want of my umbrella, and soon got wet to the skin. I arrived in Dundee; slept in an inn; and in the morning delivered a letter of introduction to a gentleman, who, having walked over the town with me, carried me home to dinner, and, as he was a bachelor, insisted that I should lodge with him. A couple of gentlemen dined with us, but, on account of some previous engagement, went away early.

Soon after the departure of our guests, my friend received a card, the contents of which I perceived produced some embarrassment; at length he said, that, however much against his inclination, and contrary to the rules of politeness, he was under an indispensable necessity of requesting that I would excuse his going out for a little. I instantly replied, that I also would walk out and amuse myself; but we both re-

collected that my shoes had been sent to get some repairs, and his were too little to accommodate me; "No matter; I can amuse myself with a book," said I, and insisted on his departure.

My friend had been only a few minutes gone, when the maid-servant came in, with a slight blush on her cheek, and simpering, said, that she was under the necessity of leaving me housekeeper for a little; and requesting, that if any one knocked, I would have the goodness to answer. Although little skilled in the physiognomy of the passions, I thought I could perceive some love-affair in the girl's face, and that she had gladly availed herself of her master's absence; on this account, I was willing to excuse what I conceived rather too great a freedom with a stranger. The sun had been down for some time; I took up the first book that came to hand, which happened to be a tolerable copy of Gil Blas, and, beginning at the first chapter, I had just got him immersed in the robber's cave, like a mouse in a trap, when a smart rap at the door made me start from the chair; a repetition of the knock reminded me of the office with which Betty had taken the liberty of investing me, and, hoping it was her master, I shuffled to the door, where I found a stranger, with a message to the landlord. When at the top of the stairs, on his way down, he turned round to mention something he had forgotten. I walked forward a few paces, to hear him distinctly; the door swung lightly on its hinges, and immediately closed behind me, not, indeed, with "jarring sound," nor did its hinges "grate harsh thunder;" yet the clap with which it closed was nearly as appalling to my ears, as the fall of the trap-door was to the hero of whom I had been reading, for I instantly felt that I was shut out, and that my hat was, by the same movement, shut in.

Let the reader figure to himself my situation—a stranger, bare-headed, with my feet only half into a pair of old slippers, on a common stair, in the dusk of the twilight—an object either of ridicule or suspicion to every passer-by. I made several abortive attempts on the lock with such instruments as I had in my pocket, and stood for some time biting my nails, fretting and fuming at my own awkwardness; and at last turned to the stair-case window, to avoid the inquisitive and broad stare of those who passed me. I had stood, as I presume, nearly half an hour in this plight, although to me it seemed time of immeasurable length, when, turning my head, I saw a girl coming up stairs, who, I supposed, was she who had been the origin of my misfortune, and, approaching the landing-place, began to address her in no very gentle mood; she started at my appearance, and, I found, was a stranger. I was about to enter into an explanation, which I had just prefaced with, "My dear girl, hear me," when a hoarse voice behind me cried, "And who the d—l are you? Bell, what are you doing there?" At the same instant, a masculine figure brushed alongside of me, and, grasping me firmly by the collar, in a tone still harsher than before, cried, "Who are you, Sir? Bell, fetch a light instantly!" I again attempted to explain; but, fixing his fangs more firmly, he said, "I'll hear what you've to say when I've seen your face;" and, in a voice which made the house ring, he vociferated for a light. The girl came down stairs with a candle: he eyed me from head to foot, and, shaking me somewhat roughly, cried, "I ken you now, billie. Bell, gang for a constable this moment, ye little light-headed gipsy!" and he stamped his foot violently on the floor. The girl seemed to hesitate, and her reluctance evidently augmented his wrath; at last she ventured to say, "Oh, father, hear the gentleman, allow him to speak!" "Gentleman! fine talking!" cried he, rage sparkling in his eyes, while he was puffing and fuming like the safety-valve of a steam-engine: he was dragging me forward, when, fortunately, my landlord approached, who looked at all of us with a face of inquiring wonder. A short explanation from me elucidated the whole, and I was released from the grasp of my Herculean antagonist, who, placing his daughter before him, went up stairs muttering words of wrathful import. My friend

was much fretted at the insult to which I had been exposed, saying, the fellow was a tradesman who occupied the attic story, and was now, as usual, half intoxicated, adding, that he pitied the daughter, who was really a fine girl. We soon united in laughing at the ludicrous incident; and my friend then informed me, that he had been with a couple of friends who had come up from Arbroath, and were proceeding to Perth; that their horse and gig had to be returned, and that I could have both next morning, to Arbroath, free of expence. While we sat at supper, noise and high words were heard up stairs. "That is your catchpole, and he seems to be more boisterous than usual," said my friend. I retired early, as I intended to start betimes.

The morning was fine, and my horse spirited: I had proceeded three or four miles, and was walking my horse slowly up an acclivity, on the bank of the Dighty, when I came up to a girl, neatly dressed, who, looking up as I passed, smiled—a blush suffusing her cheek; I instantly recognized her as the girl who had witnessed my rencontre on the stair; this induced me to exchange compliments, and having alluded to the scene of last evening, she blushed still deeper, which I supposed was for the rudeness of her father. We conversed for several minutes, and she informed me that she was on her way to visit a friend in Montrose: she had a pretty large bundle on her arm, and the day was warm; I was alone in a gig; the girl had, in some degree, been my advocate last night, and it occurred to me that gratitude, as well as politeness, required that I should offer her a seat beside me: this was done with some diffidence on my part, and frankly, but modestly, accepted by the girl, whom I found lively, and more intelligent than I had expected; at the same time, she did not appear altogether easy, which I attributed to her being seated with a stranger; and I observed that she often looked behind her, with something like alarm in her countenance. A gig now appeared following us, and my companion's uneasiness increased; it gained upon us rapidly, and the girl, looking round, said, in a tone of alarm, "It is my father!—I fear, Sir, you will have some trouble on my account—I ought to have explained—but there is no time now—however, adhere to the truth, as I shall do; and, if possible, keep your temper, for my father is a fiery, passionate man." We were now within half-a-dozen of miles of Arbroath, and just approaching some neat cottages close on the road; the man in the gig drove furiously alongside of mine, and I saw, at a glance, that he was my angry assailant of last night: he seized my horse by the bridle, and had driven so closely, that the wheels of the vehicles were locked, while rage reddened his face and sparkled in his eyes. "What do you mean, Sir?" said I; "you will overturn the gigs, and most probably kill some of us." "No matter for that—if you break your neck, it will only cheat the gallows!" cried he, in a voice half stifled by passion. "This is strange language, Sir—I am at a loss to know how I have injured or offended you," said I. "What, Sir! is it no injury to steal my dochter?—I find you wi' the stown goods beside you—this is no your first attempt upo' my bairn!—d'ye think I dinna ken you?—the vagabond strolling-player, wha cam' sae often about M———'s hand last year,—he had little credit o' sic company. I kent you yestreen at the first glint—but she's under age, Sir; an' Ise ha'e you hangit, or sent to Botany Bay, if there be law in Scotland! In the mean time, I've a good mind to cla' your skin!" and he raised his whip in a threatening attitude. His daughter, who had still kept her seat, now said, "Dear father! hear me—you are in a mistake—the gentleman is a stranger to me." "Haud your tongue, ye light-headed hizzie! didna I get you colleaguing wi' him on the stair yestreen?" cried this enraged parent. "Sir, we are exposing ourselves," said I; "there are people coming up, and others collecting about the doors; I observe a sign-post before us—let us halt there, and you shall find me ready to enter into such explanations as will, I trust, prove satisfactory to you." "Ay, ay! you player folk are a' gude at the gab;

but ye'll no draw the blade oure my e'e in a hurry; yet we needna expose oursel's here—I'm no fond o' being seen in sic company!"

Arrived at the inn, and shown into a room, I requested the father and daughter to be seated. "Na, na," said he, gruffly; "stand there, ye glaiket clippie!" pushing back his daughter from a chair. "Come, father, sit down and hear reason—you have affronted me, exposed yourself, and insulted this stranger; and I now insist upon your being seated." This was spoke with such firmness, as seemed to have some effect, and the angry man flung himself into a chair. "Now, father," said the girl, with a gentle smile, "look again, and own you are mistaken in my companion: I know not who, nor what he is; but I solemnly assure you, that I never saw him till last night on the stair." "An' rin awa' wi' him this mornin!—very likely, Bell." "I didna run away with him, although I left you in consequence of your usage last night, and insisting that I should be married next week to that blear-eyed, grey-headed carle, whom you know I detest. I am going to my aunt in Montrose: this gentleman overtook me at the Bridge of Balmossie, and kindly offered me a seat to Arbroath, which I accepted." She paused, and I laid down some letters before him, saying, "There, Sir, is my name and address, which I produce, not in consequence of your rage, which I neither fear nor value, but that you may do justice to your daughter, whom you have treated very unkindly on my account, and from a sincere wish to see her and you reconciled before parting with you." "If my father make an apology to you, Sir, and give me his hand that I shall hear no more of a match which I will go to my grave sooner than consent to, I am ready to return with him—not otherwise." The old man looked grave, and sat in abstracted silence. Thinking it prudent to let him ruminate on what he had heard, I rung the bell, and ordered breakfast.

Whether it was the aromatic effluvia of the tea, operating on the nervous system, or the luscious accompaniments correcting the bile which had collected in the viscera of old Testy, I shall not determine, but after having dispatched a couple of eggs, a plate of ham, a rysart haddock, and a proportionate quantity of bread and butter, mastication being duly assisted, and the whole washed down by four huge cups of excellent tea, he became quite another man; his eye appeared less fiery, and his brow unbent, and the muscles in vicinity of his mouth relaxed into the something resembling good humour. He glanced several times on me and his daughter, with the look of a child conscious, but ashamed to say it has done wrong; at last, with considerable hesitation of manner, he said, "I begin to think that I'm wrang, Sir, an' that you're no the player fallow, after a': an' you be na that raggamuffin chap, as I think you're no, I hope you'll forgi'e me; an' if ever you come to be a father, an' only ae bit lassie left you, out of hauf-a-dozen, ye'll ken how to excuse a father's feelings, though they maybe gang a little oure the score o' good manners!" A tear stood trembling in his eye, but he hastily put up his hand and brushed it away. The conclusion of this address, and the tone in which it was delivered, had a contagious effect on me; I felt my eyes watering, and starting up, I seized his hand, saying, "You are forgiven, Sir—be reconciled to your daughter, and comply with her request." There was a huskiness about my throat, which the old man observed, in the alteration of my voice, and looking me full in the face, he said, "Na, you're no the player, that's nature.—Bell, you're a fool—I wish you to live canty wi' a kind gudeman; however, happiness is only in the mind; sae there's my hand, Bell, ye sall never be forced to marry against your will; an' ye'll promise never to be a bride without giving me a month's warning."—"That seems a reasonable request," said I. Bell gave a frank assent, took her father's hand, and pressed it to her glowing lips, and I had the pleasure of seeing them depart good friends.

I had a letter to a gentleman in Arbroath, but he was out of town. I therefore wandered alone, to view the ruins of the Abbey, which have a grand and striking appearance, although much of their venerable and

sublime air has been recently destroyed, by some repairs and attempts to prevent the dilapidations of time.

Walking forward to Montrose, I had neither companion nor adventure, and crossed a fine wooden bridge over the South Esk—a large river, navigable for several miles above the bridge, which, I was told in town, requires constant and expensive repairs, and will, ultimately, cost more than one of more durable materials. On the morning after my arrival, the friend to whom I had been introduced said, if I had any taste for the broad humour of low life, it might be worth while to visit the fish-market, where there were *poissardes* of both sexes, from different fishing-villages, some from within a few miles of Arbroath. As we stood looking and listening, a country farmer, whose carts were just passing, came up, and tapping his whip on some fine haddocks, inquired the price. "Just twa shillings, gudeman." "Will no less do?" said he. "No a doit, an' I sud carry them hame again," replied the wife. "Well, I have no time to argue wi' you to-day; fling them into the cart there, and here's your money." When the farmer was gone, the fishwife said to her companion, "Od, 'oman, I'm a gryte idiot—I'm just like to gang mad—did you ever see the like?—the gudeman's surely fey the day, for he ga'e me a' that I sought. Od I could bite aff my ain nose that I didna get hauf-a-crown." Now came a portly-looking man, with a protuberance of belly, which indicated that he had a plentiful share of the good things of this life; seeming to me such as my fancy has always represented a certain London knight, of turtle-loving notoriety. Looking at a large cod, he asked the price.—"Just aughteen-pence, Bailie."—"Eighteen-pence, Margaret!—the half would be enough." "Na, weel-a-wat na, Sir,—tak' a better look o' her—she's a stately weel-grown brute—just like yoursel', Bailie." This produced a laugh among the bystanders, and Margaret cried, "What ill thief are ye a' laughing at? gin a cow may be compared to a countess, we may surely compare a bailie to a gude cauler codlin fish." Next came a stout, lusty matron, with rubicund face, and well dressed, who said, "I maun ha'e a good bargain now, Eppie, for you cheated me the last day." "Od, mistress, an' ye werna the Deacon's wife, I wad say, foul pike out your tongue, for scandalizing my name! I cheat naebody; their e'en's their merchant." "Weel, Eppie, ye may be as angry as you please, but I got an ill bargain; for when the haddocks were cleaned and the heads off, they were just nothing." "Od, mistress, ye're a braw red-luggit wife, as lang's my John, an' a pair o' gude braid hurdies o' your ain, wi' plenty beneath your apron; but what like wad ye look an' your head were aff, an' you hingin', to wag wi' the wind, upon the wa'? I trow ye wadna be muckle boukit!" As we left them, my friend related many of their eccentricities and odd sayings, among which I noted the following: One day a cow had broke loose from the shambles, and escaped to the outskirts of the town, in the direction where a party of fishers of both sexes were approaching to market: the pursuers called out to stop the cow; one fellow fearlessly rushed forward and grasped the animal by the horns, but was tossed against a wall, and his arm fractured; he however kept his hold, till those behind came up, when, wagging his broken limb in front of the cow, he cried, "Curse your saul! ye son of a ——, look at your handy-wark!"

I dined with my friend, and one of the party recommended to me to take the road by Marykirk, which would lead me into the How of the Mearns, and bring me in contact with a frank, hospitable people; and retiring to a side-table, he returned with a letter, saying, "The gentleman to whom this is addressed will give you a hearty welcome, and thank me for introducing you." We were invited out to sup, where I found company much to my liking, and the lady of the mansion quite fascinating. In the course of some literary conversation, a newspaper was produced, containing some witty, but bitterly satirical verses, the subject of which seemed to be a character well known in the company, all of whom freely indulged their risible faculties, at the ridiculous light in which he was represented by the wicked wit of the poet. But the

lady, checking her mirth, said she was angry with herself for laughing at a man "more sinned against than sinning," and who, she was sure, would feel the sting deeply: to all of which most of those present assented. My opinion of the verses being asked, I said, "I am a stranger to the character here held up to ridicule; but, from what I have just heard, I have no hesitation in saying, that whatever wit may be displayed in the verses, they are a prostitution of talent; and although they may do credit to the head, do very little honour to the heart of the author. He is either a madman scattering fire-brands, arrows, and death, and saying, 'Am not I in sport?' or an unfeeling monster, inflicting pain, and exulting in the writhings of his victim. In a word, bitterly as I would feel in being made thus publicly ridiculous, yet I would be the subject of this satire rather than the author." My sentiments were applauded, and the conversation slid into another channel: still the company seemed fond of humour, and of employing their risible muscles. Some association of ideas, or my evil genius, prompted me to relate an anecdote of a gentleman, which I had heard in Edinburgh, and which, although it cast no stain upon his moral character, placed him in a most ludicrous point of view. I expected it to produce a hearty and universal laugh; but found it fail of that effect; while a gentleman on the opposite side of the table gave me a most significant look, at the same time directing a hasty glance at the lady of the house. I felt that something was wrong, but could not conceive what; and my uneasiness was increased by the silence of the company. The lady was the first to recover her cheerfulness, addressing herself to me with much ease and kindness; but it was obvious that I had destroyed the hilarity of the party; and after some time passed in dull, common-place conversation, the company broke up. When we reached the street, I took the arm of the gentleman who had glanced at me across the table, and implored him to explain how I had marred the happiness of the company. "Oh! a mere trifle, my dear Sir," said he; "but some minds are so squeamishly delicate, so fearful of hurting another's feelings! The hero of the excellent anecdote you related is father to the lady who did the honours of our table, and her brother sat on your left hand! that is all—but the story is a d——sh good one, and generally known here." So, saying, he broke from me abruptly. To describe my feelings is impossible—annihilation would have been a favour; when we arrived at home, I sunk on the sofa, with my brain whirling, and, as I believed, all the blood in my body rushing to my face. My friend kindly inquired if I was ill? "Ay, ill indeed!" cried I; "sick at heart—that *mal à-propos* anecdote! oh! I am in agony!" "And who told you that it was *mal à-propos*? But I need not ask, it was Mr ——" "Yes, it was." "Well, in the language of Ollapod, he owed you one, and he has paid you with interest. He is the author of the verses which you so severely, but justly, censured; he is a strange man; it is almost as dangerous to be his friend, as to have him for an enemy; and he is civilly treated in society, upon the same principle that some barbarous nations are said to worship the devil. Aware of this, he seems to have adopted the maxim of the Roman Emperor, who said, 'Let them hate me, so they fear me!' But with regard to your blunder, although it was unfortunate, I can venture to assure you, that those most concerned will be the first to forgive and forget it." "But I cannot forgive myself, nor forget that I am an egregious, blundering blockhead! my philippic against the satirist I do not regret, for it was merited, and applied to an abstract principle." When in bed, I tossed and tumbled great part of the night, my pulse was quick, my brain confused, and a burning heat over my whole body.

Taking my departure early, I reached the farmer's at the foot of the Grampians much fatigued, for the fever of mind had enervated my limbs. My reception was frank: the farmer said his harvest would not commence for nearly two weeks to come, and till then my company would be a favour. During the following day, I discovered that my

hospitable friend and I had few congenial habits. I saw no books in the family, and his conversation generally turned on field-sports and exercises, of which I was ignorant, both in theory and practice. Blanche, a favourite pointer, was his constant companion in the field and the parlour; he said he had been offered twenty guineas for her, and affirmed he would not take fifty. It was arranged, that next day we should take a ride across Cairn o' Mount, accompanied by a stranger from Aberdeen, also a visitor. I had not rode twenty miles on horseback for ten years past, but anxiety to see a little more of the country made me agree to the proposal, only stipulating, that we should ride slowly. We started after breakfast, and in the bosom of a deep narrow glen, passed the elegant and princely-looking mansion of Drumtochty, surrounded by bleak barren hills. I was delighted with the wild and apparently interminable heath, which we traversed in a zig-zag direction, to avoid the acclivities which rose in succession before us; at last we reached their termination, and the rude sublimity of Bloch-na-bane burst on our view. This hill, which is nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is still a more striking object, from a most romantic-looking rock on its summit. We proceeded to Cuttie's Hillock, where I had a peep at the wide-extended banks of the Dee; we dined and passed some hours there, over libations of diluted "mountain dew," which, compared with the whisky made south the Tay, might be termed the Nectar of Elysium. Having mounted our nags, we took our return by a route which baffles description, the road was so rough, "if road it might be called, that shape had none." I was sick of the saddle, and looked with dejected eye on Alps behind Alps, still rising between me and home. By and by we fell into a smoother path, and winding along a green narrow valley, my companions began to post on; my pony was fiery, and disdained to lag behind. For a change of position, I endeavoured to stand in the stirrups, while the pony was proceeding with increased velocity; this effort, and perhaps the irregularity of my motions, made one of the stirrup-leathers give way; I heard the clatter of the iron as it fell, and it was only by great exertion that I recovered my balance. To preserve something like an equilibrium, I was forced to throw my other foot out of its support, and rest my whole weight on the saddle; this was neither pleasant nor safe, for in spite of my specific gravity, I vacillated like a pendulum, although with far less regularity. I keenly felt this could not continue long; my companions were about an hundred yards before me, and I was reining in my nag as much as possible. In crossing a ford, their horses halted to drink; mine had now discovered my lack of equestrian skill, and hasting forward with speed which increased at every step, run alongside of his companions, and suddenly stopping in the middle of the stream, pitched me over his ears in the water, which was deep enough to save me from being much hurt, without great danger of drowning. After floundering about like a salmon stranded on a shallow, and struggling to regain the stream, I recovered my upright position, and wading forward, stood on *terra firma*, the water pouring from me like a half-drowned rat. We were now within two miles of home, and as I had more reasons than one for declining to ride, I insisted upon walking. Lest I should catch cold, I was supplied with dry clothes; but as the farmer was about half a foot taller than I, and his girth still more in proportion, I made a grotesque appearance in my change of dress; at supper, the children with difficulty kept from laughing in my face, and I retired early, my pride wounded at the ridiculous exhibition I had made.

Next morning, as I had affirmed I was no worse of my cold bath, a shooting excursion was proposed; my clothes had been dried and brushed, and I could find no excuse for declining to accompany them, although I declared I could not afoot. "Well, no matter, we will teach you; it is high time for you to learn," said the farmer; "you shall take a fowling-piece, and I'll lay a bet you either kill or wound before we return." My only feats with fire-arms had been with a pocket-pistol, when a school-boy, on the King's birth-day; and al-

though I had no childish fear, I certainly felt reluctant to make myself ridiculous by awkwardness, or perhaps timidity. However, my piece was delivered to me, with instructions which were to be illustrated by example on the field of action, as I was to be for some time an attentive spectator. Our course was directed to Strath-Fennella; but my companions soon displayed their dexterity on the fields in our way; they bagged several braces of partridges, and now insisted that I should try my skill with the first covey that should be sprung; my objections were overruled, my piece was loaded, and I was instructed to hold myself in readiness to fire, when they gave the word. The sagacious Blanche indicated that the important moment was at hand—it came. "Fire!" cried the Aberdonian. I did so; but, alas! how shall I state the result? *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*! How I levelled, or pointed my piece, I know not; neither can I state positively whether I winked or shut my eyes; I can only narrate the melancholy fact, however incredible it may appear to sportsmen, that although I missed the birds, poor Blanche set up a piteous and dreadful howl, and lay whining on the grass. "Curse the fellow! has he shot Blanche?" cried the farmer. We approached; the poor creature lay panting, and raised her head with a look which I cannot forget. "Poor Blanche!" cried his master, struggling to disguise his feelings. Upon inspection, it was found that one of her fore legs was broken, and a shot had gone through her ear, which bled profusely. In a faltering voice, I began to stammer out expressions of regret, when the farmer cried, "No, Sir, the fault was mine, to insist upon putting fire-arms into the hands of a——I beg your pardon, Sir; I do not mean to reproach you; but poor Blanche has got the better of my politeness." A herd-boy near by was now dispatched for a hand-barrow and a blanket, in which Blanche was wrapped, laid on the barrow, and carried home in sad solemnity; a man on horseback being immediately sent off to Laurencekirk for a veterinary surgeon, while the victim of my awkwardness was laid on a couch in the parlour, where she lay whining in a doleful tone, and occasionally gazing at me, with looks scarcely less appalling than were those of "the blood-boltered Banquo" to Macbeth, with this addition, that every whine seemed to say, "I did it!"

The children, who at morning fondled, and hung on my coat, now eyed me askance, and shrunk from my touch; a party had been invited to dine, and I had the mortification of hearing inquiries about the accident reiterated on the arrival of every guest. The farmer, to do him justice, tried every means to make me forget the circumstance; but his efforts were in vain; the wounded animal was before my eyes, and my ears were at intervals shocked by the children exclaiming, "Poor Blanche!" At night, I announced my intention of departing next morning, and although kindly pressed to stay, was inflexible; for I saw that every one recollected what I could not forget. I went to bed with the firm resolve of hastening home, lest I should fall into still farther mishaps; it was late before I could sleep, and even then, the ghost of Blanche hovered before my eyes; and her wailings, mingled with the curses of the farmer, "not loud, but deep," rung in my ears.

By Fettercairn and Brechin was now my nearest way home, and had my mind been at ease, I might have been delighted with the country through which I passed. On arriving in Brechin, I resolved to stop for a little at the Swan Inn, but met the friend with whom I lodged in Montrose, just as I approached. He expressed his pleasure at meeting me, and carried me perforce to dine with a friend. We were most cordially received, and I discovered that our host had an intelligent mind, and good taste; but afraid of again committing some *faux pas*, or solecism on good breeding, I resolved to incur the charge of being reserved, or even dull, rather than run the hazard of fresh blunders, and accordingly sat silent and abstracted. We drank toddy, walked in a fine garden, eating fruit of different kinds; after which two lovely girls sung charmingly, and performed on the piano with good taste: I was kindly compelled to stop there for the night, the gentleman saying,

that he would next day walk out with me. An elegant bed-room, downy couch, and other "appliances to boot," could not banish disagreeable recollections; and I lay musing on the past, till the clock in the lobby struck four, when, unfortunately, I felt an irresistible impulse to visit a solitary temple, which I had observed in the bottom of the garden. In an under-waistcoat, drawers, and slippers, I stole softly down stairs, and reached the sequestered spot. The moon was shining brightly; but dark clouds were scudding along the sky, and the night wind was chilly. With no inducement to prolong my stay, I had made my egress from the garden, and was just entering the back court, when a mastiff and wolf-looking Cerberus, of whose existence I was ignorant, sprung at me, with a growl which might have appalled hearts of greater fortitude than mine; I retreated, and the rattling of his chain offered the consolation, that, whatever might be his ferocity, his range was limited. Whether he was asleep on his post when I came out, or how he allowed me to pass, I cannot say, but he seemed resolute in opposing my entrance; and I observed, with a feeling of despair, that his chain permitted him the range of the whole court. I attempted to soothe him, but he held my blandishments in defiance, standing in an attitude ready to spring upon me, with bristling back, rattling his chain, and growling harsh thunder. Ashamed to call, and doubtful of being heard, I "resolved and re-resolved," and at last retreated to the garden, to wait the family's rising. My feelings, at this addition to the ridiculous attitudes in which I had previously appeared, combining with a heavy shower which now fell, and my slight covering, produced something like an ague fit, and I retreated to the interior of the temple I had just left, determined to exercise patience as the only remedy; but,

"Oh! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!"

The sun was now about rising, and I began to ponder at the ridiculous figure I should make when discovered; but my cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a servant-maid in the court, who spying through the railing on the garden wall, screamed out, "Oh, Meg! their's either a thief or a ghaist in the garden!" Believing that the girls would alarm their master, I made a precipitate retreat into an evergreen thicket, to await his approach. As I conjectured, he appeared in a few minutes, armed with a musket; and, what was to me still more alarming, accompanied by the terrific animal which had produced my distress. I observed one of the girls point to my retreat; but both kept on the outside of the gate, peeping through the rails, while the gentleman approached with his piece levelled. More afraid of the dog, I called out the gentleman's name and my own—came from my retreat—was recognized—explanation followed,—and I was conducted up stairs; the tittering of the girls in the kitchen, as I passed, seeming to my ears like the hisses of the furies. As I declined going to bed, we had a long walk before breakfast, at which I saw the young ladies blush, as they endeavoured to suppress their smiles; I therefore determined upon departing immediately.

Arriving at Forfar, I found it a fair-day, with a cattle and horse-market. Walking out by the lake in the vicinity of the town, I came up with a man, dressed like a respectable farmer, whom I found communicative and well informed; and after having walked about an hour in company, we entered the town together. Happening to mention that I intended walking to Dundee, he said that he had to ride alone in a gig to within two miles of the city, and would be glad of my company; his business was finished, and we could take some dinner and depart. Stepping into an inn, we had dinner, during which, we became still better pleased with each other. He insisted upon having a bottle of wine, and before it was quite finished, some more company came in. He whispered to me, that he would step down and see his horse fed, and return immediately. When nearly an hour had elapsed, I rung for the waiter, and inquired if he knew anything of the gentleman who had dined with me? "He is gone long ago, Sir," was the reply. "Gone! impossible!" "Yes, Sir; I saw him

mount his horse," said the waiter, with a significant grin. The company saw my look of disappointment, and smiled, while one said, "I fear, Sir, you are a stranger, and have been duped by Mr ———; from whence come you, that you do not know him?" I shortly related what had passed. "That is a common trick with him—did he not borrow a pound or two of you?" "No." "Well, you have made a lucky escape, in treating him with a dinner and a bottle of wine." Discharging the bill, I departed, fretting sadly; but had not gone far, when recollecting that I had left my umbrella, I turned back, and again entered the room. "Come away, Sir!" cried the gentleman in the chair; "you are in luck, and can still have a ride; I have a gig, and, since you went out, have learned that my wife stops here with a sick friend; you shall go with me; I'll engage to set you down on the High Street: take a chair, and keep yourself easy." My apologies were disregarded, and I was forced to comply. They drank freely, were excellent company, and it was late before we started. A thick fog prevented my seeing to any distance, and night soon set in. At last we arrived, and I was surprised at reaching the inn so soon after entering the town, but believed it owing to the way we had approached. We jumped out, the landlord came to the door, and my companion drew him aside for a moment; an apology was then made that the house was full, and we were conducted into the family parlour, where it was proposed we should sup; but the gentleman was called out, and the landlord soon after entered with his compliments, saying business had taken him away, but that he would breakfast with us in the morning. We had an excellent supper, and I was shewn to my bed-room by the landlord, where I slept soundly, and arose early. On coming down stairs, I found mine host already up; I spoke of having a walk, and he proposed accompanying me. The town seemed quite changed, and I was astonished when told we were in the High Street. I proposed walking to the river. "Ay, it is a delightful object," said my companion. A short walk brought us to the banks; but I stood in wild amazement, for it seemed not fifty yards in breadth; and on looking to the right, I beheld a bridge across. I rubbed my eyes—gazed in astonishment—and wondered if I was awake. My companion seemed to enjoy my confusion, and when I exclaimed, "Where am I?" he put into my hands a card of the following tenor:

"Sir, I hope you will forgive my innocent deception, in landing you in Cupar-of-Angus, instead of Dundee, from which you are just the same distance as when I took you up; I beg the favour of your company to dinner, and will with pleasure attend you to Dunkeld, and afterwards to Dundee, as an atonement for the freedom of a joke."

I put a good face on the matter, disguising the anger which I felt at being duped, as if every one read *fool* written in my face. After breakfast, I called for my bill. "I am not an innkeeper, but am obliged by your company, of which I expect more," said the gentleman. This information augmented my chagrin, and I persisted on departing immediately.

Determined not again to commit myself, I pushed on to Dundee,—crossed the Tay without stopping,—slept at the head-inn,—proceeded to Kirkcaldy, where I intended to breakfast, but found a boat pushing off, and stept on board. Fate had still more to add to my petty vexations; the boat ran a-ground on a rock in the neighbourhood of Inchkeith, and there, upwards of twenty passengers, of both sexes, lay fast, without a bit of bread or a drop of water on board, till the reflux of the tide relieved us from our captivity. I reached home, with wearied limbs, and as unhappy as I could well be, without the remorse attending upon wilful and deliberate guilt. I had set out with the pleasing anticipations of a philosophic tourist; but, instead of remarks on society, had made myself ridiculous, perhaps contemptible, wherever I had stopped. However, experience has taught me, that learning and wisdom are very different things; and that guileless simplicity, with rectitude of intention, are insufficient to secure happiness.

The Spanish Lovers.

THE moonbeams sleep on mountains lone,
The shadow in the silent vale,
The vesper bell its dreary tone
Swings slowly on the sighing gale.
The stars are on their walks of night,
Through silent seas of azure light;
The silvery streamlets tinkling fall
From rocks with murmurs musical,
And many a dark-eyed Spanish maid
Is wandering in the secret shade
Of evening bower and orange grove,
To list the whisper'd words of love;
Or nightingale, whose plaintive hymn
Soars sweet when heaven and earth are dim,
When day is with departed years,
And nature lies embalm'd in tears.
Is it the sound of her fairy feet,
Or of his heart's increasing beat,
Alonzo hears in the leafy shade,
Where he lingers to meet the blushing maid?
Fair Eda, who had lent an ear
To vows her father must not hear;
Alonzo's sire had been his foe,
And though he long had slept below,
Yet, hatred to the dead and gone
Was now transferr'd from sire to son.
But ne'er did Spanish maiden's heart
In love enact a coward part;
But, ardent as her own bright clime,
Unchanged, unchill'd, by wintry time,
By all that tempts to wander tried
For that hath ever liv'd or died.

'Tis she indeed! and heart meets heart,
As ne'er from that embrace to part:
They want no words—those throbs as well
Her bosom's tender tale can tell;
O'er that each darkly clustering tress
Clung, but scarce veil'd its loveliness,
As o'er her love she droop'd like willow,
That weeps above the parting billow;
While stream'd from her dark eye the light,
As when at first it dawn'd from night;
But, wandering through the mist of tears,
A beam of hope bedimm'd with fears.

How changed our lot since early time,
Ere earth was stain'd with grief and crime—
Ere wither'd in their wintry air,
A world where all was good and fair—
When, in the skies, each glorious morn,
Without a cloud or tear was born—
When sigh'd upon the evening gales
The songs of angels o'er the vales—
When, without fault, or fear of ill,
The hearts of youth might love their fill,
And, like two early blossoms twined,
Light sporting in the summer wind,
Fear'd no rude rending tempest's sway,
To sweep their gentle links away!

Beneath the shade of leafy boughs,
Those witnesses of lover's vows—
Beneath the bright and twinkling eyes
That watch'd them in the silent skies,
They stood till, from her father's tower,
Its bell peal'd out their parting hour;
And they must learn each short-lived joy,
The heart with many a pang must buy,
All crowding in the dreary knell,
Toll'd in that last sad word—farewell!

With cheek all pale, and gathering tear,
And strange foreboding throb of fear,
There Eda linger'd, till they hear
A rustling through the trees—
Is it the leaf that whispers near
Its secret to the breeze?
Is it the sound of wild bird's wing,
That seeks his lonely mate,
Or, 'reft of her, flies wandering
All dark and desolate?
Ah! no—ere they could move or speak,
Rush'd from concealment there,
A band who heeded not the shriek
Of beauty in despair.
Alonzo from her side is torn,
And to a vehicle is borne,
Whose steeds are rous'd by sounding lash,
And on with rear and bound they dash
O'er hill and dale—through wood and waste,
Away—away in foaming haste;
And while he heard the maiden's shriek
Upon the night-breeze waxing weak,
By rage and grief to frenzy wrought,
Roll'd the tempestuous sea of thought,
Like midnight billows o'er his brain,
Till deep delirium lull'd its pain!

He woke at last where sung the breeze
Its night-song o'er the rolling seas—
He felt the tossing of the bark,
That reel'd amidst the waters dark,
Which waft him onwards to his doom,
In hollow thunders through the gloom,
While soars the ship from their assault,
Far up into the gloomy vault,
Or, deep into the yawning wave,
Descends as to an ocean grave.

At morn, release'd from bonds he stood,
And gaz'd upon the circling flood,
And where the sky and ocean met,
Beheld his native mountains set—
Beheld the rising wave roll o'er
Their distant summits high and hoar,
When smiling Morn had placed on them
Her glad and glorious diadem—

And felt a tear his eyelid stir,
When, in an ocean sepulchre,
The earth, and all it held for him,
Sunk sadly o'er the horizon's brim.—
Then was the winter of his thought,
Hours with the woes of ages fraught,
And lone and dark, as cloud of night,
He sped upon his hopeless flight.—
The past was late a smiling scene,
But there had desolations been,
That left it now a retrospect
Of hopes and pleasures early wreck'd,
While deep in midnight shades did lie
The ocean of Futurity,
For they who bore him o'er the deep
Could well their guilty secret keep;
And well he ween'd that ruthless band
Of Eda's sire obliged command.
But weeks and months beyond the sea
Had faded from the things that be,
And still no land—no place of rest
Arose to gem the lifeless waste.

The day went down with freshening breeze,
Night drew her curtain round the seas,
And o'er the black and bounding tide,
The Genius of the Ocean sigh'd,
And swept with funeral wing the vault,
Where blaz'd at times the lightning's bolt,
And thunders on their fearful flight,
Roll'd roaring through the hall of night—
Meet music for each demon form
That revell'd on the rising storm!

Oh! in an hour so dread, so drear,
When Innocence itself must fear,
Say, if the eye of Guilt e'er close,
Rests it in shadow of repose?
Ah! no! it sleeps the sleep that teems
With spectres of the land of dreams,
The scene of its dire vision's laid
'Mid ocean and 'mid ambuscade;
The flashing gun—the waters' howl
Thunder and lighten round the soul;
The cheek now wan—now flush'd and warm,
Too well reveals th' internal storm;
And o'er the brow the big drops pour—
That mental tempest's thunder-show'r—
Till, with its own wild frantic cry,
It wakes in speechless agony!

So woke that crew, as, with a shock,
The vessel quiver'd on a rock;
A moment—and the peopled deck
Was one sad scene of woe and wreck.
Beneath the lee-beam lay the shore,
That echoed with the breakers' roar;
Then o'er the winds and waters, there
Peal'd the last thunders of despair—
Flash'd the wild blaze which swept the gloom
A moment from the yawning tomb,
In which the poor devoted bark
Reel'd headlong, 'midst the closing dark—,
One shriek—and all was silence dread,
Save Ocean's dirge above the dead!

'Tis Morn—and o'er yon Indian isle
She sheds from high her heav'nly smile;
Though, on its solitary strand,
Its sunny slopes, and wild woodland,
Ne'er did the step of man intrude,
Where all was soundless solitude;
Ne'er startled there a hollow tread
The rest of Silence, deep and dread;
Ne'er waken'd his reposing ear
From sleep of many a thousand year;
Yet there her brightest glories bless
Each scene forlorn and tenantless,
As soft she looks on flow'r and tree
In lone, unseen tranquillity;
As sweetly smiles on wild and wave,
And the cold sod that wraps the grave,
As on the gorgeous crowds that glide
Through palaces of eastern pride—
As on the fairest forms that e'er
Yet blossom'd—but to perish there!

Pale—pillow'd on a sandy beach,
Brief space beyond the billow's reach,
Touch'd by the sun's reviving beam,
Awakes as from a weary dream
Alonzo's cold and death-like form,
Sole relic of the ruthless storm,
Cast on the shore by seas that gave
A guilty crew an ocean grave.
With falt'ring step, and frequent fall,
From his cold couch he strives to crawl;
But long he toil'd, and oft he sank,
Ere yet he reach'd the verdant bank,
Where, basking in the beams of day,
And strengthen'd o'er the land to stray,
He wander'd to a tree, whose shade,
In grateful coolness, circling spread;
There fruits of summer clust'ring hung
Above a brook that softly sung,
To wile away its lonely hours,
And charm the list'ning trees and flow'rs,
That bending o'er its margin stood,
Glass'd in its calm and crystal flood;
As dwell the forms we love, enshrin'd
Within the mirror of the mind.
He placed upon her verdant board
The food that Nature there had stor'd,
And, nerv'd by his repast and sleep,
Explor'd his dwelling of the deep.
'Twas circled soon—a boundless blue
Spread out before his blasted view,
Within whose depths his isle did lie
Like a single star in a cloudless sky.
He paced the solitary strand,
An exile from the living land,
And listed where the hollow wave
Woke central voices in each cave,
Till died his heart within him there,
Beneath thy thunderstroke, Despair!
Like his, who, in the grave, perchance
Awakens from a deathlike trance!

At soft and solemn hour of eve,
'Tis sweet the haunts of men to leave,
When sadly sounds the vesper-bell,
The pale departing day's farewell,
Which, sailing o'er the slumb'ring sea,
Blent with its dreamy murmurs far,
Seems parting soul of Melody,
Or Music melting from a star,
Such as in sleep oft Fancy hears
Flow back from long-departed years;
For Music still delights to cast
Her mighty magic round the past,—
O'er faded scenes enchantment breathes,—
The broken bow'r, as ivy, wreathes,—
O'er perish'd joys her mantle throws
Of inspiration—till the woes
Of Memory mystic charms possess,
That ne'er were known to Happiness.
At hours like these 'tis sweet to be,
Oh, Solitude! a guest with thee!
In twilight glen—by wood or hill,
To meet and part with thee at will;
But by thy presence ever haunted,
On desert land in ocean planted,
Th' eternal prison-house of seas,
Our only friends its rocks and trees;
To hear dread Nature's voice alone,
Save when we startle at our own,
Bursting in agony's dark mood,
When sorrows may not be subdued—
Then feels the lost forsaken one
Man was not made to dwell alone!

And yet, perchance, like gleams that fall
Amidst the tempest's interval,
E'en there a brief and broken ray
Of hope might o'er his bosom stray—
A beam scarce noticed till 'tis gone,
The echo of a soothing tone—
A passing sound of happier times—
A breath that wafts from blessed climes—
An odour o'er the wide abyss,
To cheer the depths of loneliness!

But, worn with sorrow, day by day
A torpor o'er his bosom grew,
For grief, that wears itself away,
Wears out, alas! our feelings too.
Each night he lay where thickets spread,
Nigh 'reft alike of hopes and fears,
But there, while slept his weary head,
His soul was with departed years,
Till fled before the morning beam,
His slumber's phantom-peopled dream,
And from its scenes he would awaken
All solitary and forsaken,
Like some lone tree the lightning's wing
Hath left a scath'd and blacken'd thing,
Which, from his bosom calls the sigh
Of Pilgrim as he passes by.
The waves are high upon the shore,
Its cold cliffs lashing evermore;
Roll'd o'er a bleak and boundless sea,
Those wanderers of Eternity
Still toss, like Guilt, their troubled breast,
Like which their doom forbids to rest:
The sobbing breezes come and go,
As they were voiced with spirits' woe;
The skies are cloth'd with sable pall,
And fast the thunder-torrents fall,
And wildly over isle and main
Descends the howling hurricane;
The deep lifts up its voice, and calls
The echoes from their cavern walls.
It seem'd as if some demon there
Moan'd forth his sorrows to the air;
The groaning of the woods, that bow'd
Their heads beneath the hurrying cloud;
The rending roar of the troubled sky—
The peals of Heaven's artillery—
The fire and flood that, fiercely blending,
Were in one mingled sheet descending;
The sinking cloud and soaring sea,
The elemental revelry,
Seem'd Nature, in her final day,
Convulsing ere she pass'd away;
But Morn, that rose serenely bright,
Smil'd on the ruins of the night;
Her glorious eye ne'er shed a tear
Of sorrow o'er this troubled sphere;
The wave in gladness lifts its head,
And sports and dances round the dead,
And revels o'er the wrecks that sleep
In the dread circle of the deep.

Alonzo wanders down, once more,
Unto the solitary shore,
And sees—oh, Heavens! what he must deem
Delusion of a lovely dream,
A bark in sheltering cove that lay!
But oh! that vision fair
He feels will surely melt away
Like mist in the morning air—
No—no—her white sails slowly rise,
Like angel wings to save—
To waft him on to Paradise—
To bear him from the grave!
His cries far o'er the waters float,
And from the vessel's side
He sees descend a little boat,
And swiftly cleave the tide.
A moment wilder'd with th' excess—
The boundless burst of happiness,
His thoughts on wanderings far gone,
He stood like monumental stone,
Till, touch'd by wakening Memory, flow'd,
As from the rock to Moses' rod,
The gushing tears, like wintry rills,
When thaw is on the silent hills!
The bark for Persia's Gulf was bound,
She bore him to that coast
Where the pale wilderness around
Beyond the skies is lost:
He thought not of the regions lone,
For the star of love beyond them shone,
And brightly beacon'd him to brave
The sullen depths of Nature's grave!

Fair as the last flow'r on the wild,
Departed Summer's latest child—

To Autumn left—an orphan one,
Whose every friend is dead and gone,
Best bloom of feeling, Love! thou art,
Amidst the ruins of the heart!
Sweet as in burning sands the spring
To Arab, faint with wandering,
Art thou—a pure and blessed rill,
Where the lorn spirit lingers still!
Time to the waste-bound wanderer brings
No change upon his silent wings;
To him each weary day rolls o'er,
Unvaried as the day before.—
Alonzo join'd those tribes that stray
Through life along the homeless way,
And found with them, upon the waste,
Protection—shelter—food and rest.
They parted when long days were number'd,
Where wrecks of ages deeply slumber'd,
In mountain masses wildly hurl'd,
The earliest ruins of the world,
Whose dim and shapeless giant forms
Have mock'd ten thousand sweeping storms;
In melancholy grandeur pil'd,
They soar and sadden o'er the wild
Eternal—shadowy—and sublime,
In dread companionship with Time—
Sole tenants of the silent lands,
O'er them he vainly shakes his sands;
For ever o'er the lifeless plain
They hold with him divided reign;
But oh! how mute the scene where rung,
Round Babel's tow'r, each varied tongue!
Where gleam'd the lights through gay saloon,
'Tis midnight at the hour of noon!
And in the halls of eastern kings
Now flaps the bat his sable wings!
All dim in Time's uncertain haze,
The twilight of departed days;
O'er them oblivion broods, and claims
Their heroes—history—and names,
From lorn memorials of pride;
Tradition's self with age hath died;
They stand like spirits in despair
Whom hope hath left that latest clings;
The very ivy dwells not there—
Friend of forsaken things!
O'er the dead nation's funeral pile
No wild-flow'r now is seen to smile;
No lonely leaf—no blade of grass,
Waves o'er the sullen stone;
Beneath its deadly shade, alas!
The very weeds are gone!

As evening dim and sombre fell,
Alonzo felt the awful spell,
Breath'd from those moulderers, as they threw
A night-shade o'er the lifeless view,
When listing—from a dungeon den
He hears—'tis sure the voice of men!
And from a porch that darkly yawn'd
Rush'd out on him a robber band;
His steps through darkness down they hurried
To vaults beneath the ruins buried,
Where the misty light of a dying lamp
Gleam'd ghastly around the dungeon's damp.
By human monsters, and dust of the dead,
And beasts of the wilderness tenanted!
But nought of gems or gold had he,
And, freed from his captivity,
Had journey'd on—when rose the howl
Of monsters on the wilds that prowl;
And he was glad that night to lay
His head in caverns of decay,
With men whom Justice had chas'd away,
To dwell in dens with the beasts of prey.

When slumber o'er his eyelids fell,
To Fancy, that sepulchral cell
Grew out into a hall immense,
Of boundless, bright magnificence,
Throng'd with the beauties of the East,
Such as adorn'd Belshazzar's Feast;
Bright was the sparkle of their eyes,
As burning stars of eastern skies:
High swell'd, in that illumin'd hall,
The sound of song and festival;
And, 'midst the gay and gorgeous throng,
His Eda seem'd to glide along;
But as he flew to her embrace,
In one sad moment o'er each face
The change of death and darkness grew,
The lights shed out a baleful blue,
And fast the festal hall put on
The green robe of Oblivion,
Such as is wove in Time's slow loom,
To canopy the vaulted tomb!

To that it seem'd the hall was changed;
Its guests were corpses round it ranged;
And 'midst that dark and silent crowd,
His Eda slumber'd in her shroud:—
His heart grew sick—it throbb'd—was still,
The dew upon his brow was chill,
While, fast before his dizzy head,
The vault spun round with all its dead,
Who, glaring on him, seem'd to flee
In wild and whirling revelry.
In vain he tried to think that they
Were phantoms that would fade away—
That but some hideous dream of pain
Roll'd o'er his visionary brain:
He shriek'd—'twas such a rending sound,
The dead appear'd to start around!
It burst his sleep, that cry of fear,
And woke the robbers slumbering near;
But scarce they had the voice of fright
To them familiar as the night;
O'er them her shades are vainly cast;
There is no shade to hide the past
With dreams more dread than his—their guest.
Still doom'd to break each others rest,

At that most secret, solemn hour,
When spirits walk the world in power,
When, arm'd with horrors, they intrude
Upon the soul's deep solitude,
To scourge unseen each secret crime,
And rack the guilty ere their time;
Such sufferings their dreams disclose,
Scarce deadlier than waking woes;
The absent gaze, that seems to stray
Through boundless vacancy away;
Then from that musing mood, they start
As memory's lightning smites the heart,
And blasts with scathing flash its core,
Where happiness can dwell no more;
All—all the watchful eye inform,
That gnaws within th' undying worm:
Oh! could we lift the veil that hangs
Around the soul, and hides its pangs,
Then should the smiles that sparkle o'er
The bright'ning visage, cheat no more,
For oh! the glow that they impart
Is oft no sunshine of the heart,
But broken gleams of wand'ring light,
The meteors of a stormy night:
'Midst hours of music and of mirth,
Fast wane the shadows from the earth;
Oh! doubly fast time speeds away,
O'er scenes where happiness holds sway;
But ever rests his funeral wing
O'er solitude and sorrowing:
But morn at last in splendour breaks,
And glory gilds th' eternal wrecks;
O'er the sad walls her golden ray
Sports as in mock'ry of decay;
And from the vault Alonzo's gone
To walk the wilderness alone.

With smiles the world of life and leaves
The traveller of the wild receives;
His eye repos'd on field and flood,
On silent stream and waving wood;
And he pass'd where the breeze the long grass stirs,
O'er the cypress-shaded sepulchres,
Which fold within their cold embrace
The gath'rings of the human race;
The gloomy trees, like endless trains
Of mourners, lengthen o'er the plains,
And droop above the countless crowd,
Whose meeting breaks not solitude!
As ages, from the loving land,
Have ebb'd like waters from the strand,
There have they left each mortal bark
A dreary wreck amidst the dark;
There have they cast the brightest blooms,
And strew'd the land with tears and tombs!

When from some city's "place of pride"
I've, musing, cast a look below,
Where through long summer days the tide
Of human life did flow,
I've thought, a few years fled away,
And they her dwellers—where are they?
I've thought of cypress-trees, that sigh
O'er many a silent cemetery;
As friends o'er tombs strew blossoms sweet,
There mournfully they shed
Their faded leaves—oh! far more meet
For dwellings of the dead!
The sun, alas! has set to them,
The stars are in their graves,
And o'er their bed the mournful stem
Unheard—unheeded waves!
All hope and fear—all grief and joy—
All good and ill are o'er,
The very graves in which they lie
To them exist no more!

Who comes as fading daybeams fall
Upon yon mansion's lonely wall?
'Tis he! its now unlook'd-for lord,
Deem'd lost, and long by friends deplor'd;
From sullen seas and sultry sand,
He hails, once more, his native land!
It rose to view with throb and sigh,
And days and dreams gone sweetly by,
As, down the well-remembered glen,
He sought his father's halls again:
In glimpses brief their turrets seen
Grey gleaming through the foliage green,
Made glad the heart to which they were,
As early friends, still lingering there.
In evening's glow, the aged pile
Seem'd as it welcom'd with a smile;
A halo o'er each hill was shed,
And clouds like rosewreaths bound its head;
The grove that blaz'd in evening's beam,
The dreamy music of the stream,
The soaring hill and sinking vale,
Woke many a long-forgotten tale:
The very house-dog's distant bay,
Spoke of his being's earlier day;—
Oh, softly sweet, as moonlight scene,
The faded hues of what has been!

On—on he hurried to the gate,
Where all was still and desolate,
There waving weeds and long grass sigh'd,
Still blooming when all else hath died;
The clapping door, unhinging there,
Was creaking to the evening air,
Which heralded him, with moan and sigh,
Through the long and echoing gallery,
Where rustled in each quaking frame,
The forms of them that bore his name,
And, as they shook in the light so dim,
Seem'd as they started at sight of him!

Rous'd by his loud repeated call,
Appear'd an aged menial,
Grown grey in service of his sire—
The old man's burst of joy
He checks a moment, to inquire
Of Eda—Why that sigh?
That downcast eye and saddening look
His doubts Alonzo may not brook—

But frantic—"Tell the worst!" he said.
Heard he the wild reply? "She's dead!"
Oh! on his blighted heart how fell
Those accents all despair could tell!

There is a sorrow, at whose call,
Tears flow like summer showers,
Which, in refreshing coolness, fall
Upon the sun-scorch'd flowers;
But there's a woe that tearless mourns,
A thought that brain and bosom burns;
There is a deep and deadly grief,
That looks to madness for relief,
That haunts the heart in hall and bower,
And leaves it not a sunny hour:
While soft the clay, its shape may still
Be moulded at the maker's will,
But, scorch'd by sun, and smote by blast,
It hardens into stone at last,
And all unyielding must remain;
It breaks—but never bends again!

Smote by the deadly blight of grief
Into the sear—the blasted leaf,
He faded not like boughs that hang
In slow decay, but, by a pang—
Not like the fabric time slow bends,
But tower or tree that lightning rends;
Like such a monument appears
Of ruin in the prime of years!

Hopes of our earlier days ye are,
Frail as the web of gossamer,
Whose thread all pure and brilliant seems,
As it were wove of noonday beams,
A thing as fragile as 'tis fair,
Which breaks at every breath of air!
At morn they miss'd him, wood and cave
Of him no trace, no tidings gave;
The deep recess, the glen and grot,
All lone and silent, held him not;
Rock, hill, and dale were search'd in vain—
He came not, never came again!

A SKETCH OF THE LATE SNOW STORM,

February 1823.

The late snow-storm appears to me to be deserving of commemoration, in a publication, which, from early times, has formed a record of remarkable events and interesting occurrences. There cannot be a doubt, but that, forty years after this date, any information upon this subject will be read with avidity, or listened to with astonishment. Boys who have now witnessed the four drifty days, will then speak of them in the relation of a standard by which to measure down into comparative insignificancy more recent snow storms; and the aged chronicle of these after times will talk of the year 1823, and of the four first days of February, as we now hear the year Forty commemorated. The cottar will, for many years to come, in recollection of this unexpected and almost unprecedented drift, lay in, against winter, an additional supply of food and elding. An east wind will continue long to be suspected; and all the storm-feeding symptoms by which this influx of deep snow has been preceded, will be carefully observed, and calculated upon. The farmer will not soon forget the sudden envelopement of his turnip-field in one wide range of unfathomed wreaths, and will be careful of suffering his carts to remain comparatively idle, whilst they might have been employed in making the necessary provision of coals, against the approaching emergency. The shepherd will long recollect that vigilance and sagacity by which he, in a great measure, saved—or, that fool-hardihood, in consequence of which he risked and sacrificed his flock; and will talk of the dismal Sunday, as we find the "shepherd of Ettrick" now discoursing of the fatal Saturday. Alas, it is but too likely! though the full compass of the woe has not yet reached us, that widowed mothers and fatherless children will assimilate, with tears of anguish, the dire events of this fatal season, with others of a like mournful character *.

* In correcting the proofs, (upon this first day of March,) I am enabled to state, that a man, the father of a large family, perished not above three hundred yards from my own door, and only a few hours prior to the writing of the above sentence;—that the whole west sands of St Andrew's, now within my view, from my window, are strewed with wreck;—that seven individuals perished in the bay;—and that, at King's-barns, a similar shipwreck took place, where the Hon. Lord Kellie, and the Minister of the Parish, have great credit for their humane and prompt exertions. It is at the same time proper to state, that this unequalled

This storm, in a word, will form one of those natural eras in the march of Time, to which, rather than to dates of wars terminated, or hostilities begun—royal visits performed, or ministerial changes effected, a very general reference will be had amongst the great mass of our future population. It is under the firmest conviction, therefore, of the remarkable character of these late drifts, that, although I have not personally been in any degree exposed to danger, or great inconvenience, I yet presume to become the delineator of the great outlines, as it were, and characteristic features of this event.

The weather had, as you know, set in cold and frosty about Christmas; it was then we had what is termed our Flander's storm; the wind having blown, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, constantly from the south and south-east. To this weather, about New-year's-day, succeeded a thaw, which, in a few days, almost obliterated every trace of snow or ice. During the greater part of the month of January, the weather was variable; sometimes freezing, and at other times thawing, but almost every day drifting a little. At length, about the 20th of the month, the snow fell more freely, but without the customary exasperation of wind; and the whole surface of the earth was covered with it, to the depth of about eight or nine inches. During this period, the curlers were not idle, and a great many matches were played all over the country, but particularly in the west, (the land immemorial of curling and Covenanting), where the parish of Closeburn gained a decided, though well-contested victory, over the burgesses of Lochmaben *. A relaxation, however, took place in the atmosphere about the 27th, and for the four succeeding days of the month, there seemed to exist a kind of

storm seems to have been felt most dreadfully, from the Murray Firth, to the Humber, and about thirty or forty miles inland. At Dumfries, at Ayr, at Inverness, and even in the centre of the West Highlands, the storm was moderate, and the effects of it have now altogether disappeared. Upwards of thirty mails were due at the Edinburgh Post-Office at one time;—and many gentlemen were stormstead in Aberdeen, Dundee, Cupar-Fife, Kirkcaldy, Edinburgh, and Berwick, for upwards of ten days. T. G.

* The following lines were composed upon the occasion.

"HURRAH!"

Hurrah for Closeburn—once again hurrah!
Land of my heart, and scene of early joy,
Though I have wander'd from thy fields away—
And deep in manhood's cares have sunk the boy—
Yet I can ne'er forget thee;—and for ay
Let Closeburn vanquish!—once again, hurrah!

Hurrah for those who know with steady hand
The cautious *Tee*-high-sidelong *shot* to lead,
To *guard*—or *port*—or *inwick*, at command,
Or slowly creep *along*—or rush with speed,
Or break an *egg*—or wisely *chap* and guard,
For each event, and alter'd risk, prepar'd.

Though distant far, each well-known face I view,
The open front,—the free and manly air—
The Closeburn heart—to truth and friendship true,
Which dares do all—that honour bids to dare;
Ye worthy sons of mighty men of yore—
Ye vanquish now—your *fathers* heretofore!

"I cannot but remember such men were"—
Sir James—the Factor—Mundell—Sutor John—
Oh had they liv'd this victory to share—
Then midst the proudest they had proudly shone
The champions of your band, your fame to share.

"I cannot but remember such times were."
Hurrah for Closeburn then—again hurrah!
Land of my heart, and scene of early joy,
Though I have wander'd from thy fields away—
And far in manhood's years have sunk the boy—
Yet I can ne'er forget thee, and for ay
Let Closeburn vanquish—once again, hurrah!

undecided contest, or struggle, betwixt a softer and a sterner preponderance. At last, Saturday, the first day of the present month, arrived, and with it came an angry, thick, and stormy East, with occasional, and, towards evening, almost continuous blasts of the most tempestuous character. The snow fell, not in flakes, but in small hail, like manna, and the wind seemed shod with ice, and penetrated to the very fountain of life and heat; the heart was absolutely chilled under it. Saturday night, though sufficiently dismal, and manifestly determined in its character, wanted greatly of that overpowering *full*, and driving tempest, by which the succeeding day, and indeed all Monday and the greater part of Tuesday, were distinguished. The wind whistled, indeed, during the night through every chink and crevice, in notes resembling the shrill and fainter sounds of an Eolian harp; and when I arose on Sabbath morning, the scene was indeed magnificent. From the hill above my residence the drift came down in one wide rush of confounding impetuosity, driving forward over a white surface, and commingling, as it were, the heavens with the earth. Nor was there any relaxation of this severity during the whole of Sabbath. It was not possible to leave the door five yards, without running the risk of losing the way back, or of suffering suffocation from the eddying and swirling. Sunday darkened down to night under very inauspicious circumstances, for the wind, towards evening, had considerably encreased, and instead of blowing what might be termed a steady tempest, now broke out into a pausing and fitful hurricane. The most dreadful of all blasts is that which surprises you in an instant, and, ere you have time to prepare yourself for resistance, has rendered all resistance vain. I had nothing of any value at stake; no cattle unhoused; no flocks unprotected and exposed; no ships at the mercy of that element which is proverbially pitiless and overwhelming; no brothers at the distant market, and now on their way home; no acquaintance, friend, or companion that I knew of, within the compass and the suction of this almost irresistible absorbent; and yet, when darkness came down—when the horizon was limited to a few yards around me, and these few the abode of turbulence, and a kind of boiling devastation, I felt a sinking of my heart within me—something which, in the ages of superstition, I might readily have mistaken for a presentiment of misfortune and death. I sat down by the fire-side,—hung my head over the grate,—drew up my shoulders to my ears,—spread out my hands over the dying flame, and shivered deeply, and almost convulsively. At this instant, a maid-servant entered with a dead, or rather with a dying pigeon, which had been picked up at the threshold of the kitchen door. I almost started when she put the expiring sufferer into my hand; and as I saw its eye fix, and its feathers relax into derangement and looseness, I could not help saying with some emphasis,

"Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?"

Nor did the hurricane abate of its violence during the night of Sunday. It held a conversation of thunder with every erection upon the chimney-head; an "old-wife*," which had lately been raised to this elevated station, with the view of causing the smoke to vent more freely, was precipitated, with a startling report, to the ground. When I had occasion to look out upon the aspect of the morning of Monday, I was strongly impressed with a feeling of awe and sublimity; still it blew,—still the snow fell in clouds,—still the *yird*-drift formed or unformed, in an instant, large waves, as it were, of fluctuating snow. Within the limits of my view, every thing was changed. The style, or gnomon, of my dial, was just seen to peep from the midst of a mastering wreath. My summer-house in the garden was absolutely invisible. All along by the garden wall, and even mid-way up the parlour window, from which I was making my observations, an immense

* An "old wife" is not an old woman, but an erection bearing some resemblance to this respectable character, in a sitting position, and intended to facilitate the escape of smoke.

ridge of alabaster was forming; and when I tried, by edging up the front door a little way, to thrust forward my head for an instant into the blast, I found my breath fail me, and was fain to retreat. It had now drifted for upwards of forty-eight hours, and still the supply seemed inexhaustible. I called to mind all that I could myself recollect of the snowy Saturday in 1795, and of the long storms of 1799 and 1814; but they could not bear a comparison with this. I overstepped the boundary of my own experience, and endeavoured to image to myself the seven days drifting of which I had heard my mother report; the wreaths which buried whole houses, and even villages,—which bridged rivers otherwise impassable,—and converted many glens, and slacks, and valleys, into steeps, and hills, and mountains; and amidst the mystery and the astonishment of legendary lore, I felt consolation and relief, under my present apprehensions and amazement.

An attempt was made, during this day, to advance towards a pump, which stands within twenty yards of the kitchen door, for water,—but the effort proved fruitless: the maid was wheeled over into an eddy; the pitcher wrenched, as it were, from her hand; and all her exertions were scarcely sufficient to secure her retreat. During the whole of this fearful day not a living creature was to be seen; no friendly neighbour called; and all intercourse betwixt animated beings seemed to be suspended. The night of Monday was certainly less fearful than that of Sunday; yet the very circumstance that the storm had not long, ere this, ceased, was of itself an additional source of alarm. Tuesday morning discovered to view the work of the preceding days, for, during the pauses which, towards evening, were protracted into a continued and settled calm, the strange and new-modelled aspect of the earth was made visible. Tuesday night cleared up into a most severe and pinching frost,—and this day, Wednesday, upon which I am writing, exhibits, under an indigo sky, an effulgent, and even a warm sun,—one of the most glorious scenes of splendour and magnificence which I have ever beheld.

I have just come in from reconnoitring, and surveying,—shall I call it, notwithstanding the misnomer?—the *landscape* all around me. Although this is the second day from the clearing up of the storm, every thing hitherto retains a still, and a uniform, and an undisturbed aspect. With the exception of a few individuals, who appear to be employed in establishing a communication, by help of a spade, betwixt their doors and office-houses, not a soul is visible. The great public-road, along which four stage-coaches are in the habit of passing daily, is nowhere to be traced; the eye cannot rest with any degree of certainty even upon the line of its direction. Not a poacher is seen skulking along, from thicket to thicket, with his gun-barrel slopped towards the ground, and the stock concealed beneath his rugged jacket. No curious or humane neighbour has yet attempted a descent upon the news and the concernments of an adjoining dwelling. Unless from the blue smoke which is now issuing from various cottages and farmsteadings, I should not be able to discern one single decided indication of humanity. A sweeping and unsparing deluge seems to have passed over the face of the earth, and, after the subsiding of the waters, the white sand of desolation appears to lie thick and ridgy, and closely-bedded over all. From the one side of a very extensive and variegated valley to the other, unless where interrupted, occasionally, by clumps of dark and contrasting pine, there is not a single arresting spot,—nothing upon which, amidst this wide waste of glaring and sparkling effulgence, the eye can rest, as upon a fixed and definite object. If eternity itself may be conceived as one everlasting *now*, then may immensity be apprehended in that extent which the eye has no means of measuring, and in that indistinctness of vision occasioned by an overabundance of light.

Truly this is a new world, and a pure! it hath descended immediately from God, and as it appears to be ill accommodated for the defiled and defiling intercourse of man, it is doubtless provisioned and fitted out

for beings of a more etherial frame, for inhabitants of a more purified presence and bearing! The byering, and the stabling, and the ploughing, and the carting of the farmer, are henceforth at an end. The smithy will no longer resound with the stroke of the hammer, nor the foaming tankard pass round the begrimmed and red-lipped circle. The marketing of the merchant, the higgling of the shopkeeper, the noisy machinery of the manufacturer, are now put a stop to. Kings that wear cocked hats, and regimental coats, and that delight in the grossièrté of venison and Highland whisky, have now ceased to reign. Porters and provosts, contributors and editors, printers' devils and Peverils of the Peak, with a numerous retinue of artizans, mechanics—of titled, and landed, and pensioned gentlemen, have all had their day—even the innocent milk-maid, and the grasshopper, have ceased to sing;—and, throughout the long chapter of worldly agency, one benumbing palsy, one universal death, has past!—old things are entirely done away, and, in their stead, have come—— But I see dinner at hand, so the description of sylph and seraph, of air and land spiritualities, must remain unsaid, or unsung, (if you will), for the present.

* * * * * T. G.

Thursday night, 6th Feb. 1823.

I had affixed my initials to the above communication, under the impression, rather than any well-reasoned belief, that, ere this hour, it might have been conveyed to your or to your Printers' hands—but the thing is entirely out of the question; nor, if the weather continues long in its present aspect, is it at all probable that you may receive *this* before the meeting of the next General Assembly—and what a contrast, to all that is going forward at present, does the anticipation of this great clerical jubilee suggest! *Then* we shall have our gardens variegated with the crocus, auriculas, and polyanthus,—the primrose and the daisy shall have resumed their place amidst green banks and ever freshening fields,—the mavis and the blackbird will then pour down upon us, from tree and bush, the melody of love,—the heavens shall have assumed a dappled and a serene benignity,—coaches will pass on Town-wards, loaded with black coats, band-boxes, and all the accommodations necessary for a fortnight's residence in Town,—square and fat men, clothed in the best superfine black,—lean and lank men, with hair recently subdued by the barber,—weather-beaten and hard-featured men, with the highland accent, or the Norse brogue,—together with smart and pernikitty men, with gold-headed canes and knee-buckles,—all these, with a reasonable admixture of law and laity-figures, shall then have congregated in the High-Street of Edinburgh, or assembled to chuse a Moderator under the Throne in St Giles's. But now, even at this dismal hour, what have we instead of all this animation and bustle, and great things a-doing by little men? Why, Sir, had you visited the adjoining village with me this morning, you would have been struck, and moved even to tears, by the contrast.

After surmounting difficulties, which, to all appearance, were insupportable; after contending with a piercing wind, a positive drift, and not only wreathes, but a continuous waste of snow, through which I had to struggle, up to the waist, I arrived at last at the door whence a funeral was about to proceed towards the church-yard, which lies at fully a mile's distance. The whole village, which consists of about one hundred dwelling-houses, in the form of cottages, might be literally said to lie under one wide, deep, and interminable wreath. A road or passage had been cut, during the preceding day, along the causeway, or street, into which caves, rather than doors, opened on each side; for the snow lying much deeper than the height of the doors, the inhabitants had been glad to dig themselves out into light, by the smallest apertures possible. The whole had the appearance of a rabbit-warren, where men, women, and children burrowed under ground. One could not help thinking of the cave of the Greenlander, and of those small outlets by which a communication is preserved, with the upper world, during the inclemencies of a polar winter. The excavations of

Pompeii or Herculaneum seemed to be renewed in those irregular and sudden hollows and ascents by which the footpath-intercourse was maintained betwixt door and door. It seemed as if a village had recently arisen from the bowels of the earth, and had not yet disengaged itself entirely from the incumbent soil.

As I stooped to enter the house of mourning, I found that even on the very strike of twelve, candles were lighted. The storm had enveloped the whole establishment of wall, and window, and thatch, and roofing, in a close, dense, and darkening covering. A small company of stout-looking young men, with an assortment of old women, together with the husband of the deceased, who had died in childbirth, were seated around a small fire, and immediately in front of the bed, from which the end of a very broad and deep coffin projected. This peculiarity of shape was accounted for, from the circumstances of a still-born birth, which behoved to remain, even in death, in the bosom of the mother! There was a cast, and a decided character of sorrow and mourning on every countenance, in which even the walls, and the whole interior of the apartment, seemed to participate. After the customary refreshments and graces, the main object of our meeting, now one of considerable difficulty, was at last attempted. The spokes were produced by the Beadle, and the coffin, after being carried forth into the open air end-ways, was at last deposited upon them. The mortcloth was thrown over, and the little band of supporters, prepared to relieve each other as occasion might serve, advanced slowly and reverendly on. All this while the yird-drift was unabated, and the wind blew ice and suffocation in our face, from the east. I cannot pretend to describe to you in detail the difficulties which we had to meet, and to struggle against, and to surmount. Even the coffin was oftentimes sunk deep in the snow; and after struggling long, and suffering extreme agonies of mind, the poor husband, whose office it was to support the head of the coffin, in the character of principal mourner, absolutely fainted. He was conveyed home, with much difficulty, by two of his nephews, who were stout and active lads. At last it was discovered, that to pass forwards, in the usual way, was absolutely impracticable; so the coffin was placed upon the shoulders of two of the most athletic amongst us, whilst the rest went onwards to tramp down and prepare a pathway, or track. In this way, we arrived at last at the kirk-town, where it was discovered, that to enter by the "kirk-yard stile" was impossible; so with cords, and much labour, the coffin was hoisted into the kirk-yard, over the dyke, or wall. Here our difficulties were at an end. The city of refuge had been taken, as it were, by assault, and we stood shivering, and almost fainting with cold, whilst the dust returned to dust, and a very imperfect covering of mould and turf was placed over all.

Into the mansions of the great, and into the palaces of princes, it is at all times difficult to find an entrance. Many, who toss about in ships during this unprecedented weather, are endeavouring, in vain, it may be, though with every effort, to gain a harbour of safety! The roof of his shieling, which rises into view upon the perception of the bewildered and struggling shepherd, invites, at this moment, his last strain and collapse! Every one has, through life, some calm and inviting port by which he endeavours to guide and direct his voyage; but it is truly affecting to contemplate the difficulty of access with which the home appointed, the narrow house, is now encompassed.. When man goeth to his long home, the facilities are in general great. Friends and neighbours attend him; carriages and passengers give way; the church-yard doors are opened; the earth expands her bosom; the head is softly, and slowly, and reverendly lowered, and settled into the grave; and after all has been heaped up, and flattened down, and secured, it may be, over him, he is left to sleep the long sleep, to await the last awakening! But during this unnatural and fearful season, the most fixed law of Nature seems to be reversed, and some high decree appears to put an interdict upon interment. "Facilis descensus," says the poet, and the experience of ages; but we have lived

to see a season, when "difficilis" has become most strangely and most affectingly applicable.

When I cast a cursory and a momentary glance over the burial-ground, from which, every here and there, "mementos," and "here lies," peeped, and but barely peeped, through heaps of snow, I felt as if I could have been deceived, by my imagination, into a conceit of the superior comfort, and peace, and security of the dwellers beneath. What matters it, thought I, whether one rises above, or sinks beneath, the storms of life, provided they escape them? The turf, and the mould, and the incumbent grave-stone, are not increased in weight or in pressure by *that* additional load; and whether the wind blows, in winter tempest, from the east, or, in the breathings of summer, from the west, it cannot alter their state. From this reverie I was, however, soon recalled, by that still voice of reason, and larger reflection, which whispered me,

"In the cold grave to which we haste
There are no acts of pardon past."

Friday, Feb. 7th.

When I commenced this letter, I reckoned without my host, for I marked out four days as comprising the memorables of this extraordinary weather. Last night, however, has proven to me, that, whilst the extent of experience is fixed, that of possibility is indefinite. I had thought, and, I believe, said, that the storm of Sunday and Monday last exceeded greatly all others of which we have any recollection, or even authentic record; and I am now entitled to add to this, that the hurricane of last night and this morning greatly surpassed the former. And when I have said so, I must leave posterity to figure the rest. I have already exhausted every superlative, which I found to be requisite to express my former apprehensions. During the afternoon of yesterday, the wind veered a point or two towards the south-east, and every body apprehended evil. Men and women, with burdens on their backs, were seen wrestling, during the day, through the snow. Provisions had become absolutely requisite, as many were, previously to the tempest, but ill-provided. Even the birds of the air seemed to have participated in this apprehension of approaching mischief. Ten partridges took up their abode amidst the poultry in the hen-house, and were fed along with their new associates. A blackbird and a mavis, "music's sweetest children," came, uninvited, into the kitchen, and are now roosted amidst bacon-hams and kippered salmon, looking down upon the arrangements which are going forward beneath them with an eye of astonished inquiry; and Robin, sacred to the household gods, has taken up his residence in the parlour where I am now sitting; he has become so familiar, though our acquaintance is only of twelve hours standing, that he stots, or bounds about lightly on the carpet, hops from chair to chair, and from table to table,—picks up crumbs, and eyes us all with a look of perfect recognizance and confidence. One of my children, a boy of about six years of age, maintains that Robin sometimes testifies his displeasure by "*glooming*" at him; and he is actually now hopping in seeming security and delight, upon the further side of this very sheet which I, as well as he, am defiling. I can almost imagine that he has already become a critic, for he regards several new publications, which are lying open around me on all sides, with an eye of peculiar discernment and vivacity. *Here* he takes a stand for an instant,—upon *that* page he is now looking down,—now he turns up the side of his head, and superior eye, towards the roof,—now he seems to meditate, for he is still for an instant,—and now again he has shot away, as if highly dissatisfied with all that he has examined.

I verily believe, that had he the gift of speech and penmanship, he could give the literary world some original and acute strictures which would astonish even some of his most learned and distinguished cotemporaries. Yet his gestures, and attitudes, and movements, seem to speak volumes. Either the old proverb, "as the fool thinks, the bell clinks," is verified in my case, or I can distinctly read, in his whole behaviour and appearance, the sentiments which he means to express of the works and publications with which he is now conversant. There, now, he has hopped upon the

Literary Miscellany, and appears to be disposed for sleep; only occasionally he starts up into a wonderful degree of activity, and chirrups out some music exquisitely beautiful. See, he has set his foot upon a rival periodical, and passes over it as if he were walking upon the face of a tailor's goose; it seems to be too hot for his standing, and he lifts first the one foot, and then the other, as if he were about to give us the Highland fling; but it is with an expression of great alarm and uneasiness. The Episcopal is now beneath his feet, and the New Quarterly under his eye; but he remains altogether unmoved; he might as well come into contact with a piece of a nether millstone; they seem merely to serve him in the capacity of supports, or footstools. There, now, let us try him with a number of the Religious Instructor—away he flies, as if afraid of his life; put a parcel of the Londoners in his way; now he is quite quiet, and reconciled to his old common-place sort of movements; he seems to jog on, like a heavy English waggon, slow, but sure, with a vile creeping, chirping din, however. Keep out of his way, and don't obstruct him, for he is now moving towards "Peveril of the Peak," no—he is advancing in the direction of the "Entail;" still he seems a little shy of making regular-formed volumes the subject of his strictures, so I shall just try him with a newspaper or two. There he has gained the *terra incognita* of the Cupar Herald; but his eyes are becoming filmy, though his feathers hang quite gracefully; now he seems to consider his very feet contaminated with the strong smell and waxy entanglement of John Bull; and from the Scotsman he flies off as from "a fool with a chapping stick." The Edinburgh Evening Courant affects him like a dose of laudanum; and the Advertiser sets him fast asleep. He walks over the Weekly Journal as if he were booted against corn-scraping, and returns again to his crumbs beneath the table, as if nobody had been noting down a single opinion he has expressed. Rest thee then, Robin, for a little, in the greatness of thy fame. Johnston has had his Boswell, Buonaparte his O'Meara, and why shdoulst not thou have thy titling likewise,—a narrator of all thy doings, and a retailer of all thy sentiments,—one who can see nothing *fall* from thee without picking it up, and preserving it for the benefit of posterity?

Having been altogether unprepared for this state of imprisonment, our coals have, unfortunately, failed us; and we have been glad to have recourse to many expedients in order to procure fire for the preparation of food, and the warming of our limbs. First, we have made an attack upon a pair of old fanners, which have long stood useless in the barn—and these creators and propagators of idolatrous winds have blazed and crackled away for a season. Next, some old chairs have been sacrificed, together with a meal girnel which had ceased to be mouse-proof. But the element of fire is insatiable; it is more so, perhaps, than any of those insatiables particularized by Solomon; so, after discussing from the decidedly useless trumpery of the establishment, we have been obliged to make some rather questionable and doubtful aggressions. An old fiddle-case, which had found a long requiescence in the garret, together with a pair of old-bellows, of which the nozel had already suffered by fire, have gone the way of all combustibles. Nay, we are at present holding a jury upon the legs and joints of a crazy folding-down bed, for which we still retain good check curtains, in case of a press of strangers; and have even cast an eye upon a kitchen table, where the meat is generally cut up and salted at Martinmas. I verily believe, if this weather continues, and it is still (9 P. M.) unabated in violence, we shall burn ourselves out of every plank and stick of house-furniture; even my chess-board and men must yield at last, though I am resolved to delay this movement as long as I can.

Saturday Evening, 8th.

About twelve last night this second severe tempest began to relax, and by twelve this day we had a sky at least partially clear, an unclouded sun, and a landscape sparkling in an effulgence of light. The old snow having been pressed down by the later fall, and both having been locked together by a very intense

frost, I had a very pleasant walk this afternoon over a surface as smooth as polished ivory, and as unspotted, and nearly as overpoweringly luminous as the disc of the Sun himself. What struck me most forcibly, in my perambulations, was the extreme beauty, and, I may say, proportion and symmetry of those large and almost fathomless wreaths which stretched away towards the west. In some cases, where an obstructing and sheltering object was large, these accumulations reminded me much of the appearance of Highland scenery from the top of Benlomond. Hill peeped over hill, and each summit was twisted upwards in spiral lines, or stretched away into a gradual and undulating ascent, with a ridge and truly mountainous boldness. Under other circumstances, where a declivity in the ground, or the bank of a glen, or the bed of a river, occasioned particular accumulation, it had, in every respect, the appearance of a wave, which, having risen, in its progress, over a sandy beach, into a scooped and projecting elevation, breaks at last into white foam, and is in the act of tumbling forwards into the surrounding waters. There is a richness which pervades this arrangement, which is altogether inimitable. The whole has the appearance of frosted silver, whilst a kind of phosphorescent light plays, as it were, and hovers over it.

Whilst I turned my eyes steadily towards that point of a somewhat elevated horizon, where the sun was setting, I observed that tremulous undulation of the atmosphere, whether real or only apparent, I cannot determine, which we so frequently observe during the very warm and sultry weather of summer. I am inclined, therefore, *now* to seek for the cause of this well-known, though, so far as I know, unexplained phenomenon, in some cause, whether originating in the eye itself, or confined more immediately to the air, which has no peculiar reference to summer. For, during the whole course of my life, I never before observed this appearance in winter. I heard distinctly a conversation betwixt two cottagers, though they were fully a mile distant from the spot where I stood. This was owing, no doubt, principally to the clearness and elasticity of the atmosphere, but certainly, in some measure, likewise to that general sabbath-silence which prevailed all around. Not a wheel was on motion, and, excepting now and then there port of a poacher's gun, all was as quiet as if the general pulse of life had stood still, and nature had made a pause.

And here I shall pause and conclude my diary, which has now extended, contrary to my original intention, to eight, instead of four, days. In the solitude, and even darkness, (for our windows are drifted up), of a continuous confinement to the house for eight days, I have contrived, by this expedient, amongst some others of a similar aim and character, to pass the time, not only agreeably, but delightfully;—and if the reading of these notices can yield to any one half the gratification which they have done to me in the penning, I shall be well pleased. My maxim is, not that he benefits his country, exclusively, who causes two blades of grass to grow instead of one; but that he who, without vitiating or weakening, interests and amuses, or enlightens and informs us, is to be accounted the real benefactor of his kind. Short as our "wintry day" of existence is, it admits with many, I may say with most men, of a few regularly-returning pauses, during which relaxation, without total inactivity, is not only allowable, but expedient; and he must be stoical indeed who would deny himself, or others, the innocent gratifications of easy and good-humoured literature, when such does not interfere with serious studies, or professional duties.

Wishing you, therefore, all good things,

I am,
Yours, &c.
T. G.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST.

My father died while I was a child, and left my mother with the care of a helpless infant family; I was the youngest, my sister was three years old, and my brother five. As my father had held a situation in the Customs, his death deprived us of any further means of subsistence; and as he had always lived to the extent of his income, my mother had nothing left but the household furniture, which, thanks to my father's extravagance, was of an excellent quality, and afterwards proved of considerable benefit to the family. My mother, who was the daughter of a clergyman, had been educated, not only in the modern languages, but in every fashionable accomplishment of the day. It was on this account, as she was in possession of real talent, and the means of making a respectable appearance, that her friends persuaded her to hire a large mansion, and to open a boarding-school for young ladies, in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. The scheme succeeded to her utmost wishes, and this excellent woman was not only enabled to educate us according to her own desires, but we could follow the bent of our own inclinations with respect to the mode of life we should afterwards choose; and when she died, she left to each of us five hundred pounds, to be received when we became of age; and this was no contemptible fortune in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven.

Those people who maintain that every person has a particular genius for some peculiar calling, sagaciously pretended that *I* had a genius for drawing, because, at eight years of age, I had sketched a pretty correct likeness of our neighbour's mastiff; and, at the age of ten, had made drawings of many of the adjacent cottages. To indulge, in some degree, my natural propensity, at a proper age, I was bound as an apprentice to one of my mother's relations, who was an engraver; because that business was thought to have some affinity with my favourite pursuit. To excel in the art of engraving, however, requires close and steady application; but as this was repugnant to my vivacious disposition, I had constant aberrations from the line of duty, and only wasted, in thoughtless lassitude, much of that time which ought to have been more profitably employed. I did not, however, neglect my drawing; I excelled in landscapes; and my portraits were in general correct, although they did not receive the proper and requisite finish. I was also particularly famous in fruits and flowers, and could sketch from nature with singular rapidity. At length the time arrived when I was to make my escape from what many young men, as well as myself, regard as a state of bondage. About this time, also, I came into possession of my five hundred pounds; with this sum I opened a shop in the Strand, in London, in which I sold all sorts of drawing-materials, prints, maps, &c. A shop may be kept with great ease, especially when one has a man to wait on the customers; under such circumstances, the master can be in or out, just when he pleases. I soon discovered that my genius was too expansive, or too discursive, to be cooped up within the narrow confines of a shop. I had, beside, too much leisure, and at first too much spare money; however, I soon discovered that this fleeting article, the source of every good as well as evil, requires to be grasped with both hands, and to be watched with both eyes, to prevent it from making its escape; it was no wonder, then, if it did not tarry long with a person who had so little value for it, as to be regardless either of its exit or its entrance. I had also time to squander, and I soon became acquainted with many of the bloods, and most of the virtuosi, in the vicinity of Charing Cross, wasted many of my afternoons at a celebrated coffee-house, —visited the theatre in the evenings, —and sometimes spent the remainder of the night amidst brawls in night-cellars, in such company as I should now almost blush to name. This course of life was not likely to last; my health was soon impaired; and sickness, with the remonstrances of

my friends, had some effect in reclaiming me from pursuits as opposite to the principles of rectitude, as they were contrary to decorum, or common propriety. I had not, however, become a rake, nor had my mind been greatly depraved or wicked; my principal failing was that of being easily prevailed upon to neglect my duty at home, by rambling abroad with any idle fellow who might chance to call upon me; and of stopping out till a late hour, merely to accommodate the company I was in, rather than take courage, make use of my reasoning faculties, and leave them. I soon discovered that in London, or any other large town, it is dangerous for young men to have many companions; and that even the few should be selected with as much caution as a prudent man chooses his wife. I now attended more closely to my business, and my health was soon restored; but I was never able to attend constantly, or to become a drudge. In the afternoon, I occasionally spent an hour or two in a noted tavern in the Haymarket. While sitting there, one day, I noticed the entrance of a fine, tall, handsome-looking, well-dressed young man, followed by a spaniel-dog; he sat down and called for a beef-steak, which was quickly brought to him, smoking hot; he tasted it, and immediately ordered the waiter to give it to his *dog*, because it was tough. As the waiter was about to take it away, a man, who sat near to us in the same box, begged to taste it. "Oh, Sir, it is much at your service," said the gentleman. "Waiter,—bring me a veal-cutlet." The man who ate the steak declared it was excellent, and the man who gave it was exceedingly glad that he liked it. Shortly afterwards, I left the room, ruminating on the curious scenes that cross us as we travel through the bye-paths, or explore the maze[illegible] life's devious rounds. As I w[illegible] I met the w[illegible]er; "Do you [illegible]e gentleman who ordered you to give the beef-steak to his dog?" said I to him. "Yes, Sir;" replied John; "he is the King's Stationer, and his name is Maynard; he has a country-box a little beyond Edmonton, and he sometimes takes a snack here before he rides home to dinner." "And the man who begged the meat —" "Is Mr Elwes." "And who," said I, "is Mr Elwes?" "Business calls, Sir; I will tell you all about him another time." "True, Mr waiter; business calls me too, and I will attend the summons." In a few months, I had made considerably more than a coffee-house acquaintance with Maynard; he was, indeed, a friendly, warm-hearted, and kind young man, but, as I then thought, a little extravagant in his manner of living; since that time, however, I have discovered that the failings of others are easily seen, and oft-times greatly magnified; but how liable are we to mistake! Mr Maynard had a considerable income, and indulged only in trifles; and yet, to order a beef-steak to be given to a dog, certainly sounded extravagantly in the ears of a coffee-room audience. Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. "Rogers," said he to me, one fine Saturday evening, "you must dine with me to-morrow; a lady of your acquaintance desired me to invite you, and you must be with us in the early part of the day; you can come by the morning coach, and if you have not a pleasant day, it shall be no fault of mine." "But who is the lady?" said I, "for I am not aware, at present, of there being any lady in your neighbourhood who knows me." "Perhaps not," he replied; "but I will inform you, that I happened to mention the name of Henry Rogers, a few days ago, to my wife, when she eagerly inquired if you were an engraver? I told her you were not; 'he is, principally,' I observed, 'a dealer in prints and drawings.' 'But he is stout, and tall,—is about twenty-four years of age, and draws exquisitely.' 'Your description is rather general, my love,' said I, 'but accurate in this instance.' 'Then it is my friend Henry Rogers, after all, and you, Mr Maynard, will oblige me by inviting him to spend a day with us the first opportunity.' 'You shall most certainly be obeyed' was my answer." "And who, I pray you, was Mrs Maynard?" "Farther than I have told you, your deponent proceedeth not, agreeably to the injunctions laid upon him by your quondam disciple." "My disciple! why, I gave lessons in draw-

ing to several of my mother's pupils, but which of them can this be? However, my dear Sir, I will certainly attend to your polite invitation." The morning was very fine; I was punctual to my engagement, and I arrived at Mr Maynard's country-house about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning; shortly after which, I was introduced by my friend to his wife. I immediately recognized the features of the handsome, lively, and enchanting pupil, the charming Lucy Barnard, for whom my mother had such a tender regard. She welcomed me to her house with much friendship and cordiality; her mother resided with them, and remembered to have seen me once when she called at the school to visit her daughter. How delighted was Maynard, as he shewed to me his little family, two girls and a boy! "Am I not, Rogers," said he, "the happiest man in existence?" I bowed assent, and we immediately set out with his wife and her mother on their morning excursion. The day was warm, and after rambling in the garden, and the neighbourhood, for more than an hour, we sat down and ate some grapes in the summer-house; the grapes were cool and refreshing, and as the bells were now ringing for the afternoon service, we all proceeded to the house of prayer. The service being ended, I stole away, for a short time, to cogitate a little on scenes gone by. Mrs Maynard and I were about the same age, and I had only seen her a few times since she was my pupil, when I was about fifteen years old. At that time she was pretty, but now the blossoms of beauty were full blown. My kind and affectionate mother was at that period alive; the cares of the world had then no hold upon me; and how my heart bounded with gladness, as I rambled with my sister, and the young ladies, to gather wild-roses in summer, to hear the cuckoo in the spring, or to listen to the song of the nightingale in the autumnal evenings! These were happy days, but, alas! they are gone for ever!

A servant now informed me that dinner was on the table; "that is right," said I; so past events must be contemplated when more leisure offers, and fancy's dreams must now give place to more noble feelings, mingled with friendship, at the social board. We chatted till a late hour, and as I was not permitted to leave them that evening, Mr Maynard and I rode to town together the next morning. The father of Lucy Barnard was a West-India planter; she was born in the island of Jamaica, but at the age of thirteen was sent to England to be educated. A few years afterwards, both her parents followed her. Mr Barnard sold his foreign possessions, built the small snug house which my friend now occupied, placed the remainder of his money, which amounted to three hundred pounds a-year, in the public funds, and hoped, in this pleasant retreat, to have nursed his grey hairs in ease and comfort. But how frail are human hopes! "We seize the flower—the bloom is shed." Mr Barnard died after only three years residence in his native land, leaving Mrs Barnard an annuity of one hundred a-year, and the residue of his property to his only daughter Lucy. "And where did you meet with that angelic creature, who is now your wife?" said I to Maynard. "That, Rogers, is a natural question, and can easily be answered. You must know that I have a rich uncle, who lives very near us; the two families visited; I was frequently at my uncle's house, and sometimes I was invited to Mrs Barnard's. Lucy had charms,—I saw, admired, wooed, and wonher. On obtaining the hand of Lucy, I had fewer difficulties to encounter than I at first expected; *she* loved me, and her mother supposing that my uncle would make me his heir, was not averse to our union, which took place a little more than four years ago. Mrs Maynard was, at that time, every thing that could be wished; but our hearts are now closer knit, by stronger ties. Her mind, you may have perceived, is of the first order, and the soul which shines forth in her countenance when her attention is engaged, gives an expression to her features which cannot be described; especially when her eyes sparkle with the lambent flame that warms her generous feelings. On such occasions,—

'"Tis easy in her looks to trace
The beauties of her mind;

The *soul* that animates her face
Is purity refin'd.' "

"You do yourself as much honour, my dear Sir, as you wish to do justice to your lovely partner; and though the colouring of the picture may be a little too high, it is excuseable,—for what are we to expect when love and friendship guide the pencil?"

My brother, at this time, was principal clerk in one of the greatest mercantile houses in London. "Henry," said he to me, "I have long seen that you and your shop are no great cronies; you are, I should suppose, very much like an ill-sorted married couple—the happiest when at a distance from each other. How would you like to go out with the fleet, now almost ready to sail, under the command of Admiral K——, destined for the West Indies?" "My dear brother," said I, "you know I am no sailor; in what capacity can I then be employed in a fleet?" "As draftsman, to be sure, and I have interest enough at the Admiralty to obtain for you the situation." "Then I will go; but I must first dispose of my shop, and lay in a proper outfit." "You have time, my dear Henry, for all these matters, as the fleet will not sail for more than two months. In the mean time, you can be making such arrangements as you may judge proper, and I will assist you in whatever lies in my power; but my first care must be to secure your appointment from the proper authorities, and when that is achieved, we can proceed upon sure ground, to finish what may still remain to be completed." I had not much difficulty in disposing of my stock in trade; my shop-man would take it at a fair valuation, and his friends would assist him with as much money as he wanted. Against such a proposal I could make no reasonable objection; and the business was settled in such a manner, that he became my successor. When all was finished, an inventory of the goods taken, and a proper valuation put upon them, I was a little surprised to find that I had only two hundred pounds to receive, and this was all the money I had in the world. I shall here just observe, that I saw my shop-man again, after a lapse of thirty years; in which time, having remained unmarried, he had realized a handsome competency, and had retired, to enjoy the fruits of his industry, in a country retreat. He remarked to me, that, in his opinion, keeping a shop is a very monotonous, hum-drum sort of life; so much so, that when he looked back for thirty years, the whole time appeared like a blank space in his life; it had some similarity, he thought, to a long but disturbed sleep, or to an indistinct dream, in which we may be conscious that we exist, but during which time we have still no distinct conception, or remembrance, of any thing in particular which has been transacted.

As soon as Maynard was informed of my intended trip to the West Indies, he appeared to be exceedingly grieved; he blamed my roving disposition, and wondered that, like other people, I could not stop at home, and keep in a good business; make love to some fair rich damsel, get married, and be happy. I imputed all this pettish behaviour to its proper source, and good-humouredly replied, that he must attribute my want of application to business, to my being possessed of a *genius*, and my roving disposition to my *evil genius*; assuring him, that it would be late in life before I should be sobered down into a domesticated animal; but that, whether I was at home or in foreign climes, on land or at sea, I should always remember his tender regard for me; and that if it were ever in my power to oblige him, he might at all times command my best services. My appointment being procured, I made the necessary preparations for a voyage, sent my trunks on board the Admiral's ship, and got every thing in readiness, that, when the fleet should sail, I might have nothing to do but just to bid my friends adieu, to step on board the castle on the ocean, and be wafted to the islands, where contagion and disease rid the world of many a rambling fellow, as idle, and as little worth, as poor Henry Rogers.

It happened about a week before we were to sail, that I fell in with a party of the officers belonging to the fleet, and they gave me such a wretched character of the Admiral, that I heartily repented of this adven-

ture before it had begun, and became fully determined, that if I had but my trunks on shore, I would leave the Admiral to proceed on his voyage without his draftsman. The fleet lay in the Downs, and I left London to join it; my mind was agitated exceedingly; I resolved and re-resolved; my equipment had cost me fifty pounds, and if I went not, I should lose it; however, after a great number of interrogatories, mixed up with a number of doubts and perplexities, I came to the final conclusion, *that I would not go!* At the time that I made this sapient resolve, I was in Ramsgate; the following day the fleet sailed. I was now a sort of isolated being, cut off from all my acquaintance, undetermined as to the mode of life I should in future pursue, and miserable beyond measure. In a few days, however, my mind became more serene; I had still one hundred pounds left; I was not cooped up in a ship, to be ill-treated by a surly Admiral; no, "I had the world before me, where to choose my place of rest, and Providence my guide."

There was at this time a great deal of company at Ramsgate, and I immediately circulated cards, proposing to paint miniature likenesses at a guinea each. The price was low, and I had, in a short time, plenty of business. I laboured very hard, and could earn four guineas a-week; and as my weekly expences amounted only to one guinea, I made a clear profit of one hundred and fifty guineas a-year. This was very satisfactory to my mind; I could save money; I was independent; and for a time, at least, I was happy. I had been here about four months, when the company began gradually to leave the place, and my business, in consequence, to decline. This circumstance caused me to fret a little, for, like many other persons of quick sensibility, my business generally acted upon me as the atmosphere acts upon the barometer, and my spirits served as an index to point out the rise or fall of my annual income. During all this period, I never wrote to any of my friends in London, even to my brother; nor did I ever think of returning to that famous city. I was as much ashamed of my conduct, in not going out with the fleet, as if I had committed a crime against society, and on that account I wished to live in seclusion; I had acted foolishly, and the shafts of ridicule, thrown by my friends, would have pierced me to the quick, and the smart would have been too intolerable for me to have borne. The business of portrait-painting becoming slack, I left Ramsgate, and made excursions in various directions, to improve myself in landscapes; and having at length filled my portfolio with some very beautiful scenery, I suddenly formed a resolution of visiting Holland.

Most men are, I believe, the creatures of circumstance; I am, and always have been, completely so, and shall continue to be such to the end of my career. Having wandered down as far as Boston, in Lincolnshire, I fell in with a Captain Mayburn, who traded to Amsterdam, and with him I went to visit the Dutch, taking with me, as a sort of adventure, my portfolio, which might have been termed my cargo of drawings. The Captain insisted on giving me my passage for the pleasure of my company, and as he was rich, I did not make this a bone of contention. Early in the spring, we set sail for the continent, and left the swamps, and bogs, and fens of Lincolnshire, before the frogs had begun their melodious croakings. We arrived at the Helder Point without any disaster, and shortly after, we might have dined with the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, if we had only had the good luck to have been invited,—for we had safely arrived in that curious, but handsome city. The Captain had taught me a few Dutch phrases on our passage, so that I was able to ask for almost any thing that was immediately necessary. The Captain spent a week in showing me the place; after which, I endeavoured to acquire the language, and began to concert measures how best to manage Mynheer, so as to sell my drawings, and to obtain business as a portrait-painter. I had resided here but a short time, when I became acquainted with some Englishmen, who had been long settled in this city; these gentlemen assisted me in drawing up advertisements, and recommended me to their

friends; so that, in a short time, I had portraits to paint. I also left parcels of my drawings with the booksellers, and allowed them a profit for vending them: this suited both parties, for these men having an interest in the business, sold considerable quantities; so that I did not in the least repent of my excursion to Holland. My collection of drawings, by these means, would soon have been exhausted; but as it was necessary to keep up a stock, I employed myself, when I had leisure from my other avocations, in drawing new ones from imaginary scenes; and in this way I had always plenty on hand, ready for sale, as soon as they were wanted. For about a year and a half I had tolerable success; but as mine is a calling in which novelty has a considerable share, it gradually began to diminish. The drawings and the portraits of Mynheer Rogers were good, many of them beautifully conceived and well executed; but the amateurs wanted variety; and they had in truth been furnished with very copious collections of the works of *one* master.

A curious circumstance took place about this period of my sojourning among the Dutch. I was one day, after dinner, sitting in a tavern, reading the newspaper, with my hat on, when a man thrust a Jew's box, with a watch or two, and a few trinkets in it, under my face. I was half asleep at the time, and feeling vexed at being thus intruded upon, I lifted up my eyes in great anger, with the word *rascal* on the very tip of my tongue; when, to my utter astonishment, it was Mr Maynard who was thus standing before me! Our surprise was mutual, and equal; and Rogers! Maynard! was exclaimed by each, at the same instant. "Gibt mir die hand," said I, seizing his hand. Recht gern accompanied the action, in which our hearts as well as hands appeared to be joined. "But let us speak in English, my dear Maynard, and tell me how it is that we have thus met?" "By accident, I suppose," was his answer; "but your wonder must be excited to know what brought me to Amsterdam, how I have been reduced to such a forlorn situation, and why I appear before you in such beggarly habiliments." I could scarcely believe that I was awake, as I viewed him from head to foot: he had on an old coarse hat—a tattered black coat, grown bald and brown, with a large hole in each elbow—breeches out at the knees—and his toes had no difficulty in peeping through both shoes and stockings at the same time. I could scarcely refrain from tears, to see my long-esteemed friend in such a destitute condition, and in such a despicable garb. "Let us," said I, "first dispatch this box, and the trumpery it contains, to the place from whence it came; then thou shalt go home with me, and my tailor shall equip thee in a proper manner. But thou art hungry, perhaps, and faint; thou lookest pale, thy haggard cheek bespeaks want; thou hast not dined—but thou shalt dine immediately. Hans Frau! get ready a beef-steak as soon as possible! Take a little wine, while it is getting ready; and sit here by my side." The steak was soon dressed, it was also very neatly served up, and it was quickly swallowed by my friend, without any consideration as to its being either tender or tough. After he had dined, I was anxious to know by what means he had been metamorphosed from a King's stationer, into a Jew pedlar. He told me, that a fellow-passenger, in the ship from England, was an Israelite, in whom there was much good; and that he had furnished him with a box, and a small stock of goods, to prevent him from famishing; and he laughed heartily, as he continued to inform me, that the Jew could not depart from his customary mode of dealing with his travellers, obliging my friend to deposit with him the only guinea he had left, as a pledge for his honesty, or to prevent him from decamping with box and goods altogether. "Then return, my friend," said I, "to *Moses* the things that belong to him, and redeem thy guinea—it will be a pretty thing for thee sometimes to look at; but in future thou shalt eat at my table, and we will occupy the same apartment, till a more genteel at least, if not a more profitable calling, can be procured for thee. But be quick, and I will wait here till you return,

and then we will proceed to my lodgings." I was rather impatiently waiting the return of poor Maynard, when he arrived; and I could perceive, by his countenance, that he was satisfied with this, his last transaction, with his master the Jew. The good fellow had expressed much kindness towards him. "And vat vill you do now, Mynheer Maynard? you have not yet become rich mit selling goods for me?" "I have not," replied Maynard; "but I have met with a friend who knows me, and who will assist me." "Dat is recht," replied Moses; "and as I love to see de goot man, I will follow you mit my box; perhaps your friend may vant someting in my vay." At this instant he entered; he spoke very affectionately of Mr Maynard, hoped Mr M. would remember the poor Jew, and delivered himself so feelingly, that I thought, if he was a hypocrite, he was an excellent actor; so as a sort of remuneration for past services to my friend, I bought a seal of him, and we all three soon became very merry. Before we parted, I ordered in the bill, but, to my very great surprise, I found that the whole had been discharged by friend Moses, which was more then I either expected or desired.

As soon as we had arrived at my lodgings, we were both equally desirous to be informed what had brought the other into Holland. "And how long have you been in this country, Mr Rogers," said Maynard? I told him that I had been in Amsterdam a little more than a year and a half. "Then you did not go to the West Indies?" "You are right,"—and I here gave him an account of what had happened to me from the time we had parted in London, when I left that city to join the British Fleet, to the present day, when we so unexpectedly met. "'Tis strange," said he, "that our wayward fate often frustrates our wisest purposes: man is tossed about he knows not how, and happy is he who cares not whene; yes, he appears like a puppet, with very little of his own will, and his actions are very seldom under the control of his reasoning powers. His motives are often unknown, even to himself, and yet it frequently happens, that the charitable, good-tempered blockhead, is robbed or deceived by the cunning, blamed by the prudent, and denounced by the ignorant: at the same time, he knows not why he is robbed or deceived, is ignorant why he is blamed, and wonders, among the good and bad actions he has performed, which of them it is that condemns him to be either a rogue or a fool." I could easily perceive that these sapient, but obscure reflections, were forced upon my friend by his vivid imagination; that he had fallen into a sort of reasoning despondency, in which "busy meddling memory" was raking up the many injuries he had suffered, and placing them in succession before him, in the order in which they had occurred. "Well," said I, "you will now oblige me by informing me what combination of fortuitous circumstances has concurred to place you in this miserable condition. That you have been plundered, I entertain not a single doubt; therefore, sit down quietly, for I am prepared to hear thy tale of woes. In the mean time, let me assure thee, that I will in future endeavour to assuage thy grief; I will hold out to thee the hand of pure friendship; let me beg of thee, then, to dash the cup of misery from thy lip, and to rely for comfort upon Him who is able to support us under all our wants and infirmities."

His story was short, but pathetic. "You know very well," said he, "that I was owner of a ship which traded to China; she had made one successful voyage, and I freighted her again with goods, such as are used in some of the East-India islands; these the Captain was to dispose of, and afterwards proceed to China for a cargo of teas. They succeeded very well at first, till a sort of squabble took place between part of the crew and some of the natives of the Maldives, when the captain and five of the sailors were killed: the mate and the surviving crew steered for the Bay of Bengal; but as they were short of hands, the ship was stranded off Cape Comorin, near the coast of Coromandel. The men were all saved; but the ship, and what remained of the cargo, were entirely lost. This severe stroke obliged me to sell my house and grounds, and

made great havock of my funded property; so we removed to the city. This happened about ten months after you left London. Now, although this was a misfortune which might have fallen to the lot of any other man as well as myself, I was blamed by almost every person that knew me; and the pity and condolence of those who pretended to be my real friends, nearly tortured me into madness. 'Why did I meddle with what I did not understand? 'Twas a great pity! What could I know about the business of a merchant, especially as I had not been brought up at it?—' Whereas, had my adventure succeeded, and I had become rich, I should have been held up as a paragon of wisdom, and pointed out, by these same worthies, as an example for their sons and kinsmen to imitate!

"I must now inform you, that when I sold my property in the funds, I had five hundred pounds to spare; this sum I lent to my neighbour Jenkins, the wine-merchant, because you know he had the reputation of being a very upright and a very religious man. I took his note-of-hand for it, and told him I should want to make use of it in business, and probably might call upon him for it at a short notice. I judged it to be as safe in his hands as it would have been in the Bank of England; but how delusive are appearances! In less than three months he failed; I was obliged to compound with his creditors, and received two shillings and sixpence in the pound! I was now in a state of mind which cannot easily be described; I sunk almost into a state of insensibility. My dear wife and her excellent mother used every endeavour to raise my spirits; but for several weeks I was extremely low, and totally regardless of what might in future befall me. I was roused, however, from this stupor in a short time, by what may be termed the climax of my misfortunes, and the entire extinction of all my hopes. I had given to one of my creditors, who was a paper-manufacturer, a power of attorney, to stop his clamour for a few weeks, when I had every reasonable expectation of being able to discharge his debt; but in less than a fortnight he entered my premises with a bailiff, immediately called in an auctioner, sold the whole of my stock in trade and household furniture, and myself, Lucy, her mother, and our four children, were turned into the street. My stock in trade was sold, for not more than the one-tenth of what it cost, to some friends of the attorney, who did the business; and my household-furniture was almost given away, to some bakers who had been his clients. In this way I was completely ruined; I had nothing left; and my other creditors, vexed at being cheated out of what was due to them, threatened me with the horrors of a prison. I should never have been able to support myself under such an accumulation of misfortunes, only I had the consolation of knowing that Mrs Barnard's annuity was safe in the funds. To avoid my creditors, I sought out and took a small obscure cottage in the country. At this period our finances were very low; all the cash that could be raised by the whole party did not amount to ten pounds; it would be two months before Mrs Barnard's quarterly payment would become due; and we were not only destitute of all the common necessaries of life, but we had no means of procuring them. During the time that I afterwards remained with my family, we slept on some straw upon the floor, with a few old blankets to cover us,—we sat upon boxes or stools,—ate our frugal meals from the top of an old chest of drawers,—drank our tea out of small bowls,—dined from plates of many colours and sizes—with a few odd knives and forks, the very refuse of a dunghill. The only comfort that now remained to us was, that we still loved one another; not the least symptom of dissatisfaction ever appeared in the countenance of either my wife or her mother; and while engaged in washing the family linen, when the blood streamed from their hands, not a sigh escaped from either of them; but the sight of such misery made me shudder—and I was reduced to the brink of despair. I sometimes lay whole nights awake, ruminating on what steps I should take to procure sustenance for my family; but in a short time I was *released*, or, if you please, *expelled*, from this wretched abode of squalid poverty:—the time was come, when

I was to enter on my travels. After a very restless night, I was one morning informed by a neighbouring peasant, that a bailiff had just been at his house, inquiring for me. This was sufficient; I told the circumstance to my Lucy—thrust a pair of stockings and a shirt into a small bundle—took a long and sorrowful leave of my group of angelic beings—threw down all the money I had, except five shillings—and hurried out of the house! I travelled all the day, and slept the first night in a sort of hedge ale-house; the next morning I continued my journey till late in the evening, when I arrived rather unexpectedly at a large house, the master of which was standing at the gate. I halted to inquire of him the road to the next village; but he told me there was no village within four miles, in the direction in which I appeared to be travelling. "You seem," said he, "to be faint and weary, and much fatigued,—will you step in with me and refresh yourself?" I thanked him, and followed into a large mansion, when the evening meal, in a short time, was placed upon the table: my host supped with me. After supper, he ordered some wine, and I might have been cheerful, but "grief was heavy at my heart," and prevented that flow of spirits which is natural to my disposition. The gentleman perceived it. 'Methinks,' said he, 'you are not in so cheerful a mood as you were the last time I had the honour of being in your company.' I looked up, but did not recognize his features. I told him that I had no recollection whatever of ever having seen him before this evening. 'That is possible,' said he; 'however, if I mistake not, I have seen *you* before, and have experienced your bounty; and, in return, I request you will do me the honour to spend the evening with me; and after breakfast, to-morrow morning, I will put you on your way, at as early an hour as you may find convenient. I thanked him, and requested that he would tell me his name;—but he evaded the question by filling a glass of wine, and desiring me to pledge him, which I did with as much grace as I was then master of. After a few more glasses, my melancholy began to dissipate;—but my host hinted, though with great delicacy, that I appeared to be unhappy. I acknowledged that I had been in more enviable circumstances; that of late, Misery had laid his iron hand upon me, and that I was now on my way to leave my native land. At an early hour we retired to rest, and the following morning, after breakfast, he went out with me, to put me in the right road for the village I had inquired after. On taking leave of me, he kindly shook me by the hand, said his name was Elwes, and returned back to his house. As soon as he was gone, I discovered that he had left a paper in my hand, which, on examination, I found to be a ten-pound-note of the Bank of England. I was greatly perplexed to account for these marks of generosity from a perfect stranger; nor have I been able, from that hour to the present, to recollect that I had ever before seen him."

"And don't you remember," said I, "that you once ordered a beef-steak at the Tavern in the Haymarket, which you told the waiter to give to your dog, and that a man in the same box desired you to permit him to taste it?" He did remember something about it; but it was so long ago, he had only a faint recollection that such a circumstance took place.—"Well, Sir, that was the man who treated you so handsomely, and who gave you the bank-note. I inquired after his name of the waiter, and have since learned that he is a great miser, but that he does many a noble act, and that he has as good a title to be called a *Christian*, as many who write *Reverend* or *Right Reverend* before their sirnames. But finish thy story."

"Soon after," continued he, "I arrived at Colchester, when I changed my note, the half of which I sent to my family. Poor Lucy acknowledged the receipt of it with a heavy heart, the next day. I proceeded on to Harwich, and meeting there with a ship bound for Amsterdam, I embarked in it, and arrived here about three months back; since which time I have travelled with my box, and often obtained such a scanty pittance, that it was scarcely sufficient to keep my

soul and body from separating. I have had but one letter from my dear wife since I arrived; I expect another in a short time: had it not been for her and my children, I should have sunk into the grave long ago, and left this world to the enjoyment of the numerous wretches who are constantly disgracing it by their lives and actions."

In a few days my friend was neatly equipt, and could assume his proper character. As my business here was nearly exhausted, we only staid a month longer; but, during our stay, Maynard received a letter from his Lucy, in which she informed him, that they were now very comfortably settled in their little cottage; that her time was principally employed in instructing the children; that they all enjoyed excellent health; that she, her mother, and the children, constantly prayed to the Divine Being for *his* welfare; and that they only wanted his presence to make them *very happy*. He informed her, in return, that he had met with an old and valued friend, who had taken him under his protection; that we were just going to set off together for Paris; that he was in good health and spirits; and that he hoped they should, ere long, meet again to part no more! Before we left Amsterdam, I carefully examined the state of my finances, and found that I was in possession of a little more than two hundred and fifty pounds: this circumstance I communicated to my friend, and it gave him great pleasure: it was also highly gratifying to myself.

Having arrived at Paris, our most immediate object was to take a view of the city, and to ascertain in what part of it a lodging would be the most eligible for my business. We could, both of us, speak the French language, which is always of considerable importance to a stranger in the French capital. I observed nearly the same routine here as I had previously done in Amsterdam. I left my landscapes at the booksellers' shops, and I got some business as a portrait-painter; but I did not meet, at first, with any thing like the success here that I had found in Amsterdam, and this made me lament that I had come to Paris, for it appeared to me, that I might have succeeded better in some of the other large towns in Holland. Mr Maynard tried every means to obtain some employment, but without effect, so that his spirits lowered, and he became melancholy. I endeavoured to persuade him to open a shop in his own way of business, and offered him money for the purpose; but he declined accepting it, observing, that if he did not succeed, the circumstance would ruin both of us, and that he had a great abhorrence at hazarding his friend's property. At length, however, he obtained employment, as a journeyman, in a stationer's shop; and on this account we were obliged to live apart, as my lodgings were at too great a distance from the place of his employment. From some whim, or fancy, which had now entered his brain, he would neither tell me the name of the street where he was to lodge, nor who was his employer; and, on this account, our separation grieved me to the heart. My business gradually increased, so that, after about six months' residence, I had as much as I could well manage. It was now more than three months since Maynard and I had parted, and, during all this long period, I had neither heard from him nor seen him. One day, however, as I was walking along the Rue de St Honoré, I saw him before me, and immediately made all the haste I could to overtake him; he also had perceived me, and turned hastily into an hotel to avoid me. I rushed in after him, and entered the front room, but saw nobody, because, as the street was rather narrow, and the houses on each side very lofty, the room was dark. I was certain he must be here, and, sitting down, I soon discovered him in an obscure corner. "Mr Maynard," said I, "why do you shun me?" "Because," he replied, "being hateful to myself, I am not willing to become odious also to my friend, nor a burthen on his bounty." "But are you not employed, Mr Maynard? and, in such a case, what burthen could you be to me?" "I have work, it is true, but——" "But you do not earn a sufficient sum to maintain you; and as my business is on the increase,

why will you not permit me to assist you? In short, why do you avoid me?—Is it possible that I can in any way have offended you?" His answer was, that I had not. "Then, come home and live with me," said I, "for I have felt very lonely and uncomfortable since you left me." "Not on any account," he replied; "I am determined to live by my own industry, however small my earnings may be. I am at present employed in ruling account-books, with red-ink lines, and, by working hard from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night, I can earn *tenpence;* but this sum, small as it is, I am determined shall support me, without any assistance either from friendship or benevolence." "But you will take some wine with me?" "For this one time I will—but not in future." Before we parted, I prevailed on him to give me his address; but he only complied with my request on condition that I would not call upon him. If I wanted to see him, I was to write, and he would attend my summons. I inquired if he had received a letter from Mrs Maynard since we arrived in Paris? He told me he had not; but that, as he had lately written to her, he was certain of an early answer, and that when he heard from her, he would call upon me with the letter.

About this time I used frequently to pass my evenings at one of the coffee-houses where the English merchants, residing at Paris, usually met. It was my good fortune, in a short time, to become acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Tomlinson, who was an extensive wholesale ironmonger. He had a very large warehouse in Paris, another in Boulogne, and another in Moulines. He observed to me, one evening, as we were sitting alone, that he very much wished he could meet with an active Englishman, who had been accustomed to business, could keep books, look after the porters, and who was moderately honest. My poor Maynard immediately occurred to me, but, for the present, I did not mention his name; I told Mr T. however, that I knew a man who would exactly suit him, and for whose honesty I would myself become a surety. He begged of me to introduce him as soon as convenient, and said, moreover, if he answered my description, the salary would be handsome. The next morning I dispatched a messenger with a letter to Maynard, desiring him to come to me without delay. According to his own phrase, he attended the summons. I informed him of every particular, spoke in great praise of Mr Tomlinson, and then waited his reply. "I should be worse," said he, "than the worst of idiots, to refuse such a situation; my only fear is, that I may not suit him—in short, that I shall not get it: and yet," continued he, "I have still hopes that I shall succeed, for the prayers and tears of Lucy and her dear innocents have been offered at the footstool of Mercy for my welfare—therefore, I *shall* succeed!" "No means shall be neglected on my part," said I; "but when will it be agreeable to you to be introduced to him?" "As soon as possible," he replied; "but I shall be again obliged to trespass on your bounty—the aid of a tailor is wanting before I can offer myself." "Every thing in that way can be easily procured this morning, and, in the evening, we can wait on Mr Tomlinson, at his own house, for I am invited to take tea with him, and he is anxious to see you."

Mr Maynard was soon clothed in a manner proper for the occasion; and as his address was that of a gentleman, and his knowledge of business considerable, I had nothing to fear. We dined together, and, after dinner, I put into his hands a couple of Louis-d'ors, and a few small pieces, which he, at first, refused to accept; but I told him that the jingle of money is at all times pleasing to the ear, and that he would talk much better with cash in his pocket. He smiled on me, with a look of gratitude that found its way to my heart; so I immediately seized his hand, and we walked out together towards the Pont Neuf. After tea, Mrs Tomlinson, her amiable daughter, and I, retired into another apartment, and left the Master and Maynard to manage matters in their own way; but when we met again at supper, I had no difficulty in perceiving that all was right, for Maynard's spirits were

so buoyant, that he was often obliged to keep silent to prevent an overflow; and more than once I saw the starting tear, and heard the struggling, bursting sigh, that choaked his utterance. I believe, on this occasion, that his ideas had wandered across the Channel, as far as the little cottage; and that his Lucy, the children, and their grandmother, were all present to his imagination. We retired before eleven o'clock, and I insisted that he should go home with me. "Well," said I, as soon as we had got into the street, "you have succeeded; but what, my dear Maynard, is to be your salary?" "More than I should have asked," was his reply; "I am to serve him for three years, and am to have one hundred and fifty pounds for the first year, and two hundred a-year for each of the other two." "Bravo!" I exclaimed; "that will do. And now, Maynard, will you live with me, or shall I take up my abode with you? Let us go down this street, to the left. I was in it yesterday morning—it is near to the warehouse; I saw in it a small house to be let—so I went in and looked at it. It is small, but convenient, and will just suit us—there are four sleeping-rooms, two parlours, and a kitchen. But perhaps I am reckoning without my host, for you do not speak; I was thinking there is one room for you and Mrs Maynard, one for Mrs Barnard, one for the children, and the other, if agreeable to you, I should wish to occupy myself." "What an excellent contriver you are, Mr Rogers!" said he; "but there will be rent to pay; and as for my wife, Mrs Barnard, and the children, they are not here!" "That is true—but one half of the rent shall be paid by me; and, with respect to your family, I will engage that they shall be here by this-day-fortnight, without any fear of forfeiting my word. In that time you will have got settled in your new employment, and be ready to receive them; and I can meet them at Calais, and escort them to Paris."

The number of ideas thus suggested passed through my friend's brain with such rapidity of succession, and created such a mass of confusion in his mind, that he was totally unable to articulate a single sentence. How was it possible that such a change in his circumstances could have taken place in so short a space as twenty-four hours? Yesterday evening, at ten o'clock, he had scarcely earned his *tenpence*, and this night, at eleven, his family were to be with him in a fortnight, and he in a capacity of maintaining them comfortably! In the confusion of his feelings, he grasped my arm in such an agony of joy, that he almost made me roar with the pain I was thus obliged to endure. When we had arrived at my lodgings, he sat down, and wrote a letter to his wife, begging that she would bring her mother and the children, and make the greatest possible haste to Paris: he mentioned the situation he had got, and the salary he was to have, and said, moreover, that it had been procured for him by a friend whom she both knew and esteemed. As I had to take the letter in the morning to the proper conveyance, I told him to leave it open, for it was possible that I might have to put in a line or two, which might hasten their departure; to which proposal he readily agreed.

The next day he entered into his new situation; and early in the morning, I enclosed in the letter a bill of exchange, on a house in London, for twenty pounds, and sent it off; but not before I had written "with speed," in large letters, on the back of the envelope. The same day I took the house, and we made all the preparations we could for the reception of Mr Maynard's family. Our conversation, in the evenings, always veered towards England; we calculated to an hour the time that Lucy would get the letter; we could easily imagine what delight it would give to her, as well as her mother; and my friend could conceive the bustle they were then making to set off on their journey. We made particular inquiry, and ascertained the days on which the English packets usually arrived at Calais. "In eight days," said he, "she will be there." I ventured to suggest that it might be nine or ten; but my opinion was scouted, for he was certain that such a thing was altogether impossible. And then he entered

into all the minutiæ of calculation, on the probability that he knew the exact time which each particular movement would take up; and then he could prove, even to demonstration, that eight days were more than sufficient time for them to arrive at Calais. Against demonstration, no argument can prevail; so I acquiesced, and it was settled, that, in eight days, they would be in Calais. For the first week I laboured hard, in order to get my business in such a train as to be able to leave Paris for a few days, without, if possible, any way injuring my financial establishment. On the morning of the eighth day, Mr Maynard inquired if it was still my intention to meet his family, as I had at first proposed? I told him that I intended to set out that evening, and that I hoped I should not have to wait more than a day or two for their arrival, as I should be there the next morning but one. He appeared a little vexed at my remark, and thought that they must be there before that time.

On my arrival at Calais, which happened about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that an English packet had not arrived there during the last five days, but that two were expected in the course of the present day, because the wind had changed, and was now favourable. At noon, one of them arrived, and I immediately went on board; but Mrs Maynard's name was not among those which formed the list of passengers. At three o'clock, the other packet hove in sight; and at four, she sailed up to the quay. As I had before been unsuccessful in my inquiries, I resolved this time that I would not go on board, but that I would keep a close look-out among the passengers as they landed, especially as there was no danger of my missing the lovely party I was in quest of. After waiting for a considerable time, I had the pleasure to behold Mrs Barnard, with a little boy in each hand, coming on shore; and immediately after, I saw my charming pupil, holding the hands of two beautiful girls, close behind her. I retreated, while they passed me, and entered the hotel; however, as soon as they were seated, I followed them, and took the chair nearest to Mrs Maynard. Observing that she paid no attention to me, I looked rather anxiously at her for some time, and then rising, I stood before her, and bowing, I inquired if her name was Maynard? "It is, Sir," said she, "and surely, if I mistake not, yours is Rogers." I acknowledged that she was right, and told her that I was very glad I had been so fortunate as to meet with her. She shook me cordially by the hand, desired me to sit down, and inquired how long I had been in France? I informed her that I had been in France about eight months, and that I resided in Paris. "But you, madam," I perceive, "are a stranger in this country." She remarked that they had but just landed. Mrs Maynard now, for some time, appeared lost in thought; but at once recovering herself, and returning towards Mrs Barnard, "My dear mother," said she, "I am pretty confident that this is the friend my husband met with in Holland,—the same with whom he proceeded to Paris,—to whom he is indebted for his present situation,—who is the cause of our being here,—to whom we are under so many obligations,—who has left Paris to meet us,—and perhaps," she exclaimed, turning towards me, "perhaps my dear, dear Maynard, is here along with you! If it be so, tell me, Mr Rogers, that I may immediately fly to his arms!" I assured her that her husband was in Paris; that I had left him there two days ago; that my journey to this place was for the purpose of taking care of them, and that it was no small pleasure for me to find them all in good health. Lucy was a little altered, but she was still one of the loveliest creatures to be met with, even if one travelled for a long summer's day. I ordered dinner to be got ready, and in the mean time, I went out to get their luggage on shore, and delivered it to the carrier, to be forwarded to Paris. At six o'clock that morning, the Deligence was ready; so we took seats in it, and with a slow and steady pace, at the rate of four miles an hour, set off for the French metropolis. Mrs Barnard complained that her eyes were getting dim, and that she could not have recognized me; she was also very weary, and now and then nodded a little. Mrs M. would talk

about nothing but her husband; "And what was my Maynard doing, Mr Rogers, when you met with him in Amsterdam?" "He lived," I observed, "by the labour of his hands, or, more properly, by the labour of his feet, for he was a gentleman traveller." "He travelled, then, for some mercantile house in that city?" I answered that he did. "And how did he travel?" "On foot, madam." "And carried goods with him?" "Just so." "And what sort of merchandise were they?" "An old watch or two, with some paltry trinkets." "Then he was like a Jew pedlar?" "More like that than any other sort of pedlar to which you could compare him." "My poor, dear husband!" she exclaimed; "to what misery thou hast been reduced! And with respect, Mr Rogers, to his clothes, how was he dressed?" "Not in the first style of elegance; but, if you please, madam, we will change the subject." "Was he in good health when you left him in Paris?" "No person could enjoy better."

The children slept soundly; and, in the morning, their innocent prattle formed our greatest amusement. Mrs Barnard was greatly fatigued, for want of sleep, and Mrs Maynard wished that our journey was at an end; patience, however, is a sovereign remedy against all the calamities incident to human life; and patience brought us, after a tedious ride in a jolting vehicle, to the gates of Paris. This was at nine o'clock in the morning, and at ten we arrived at our own house; *viz.* on the twelfth day after the letter was sent off, and consequently two days within the time first mentioned. I immediately sent to inform Mr Maynard that I had arrived; and as he had no calls to make on the way, it was not long before he appeared. I met him at the door, and led him into our best parlour, where sat his whole family in good health, and with open arms to receive him. The scene that succeeded was truly affecting; but in a short time all was calm, and the serenity that followed, might be compared to one of those bright days in spring, which sometimes follow a long and stormy winter. At four o'clock in the afternoon we all sat down to dinner, when the eyes of both Mr and Mrs Maynard glistened with joy indescribable; they looked on each other with that calm delight which superior minds only can feel; but the happiness of my friend appeared to be of that ineffable description, which we may imagine the *once* miserable soul feels after it has entered the regions of eternal felicity. Mrs Barnard rejoiced to see her children happy; she delighted in the prosperity of others, and in her better days, her heart had overflowed with benevolence, for the benefit of the indigent. For the whole of the first week, I looked upon myself as a visitor, rather than as one of the family; but the front chamber having been fitted up for me in a manner suitable for my business, I lived with them for two years, in the greatest comfort and harmony. I mention this, because my knowledge of human nature has convinced me, that the majority of mankind have no desire to associate with persons to whom they have been under any particular obligations. The reason may be, that the obliging party think they have a right to be a little overbearing; and the party obliged are often very apt to forget past kindnesses. Mr Tomlinson frequently expressed great obligation to me, for recommending to him so useful and worthy a man as Maynard; and at the expiration of the second year, he turned over to him the house and business at Moulines, allowing him to pay for the stock on hand by instalments, at distant dates. On this account, they left Paris, for their new place of residence; and I, soon after, made up my mind to return to England, or, as it fell out, to Scotland, to witness new scenes, where hope and fear, joy and sorrow, poverty and splendour, are blended with the other ingredients which mingle in the bitter cup of human misery, or which form the cordial draught that heightens all our bliss.

(To be continued.)

Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage.

CANTO II.

By rules we marry, and by rules we die;
By rules some pray to Heaven, and some to Peter;
By rules we eat and drink—we laugh and cry—
Wear clothes, and sometimes stays, to keep them neater:
By rules we bless and curse; by rules we try
To spin our verses, and adjust their metre:
In short, we're just like tyros at a school;
They learn their tasks, and we our lives, by rule.

Not more by words and actions than by dress
Do we decide upon a person's station;
Because, although the former may express
His qualities of mind and education,
Yet, by his clothes, we make a shrewder guess
If he's of high or humble occupation;—
Excepting always with the fool and dandy—
Those sons of butter-milk and sugar-candy:

Excepting, also, in our hero's case,
Who, though a gentleman, appear'd to be
Some vagrant offspring of a bedlam-race,
And such as landlords care not much to see,
What with his hat and coat, and lantern face,
Wild, hungry looks, and much bespatter'd knee,
'Twas more than wonder that he found a lodging,
After such length of fasting and lone trudging.

Know ye the tavern with the goodly sign
Of a plump salmon? There the merry denizen,
From Aberdeen, goes frequently to dine
On grilse or trout—much better fare than venison;
With whisky-toddy, too, instead of wine,
Besides the host's and hostess's best benison:
There, too, Dan Duffe is snugly seated; only
He feels himself a little tir'd and lonely.

When first he enter'd, the polite landlady
Met him with something rather like a frown;
But, when he cast upon the board the *ready*,
She curtsied, smiled, and gather'd up the crown.

Dan's mode may seem uncouth, but he was steady
To certain principles he had laid down;
And, therefore, like a sober, meek beginner,
He asked, if *he might be indulged* with dinner?

He was indulged with a large slice of salmon,
With choice of good fresh haddock, and stale skate;
For second course, roast chickens and a gammon,
Of which he heap'd a large store on his plate;
Besides, there was a dish with some cold lamb on,
Shrouded with parsley leaves, in rustic state:
These, if not fit for stomach and for palate—
If not a dinner—pray, Sir, what d'ye call it?

Now, as the busy waiter clear'd the board,
And while our pilgrim thought about a dram—
That is, if what he paid could yet afford
That which was needful after trout and ham—
In popp'd a dashing gentleman, who roar'd
With voice stentorophonic, "Sir! am
Your most obedient, and most humble servant!"
"Sir! I am yours," quoth Dan, "sincere and fervent."

"Nay, then," rejoin'd the stranger, "I am blest;
And, with your leave, I'll sit—dear Sir! oh dear!
Waiter! bring us a mutchkin of your best,
Sugar and boiling water! Do you hear?"
"Sir," said Dan Duffe, "you're making me the guest;
'Tis I that ought to order in the cheer."
"Pshaw! name it not, 'beseech you; we are well met—
Pray what may be the age of that there helmet?"

"Mine hat?" quoth Dan; "'tis somewhat out of fashion,
As also is the rest of mine apparel;
And though some wits may throw satiric lash on,
Or aim against me with a goose-quill barrel,
Yet, sooth, I am not prone to foolish passion,
And, therefore, there is little fear of quarrel."—

Here came the waiter with the proper stuff,
At which Dan paus'd, and took a pinch of snuff;

Then while the spacious china-bowl was smoking,
And while the courteous stranger fill'd each glass,
He wish'd to have some harmless fun and joking
At Dan's expence, whom he suppos'd an ass:
Beginning in a manner quite provoking,
To one who was a student of the class—
"Sir! may I ask what kind of a balloon
It was in which you journey'd to the moon?"

"Methinks your question, friend, is rather comical,"
Said Dan, with pouting lip and dubious stare;
"It shews you know not reasons astronomical,
Nor laws of motion—gravity and air."
"I beg your pardon," said the other; "some may call
The moon a piece of cheese; but, I declare,
I think she's some huge Norfolk turnip lantern,
Where the sun sits at night, to take a canter in.

"But, waving that—as really you appear
Skill'd in the fam'd costumes of sage antiquity,
I pray you make this puzzling problem clear,
Without one inclination towards obliquity:
Nay, while I now sit patiently to hear,
I hope on this you'll not attempt to speak witty:
You've heard of Joseph's coloured coat? I pray you,
Was it a cloak or jacket?—eh? what say you?"

"Faith! that's a learn'd and sapient question, brother,"
Quoth Dan, whose brain was getting rather muddy;
And then he quaff'd one glass, and fill'd another,
And quaff'd, and fill'd, until his cheek grew ruddy:
At length the powers of drink began to smother
The dull and listless senses of his body;
And as the *gentleman* could jest no more,
He, somehow, found a way to reach the door.

An author must be in a dreadful funk
(Indeed I feel it now beyond expression)
When he has let his hero get quite drunk,
Losing, thereby, the *head* of his profession!
I would have preach'd upon't, like priest or monk,
In a most natural and quaint digression;
But now the waiter comes with bed-room candles,
And also brings Dan's slippers—*alias* sandals.

And, thinking it is proper time for rest,
And that he hath completely wash'd his throttle,
He carries Dan up stairs, while half undrest.
(Oh the pernicious mischiefs of the bottle!)
Soon, very soon, in snoring sleep he's blest,
(For he had drank what might have done a sot ill,)
Without a cradle rocking him, or billow,
Between clean sheets, on feather-bed and pillow.

If suits me not to watch him in his bed,
Nor tell the rising whispers of his dreams;
Let it suffice to say, his pillow'd head
Revolv'd and re-revolv'd his mighty schemes.
I know that there are poets so ill-bred
As to select bed-chambers for their themes:—
I fear my Muse would take the arms of Morpheus,
Forgetting she was aught allied to Orpheus.

To Orpheus! yes; for I can give you music,
Whether 'tis through the tube, or on the string;
Though not, perhaps, the very kind which you seek,
That is, it could not melt th' infernal king.
Mine is a sort would rather make a Jew sick,
Because it would a certain fancy bring
Of beasts whose flesh was curs'd and bann'd by Moses,
Fam'd for their grunting, squeaking, and long noses.

The origin of music is from heaven—
No doubt of that; but then, there's such dispute,
Where, when, and how the preference should be given—
What style, what instruments, what authors suit,
That taste and nature are at variance driven,
And one of simple ear is call'd—a *brute*:
'Tis most unmannerly to say the fault's his
Who can't adore the charming German waltzes.

Talking of adoration—it would seem
That we were born for such a grand sensation;
But then your schisms and false opinions teem—
Like various sticklers in a civil nation—
From him who kneels before the morning beam,
To him who makes an altar of creation;
All praise, of course, their own religious worship,
And say that heretics deserve a horsewhip.

And there are gods of clay—and gods of stone—
And there are gods of wood—and gods of metal—
And there are gods of flesh, and blood, and bone,
And *men* their pedestals and altars settle!
Dead matter, by the craftsman, might have grown
A plate—a jamb—a table—or a kettle!
The living might have been an honest creature,
The same in lineament, in form, and feature.

Baäl was famous in Elijah's days;
Bel and the Dragon in the time of Daniel;
The sons of Israel scream'd in Moloch's blaze;
The wheels of Jaggarnaut make Hindostan yell.
Oh! ill-directed and ill-offered praise,
That turns the man into the piteous spaniel!
Both to the worshipper and god abusive,
From Nimrod to the present time, inclusive.

Gods were, first, kings; but, when their flesh terrestrial
Dropp'd downward to the dark and silent tomb,
Their godhead rose with images celestial,
Borne from the marble quarry's pregnant womb;
Man fawn'd, beneath, in flattery most bestial,
His children worshipp'd, but they knew not whom;
As less and less his real life was known,
Brighter and brighter was his glory grown.

Man's a strange creature! to himself a riddle,
(So say the moralists from whom I quote;)
His heart is tuned with four strings, like a fiddle,
And plays a great variety of note:
The bow of language scrapes across the middle,
The passions stamp their fingers on the throat,
He groans in bass—in minor keys he whines—
In major, shouts above the ledger lines.

And when he sounds his crotchets panegyric,
Gods! what a strain, and what a sound is there!
The welkin, echoing sound the glorious lyric,
Tells the swift winds to waft it through the air;
Rocks, woods, and waters all become hysteric;
Mouths ope with joy, and eyes with wonder stare;
The people worship thus some pompous idol,
Just like a child that cries, "Come, look at *my* doll."

But I must now dismiss these thoughts sublime,
And rouse our pilgrim from the Salmon-inn;
For now the sun has gain'd the eastern clime,
And the air wakes with morning's cheerful din.
Now comes he forth (Dan Duffe) at the eighth chime,
With rather haggard and unhealthy skin,
Crosses the Dee, and gains the mountain's summit,
(A thing, believe me, rather hard to come at.)

O what a dreary, dull, and heartless scene!
Mosses, and piles of peat, and fields of heather,
Marshes and stones, and nothing soft and green,
But barren, bleak, and dismal altogether!
It wears the same uncouth and stagnant mien
In every change of season and of weather,
And, but that several gin-shops quash these evils,
A traveller must suffer the blue devils.

Full thirteen miles he travell'd through this track
Of Highland verdure, desolate and dreary;
Enough to make of any man a hack,
And, sure our pilgrim was both tired and weary:
At length he turn'd these horrors on his back,
And got into the plain, more gay and cheery;
As ready for his dinner as a raven,
Before he reach'd the Mill-inn of Stonehaven.

Stonehive is seated in a handsome vale
That slops its bosom to the eastern skies;

A lovely village! where you may inhale
Freshness and beauty both at mouth and eyes.
In gentle grandeur t'wards the western gale,
Like nest among the woods, fam'd Ury lies—
Ury, not more renown'd for pregnant acres,
Than lov'd by Fancy gemmen and the Quakers.

Next come we to Dunnottar's ruin'd castle—
Old Time hath triumph'd in his havock there,
Where once were gaudy plume, and shining tassel,
Blood, battle, victory that rent the air,
The lord imperial, and th' obedient vassal,
The stern commander, and the lady fair—
Dark, dreary ruins, on themselves that totter,
Mark the impregnable and great Dunnottar!

Dead, dull, and dripping are thy lonely vaults;
A fearful echo lives within thy bow'rs;
Within thy rooms depend the crusted salts,
And on thine arches bloom the summer-flow'rs;
The wanderer o'er thy ruins treads—and halts,
As if he heard a voice come from thy tow'rs—
'Tis but the echo of the stones he scatters,
Or the wild caw, that perches there and chatters.

It looks, from Ocean, like a rock all riven
And shatter'd in fantastic shapes asunder,
As by the fiery bolt that flies from heaven,
And tells its havock in the voice of thunder:
Dome, peak, and pinnacle, athwart, uneven,
Appear, and fill the mind with a strange wonder;
So sailors view it on its site basaltic,
When steering, homewards laden, from Baltic.

Dan Duffe beheld it, pacing round and round,
Smit by its wretched state with melancholy;
He mark'd, with special eye, the tilting ground,
And saw the place whence marksmen shot the volley;
He saw the halls where tables once were crown'd
With better food than in these days of folly;
In short, he saw the whole—grew sympathetic,
And spoke these words with feeling energetic:

"Oh, days of chivalry, and wild romance!
Times of the glitt'ring tournament and tilt!
When valiant knights knew how to wield the lance,
And sprightly ladies knew not how to jilt,—
When all was merry carol, song, and dance,—
Pomp and parade,—gold, guerdon, glaive, and gilt,—
Mask, mead, and merriment,—and roar and revelry,—
Oh, times of wild romance and ancient chivalry!

"Gone! whither? to that land or clime äerial,
Where elves and fairies have before time gone?
Leaving this dense and ponderous material,
This earth of ours, with all its blocks of stone?
Alas! ye were of spirits too etherial
To live within this pile of flesh and bone!"
I quote no more of this delightful pathos,
In case it should descend into the bathos.

There is a pleasant tale that's told upon it,
(The castle), when rude battle shook the land;
How that this place conceal'd the *Scottish Bonnet*,
When valiant Ogilvy had the command.
However, I've no room for't in my sonnet,
But I've a novel on the subject plann'd,
Which to the public eye may make appearance
(If I have time and temper) in a year hence.

I may observe, though merely by the bye,
That there's some slight mistake about the history;
Perhaps some one more learn'd may tell you why,
If 'twas not fortune that emblazon'd this story:
However, something strange has shut Truth's eye,
And made the thing appear a sort of mystery;
For, though this Ogilvy was prais'd and knighted,
She who conceal'd and sav'd the crown was slighted!

There is a cliff hard by, whose front appears
Proud in the bold presumption of its station,

And in whose crannies, for a thousand years,
The sea-fowls have maintain'd their habitation.
There the fond mother, in her season, rears
"Love's pledges," by a patient incubation:—
'Tis a fine place to study ornithology,
So, also, is the sea-beach for conchology.

This famous *heugh* stands with a sombre frown,
About an hundred feet quite perpendicular,
With neither step nor stair to lead you down,
In gentle mazes, by a path vermicular.
If any person were resolv'd to drown
Himself and cares, he need not be particular;
For here he may just tumble from the summit,
And he would find the bottom like a plummit.

Close in the shelves and fissures of the rock
The hens are brooding on their eggs, to hatch them;
Meanwhile their mates are soaring in a flock,
Some to find food, and some employ'd to watch them;
And yet the fearless hinds all danger mock,
And in their dizzy habitations catch them:
Strange, that a man should risk his neck and legs,
For the poor trophy of a few gull's eggs!

Yet so it is; you see a fellow swinging,
With rope about his middle, o'er the steep,
By no means fearful in his place,—oft singing,
Regardless of the deathful, dismal deep;
Gath'ring his eggs with glee, yet sometimes clinging,
With breathless caution, where the young ones sleep;
One would suppose this work would make him dizzy,
But people heed not trifles when they're busy.

And, oh, how wildly do they hover o'er,
And fly so quickly round, and scream so loud,
The gulls—when they are gull'd! Now from the shore
They gather in a formidable crowd,
Dive down, and rise again with double roar,
Flash on the ravisher like thunder cloud;
While he, with eggs and chickens laden fully,
Is drawn up to his comrades by a pulley.

'Tis a fine scene, upon a calm fair day,
When undisturb'd by these unfeeling slaughters,
The coot and gull, within their little bay,
Disport upon the bosom of the waters:
It seems as if old Ocean lov'd to play,
In his soft humour, with his sons and daughters—
Seals on the beach, and ships in the horizon,
And the best steam-boat you could set your eyes on.

Dan, when he saw it first, was fill'd with pleasure,
And felt the throb of poetry divine;
His next thought was, how he could safely measure
The rock, without theodolite or line;
He then grew moral, for he had a treasure
Of maxims, just like diamonds in a mine;
But he was one of those abstemious oddities
Who seldom take the use of their commodities;

For he took leave without one soft adieu—
Without the measure, sentiment, or stanza!
You'll think it very strange—'tis very true,
For a more absent being never man saw.
What did he go to hear? or what to view?
To scour the country for a cackling ganza?
No; to find geese there needs not Learning's flambeau,
He went,—but we shall tell in future crambo.

Again the road is desolate and poor,
And yet 'tis populous with huts and farms,
But less of cultivated land than muir,
And scarce a single object that has charms.
We come to Bervie next; there, to be sure,
A busy vale the frozen feelings warms;
Thence to Montrose is fair and full of victual—
But we must stop midway, and talk a little.

Den Fenell' is a sweet and lovely dell;
'Tis fill'd with solitude, romantic beauty,
Trees, waters, wilds; such things as ye who dwell
In streets and squares would really find quite new t'ye.
Nor are there wanting (for I know it well)
Walks, stairs, and terraces, and caverns sooty,
Melodious birds, and weeds both fair and fragrant,
To catch the genius of the musing vagrant.

There, on the beach, that hangs its verdant arm
O'er the void gulf, the stock-dove builds her nest;
And when the hawk whoops by, with wild alarm,
She rocks her young, on th' airy bough, to rest.

There lovers meet, when summer evenings charm,
And carve their names upon the trees; 'tis best
To cut soft vows upon a frame so limber,
But, really, 'tis a bad thing for the timber.

And ay, among the woods, a fretful stream
Works through its flinty channel darken'd deep,
Where scarce the sun can shoot his noontide beam,
Or the moon watch the wild-flowers as they sleep,
Till, 'neath a bridge, that strides with arch supreme,
It gains at length the high and sudden steep,—
Down, down the precipice, like light, it flashes,
And, in a pool below, boils, foams, and dashes.

I've seen it, when the flooded stream was troubled
With the fierce torrents of the mountain rain—
When the wild roaring waters were redoubled,
Sheer o'er the horrid cliff they flash'd amain—
How the pool raged below, and foam'd, and bubbled,
And dash'd its spray half up the rock again!—
I've seen it when old Winter's fingers, plastic,
Had chrystalliz'd it into shapes fantastic.

Our hero trode a path well spread with gravel,
That leads along the summit of th' abyss,
And, though a little tir'd with length of travel,
He thought he needs must take a peep at this:
So down the steps, with not a little cavil,
Because he took their windings much amiss,
He goes—he halts—he looks on Den Fenella—
Raises his hands—then puts up his umbrella;

For, you must know, there is a cloud of mist,
Which, when the stream is overcharged with showers,
Mounts from the pool, and having woo'd and kiss'd,
With dewy lips, the underwood and flowers,
Down from the hanging concave, ere you wist,
In rills of rain upon your head it pours:
'Twas so with Dan, for he felt something colder,
As it fell heavily upon his shoulder.

Now 'twas the sweet, poetic hour of twilight,
When Dan pursued his journey to Montrose!
Then, first, O Bell Rock! he discover'd thy light,
When t'wards the village of the cliffs he rose;
I mean St Cyrus; whence he mark'd a skylight
Within the town, lit by the western glows.
Perhaps I talk of trifles; but the fact is,
I often fall into that foolish practice.

"I must conclude"—as aunt is wont to write,
When a bad pen and peevish humour fret her;
And then she turns the third page up in spite,
And with dry compliments throws off the letter.
So I, but not like her, splenetic quite,
Throw off this canto, promising a better;
That is to say, if Aristotle's scholars
Will let me off, in this, with flying colours.

Mine aunt has perfect taste in books and dress,
And reads the Magazines and public papers;
She also says, the labours of the press
Are the best physic for the spleen and vapours.
"'Tis wrong," quoth she, "to leave in lone distress
The houseless pilgrim of your *midnight tapers*:
I'll pledge this bonnet (one quite new from Dunstable)
This sharp conclusion will not do with Constable."

Well, then, well get him within stone and plaster
In Canto Third, when we shall plunge the rowels
(To make our Pegasus get on the faster)
Deep in his sides (God's mercy on his bowels!)
A jockey's spurs and whip—a poetaster,
With pen and ink—a boatman's oars and thowels
All bear comparision; and all must stand,
Run, row, or rhyme, at somebody's com-

PHINGALEIS, SIVE HIBERNIA LIBERATA, EPICUM OSSIANIS POEMA, E CELTICO SERMONE CONVERSUM, TRIBUS PRAEMISSIS DISPUTATIONIBUS ET SUBSEQUENTIBUS NOTIS; BENIGNEQUE ANNUENTI, AUGUSTO FREDERICO, SERENISSIMO SUSSEXIAE DUCI, DICATUM. AB ALEXANDRO MACDONALD. EDINBURGI: TYPIS MANDAVIT JOANNES MOIR: VENDITUR EDINBURGI A LAING; A CADELL ET DAVIES, LONDONI; ET DUBLINI A CUMMING. MDCCCXX.

This is a very classical and elegant performance. Whatever difference of opinion may exist with regard to the merits of the poetry ascribed to Ossian, there can be little doubt, we should suppose, among competent judges, that the author of this work has executed his task with no ordinary portion of industry, ability, and skill.

It is now long since any Latin poetry of merit has appeared in the literature of Scotland. Every one who is acquainted with even the merest elements of the history of learning, must be aware, that at the period of the revival of letters in the west of Europe, the languages of Greece and Rome were studied every where, with a care and an accuracy which have never been surpassed, and have been but rarely, if ever, equalled in any succeeding time. The celebrated scholars and poets of Italy, whose works contributed so much to form and to purify the vernacular language of their countrymen, devoted their attention, with the greatest zeal and assiduity, to the study of the ancient tongues, and endeavoured, in their own writings, to imitate, and even to rival the most illustrious authors of past ages. Almost all the eminent writers of Italy, at this memorable era, cultivated Latin poetry with singular ardour and success, and it is probably to this love of the Roman song, that their compositions in the Italian language owe that elegance and beauty, which are still the admiration of all readers of taste and discernment. In other countries of Europe, the love of Greek and Roman literature was almost equally prevalent.

During this revival of learning, Scotland was not last in the race of literary fame. From authentic documents, it is incontestably evident, that in this northern part of our island, the light of science and genius continued to shine, long after nearly the whole of the rest of Roman Europe was enveloped in the darkness of Gothic barbarism and superstition. The splendour of knowledge was never, indeed, at any period, entirely extinguished in the bleak and mountainous regions of Caledonia; and when the restoration of letters, which took place in various parts of the continent, throughout the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, dissipated the gloom which brooded over the fairest districts of the civilized world, Scotland partook largely of the general enthusiasm for the study and imitation of the great masters of Greek and Roman Philosophy, History, and Poetry. The various productions of learned Scotsmen of that era, sufficiently attest the ardour, diligence, perseverance, and success, with which the ancient languages were studied in our Hyperborean clime. In point of classical terseness, delicacy, and elegance, many of the Latin poems written by our countrymen, may, perhaps, without any great disadvantage to the reputation of their authors, be fairly placed by the side of those compositions of a similar kind, which flowed from the pens of their distinguished contemporaries of the poetical and voluptuous climates of Germany, Italy, and France. The attention bestowed by learned men of all classes and orders, on the construction of Latin verses, can scarcely be credited by those whose habits of reading have not made them, in some degree, familiar with the literary history of Scotland, during the eventful progress of the reformation of religion and learning. Lawyers, divines, statesmen, and masters in schools and colleges, manifested an extraordinary degree of attachment to this elegant and interesting species of writing. George Buchanan stands confessedly at the head of the noble band of scholars and Latin poets, to whom Scotland has given birth. The

variety, the beauty, and the classical purity of his compositions in the Roman tongue, both in verse and prose, entitle him to the praise of being one of the most distinguished ornaments of the age, as well of the country in which he lived. Andrew Melville, the intrepid advocate of liberty and religion, possessed, in addition to his other great and splendid acquirements, a very admirable skill and facility in the fabrication of Latin verses; and Arthur Johnston had the courage to contend with Buchanan himself, for the palm of excellence in paraphrasing the sacred book of Psalms. If Johnston failed in his attempt as a whole, it may be said of him, "magnis tamen excidit ausis." In the opinion, however, of some persons of no mean knowledge and judgment, more than one of his paraphrases have rendered it doubtful, whether the corresponding portions of Buchanan's work, though certainly very finished and beautiful compositions, be entitled to that superiority which is usually ascribed to them by the general suffrage.

These are not the only distinguished names in the Latin Parnassus of Scotland. A numerous list of individuals, who cultivated with taste and success the various measures of Roman song in the Caledonian regions, might easily be given. It is sufficient for our present purpose to observe, that at a time when such examples of almost unequalled felicity, in the composition of Latin poetry, were exhibited in the writings of Buchanan, Melville, and Johnston, and when the practice of constructing Latin verses was so common, and so popular among the different ranks of learned men, the diffusion of classical taste and knowledge throughout the kingdom must have been deep and general, if the adage of the poet be true—

———Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Scotland was then far advanced in knowledge and literary refinement. It is usual for us to speak slightingly of the attainments of earlier times, and to designate the ages which have preceded our own, as barbarous and ignorant. An enlarged acquaintance with the state of literature and science, among our ancestors, would tend, in no small degree, to dissipate those idle fancies, which generate this presumptuous habit. From whatever causes the circumstance may arise, we shall not stop to inquire at present; but it is plain, and notorious to all the world, that the study of classical learning has not been in a flourishing state in Scotland for more than a century past. From about the period of the Restoration of Charles the Second, down to our own age, has one generation after another been gradually narrowing the limits of our researches into the languages and literature of Greece and Rome; and for a long time, the writers of Scotland, with few exceptions, have given no unequivocal proofs of an intimate knowledge of ancient learning. We have been making successful incursions into almost every province of Natural Philosophy, Metaphysics, and Politics, but we have been rapidly losing ground in the regions of classical erudition. This is a fact which ought to be regretted.

Subsequently to the fall of Constantinople, when the learned Greeks, who obtained an asylum in the west, contributed to revive the study of the valuable authors of antiquity, a new impulse was communicated to the human mind. The beautiful models of composition, which the works of the Greek and Latin writers exhibited, naturally produced the desire of imitation among those who read and admired them; and to these monuments of ancient genius is Europe indebted for much of the beauty and elegance which appear in the performances of her various authors, and in the languages of her different nations. The reformation of religion, and the invention of the art of printing, united in furnishing materials for the exercise of the human understanding; while the study of the ancient classics directed and improved its native energies. It is indeed unwise in us to neglect or contemn those parts of learning which have so powerfully promoted the growth of knowledge, philosophy, liberty, and taste, in every country of Europe! Impressed, therefore, deeply as we are, with a conviction of the advantages which our national freedom, our manners, and

our literature have derived from the enthusiasm with which the classic remains of Greece and Italy were perused by the early Patriots, Historians, Poets, and Philosophers of Scotland, in common with the learned of almost every other kingdom; and regretting the decay and the disrespect into which the study of ancient learning has fallen,—we are prepared to look with pleasure at any indications of a gradual return to the manly tastes and pursuits of our virtuous and accomplished ancestors. Within these few years past, great exertions have been made, by individuals of eminence and worth, in schools and colleges, for the purpose of reviving the classical fame of Scotland, and of imbuing the minds of the generous youths, placed under their care, with that love and admiration of the Greek and Latin authors, which their manifold beauties demand. These exertions have been attended with a proportional degree of success; and it is no uncommon thing now to see graceful compositions in the learned languages, particularly in the masculine language of ancient Rome, executed by boys of very tender years. This circumstance augurs well for the general revival of classical studies. The Latin tongue was once the vehicle of all manner of learning, throughout the civilized world: and, although it would be inexpedient for men of erudition to cultivate the use of it so far as it might induce them to neglect the improvement of their own vernacular languages, we may safely question whether many modern works have not sustained serious injury, from that want of intimate acquaintance, on the part of their authors, with the fine models of antiquity, which formed no element of the defects of our laborious forefathers.

We have been led into these observations by a general view of the book now before us. Of the distinguishing characters of the poetry ascribed to Ossian, and of the question of its genuineness, we do not propose to treat at present. These subjects are indeed nearly exhausted. In the Dissertations prefixed to the Poem, the reader will find the substance of what has been formerly written on such topics. Of these Dissertations we shall give some account afterwards; to the translation itself our notice shall be first directed. The Poem of Fingal is dignified with the title of Epic. This species of poetry, dedicated, as it usually is, to the details of war and bloodshed, has, we doubt not, proved exceedingly injurious to the happiness of the world. The charm of romance and gallantry which the poet throws around the deeds of his heroes, dazzles the eyes of mankind, and prevents them from discerning the true character of the scenes of hostile strife. While, therefore, we possess no great partiality for those descriptions in which Epic writers delight to indulge their imaginations, we think that we cannot introduce our remarks on the merits of the work under examination more appropriately, than by transcribing the following paragraphs, from Blair's account of this Poem of Fingal:

"The story which is the foundation of the Iliad, is in itself as simple as that of Fingal. A quarrel arises between Achilles and Agamemnon, concerning a female slave, in which Achilles, apprehending himself to be injured, withdraws his assistance from the rest of the Greeks. The Greeks fall into great distress, and beseech him to be reconciled to them. He refuses to fight for them in person, but sends his friend Patroclus; and, upon his being slain, goes forth to revenge his death, and kills Hector. The subject of Fingal is this: Swaran comes to invade Ireland: Cuthullin, the guardian of the young King, had applied for assistance to Fingal, who reigned in the opposite coast of Scotland. But, before Fingal's arrival, he is hurried, by rash counsel, to encounter Swaran. He is defeated; he retreats, and desponds. Fingal arrives in this conjuncture. The battle is for some time dubious; but in the end, he conquers Swaran; and the remembrance of Swaran's being the brother of Agandecca, who had once saved his life, makes him dismiss him honourably. Homer, it is true, has filled up his story with a much greater variety of particulars than Ossian; and in this has shown a compass of invention superior to that of the other poet. But it must not be forgotten, that, though Homer be more circumstantial, his incidents, however, are less diversified in kind than those of Ossian. War and bloodshed reign throughout the Iliad;

and, notwithstanding all the fertility of Homer's invention, there is so much uniformity in his subjects, that there are few readers, who, before the close, are not tired with perpetual fighting. Whereas in Ossian, the mind is relieved by a more agreeable diversity. There is a finer mixture of war and heroism with love and friendship—of martial with tender scenes, than is to be met with, perhaps, in any other poet. The Episodes, too, have great propriety, as natural and proper to that age and country; consisting of the songs of bards, which are known to have been the great entertainment of the Celtic heroes in war, as well as in peace. These songs are not introduced at random; if you except the Episode of Duchomar and Morna, in the first book, which, though beautiful, is more unartful than any of the rest; they have always some particular relation to the actor who is interested, or to the events which are going on; and, while they vary the scene, they preserve a sufficient connection with the main subject, by the fitness and propriety of their introduction."

These observations may suffice for a procemium to the extracts which we now proceed to make from the translation of Fingal. The opening of the performance is as follows:

Arbore sub patulâ, tractimque ciente sonorem
Frondibus, ad Turam sedit Semonia proles,
Cuchullin; juxtàque adnititur illius hasta
Pendenti scopulo; magnumque recumbit in herbis
Ære renidenti scutum. Quem fuderat armis
Carbera dux animo repetit, cùm littore anhelus
Accurrit Moran, rumpitque has pectore voces.
Surge, age, Cuchullin; multas Aquilone profectas
Aspicio venisse rates; neu segnior esto,
Limina qui pandis felix adeuntibus hospes,
Instaurasque epulas, et plenae munera conchae;
Jam jam Suaren adest ingens, ingentia duxit
Agmina trans pontum; completur milite littus,

These lines are simple and picturesque. The author professes to have translated the poem from the original Celtic—that of Sir John Sinclair's edition, we presume;—but the reader who is not acquainted with the Gaelic language may compare, at his leisure, these verses, and the others which we are about to extract, with the corresponding words of Macpherson in English. The description of the effects produced by the sounding of an alarm on the shield of Cabad, or Cathbait, is finely drawn:

Innumeris clypeum bullis, atque aere canoro
Perculit, et longè sonitus latèque vagatur
Per colles, vallesque cavas, saltusque profundos;
Exiliuntque ferae, ripaeque lacusque resultant.
Continuò sensit, summâque crepidine rupis
Laetum Curra dedit saltum; celeberrimus hastâ
Se rapuit Connal; tenuit nec caprea Favym;
Torsit iter notae Crugal sub limina Turae.

The march of the warriors is thus strikingly pourtrayed:

Montes ut angustis praeceps è faucibus amnis
Volvitur, invicti delabebantur ab altis
Cotibus Erigenae. Patris victricibus armis
Quisque sui micuit princeps; quem pone subibat
Torva manus juvenum, dicut premit agmen aquarum
Fulgura. Semita quaeque fremit; miscentur in unum
Armorum strepitus varii; latratibus auras
Exercent catuli, saltumque sub aethera tollunt
Lactitiâ. Patrium heroes paeana canentes
Bella fremant omnes, hostemque in praelia poscunt.

The specimens of beautiful versification which could be produced from the first book alone, would extend this article beyond reasonable bounds. We may take the following almost at random:—

Haec olli Feras. Rivi plangentis ad undam
Sola ubi consurgit ramis ingentibus ilex,

Æmulus exceptum gladio Cabada peremit
Duchomer; lucumque iniens vastamque cavernam,
Conspicit ante oculos Murnam, cui talia fatur.
Dic, age, dulce decus, Cormacis candida proles,
Quid nunc hoc lapidum circo es, quid rupis in antro
Sola? gemit torrens, motatur maxima quercus,
Æstuat, ecce! lacus; montana cacumina nubes
Contexêre. Nivem sparsam sub culmine collis
Ipsa refers candore novo; tibi gratia vivax
Ore sedet, Virgo; torti sine lege capilli
Per collum volitant, ceu quae per saxea Cromlae
Culmina palantur nebulae, purisque relucent
Solis in aestivi radiis sub vespere sero; &c. &c.

The horses of Cuchullin's chariot are managed with great spirit and skill.

Cernitur ad dextram, generoso sanguine fervens
Fuscus equus, tergoque nitens, Sifaddaque dictus
Erigenis. Fremit ille, jubamque sub aethera quassat
Arduus ostentans pectus; passuque superbit
Insultatque solo; pulsu gemit excita tellus.
Funditur huc illuc summo coma vertice, ceu quae
Palantur nebulae deserta per alta ferarum.
Parte sub adversâ cervicem torquet in arcum
Dusronnal; repletque ferox hinnitibus auras.
Huic tenuis juba, vivida vis est, ungula fortis,
Pes alacer, nasus maculis insignis et albo.
Montibus in patriis generatos, aetheris aura
Purior hos intùs miris aget ignibus ambo.

In the second book occurs the description of the appearance of Crugal's visionary form, which Blair admires so highly. Our author gives the picture its most striking effect.

Arboris ad truncum quae longis arruit annis
Procubuit rauci Connal sub margine rivi;
Muscosoque caput lapidi dux credidit almus,
Fusus humi. Fuscum locus undique et undique amictum
Tristior induerat, noctisque fremebat euntis
Questibus. At, quamvis diversus ab agmine toto,
Nil metuit ductor validis exercitus armis;
Cumque daret placidam fessus per membra quietem,
Longum ignis vidit succedere culmine tractum
Montano; mediusque astabat fulgure Crugal,
Qui cecidit claris nomen virtutibus aequans.
Hunc etenim, belli miscentem proelia, fregit
Armipotens Suaren. Qualis vaga Luna per aethram
Occiduam, toto vir palluit ore, recinctas
Indutus nebulas; montis prout faucibus ignes,
Colluxêre oculi flammis; sub pectore vulnus
Sanguineum patuit, velut ingens rupis hiatus.
Quae te, Connal ait stupefactus, cura remordet,
Gegalide, patriis venator maxime clivis,
Bellatorque asper? Quantum mutaris ab illo
Crugale, qui clypeos inter gladiosque coruscos
Nil usquám turbatus erat, nil palluit unquám.
Ille latet partim partimque recluditur umbris,
Illacrymansque manum ductori porrigit ingens
Ingentem; luctansque animo se in verba resolvit,
Qualis arundinibus mistis gemit Auster aquosis.
Nunc animis, Connal tumulum meus occupat altum;
Ullineo gelidum torpet sub littore corpus;
Extremúmque loquor fato, sate Colgare, tecum.
Nec formam inde meam gressumque agnoscere quisquam
Mortalis poterit: refero nam flumina Cromlae,
Exilesque umbras refero, quas nubila jactant
En quae me toto sub pectore cura remordet:

Imminet heu Lenae nubes, dademque minatur!
Caede cruentatam video procumbere pubem
Erinis infaustae. Pandis qui limina felix
Hospitibus, Lemurum sedes fuge nocturnorum.
Dixerat; atque abiens liquidas evasit in auras
Luna velut subitò sese post nubila condit, &c.

The rising and the attitude of the warriors are well exhibited in the following lines:

Per Lenam longè sonitus latèque vagatur,
Ocyùs et surgunt horrentes aere phalanges
Erineae, sicut cumulo praeruptus aquae mons,
Cum ruit Oceanus, Boreasque exasperat undas;
Immani stant mole heroes, telaque quassant,
Brachia ceu quercus annoso robore, cum fòrs
Bacchatur glacialis hyems, et frigore frondes
Exustae crepitant, ventoque hinc inde feruntur.

It would be almost impracticable to transcribe the numerous and elegant descriptions of the various appearances of the contending heroes and their martial bands, or the beautiful allusions to the mists, lakes, mountains, woods, storms, and imaginary spirits of the hills and clouds which occur in this poem. Every one who has read Macpherson's Work must be quite familiar with the whole circle of Celtic imagery and mythology. The Latin translator has done ample justice to the ideas of the original author. He possesses, evidently, an accurate acquaintance with Highland scenery, and he has, in different instances, given to images borrowed from nature, that luminous beauty which Macpherson himself seems to have been unable to impart to them.

The termination of the third book is touching and graceful.

Innumerae vocesque unà citharaeque per auras
Insonuêre; canunt dulci certamine vates
Res bello gestas regis; ductosque triumphos,
Magnanimique ducis notam per saecula gentem:
Ibat et Ossianis nomen sub sidera mistis
Carminibus, cursusque levis, telumque coruscum.
Saepe ego bellavi; felix victoria cessit
Saepe mihi, quamvis caligine mersus opacâ
Nunc homines comitor, nil magnae laudis egentes.
Non lectos proceres, non te, pater alme, videbo
Amplius. En! avido viridantem caprea mordet
Dente tuum, Phingal, tumulum, qui Morvenis altus
Regnâras dominus. Verùm hac tua laude fruatur
Umbra pia, liquidas coeli spatiata per auras,
O pater! O prestans olim felicibus armis
Dux procerum, saxis genuit quos aspera Morven.

In the beginning of the fourth book, the poet thus addresses Malvina:

Ecqua, decore nitens, coeli velut imbrifer arcus
Mente subit virgo, demulcetque aethera cantu?
Dulce loquens, virgo lenis; sata Toscare virgo
Candenti dextrâ; nigris Malvina capillis.
Saepe tibi cecini; pendensque ex ore canentis
Luctu saepe meo doluisti; saepe decoras
Fudisti lacrymas. Magnosne audire labores,
Quaeque tuus movit fulgentibus Oscar in armis,
Bella juvat? Quando saevum finire dolorem
Heu tumidas potero Conae plangentis ad undas!
Egi aevum bello! pulsis melioribus annis
Me longi vexant gemitus et damna senectae.

This book is closed with the plaintive strains of Cuchullin, bewailing his misfortunes in the war. The following is the concluding part of his lament:

Mecum de fortibus armis
Mitte loqui, Connli; non me vaga carmina dicent.

Hinc per turbincam solus suspiria Cromlam
Nocte dieque traham luctu, dum vita manebit.
Ne, Bragella, meum cessa deflere profundis
Demersum tenebris nomen: certamine victus
Non patrios fines, non te, lux alma revisam.

Connal's eulogium of Fingal, in the fifth book, is finely translated:

Phingala tu contemplator; micat aequore campi
Loricam indutus rutilam, velut aethere fulmen;
Vique viget, sicut nimbis torrentibus auctus
Lubar in immensum, turbove per avia Cromlac,
Annosa sternens quercus sub frigora noctis.
Quàm tuus est felix populus, dux maxime, Phingal!
Omnia, cum bellas, miscet tua dextera victrix
Praelia; consilio praestas, ubi pace quiescis.
Mille regis dicto gentes; quatis agmina ferro.
Quàm tuus est felix populus, dux maxime, Phingal,
Qui Selmâ prodis, latè qui Morvene regnas!

The death of Orla, and of his own son Reyno, is thus lamented by the hero, who gives name to this Poem:

Sicut convexi tramite collis
Vimina pubescunt, herocs corpora firmant;
Absumuntur, uti, stratae sub vallibus imis,
Ingentes quercus, pleno quas proluit amnis
Flumine transversas, aestusque ac flamina siccant.
Quales hi fuerint acie satis aspicis, Oscar;
Bellaque si moveas, horum te fama perennis
Excitat; haud secus ac Roenam, te carmina dicant.
Totus inhorrucras bello, mi Roena; domoque
Blandus eras visu, qualis vel roscidus arcus,
Qui procul adversâ saltus regione renidet,
Cùm propè culminibus Morae Sol conditur altis,
Lustraque cervorum longè latèque silescunt.
Quem natu genui minimum, te, Roena, sepultum
Lena sub hoc saxo foveat; rursusque valeto.
Nos quoque decidimus; quantumvis maxima, virtus
Nostra ruet, solersque omnis prudentia rerum.

A well-known passage terminates this book:

Jamque sede mecum, spira tua carmina, vates,
Nil jucunda minus, tepidi quam flamina veris,
Quae captat venator hians, ubi somnia rumpit
Faucibus in montis, laetarique auribus haurit
Arrectis Genios, dulcemque profundere cantum,
Quo valles montesque sonant, sonat arduus aether.

The sixth, and last book, opens with a fine description of a night-scene, and of the song of aged Carril; but we have only room for Fingal's address to Cuchullin:

Maxime Cuchullin, celso da candida malo
Lintea, teque mari. Reducem te patria tellus,
Insula rore madens, telisque asperrima duris,
Accipiat. Claro Sorglani sanguine cretam
Respice mente memor Bragellam. Saucia curis,
Humectansque genas, pelago pia lumina figit,
Littore in extremo; per tempora sibilat Eurus,
Undantesque comas niveo sub pectore miscet.
Captat hians atrae volitantia murmura noctis,
Remorumque sonos: longè resonare per undas,
Ipsa tuum credit cantum citharaeque levamen.

These extracts will be sufficient to convey to our readers some idea of the taste, ability, and learning, displayed throughout this performance. The different little episodes, or tales, of a romantic and pathetic nature, which are interspersed through the poem, have all been transfused, with much spirit, into the strains of ancient Roman song. The translator appears

to excel in his descriptions of battles. We had marked, for an extract, a striking picture of this kind in the fourth book; our limits, however, forbid the multiplying of long quotations. The Phingaleis is by no means a cento from the Latin poets; it is a regular and well-digested work, honourable to the literary acquirements of its author, and exhibiting little or nothing of that slavish imitation of the great Mantuan Bard which is often so conspicuous in the lusciously-elegant compositions of the celebrated Vida.

The arguments prefixed to the several books are drawn up with much care, and are expressed with terseness and propriety. The notes that are added to this work shew the industry and the knowledge of the writer; and, though they do not perhaps throw much new light on the subject which they are intended to illustrate, they furnish an agreeable variety of matter to the mind of the reader. The style of these notes is entitled to the same commendation which has been bestowed on the arguments, or prefaces, to the different books. No one but a Latin scholar of considerable eminence could have presented such creditable specimens of annotation. To the work itself three dissertations are prefixed, all of them written in a free, rhetorical, and ornate manner. The first professes to treat of the question concerning the genuineness of the poems assigned to Ossian. This subject, as might be expected, is discussed with considerable keenness of feeling by our author. While we are prepared to admit that he has evinced much diligence in collecting the substance of the different sorts of evidence, which the assertors of the authenticity of these poems have adduced in support of their opinions, we cannot help thinking that some things, in this discourse, are injudicious, and even absurd. Of this kind, especially, are the harsh, contemptuous, and almost personally abusive epithets applied to several of the impugners of Ossian's poetry,—the pompous eulogy of modern Rome, as the mistress and mother of churches and nations,—the mystical flights of Teutonic theology, in which the author occasionally indulges himself,—and the vituperation of our Scottish Ecclesiastical Reformers; which cannot, indeed, fail to excite surprise and dislike in the mind of every impartial and enlightened reader of this work. Our author's language, on this last point, is very strong:

> Haud ignoramus——quàm multa plus-quam civilis ille furor nostratum, qui saeviente perduellionis procellâ, patrum pertaesi sacra, novisque rebus studentes, antiqua monumenta flammis abolenda decreverunt.

Such expressions indicate the unhappy influence of early associations, and of political and religious bigotry, in warping the decisions of the most acute and intelligent minds. It is now clearly proved, that, in Scotland, little or no destruction of manuscripts, or other valuable documents of antiquity, took place at the memorable era to which the author of the Dissertation refers. Scotland owes much to the exertions of the illustrious men who promoted the reformation of religion. To them she is indebted, in a great measure, for the establishment of her seminaries of learning, and the excellent system of tuition in which her studious youth are trained; and it is now too late for any one, however elegant and varied his accomplishments may be, to come forward with charges of worse than Gothic barbarism against a body of men who possessed almost all the knowledge peculiar to the age in which they lived, and who strained every nerve in order to secure the inestimable benefits of true religion, liberty, and learning, to their most distant posterity. We consider, indeed, the ebullition of the sectarian zeal of this author, and his unjustifiable representation of the conduct of the reformers, as gratuitous offences against good sense and good taste. All the passages, to which we have now alluded in a general way, are so many unsightly and extraneous pieces of patchwork, awkwardly attached to a discussion, with which it will require ingenuity to discover that they have any manner of connection. Who would have thought, that, on the subject of Ossian's poems, such grave matters as the assertion of the supremacy of the Church of Rome, and the reprobation of the Vandals of the

Reformation, could be decently introduced? The conclusion of the Disquisition consists of an appeal to the late Mr Laing, the Editor of Macpherson. The language of this paragraph is ludicrously fierce and extravagant. Our author appears seriously to maintain the same opinion of the causes of that gentleman's hostility to the claims of the ancient Celtic Bard, which Mr Gallie,—whose words are quoted in the review of the "Report of the Highland Society upon Ossian," and "Laing's Edition of Macpherson,"—formerly expressed with so much simplicity. The curious reader will find the remarks of Gallie quoted in the Edinburgh Review, Vol. VI. p. 436; with them he may compare the peroration of this discourse.

The second Dissertation is occupied with an examination of the subject or fable, the characters, and the diction of the poem of Fingal. On each of these topics the author writes with critical skill and ability. His observations bear, indeed, a considerable resemblance to those of Dr Blair; but the beauty of the style in which they are exhibited will amply repay the attentive perusal of even those individuals who are the most familiar with the laws of Epic poetry, and the peculiar qualities of Ossian's story, heroes, imagery, sentiment, and diction. In the last Dissertation, the author delivers his opinions on the best mode of translating works from one language into another, and also on the proper construction of Latin heroic verse. He begins this part of his undertaking in the following manner:

Quod ad primum attinet, facem praetulêre mihi lucidissimam M. T. Ciceronis verba, quibus Orationes, quas duo Athenarum spectatissimi Oratores in alterutrum habuerant, convertisse ex Atticis se testatur. Sic enim loquitur is in egregio suo opere de Opti. G. Orat. n. 14. 'Converti ex Atticis—nec converti ut interpres, sed ut orator, sententiis iisdem, et earum formis, tanquam figuris, verbis ad nostram consuetudinem aptis; in quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere; sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi. Non enim ea me annumerare lectori putavi oportere sed tanquam appendere.'

Of his own labours, the translator gives the following account:

Quin Gaelica lingua multo est Latinâ expeditior. Nil dactylos curat, aut spondeos, aliosve, quos noverim pedes. Dissolvendus itaque mihi erat versus Ossianis, novusque condendus, qui tamen exemplaris innatâ progrederetur indole. In id ergo incubui, ut, priore Ossianis veluti pessundato corpore, in illo, quod ipse denuò creavi, eadem omnino esset materies, pulcherque ordo; idem ubique robur, atque majestas; eadem lacrymabilis facies, eademque per omnes infusa mens artus; ut idem denique Ossianes, Romanorum donatus civitate, ipsorumque apprimè edoctus linguam, sua carmina Virgilii in morem modularetur.

The reader will find, in this writer's general remarks on the qualities of a good translation, and the requisites of melodious and elegant Latin versification, much sound sense, acuteness, and delicacy of taste. His views of the proper method of constructing Latin heroic verse, reflect equal credit upon his knowledge and his discernment; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that his own Phingaleis, as our readers may probably have observed in the extracts which we have made from the work, furnishes many instances of successful attention to the niceties and elegancies of Roman song.

This volume appears, upon the whole, to be the result of much labour, ingenuity, learning, and critical acumen, and it is honourable to the intellectual acquirements of its author. It is to be wished that our men of literature, in Scotland, were more deely imbued with a love of classical pursuits and attainments, than they are generally considered to be. Whatever has a tendency to awaken the public mind to a sense of the importance and value of ancient learning, merits the countenance and approbation of all who feel an interest in the progress of knowledge, liberty, and refinement. We have bestowed some attention on Mr Macdonald's Work, chiefly on account of the novelty of the attempt; and we hope that this effort of the ingenious author will tend to revive, among the mountains of Caledonia, our forefathers' love of Roman literature.

HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, L.L.D. POET LAUREATE, &c. &c.

(Continued.)

In the meanwhile, the most vigorous preparations were made for the occupation of Portugal. A force had been collected, under the title of the Army of Observation of the Gironde, to the command of which Junot, who had been ambassador at Lisbon, was appointed; and such was the expedition he employed, that he was on his way to Bayonne before the term allowed to Portugal for choosing its part had expired. At this period, when the Prince and his ministers were reduced to the lamentable dilemma of either expelling the English, and thereby ruining the commerce of the kingdom, or braving the overwhelming force of Napoleon, abetted in his designs by the miserable miscreants then at the head of Spanish affairs, a secret treaty was signed at Fontainbleau, between France and Spain, the object of which was, the partition of Portugal and her colonial possessions, whatever line of policy she might adopt, and whatever concession she might make for the purpose of averting the threatened storm. To this "nefarious treaty," (of which the reader will find a copy in the Appendix to Colonel Jones's able work on the War in Spain and the South of France,) was added a secret convention for carrying its infamous provisions into effect, and according to which, 25,000 French infantry, and 3000 cavalry, were to enter Spain, to be joined by 8000 Spanish infantry, and 3000 cavalry, with 30 pieces of artillery, and to march directly for Lisbon. The province between the Minho and Douro, and the City of Porto, were to be occupied by Spanish troops, to the amount of 10,000, while 6000 were to penetrate into Alentejo and Algarve: the French troops were to be maintained by Spain on their march. A body of reserve, 40,000 strong, was to be stationed at Bayonne, to be ready to march on the shortest notice, should the English send reinforcements, or menace Portugal with an attack.

This treaty, which, as we have already seen, had been negociated by D. Eugenio Izquierdo, a creature of Godoy's, without the privity of the ministers either of France or Spain, bears to have been signed on the 27th of October 1807. The convoy, with the English factory on board, sailed from the Tagus on the 18th of the same month, and their departure was followed by a proclamation, for the exclusion of British commerce, and consequently conveying, in the strongest manner possible, the Prince's accession to the Continental System. The comparison of these dates, therefore, shows, that every thing which even the Jesuitical casuistry of diplomacy could construe into a pretence for the invasion, far less the dismemberment or partition of Portugal, was removed by the conduct of the Prince, who was naturally and laudably anxious, at whatever sacrifice of feeling and ancient friendship, to preserve his country from so great a calamity, and to maintain at least the semblance of independent sovereignty. But these hopes were speedily dissipated. The Portuguese Ambassadors, at the Courts of Paris and Madrid, were formally dismissed; and although various insidious pretexts were still held out, it was now manifest to all impartial observers, that the fate of Portugal had, for the present, been decided, and that the *Moniteur* would speedily announce (as indeed proved to be the case) that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign! As one of Buonaparte's objects, however, was to get possession of the persons of the Royal Family, and by all means to prevent them from retiring to Brazil, he endeavoured to veil his projects for a little, and seems to have been so far successful, as to gain over to his interest the Portuguese Ambassador, D. Lourenzo de Lima, who, when dismissed from the Court of France, travelled night and day, for the purpose of dissuading the Prince from embarking for Brazil; a measure which was the more apprehended, as a British squadron, under Sir Sidney Smith, had been ordered to cruise off the mouth of the Tagus, and Lisbon was then declared

to be in a state of blockade. This Ambassador—who seems either to have been an idiot or a traitor—talked in lofty terms of the great respect which the French Emperor entertained for the virtues of the Prince,—of the danger of provoking his wrath,—of the favourable intentions he cherished towards Portugal,—and of the necessity of immediate compliance with his demand for arresting the persons of British subjects who remained, (fortunately, now few in number,) and sequestrating their property. These remonstrances appear to have made some impression on the Prince. The order was reluctantly issued, and leniently executed; but it compelled the British Minister, Lord Strangford, to demand his passports, and withdraw on board the squadron at the mouth of the river.

Had Buonaparte wished only to embroil Portugal in hostilities with England, his object was now accomplished; accordingly, a courier was dispatched to inform him that all his demands had been complied with, and that the Marquis de Marialva would speedily be dispatched, with the title of Ambassador Extraordinary. While this courier was on his way, the French troops entered Portugal; and such was the treachery by which the unfortunate Prince was then surrounded, and the total want of vigilance in every department of that decrepid government, that "Junot was within a hundred miles of Lisbon before any official advices were received that he had passed the frontiers!" He had advanced, by forced marches, from Salamanca, and in five days reached Alcantara, a distance of forty leagues, by mountainous and unfrequented roads. Here Junot issued a proclamation, filled with more than the usual allowance of mockery and falsehood, and, among other things, eulogizing the rigid discipline which he had established, and calling his master the "friend and ally" of the Prince Regent of Portugal. On the 19th of November, the advanced guard of this division passed the frontiers, and was next day followed by the remainder, amounting to about 8000 men, with 12 field-pieces. The Portuguese were not long kept in ignorance of French discipline. Every species of robbery and outrage marked their advance. The churches were profaned and ransacked,—the men pillaged as they went,—and the officers robbed the houses in which they were quartered. "The night which the French passed in Castello-Branco is described by the inhabitants as an image of Hell." The army paid for nothing, and seized upon every thing. The cattle were driven away from the open country, and the towns ruined by exorbitant contributions, exacted, not to maintain the troops, but to enrich the French Generals. Robbery was in many instances aggravated, by insult and sacrilege; and no opportunity was lost, by these friends and allies, of testifying their contempt, both for the religion which they profcssed to support, and for the people whom they were to aid in their contest with England. The impolicy of such conduct can only be matched by the unblushing villany of the whole proceeding, and the unheard-of miseries inflicted upon an unoffending people, now destined to taste the bitterness of French domination and fraternity.

Junot, whose prime object was to surprise the Royal Family, had reached Abrantes, 92 miles from Lisbon, before information was received in the capital that he had passed the frontiers. Every thing depended upon the celerity of his movements. His march, however, had been impeded by some physical obstacles, and he dreaded that his prey would escape him. To prevent, if possible, a determination on the part of the reigning family to emigrate, which, in their exigency, and aided, as he well knew they would be, by the English squadron that blockaded the river, they might be tempted to adopt, he sent forward a courier to the Minister of War, Antonio de Aranjo de Azevedo, with a confidential dispatch, intended, of course, to be communicated to the Prince, and to operate in tranquillizing his natural fears, till he should be inextricably involved in the toils. But the violation of the Portuguese territory was an act so little equivocal, that intrigue and protestations were no longer of any avail; and the Prince, accordingly, in perfect reliance on British honour, notwithstanding the

harsh measures which he had been compelled to adopt against British subjects, and British property, prepared for his removal. He had constantly declared, that, in the event of the French entering Portugal, he would resort to this measure; and he now found, that all the assurances of the French legation, and of Don Lourenzo de Lima, were as false as they were treacherous.

At this critical moment, it was proposed to him to defend the capital to the last extremity. The confusion and disorder of Junot's march, the exhausted condition of his men, and the damaged state of his artillery, were not unknown: the greater part of the Portuguese army was near the capital: and the English, in the fleet, were burning to be let loose on the invaders. "Sir Sidney Smith offered to bring his ships abreast of the city, and there, seconded by the indignant populace, dispute every inch of the ground with the enemy: 'Surely,' said he, 'Lisbon was as defensible as Buenos Ayres!'" This was a sentiment worthy of the heroic defender of Acre; but it is matter of gratulation that his advice was not acted upon. The foremost of the French troops, exhausted by so long and fatiguing a march, might, it is extremely probable, have been knocked on the head; but the capital must have ultimately fallen, and, as Mr S. well remarks, "such an act of vengeance, just as it would have been, would have been advantageous to Buonaparte, by giving him a colourable pretext for treating Portugal as a conquered country: this the Prince knew; and it was in reliance upon his gentle and conscientious character, that Junot advanced in a manner which would else have appeared like the rashness of a madman." The morning of the 27th was accordingly fixed for the embarkation; the circumstances attendant on which, as well as the feelings which it called forth, are admirably described by Mr Southey; for these, however, we must refer to the work itself.

Meanwhile, Junot continued to advance rapidly, but too late to seize his expected prey; for, as he approached Lisbon, he beheld the ships destined to convey the unfortunate family of Braganza beyond his power, as well as that of his "mighty master."

On assembling in force at Lisbon his wayworn and exhausted divisions, his first act was, as usual, to call on the merchants for a compulsory loan of two millions of cruzados: his next, the publication of an edict for confiscating English goods, and ordaining all persons who were possessed of British property, to deliver an account of it within three days, on pain of being fined in ten times the amount of the property concealed, and of suffering, in addition, such corporal punishment as he might think proper to inflict. The inhabitants were also prohibited the use of all kinds of arms, and other precautions were adopted to secure these unprincipled invaders against any sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. The following occurrence will shew that these precautions were not unnecessary, as well as the state of public feeling in Lisbon, at this critical and humiliating moment:

> By such means, and such agents, [the Cardinal Patriarch and the Inquisitor General,—the former of whom Junot had compelled to publish a pastoral letter, couched in terms replete with base adulation, and the most glaring falsehoods, and enjoining the people to submit quietly to the domination of the army of Napoleon the Great, "whom God hath destined to support and defend religion, and to make the happiness of the people;" while the latter more willingly submitted to the same infamous prostitution of his name], Junot thought to prepare the minds of the Portuguese for fresh humiliation. On the day after the publication of this pastoral letter, he went on board the Russian Admiral, [a Russian squadron, under Admiral Siniavin, which had been acting in the Archipelago against the Turks, had, a short time previously, anchored in the Tagus,] and when he embarked, the French flag was hoisted on the arsenal. This was the first time that it had been planted in Lisbon; all eyes were attracted to it by a salute which was fired on the occasion, and the sight exasperated a people, who, perhaps, more than any other European nation, are remarkable for national pride. The general feeling was sufficiently apparent in the murmurs and agitation of the populace; but they had no leaders, and in murmurs it seemed to spend itself. Two days the French colours remained flying there. On the third,

a large body of troops was drawn up in the great square of the Rocio, and Junot, with his staff, and a numerous train of officers, appeared in state. He thanked them, in the Emperor's name, for the constancy with which they had endured the hardships of their march. They had rescued, he said, this fine city from oppression,—they had saved it from disorder; and they had now the glory of seeing the French flag planted in Lisbon. He concluded with three cheers for Napoleon: the troops took up the cry; at the same moment the French colours were hoisted on the castle, and a salute of twenty-five guns was fired, and repeated by all the forts on the river. A deep and general murmur ran through the spectators: at this moment, the Marquez d' Alorna entered the square; the people regarded him as one of the generals to whom they might look up in their hour of deliverance, and they repeatedly cheered him as he passed. A spark then would have produced an explosion, and Lisbon was never in such danger of a massacre: happily there was no man bolder than his comrade to step forward and provoke it; the troops marched off, and the crowd dispersed. But the national spirit which had thus systematically been outraged, was burning in every heart. It was Sunday, a day on which more people are always on the streets than any other, and now the confluence was encreased, by the perturbed state of the general feeling. Towards evening, some French soldiers, riding their horses to water through the Terreiro do Paço, were hooted by some of the populace, and they, on their part, returned insult for insult. A quarrel ensued; a Portuguese of the police guard interfered, and the French thinking that he interfered as a party, and not as a mediator, seized him, and delivered him to their principal *corps de garde*, which was in the same great square. The populace attempted to rescue him: they attacked the guard with sticks and stones, and were on the point of overpowering and disarming them, when some patroles of the police came up, and succeeded in appeasing the tumult.

Junot had given a grand dinner to celebrate the events of the day; the governors, and the greater part of the nobles, were present at this festival for the degradation of their country. He was repeatedly called out, as messenger after messenger arrived with news of the tumult; the cause of these frequent interruptions was indicated by his thoughtful manner, and the guests were presently informed that the people had mutinied, and that they themselves were to be considered as hostages. It was believed that he had invited them for that purpose; and it seems as if he had determined to provoke a tumult, for the purpose of intimidating the Portuguese. The disturbance in the Terreiro do Paço had been put an end to, but the crowd had not dispersed, and the popular feelings were still in the highest excitement. Things were in this state when Junot adjourned with his guests to the opera; he had taken possession of the Royal Family's box in the centre of the theatre, and from thence he ordered the French flag to be displayed over the pit during the night's representation. The French who were present, saluted it with shouts; many of the Portuguese left the theatre, and the news of this fresh insult encreased the indignation of the people. The patroles could no longer restrain them; men, women, and boys, ran through the streets, exclaiming, "The Five Wounds for ever, and down with France!" It was fortunate for the Lisbonians that they had at this time a well-disciplined police guard, raised by the Count de Novion, a French emigrant, whom General Fraser, when he commanded the British forces in Portugal, had first patronised and recommended to the Portuguese government; and who, having rendered essential service to the city by the establishment of this body, was now become one of the most active and efficient agents of the new tyranny. These guards formed the principal part of the force which was called out against the people, and they levelled their pieces so as to spare their countrymen. The firing continued between three and four hours; but for this cause, and because the mob, who had neither arms, nor plan, nor leaders, were more loud than dangerous, few lives were lost. The firing ceased about nine o'clock: the remainder of the night was actively employed by the French; when morning appeared, cannon were seen planted at the door of the commander-in-chief; 1200 men were drawn up in the square, with horses and artillery, and the streets were everywhere filled with patroles of soldiers. In the course of the day, a few straggling Frenchmen were killed, and some seven or eight of the people. The mob saw the danger of attacking so overpowering a force, and did not venture to engage against musketry and cannon with their knives. Had they been armed, nothing could have preserved Lisbon from a massacre. The few native corps which still remained in the city, were confined to their quarters during the tumult; they would else, probably, have taken part with their country-

men. A corps at Almada, hearing the stir, and the discharge of musketry, endeavoured to get boats to cross over for this purpose. The populace were in a state of frantic agitation; at noon-day, groups were collected on the streets, looking at the sky, and affirming that they saw a blazing star, which portended the vengeance of God against their abominable oppressors.

From the detail given in the above extract, it appears next to miraculous that a massacre did not actually take place. We shall soon see with what superior energy and desperation the inhabitants of Madrid behaved on a similar occasion, which (although we cannot but bewail the blood so spilt) was the main cause of rousing, in the Spanish Nation, that invincible hatred of French domination, which ultimately led to the triumph of the patriotic cause. But the Lisbonians wanted arms, and a leader. Had any bold spirit manifested himself at this moment of almost frenzied excitation, who can calculate what might have been the consequence? Political hatred was inflamed by religious enthusiasm, and oppression had been envenomed by intolerable mockery and insult. The ox, when driven to madness, turns, and gores his tyrant. The spirit of vengeance simultaneously roused, even in nations least distinguished for a daring and energetic character, is often invincible—always dreadful. But Fate had decreed events to follow another course; and it was reserved for the victorious arms of Britain, to rescue Portugal from this army of imperial locusts, by which her substance was devoured, her commerce destroyed, her fields desolated, and her children enthralled.

We cannot enter into any detail of the extortion, insolence, cruelty, and oppression, in which this army of friends and allies had indulged: we shall content ourselves with extracting the following description of the conduct of the brigands, called officers; the baseness and atrocity of which has only been surpassed by those under their command:

They (the French army) had entered Portugal with so little baggage, that even the generals borrowed, or rather demanded, linen from those upon whom they were quartered. Soon, however, without having received any supplies from home, they were not only splendidly furnished with ornamental apparel, but sent to France large remittances in bills, money, and effects, especially cotton, which the chief officers bought up so greedily, that the price was trebled by their competition. The emigration had been determined on so late, that many rich prizes fell into their hands. Fourteen cart-loads of plate, from the Patriarchal Church, reached the quay at Belem too late to be received on board. This treasure was conveyed back to the church, but the packing-cases bore witness of its intent to emigrate; and when the French seized it, they added to their booty a splendid service for the altar of the sacrament, which had been wrought by the most celebrated artist in France. Junot fitted himself out with the spoils of Queluz, and Loisson had shirts made of the cambric sheets belonging to the Royal Family, which were found at Mafra. These palaces afforded precious plunder, which there had been no time to secure. The plate was soon melted into ingots,—the gold and jewels divided among the generals,—and the rich cloths of gold burnt for the metal, which constituted the smallest part of their value. The soldiers had not the same opportunities of pillage and peculation, but they suffered no opportunity to escape: those who were quartered in the great convent of St Domingos, pulled down the doors and window-frames, and put up the wood and iron-work to auction. Yet their insolence was more intolerable than their rapacity, and their licentious habits worse than both. The Revolution had found the French a vicious people, and it had completed their corruption. It had removed all restraints of religion, all sense of honour, all regard for family or individual character; the sole object of their government was to make them soldiers, and for the purposes of such a government the wickedest men were the best. Junot * himself set an example of profligacy: he introduced the fashion of lascivious dances,

* Las Cases, in his Journal of the Life and Conversations of Napoleon at St Helena, gives the following account of the rise and miserable end of this insane brigand: "During the erection of one of the first batteries which Napoleon, on his arrival at Toulon, directed against the English, he asked whether there was a serjeant or corporal present who could write? A man advanced from the ranks, and wrote to his dictation on the epaulment. The note was scarcely ended, when a canon-ball, which

imported, perhaps, from Egypt—one of them bears his name; and the Portuguese say, that no man who regards the honour of his female relatives would suffer them to practise it. The decency of private families was insulted: the officers scrupled not to introduce prostitutes, without any attempt at disguising them, into the houses where they were quartered; and happy were the husbands and the parents who could preserve their wives and daughters from the attempts of these polluted guests.

Thus we have reached the conclusion of the first act of this historical drama, or rather tragedy, and must hasten to notice the state of affairs in Spain, which was now become the theatre of events unparalleled in baseness and profligacy.

Soon after the letter addressed by the Prince of Asturias to the French Emperor, soliciting a spouse of his imperial house, a proclamation was issued from the Escurial, in which the King of Spain accused his son of conspiring to dethrone him, and implicated several others, particularly the Duke del Infantado, and D. Juan Escoiquiz, formerly tutor to the Prince, in the charge. To this extraordinary accusation, Ferdinand pled guilty, and asked forgiveness; but whether he was advised to adopt this step, as a matter of policy, or whether he had really conspired to dethrone his father, and place the crown upon his own head, has never been clearly ascertained. One thing, however, is certain, namely, the wickedness and folly of all parties. It is certainly quite probable that a son should conspire to dethrone his father: but, when the plot was discovered, and the danger over, nothing but folly, allied to madness itself, could have advised the rash step of proclaiming to the world the conspiracy and the weakness of the government against which it was directed. On the other hand, Ferdinand, in his penitential letter, is not satisfied with confessing his fault, or crime, if you will, but avails himself of the opportunity, for the purpose of impeaching his friends, and, among the rest, his tutor, who had superintended his education, and who appears to have been a man of amiable manners, as well as considerable genius. Moreover, the said Ferdinand did *afterwards* not only conspire against, but actually dethroned the king his father; and notwithstanding he found it convenient to deny the first charge, which he himself had admitted and craved pardon for, we think the probability lies strongly in favour of the accusation, and against the accused. It will not exculpate this *enlightened* and "*beloved*" embroiderer of petticoats to allege, that he had been prompted to this act of rebellion by the agents and partizans of the French Emperor, who certainly never contemplated raising *him* to the throne, and whose views and schemes such an event was calculated materially to obstruct. It is of some importance, at the present moment, to present an occasional glimpse of the real character of this worthy legitimate, for whose sake Spain is about to suffer the evils of foreign invasion, in addition to the previous horrors and miseries of civil war.

Soon after this affair, which we have only slightly noticed, the French began their march into Spain, in terms of the secret treaty of Fontainbleau, and speedily got into their hands the important frontier fortresses of Pamplona, San Sebastian, Figueras, and Barcelona, which may be considered as the keys of the Peninsula. The consummate treachery by which this was effected has never, as far as we are aware, been surpassed. In the meanwhile, the Spaniards were amused, and, for a time, deceived, by the most absurd and ridiculous pretences, set forth to cover these acts of flagrant and un-

had been fired in the direction of the battery, fell near the spot, and the paper was immediately covered by the loose earth thrown up by the ball. 'Well,' said the writer, 'I shall have no need of sand.' This remark, together with the coolness with which it was made, fixed the attention of Napoleon, and made the fortune of the serjeant. *This man was* JUNOT, afterwards Duke of Abrantes, Colonel-general of the hussars, commandant in Portugal, and governor-general in Illyria, where he evinced signs of mental alienation, which encreased on his return to France, where he wounded himself in a horrible way. *He died the victim of the intemperance which destroyed both his health and reason!*"

questionable aggression. Gibraltar was to be recovered; the southern coast was to be guarded against a pretended descent of the English; Junot was likely to be attacked, and an army must be at hand to support him; and an expedition to the opposite shore, which would exclude the English from the Barbary ports, was also talked of. But the occupation of four frontier fortresses, upon which the safety of the kingdom depended, was an act too little ambiguous to be explained away, or palliated, by such ridiculous and chimerical schemes of conquest. The Spaniards became alarmed—even Godoy, fool and traitor as he was, had not calculated that matters would have been carried so far. But retributive justice had now begun to work. The Spanish traitors had negociated the partition and spoliation of Portugal; but, with an incredible obtuseness of intellect, seem never to have contemplated the peril to which their own country was exposed, till the prime defences of the kingdom were in the hands of the enemy.

It seems, on this occasion, to have been the policy of Buonaparte to compel the Royal Family to emigrate to America. This would have relieved him from his present embarrassments, spared him the commission of some crimes, and left the way open for the fulfilment of his designs; while he no doubt believed that he was too strong to be disturbed by any subsequent efforts of the Royal Party, even though abetted by England. In truth, this resolution, in the circumstances certainly a wise one, had been taken, and preparations were making for carrying it into effect, when the insurrection at Aranjuez not only put a stop to the embarkation, but led to the dismissal of Godoy, the detested paramour of the Queen,—the abdication of Charles IV.,—and the accession of the Prince of Asturias, by the title of Ferdinand VII. That this movement was the work of the Prince's party, for the purpose of intimidating the imbecile dotard his father into the surrender of his crown, is, we apprehend, no longer a matter of doubt or controversy.

On the 17th of March 1808, the day when the disturbances broke out at Aranjuez, Murat, who had entered Spain on the 3d, to take the command of the French forces in that country, had reached Aranda on the Duero, whence he wrote to inform the court, that his instructions were to push rapidly towards Cadiz, but that he would condescend to sojourn a few days at Madrid. This communication encreased the perplexities and alarms of the new ministry. They were now in the lion's mouth: it depended on him alone whether he would devour them: they had nothing for it, therefore, but to endeavour to persuade the people to receive the French as friends. The entry of the French was not long delayed. The occurrences at Aranjuez had been completely unexpected, and led Murat to accelerate his march. On the 23d he made his public entry into the capital, preceded by the imperial horse-guards, and by his staff, and followed by all the cavalry, and by the first division of the foot under Gen. Mounier: two other divisions were encamped without the city, and a detachment marched to occupy Toledo. Ferdinand the "beloved" also made *his* public entry the following day; but was informed by Murat, that he could not recognize him as sovereign, till he had been acknowledged by the Emperor Napoleon.

We have no room, and as little inclination, to notice the mutual recriminations, appeals, and bickerings, that ensued between the different members of the Royal Family who had all been so shamefully wanting to their country, or the means used to inveigle them to Bayonne, into the hands of the French Emperor, whose whole conduct towards Spain is one mighty crime, for which the many great and splendid attributes of his character offer no atonement. Those who are anxious for minute, and, we have reason to believe, authentic information on this head, will consult our author, who has detailed the circumstances with great distinctness and perspicuity. Our readers could form no idea of the incomparable baseness of the whole transaction, from any abridgment with which we could present them. We hasten, therefore, to events of another character, and a more immediate interest.

No true Spaniard could be so blind as not to perceive that the independence of his country was annihilated, or so callous as not to feel indignant at the means by which its humiliation had been effected. The lower ranks of the people were the foremost to manifest their hatred to the invaders. In Madrid, this sentiment was peculiarly strong; and in a little time, the ferment became extreme, and seemed to indicate that some great crisis was at hand. At this period, there were no less than 25,000 French troops in and about Madrid, besides a force of 10,000 men in Aranjuez, Toledo, and the Escurial. Nothing seemed more hopeless than any attempt, on the part of the populace, to rise against such a formidable body of veteran troops, commanded by generals of acknowledged skill, approved valour, and great experience. Yet the attempt was made, with a desperate courage, unparalleled in the annals of any other country but that which boasts the defence of Saragossa: but we must suffer our author to describe it.

During the whole day, (May 1,) it was apparent that some dreadful crisis was coming on. The French made an ostentatious display of their troops and their artillery; and, on the part of the Spaniards, the ordinary duties and diversions of the Sabbath seemed to be suspended, in the general agitation that prevailed. Nothing was concerted among them; no one knew what was to be done, nor what was to be hoped, but that some great calamity might be looked for; and every man read, in the manner and countenance of others, an apprehension and a feeling like his own. Murat appeared in the streets at noon, and was received with hisses and outcries. Evening came, and the courier was not arrived, [a courier was expected from Ferdinand, then a prisoner at Bayonne]. The French garrison were under arms all that night; and their commanders, "cool spectators of these things," according to their own relation, saw the crisis approaching, and saw it with pleasure. The following morning had been fixed for the departure of the Queen of Etruria, and the Infante D. Francisco de Paula; and many persons, chiefly women, collected to see them set off. Among the many rumours, true and false, with which the city was filled, it was reported that this Infante D. Antonio had been ordered, by Murat, to join his brother at Bayonne, and leave him to act as regent during his absence; that the Infante had refused to obey, and that, in consequence of his refusal, Murat had recalled some troops to Madrid, which had been ordered to a different station, intending to seize the Infante, and assume the government. Enough had transpired to make this report probable: one of the carriages which drove up to the gate was said to be for D. Antonio; and some of the populace being determined that the Royal Family should not be taken from them without resistance, and that one especially, who had been left to represent the king, cut the traces, and forced it back into the yard. Being, however, assured that D. Antonio was not to leave Madrid, they permitted it again to be yoked and brought out. This occasioned so much stir, that Murat sent an aide-de-camp to inquire into the cause; the people were disposed to treat him roughly, but some Spanish officers interfered, and rescued him from their hands. The carriages, with the Queen of Etruria and her children, and her brother, D. Francisco, then set out; the latter, a lad of fourteen, is said to have wept bitterly, and to have manifested the fear and reluctance with which he undertook the journey. Men are never so easily provoked to anger as when their compassion is excited. Just at this time, while their hearts were full, the aide-de-camp whom they had maltreated returned with a party of soldiers, and a scene of bloodshed presently began; in what manner never will be known.

The indignation and hatred of the Spaniards, which had so long been repressed, now broke forth. As fast as the alarm spread, every man of the lower ranks, who could arm himself with any kind of weapon, ran to attack the French. There is no other instance upon record of an attempt so brave and so utterly hopeless, when all the circumstances are considered. The Spanish troops were locked up in their barracks, and prevented from assisting their countrymen. Many of the French were massacred before they could collect, and bring their forces to act: but what could the people effect against so great a military force, prepared for such an insurrection, and eager—the leaders from political, the men from personal feelings—to strike a blow which should overawe the Spaniards, and make themselves be respected? The French poured into the city from all sides,—their flying artillery was brought up,—in some places the cavalry charged the populace,—in others, the streets were cleared by repeated discharges of grape-shot. The great street of Alcala, the Puerto del Sol, and

the great Square, were the chief scenes of slaughter. In the latter, the people withstood several charges; and the officer who commanded the French had two horses killed under him; General Grouchy also had a horse wounded. The infantry fired volleys into every street as they passed, and fired also at the windows and balconies. The people, when they felt the superiority of the French, fled into the houses; the doors were broken open by command of the Generals of brigade, Guillot and Daubrai, and all within, who were found with arms, were bayonetted; and parties of cavalry were stationed at the different outlets of Madrid, to pursue and cut down those who were flying from the town. A part of the mob, seeking an unworthy revenge for their defeat, attacked the French hospital; and some of the Spaniards who were employed within, encouraged at their approach, fell upon the sick, and upon their medical attendants. But these base assailants were soon put to flight.

At the commencement of the conflict, Murat ordered a detachment of two hundred men to take possession of the arsenal. Two officers happened to be upon guard there—Daoiz and Velardo, the former about thirty years of age; the latter, some five years younger, was the person who had been sent to compliment Murat on his arrival in Spain. Little could they have foreseen, when they went that morning to their post, the fate which awaited them, and the renown which was to be its reward! Having got together about twenty soldiers of their corps, and a few countrymen who were willing to stand by them, they brought out a twenty-four pounder in front of the arsenal, to bear upon the straight and narrow street by which the enemy must approach, and planted two others, in like manner, to command two avenues which led into the street of the arsenal. They had received no instructions; they had no authority for acting thus; and if they escaped in the action, their own government would, without doubt, either pass or sanction a sentence of death against them for their conduct; never, therefore, did any men act with more perfect self-devotion. Having loaded with grape, they waited till the discharge would take full effect, and such havock did it make, that the French instantly turned back. The possession of the arsenal was of so much importance at this time, that two columns were presently ordered to secure it: they attempted it at the cost of many lives, and the Spaniards fired above twenty times before the enemy could break into the neighbouring houses, and fire upon them from the windows. Velarde was killed by a musket-ball. Daioz had his thigh broken; he continued to give orders sitting, till he received three other wounds, the last of which put an end to his life. Then the person to whom he left the command offered to surrender. While they were making terms, a messenger arrived bearing a white flag, and crying out that the tumult was appeased. About two o'clock the firing had ceased everywhere, through the personal interference of the Junta, the Council of Castille, and other tribunals, who paraded the streets with many of the nobles, and with an escort of Spanish soldiers and imperial guard intermixed. It might then have been hoped that the carnage of this dreadful day was ended; the slaughter among the Spaniards had been very great; this, however, did not satisfy Murat; conformably to the system of his master, the work of death was to be continued in cold blood. A military tribunal, under General Grouchy, was formed, and the Spaniards who were brought before it were sent away to be slaughtered, with little inquiry whether they had taken part in the struggle or not*. Three groups, of forty each, were successively shot in the Prado, the great public walk of Madrid. Others, in like manner, were put to death near the Puerta del Sol, and the Puerta del S. Vincente, and by the church of N. Senora de la Soledad, one of the most sacred places in the city. In this manner was the evening of that 2d of May employed by the French at Madrid. The inhabitants were ordered to illuminate their houses, a necessary means of safety for their invaders, in a city not otherwise lighted; and through the whole night, the dead and the dying might be seen distinctly as in broad day, lying upon the bloody pavement. When morning came, the same mockery of justice was continued, and

* A party of poor Catalan traders (who are privileged to carry arms) were seized and led to execution. They were met in time by O'Farrill, who, with the French General Harispe, was endeavouring to quiet the city, and Harispe being made by his companion to understand the circumstances of the case, obtained their release. This General distinguished himself greatly during the war by his military talents, and it is an act of justice to relate in what manner he was employed during the dreadful scenes of the 2d of May.

fresh murders were commited deliberately with the forms of military execution, during several days.

We have deemed it necessary to give at length our author's account of this dreadful tragedy, not so much from the interest which it can hardly fail to excite, as from the important consequences to which it led. The news of the massacre in the capital no sooner spread throughout the provinces, than a general insurrection burst forth, and the decisive blow which the French Generals imagined they had struck, instead of intimidating or overawing this gallant and high-spirited people, served as the tocsin of alarm to rouse up the slumbering energies of the nation into one great and simultaneous movement against their invaders and oppressors. Never did the spirit of patriotism burst forth in greater vigour, with more entire devotion, or in circumstances apparently so hopeless. The Royal Family had been kidnapped and removed; the nobles had most of them forsaken their posts—many of them betrayed their country; the flower of the Spanish army had been artfully withdrawn, and was now in Italy, or the North of Europe; the frontier fortresses were in the hands of the enemy; a numerous and veteran army of the French, habituated to victory, and now flushed with the slaughter of the brave Spaniards, was in the capital, and the heart of the country: yet, under all these enormous disadvantages, they rose against the most formidable military power of modern times; "a force (as Mr S. remarks) not more tremendous for its magnitude than for its perfect organization, wielded always with consummate skill, and directed (frequently) with consummate wickedness:" And, in spite of calamity, treason, and sufferings almost unparalleled, both in degree and duration, persevered till their generous efforts were ultimately crowned with success, and ushered in the complete emancipation of their country. At the present moment, when France, under the legitimate sway of the Bourbons, seems about to repeat the crimes which have left so indelible a stigma on the memory of Napoleon, and commence a new course of aggression on the rising independence of Spain, on pretences even more abominably hypocritical and diabolical than those of which the late Emperor availed himself, it must be consoling to the friends of liberty to revert to a struggle begun, almost against hope, —carried on in the face of disaster and calamity,—and ultimately rendered triumphant by a tenacity of purpose, and a firmness and fortitude of perseverance, which, we hope in God, they are again destined to exemplify, and that, if possible, in a cause still more sacred, more noble, and more national,—a cause which sublimes the spirit of loyalty, by an alliance and intermixture with the spirit of liberty, and which will carry with it the wishes, prayers, and hearts of the free, the enlightened, and the good, in every country and nation upon earth!!!

Our limits forbid us to enter into the details of this great movement, which our author has described with great fullness, clearness, and truth; and though we consider this by far the most valuable and the most instructive portion of his volume, we must content ourselves with simply recommending it to the perusal of our readers, as important at any period, but remarkably and pre-eminently so at the present awful period, when this devoted people must, in all probability, renew the desperate struggle for independence against the infatuated and criminal aggression of France. Suffice it to say, that, as soon as our Government had learned the turn which public feeling and sentiment had taken in Spain, the most willing and prompt assistance was afforded to the patriots, who had taken up arms in defence of their country, against the common enemy; and that the first triumph of the national arms was the surrender of the French squadron in the harbour of Cadiz. It is certainly matter of extreme regret that full advantage was not taken of the first burst of public enthusiasm. But this enthusiasm was, in a great measure, confined to the people, whose minds had not shared in the general debasement by which the upper classes were so disgracefully distinguished. Treason, too, mingled largely in the Spanish councils; and

many of the disasters which befel the patriotic cause, and nearly all the calamities which the British, under Sir John Moore, had to encounter in their disastrous march to Corunna, were, as we shall afterwards see, to be mainly, if not entirely, ascribed to the consummate villany of Morla, who, from the very first, thrust himself into the confidence of the patriots; and who, by an art on his part, or a blindness on theirs, which it is impossible either to explain or parallel, continued, for a long period, to paralyze every effort to shake off the yoke of the invader, and to serve the enemy more effectually than all their generals and all their armies, notwithstanding their skill, bravery, and experience.

It is plain that Napoleon had never reckoned upon any resistance on the part of the people, and that he had calculated upon placing his brother Joseph on a throne which no force within or without could successfully assail. He looked only to his own power, and neglected to estimate "the might that slumbers" in a nation simultaneously roused to shake off an intollerable yoke. This error mainly contributed to his subsequent fall. The contest which he was obliged to carry on in Spain not only consumed myriads of men, but locked up and neutralized armies, which, could he have thrown them into Germany, even after the unparalleled disasters of the Russian Campaign, would have still enabled him to dictate the law to his opponents,—to chase the Muscovites and Calmucs back to their steppes and desarts,—to make Austria and Prussia dearly rue the part they had taken,—and to maintain, unimpaired, that colossal power which he had reared on the basis of so many victories. But it was one of the delusions begotten by his fortune and successes, to be no longer solicitous to carry the public sentiment along with him; while the habitual excesses committed by his troops in the countries through which they marched, or where they were quartered, but too well justified the reaction which had before commenced, and which was destined; little, as it would now seem, for the benefit or repose of Europe—to usher in his fall.

As we can only afford to present our readers with another article on this volume, and as that shall be mainly devoted to some criticisms on Mr Southey's account of the Campaign of the British, under Sir John Moore, we are prevented, by the length to which this has already extended, from pursuing consecutively the train of events, and shall therefore conclude at present, by extracting the author's account of the Battle of Baylen, and the Surrender of Dupont, the first success of the patriotic army in the field. In the previous battle of Rio Seco, the Spaniards had been defeated, but they had fought with such determined courage, that they had forced the enemy's infantry to give way, had spiked four of their guns, and, but for their precipitation, might have obtained the victory. Few bloodier battles have been fought, in proportion to the numbers engaged. This victory, indeed, opened the way to Madrid for "the intrusive king," as Mr Southey terms him; but by no means dispirited or discouraged the Spaniards, who had soon an opportunity of repairing the disaster. Dupont's dispatches had been intercepted. From these it was found, that he was in want of every thing, and was anxiously pressing for reinforcements. Trusting to the reputation of the French arms, and the quality of the troops he commanded, he had allowed himself to be too far separated from the other *corps d'armée*, from whom, in case of attack, he could look for no assistance.

On the 11th of July, (1808,) a council of war was held by Castanos, and it was determined, that a division of 9000 good troops, under General Reding, should proceed, by way of Menjibar, to attack the enemy at Baylen, where Gobert was stationed, for the purpose of guarding the road to Carolina, and maintaining a communication with Madrid. The Marquis de Coupigny, with 5000, was to proceed, by La Higuereta and Villanueva, toward the same point, and co-operate with Reding; and Lieutenant-Colonel D. Juan de la Cruz Mourgeon, with a corps of 2000, was to go by Marmolejo, and act against the enemy, if they attempted to escape by the Sierra. Castanos himself occupied the Visos de Andujar, a strong and ad-

vantageous position, of which he thought it necessary to retain possession, though the troops were without tents, there was a want of water, and the heat excessive. But this position enabled him to keep Dupont upon the alarm, and prevent him from acting against Reding and Coupigny, while they interposed between him and the two other divisions of his army. Reding succeeded in driving the enemy from their *tête-du-pont* at Menjibar; and from the positions which they took up, one after another, between that place and Baylen, disputing their ground skilfully and well. Gobert was killed, one cannon and the baggage in the encampment (were) taken. During these operations, some of the Spaniards died from excessive heat and exertion; and in the afternoon, Reding retired to Menjibar; and crossing the Guadalquiver again on the following day, effected a junction, on the third morning, with Caupigny, who had beaten the French from a strong post near Villanueva. Their intention was to have attacked Baylen; but Dufour, who succeeded to the command of Gobert's division, had evacuated that place, finding himself unable to maintain it, and fallen back to unite with Vedel at Carolina.

One part of the Spanish Commander's plan had thus been accomplished, and, in pursuance of his arrangements, Reding and Coupigny prepared to march from Baylen upon Andujar, and there attack the main body of the French on one side, while the reserve of the Spanish army was ready to act against it from the Visos. Dupont, meantime, had formed the same intention, of placing a part of the enemy's force between two fires; and on the night of the 18th, as soon as darkness had closed, the French marched from Andujar, after plundering the inhabitants of whatever was portable, and took the road towards Baylen. Reding was preparing to begin his march, when the enemy arrived at three in the morning, and fell upon him, thinking to take him by surprise. The attack was made vigorously, and might have been successful, had not the Spaniards, because of their intended movement, been in some degree of readiness. The foremost companies, both of horse and foot, were engaged hand to hand; but the Spaniards rapidly took their stations, and repelled the assailants at all points. When day broke, they were in possession of the high ground, and the French were forming their columns to renew the attack in a situation which was not exposed to the Spanish artillery. In this renewed attack, both parties conducted themselves with the greatest intrepidity. Several times the assailants broke the enemy's lines, and fighting with the resolution of men who had never known what it was to be defeated, they once made way to the batteries. But the Spaniards stood firm; they knew that reinforcements were at hand, and that if they kept their ground, the situation of the French was desperate; they had confidence in their leaders and their own strength, and, above all, that thorough assurance of the justice of their cause, which, when other points are equal, will inevitably turn the scale. The action was long and bloody; it continued till noon, without any other interruption than what arose from occasional recession, and the formation of new columns. Dupont, then, and the other Generals, putting themselves at the head of their men, made a last charge with the most determined bravery; they were, however, once more repulsed. By this time they had lost 2000 men, besides those who were wounded." Dufour, who was with this part of the army, was killed, and Dupont himself wounded. No hope of victory remained, and no possibility of escape, the French therefore proposed to capitulate; and the arrival of the Spanish reserve, under D. Manuel de la Pena, at this point of time, enabled the victors to dictate their own terms.

Dupont's intention of marching from Andujar had been so well concealed till the moment of its execution, that though the city contained some 14,000 inhabitants, no information was conveyed to the Spaniards on the adjacent heights, nor were they apprised of his movements till two in the ensuing morning, when he had been five hours on his march. Castanos immediately ordered La Pena to pursue him with the reserve, and some corps of the third divison. Upon his arrival, he learnt that a capitulation had been proposed, upon which he referred the French negociators to the commander-in-chief, and took such a position as effectually to surround the defeated army. The answer which Castanos returned was, that the French must surrender themselves prisoners of war, and no other terms would be granted,—that because of the manner in which they had sacked the towns which they had entered, he would allow the General and officers to retain nothing more than their swords, and each a single portmanteau, with apparel for use; but that, in other respects, they should be treated like their squadron at Cadiz, in a manner conformable to Spanish generosity. And he required, that Dupont should capitulate, not only for the troops who had been actually

engaged, but for the two other divisions also.

The next day was spent in adjusting the terms; and on the 21st, Castanos and the Conde de Tilly, as the representatives of the Supreme Junta of Spain and the Indies, a title which the Junta of Seville at this time arrogated, advised the Junta, that Dupont and his division were prisoners of war, and that all the other French, between the summit of the Sierra Morena and Baylen, were to evacuate the Peninsula by sea.

This is the most splendid and complete victory which the unassisted arms of Spain gained in this memorable contest. The plans of Castanos appear to have been admirable, and to have been executed with a degree of promptitude, courage, and decision, which was afterwards seldom equalled. The fact is, the popular enthusiasm was at this moment at its highest pitch, and, had there existed wise, able, and honest men, to take full advantage of it, the contest would perhaps have been less bloody and protracted, certainly less disastrous. But the squabblings and jealousies of the rival Juntas contending for the supreme power, and the treachery of Morla and others, ruined every thing, and disheartened and dispirited the people. What a melancholy contrast does the battle of Tudela present to the battle of Baylen! Castanos commanded in both; yet it is but just to state, that at Tudela he was compelled, by the representative of the Junta, to fight in a bad position, and at an unfavourable moment: by that time, too, misfortune had chilled the spirit of the people.

A Mother.

O say what joy her heart can prove,
When to a mother's care is given
To rear the pledge of virtuous love,
Beneath the favouring smiles of Heaven!
When Hope, with a prophetic power,
Bids many a fair illusion rise,
To brighten Sorrow's dreariest hour,
Like sunshine o'er the wintry skies.

When sings the linnet from the tree,
The sky-lark from the dewy air,
Beside her kindly pillowing knee,
The infant cons his evening prayer—
A prayer, to her delighted breast,
Refreshing as the dews of even,
That lulls each worldly care to rest,
And steals her thoughts from earth to Heaven.

If pale Disease untimely shed
Its blight on childhood's blooming rose,
How shall she watch his weary bed,
And sorrow o'er his secret woes!
How shall she pour her lovely wail,
While slumber wraps a world around,
And, by the taper glimmering pale,
Start at the clock's foreboding sound!

If Death, with unexpected doom,
Should tear the little one away—
The human bud, of fairest bloom,
That rose to cheer her mortal day—
As gathering meets the solemn crowd,
As strikes the dead-bell's pausing toll,
Ah! who can think upon the shroud
That wraps in gloom a mother's soul!

O thou who takest to thy breast
A partner of thy cares below!
To thee, that partner turns for rest,
And claims thine aid in every woe:
Is she the mother of thy child,
Wrapt in his cheerless bed of clay?
Then share that mother's anguish wild,
And chase her mournful thoughts away.

O thou, who, in the field of dead,
Hast rais'd a father's early tomb,
And see'st around a mother's head
The deepening shades of sorrow gloom!
Think, think of cares unwearying paid
To thee through many a helpless year,
And tender thy consoling aid
To wipe away a mother's tear!

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS, HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC. TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART, L.L.B. EDINBURGH: 1823.

THE literature of Spain is perhaps the most interesting of modern Europe, not merely from the intrinsic merits of the works which it embraces, but as presenting, of all others, the amplest and most satisfactory data for the resolution of some of those great problems which relate to the reciprocal influence of government and letters. It involves questions of the highest importance in the philosophy of literary history, as illustrating how the most felicitous combinations of natural dispositions and external circumstances may be counteracted, and almost neutralized, by the evils of domestic superstition and mistaken policy; how true it is, that, from a general expansion of intellect and equipoise of the faculties, literary greatness can alone be attained or preserved; and how silently, yet surely, the depression and restraint of the reasoning powers at last impair even the subtle powers of fancy, and narrow the empire of imagination. It shows us, too, how the influence of some fortunate principles of national character has in some measure checked the effect of this baleful system, and limited its operation with regard to poetry; and thus enabled Spain not altogether to disappoint the promise of those days, when her writers were conspicuous in the annals of Roman excellence;—when Lucan, Martial, Quintilian, and Silius Italicus, repayed the benefits of civilization and knowledge which their country had received, by protecting the sinking literature of its conquerors, and adorning its decline: like the friendly ivy, covering the leafless branches of some venerable oak with a second verdure, and at last supporting the exhausted trunk by which it had been reared.

Interesting, however, as these speculations are, we can only hint at them here. Our attention at present must be confined to a single period of Spanish literature; but a period in itself so varied, so interesting, and so full of promise, that none, we think, will be able to read the productions to which it gave birth, without a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret,—pleasure, from the spirit and feeling which they exhibit,—and regret, from the reflection that so fair a morning of literature was so soon overcast, and that bigotry and impolicy so clouded the splendour of its meridian.

That portion of the literary history of Spain, to which the present publication refers, terminates with the sixteenth century, when the national taste was Italianized by Boscan and Garcilaso, and the old romantic poetry of Spain sunk, for a time, into a subordinate rank and popularity, till it regained something of its former fascination, in the hands of Lope de Vega and Gongora. During the period which it embraces, the progress of Spanish poetry had much resembled that of other nations. From the shock of the contending languages of Rome, Arabia, and Castile, a whole had resulted, possessing singular capabilities for poetry, and uniting dignity and gravity with an uncommon degree of copiousness and melody, and in which the neighbouring dialects of Catalonia and Gallicia, at first rivals, had subsequently merged. The naturally lively and poetical temperament of the Spanish nation had been much increased, and had received some peculiar modifications from its intercourse with the East. This union had produced a whole, blending, in a highly peculiar manner, the old chivalrous enthusiasm of the Gothic nations, with the manners, ceremonies, and literature of the invaders. The long and obstinate struggle between the two nations, which at last terminated in the triumph of Spain, and the surrender of Granada, had contributed to raise to excess, and perpetuate, exalted notions of honour and bravery; and the ever-varying and romantic incidents which were the result of this protracted warfare, had filled the minds of the people with interesting recollections, and the storehouse of poetry with the richest and amplest materials. The mind inhaled the atmos-

phere of chivalrous adventure, and it breathed it out again in song. Under the influence of such predisposing causes, and with a language the most harmonious and poetical, the number of those who may aspire to the bays is nearly unlimited; and in Spain, it would seem that almost every one who could accompany himself in an air on the guitar, was a composer of *Romances*. Every mountain, as Faria de Souza rather affectedly says, became a Parnassus, and every fountain a Hippocrene;

"And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Soft sunk the evening sun, soft rose the evening star."

Such were the circumstances that produced that immense mass of popular poetry, which was afterwards collected, (we cannot say arranged) in the numerous *Romanceros* and *Cancioneros* of Spain.

It is certain, that these compositions, as they now exist, have varied very materially from their original shape; for, as they were the offspring of the moment, they were continually subject to change. In most of them, the original Ballad sustained some alteration in the mouth of every successive reciter; so that the claim of authorship was one which few could have easily established, even had they felt any anxiety about the matter. But to posthumous fame, these improvisatori seem to have been exceedingly indifferent. The amusement of the moment was all they sought; and having given vent to their feelings in verse, they committed their *Romances* to the direction of chance, which, we may easily imagine, conferred and denied reputation, without much regard to the beauties and defects of individual compositions. The obscurity, however, which rests over them, with regard to dates and authorship, seems to us rather to increase than diminish their interest. There is something singular and affecting in the contemplation of this extensive collection of popular poetry, read, admired, and commented on, while its authors, whose very names are now forgotten, enjoy only, in their works, a kind of doubtful existence, and nameless immortality; verifying that fine, but melancholy image of the Italian Filicaja, that the roses of poetry were destined to be gathered and preserved, while the stems that reared them were left to wither.

We shall now endeavour to communicate some general idea of the characteristics of these Ballads. To a certain extent, the early literature of all countries is the same. In almost all countries we find the development of genius and imagination long preceding that of judgment and taste, and we meet with much which must please in every age, alloyed by many things, which could be tolerated only by the rudeness of that age in which they were produced. But when nations are placed under the influence of circumstances nearly similar in the commencement of their literature, that general resemblance, which holds, even where there is no such coincidence, naturally becomes more minute and particular; and we know not that we shall be able to give our readers a better idea of the general features of these Spanish Ballads, than by briefly marking some of their points of resemblance, or contrast with the early minstrelsy of our own country. The long and bloody struggle between Spain and Arabia, and the strange relation between the Moors and Christians which it produced, find an exact parallel in the Border warfare of our own island, and in that singular blending of national antipathy, with feelings of regard and personal respect to hostile individuals, which characterize the rude literature of our forefathers. Even amidst all the opposition of religion and interests, Spain and Arabia were still united by a communion of warlike enthusiasm and romantic adventure—of loves, friendships, and amusements; and when the champions of either country had to complain of treachery or ingratitude at home, they sought, and found, like Coriolanus, an asylum in the very halls of the enemy. All this exactly corresponds with the history of our own country. The same confidence and mutual respect which prompted Bernardo del Carpio to chuse his city of refuge among the Moors, after his father's murder, led the gallant Percy, in the hour of danger, to seek the aid of his hereditary enemy Douglas,

and planted side by side, in the field of Shrewsbury, those banners which floated over the bloody plains of Otterbourne and Homeldon. The same life of danger and warfare, producing the same succession of hair-breadth escapes and romantic incidents, generated in both countries the same excitement of mind, and led them to express their feelings in poetry of the same wild and irregular character. The Ballads of both countries, therefore, have many features in common. Some differences, arising, perhaps, from the influence of climate and situation, we shall now notice.

With all our national partialities, we cannot deny that the moral tone of the Spanish Ballads is far superior to that of our own; and that even the oldest of them announce a degree of civilization, to which Scotland seems, at the same period, to have had little claim. There can be no surer proof that society is at a low ebb, than a fondness for extravagant horrors and exaggerations. Such tales are ever the favourites of a barbarous age, because the natural inertia of the mind, and callousness of the moral feelings, can be overcome only by the application of the most violent stimuli. Such are those cool and disgusting murders, which occupy so large a share in the Scottish Romantic Ballads; not such as are produced by the natural excitation of barbarous quarrels, or hereditary hatred, the details of which seem to be common to all countries, and which find at once their origin and their palliation in mistaken notions of honour, and in the excess of feelings, in themselves commendable,—but murders of the most treacherous and disgusting nature, committed on the most helpless and confiding beings, by those who should have been their protectors, and that, in some cases, almost without a cause, and without a purpose. The reader who consults the collection of Sir Walter Scott will not look far for examples. "Young Benjee,"—"Lord William,"—"Lord Randal,"—"The Cruel Sister," and, perhaps the most abominable of all, "Jellon Graeme," will sufficiently illustrate the remark. Even incest appears to have been a favourite subject with our own Ballad-mongers, though the good taste of the Editor has led him to introduce only one specimen of this kind into his collection. Where the mind appears to have dwelt with such composure on the details of the darkest and bloodiest crimes, it might be anticipated, that smaller degrees of delinquency would be looked upon with absolute indifference, though we should hardly have expected that they would be mentioned in terms of approbation. Yet such is the case; and incontinence and dishonesty are, throughout the collection, spoken of in a strain, rather of eulogy than of condemnation. Of the first, we shall hardly be expected to produce instances. Suffice it to say, that of the Romantic Ballads in the collection, nearly one-half are founded on circumstances of this nature, and breathe a spirit of perfect libertinism. As to the second, we may remark, that there are few of these Ballads which are not tinctured with a perfect carelessness as to honesty and good faith. The Border robberies of Armstrong and Murray are among the noblest of the class; for even these worthies are quite classical, compared with the meaner herd, whose free and easy notions of property are eulogized and recorded in the Minstrelsy of the Border. In short, they admired thieving more than the Spartans themselves, and on a principle far more selfish, and less philosophical; and so coolly are such exploits described and commented upon, that one would almost imagine the authors believed that the eighth commandment had been blotted from the Decalogue, or at least that its provisions were never meant to extend to Scotland. No such imputation can be thrown upon the character of the Spanish Ballads. Their tone, as contrasted with the humble, we may almost say, vulgar tone of ours, is perfectly patrician. They breathe of courts and camps, and of bravery, softened and humanized by chivalry. True it is, that in them, as in the earlier compositions of all nations, the details of violence and crime do occur; but the crimes which they describe are seldom of that cool and treacherous kind for which no state of society can afford an apology. In one or two instances, where such crimes are introduced, the de-

scription is conceived in a very different spirit, from that which unfortunately characterizes our own. Instead of harrowing the feelings with the minute painting of corporeal suffering, and the details of murder, the Spanish authors have judiciously rested the poetical interest of their compositions on the struggles which had preceded guilt, or the deep remorse which followed it. The apology or defence of dishonesty is still less to be found in the early Spanish Ballads, though, at an after period, the "gusto picaresco" (blackguard taste) became fashionable, from the example of one of the most singular men that Spain has produced, the Statesman, Historian, Poet, and Novelist, Mendoza. The exalted tone of feeling, which pervaded the early days of Spanish History, was quite inconsistent with the adoption of such subjects. Those whose ideas had been familiar with the romantic incidents of Amadis, and the legends of Charlemagne, could not afford to celebrate the robberies of outlaws, such as an Armstrong or a Murray, and still less to waste the labour of a single redondilla on the petty larcenies of the "ignobile vulgus." The unfortunate capture of Hughie the Graeme, "grippit for stealing o' the Bishop's mare," would have excited but little sympathy among those who thought rather of the glory of Roncesvalles; and the ingenious device by which the Harper of Lochmaben increased his stud, would have been more likely, in Spain, to have procured him a place in prison, than on Parnassus.

Another striking point of distinction, between the Ballads of the two countries, is the strong tendency to superstition in the one, and the almost total absence of any such feeling in the other. It would seem as if the gloomy climate of the North had impressed such ideas with peculiar force on the Scottish character; as if the wild grandeur of woods, rocks, and mountains, viewed under a cloudy, inconstant, and stormy sky, had rendered their inhabitants imaginative and meditative, and led them, in the pauses of warfare and turmoil, to see visions, and to dream dreams. Germany itself does not seem to surpass our own country in the number or variety of its spiritual inhabitants. Every castle or cave, and every family of note, had its own familiar, in addition to that large body, whose propensities were of a more locomotive kind, and who distributed their services more generally. The influence of the habitual indulgence of such fancies is exceedingly visible in our Romances: but little of this is to be found in those of Spain. Even the Fairies, who, though fallen from their high estate, occupy so conspicuous a place in Scottish Demonology, seem never to have properly established their empire in Spain; and this is the more wonderful, since, with the adoption of that Oriental taste, which gave so strong and permanent a colouring to Spanish Poetry, we should have conceived, that the Arabian mythology would not have been neglected,—and that the "Peris," in particular, would have met with a favourable reception. But this, perhaps, is also attributable to the influence of climate. If the ruggedness and barrenness of a country, and the inclemency of its climate, have a tendency to produce those visionary moods of mind, which give rise to such creations, we may suppose, that a fertile soil, and smiling sky, fixing the attention rather on things external than internal, and discouraging the exercise of meditation, by furnishing the mind with other sources of amusement, will sufficiently account for the difference.

In point of execution, too, there are some differences of a slighter kind. It may be supposed that the versification in the Spanish Ballads is the more harmonious. This is but slight praise. The superior capabilities of the language, the extreme ease of the metre in which they are written, and the musical accompaniment to which they appear to have been originally subjected, would lead us to expect this. But the extreme abruptness of our Ballads is another circumstance not to be found in the Spanish. From the style in which ours are written, they presuppose an acquaintance with the circumstances, for, in general, the incidents are rather hinted at than described,—and the dialogue, in particular, is exceedingly broken and defective. The

Spanish begin more "with the beginning," and are more strictly and minutely narrative. We believe even the greatest admirers of our Ballads, too, will admit the extreme frequency of childish repetitions, and a poverty of expression, which has led to a coincidence of lines, and even whole stanzas, in a multitude of Ballads: a circumstance much less common in Spanish Poetry.

On the whole, then, we certainly feel compelled to give the preference to the Spanish Romances. Among all the collections of Scottish Poetry we have yet seen, though affecting ideas, and beautiful lines and stanzas, do occur, we find it difficult to name any one piece, on which we would be content to peril the character of the Scottish Minstrelsy. Perhaps Lord Maxwell's Goodnight comes nearest to our ideas of a good Ballad; but we fear, after all, it would appear to little advantage beside Count Alarcos, or the Flight of Roderick.

We at one time intended to attempt something like a classification of the materials of the old *Romanceros*; but we find that neither our time nor limits will permit. We believe, too, that it would be difficult to find any classification which would be of practical use. Under the heads of Romantic, Historical, Moorish, &c. we might indeed arrange them; but, in reality, these classes are seldom found simple or uncompounded. From the very nature of the connection between Spain and Arabia, it is impossible that the terms "Spanish and Moorish" should not often be convertible, as indicative of the subject of the Ballad; and frequently the characteristics of all the three classes are to be found united in those where the aid of fable has been called in, to heighten the effect of the National Legends, and to gratify that taste for exaggeration, which, existing in the national character, even while its literature was Roman, had been fostered by its connection with the East, and had more lately received a new impulse from the diffusion of the Romance of Amadis de Gaul, and one or two others of those knightly Tomes which suffered martyrdom in the destruction of Don Quixote's library. Thus, in those Ballads which are founded on early passages of Spanish History, truth and fiction are so mingled, that it would be impossible, in nine cases out of ten, to say whether they more properly belonged to the class of Romantic or Historical. The exploits of the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, as chronicled in the *Romances*, are little inferior to those of Amadis or Palmerin in absurdity; and Charlemagne and his peers occupy a debateable land, which belongs at least as much to Romance as to History. This is not the place to inquire what were the circumstances which at first invested these personages with these fabulous attributes; but there can be no doubt that much of the interest of the Chivalrous Ballads depends on that historical twilight under which the characters are represented, and which leaves the outline visible, while it allows the Poet to fill up the details as he pleases. This, we think, renders them far more amusing than those which are founded on historical events of a later date, where the notoriety of the circumstances very materially abridged the license of the Poet. In both these classes, however, we meet with a freshness and spirit which far more than compensate for their occasional absurdities. They are, as Bouterwek observes, little pictures, which represent only situations, without any attempt at lengthened narrative: but their truth of detail is generally admirable, and the exquisite naïveté of the language alone would be sufficient to give them interest. Those ballads, however, which are founded on Moorish subjects, appear to us to be generally superior to the others. There was something in the nature of the semi-oriental manners of the Spanish Moors, admirably adapted for the purposes of poetry. The luxury and pomp of the East, uniting with the Gothic chivalry, their magnificent armour and housings, their devices and emblematical ornaments, irresistibly caught the fancy. During those campaigns which terminated in the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, the Spaniards had acquired a minute knowledge of the manners and the family history of their opponents, and the beauties of the Alhambra and the Generalife, or

the quarrels of the rival factions of the Zegris and the Abencerrages then became the favourite themes of the Spanish Muse. The following passage of Quintana describes the beauties of these Ballads with truth and elegance *. "It is wonderful with what vigour and brevity they paint scenes, personages, and feelings. In one, it is the Alcayde of Molina who enters, rousing the Moors against the Christians, who are ravaging their fields; in another, the unfortunate Aliatar, borne back, with the gloom of a funeral procession, through the gate whence he had issued, with such gaiety, the day before; now it is a simple country maiden, who, having lost the ear-rings her lover had given her, weeps at the prospect of the reproaches which await her; and now a shepherd, who, solitary and forsaken, grows indignant at the sight of two turtles cooing in a neighbouring poplar, and drives them away with a stone."

The interest, however, which pervades the narrative Romances can hardly be said to extend to the other pieces, which fill up the old *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros*, namely, the lyric, amatory, and comic compositions. The besetting sin of these is an excessive tendency to diffuseness, and their prevailing feature is monotony. All the points and concetti which disfigure the Italian sonnets, are to be found in the amatory poetry of Spain. Bouterwek, indeed, seems to think some of these faults very peculiar to Spain, and instances that imaginary combat between passion and reason, which is so frequent in the Spanish redondillas. We are rather surprised that so good an Italian scholar should have made such a remark, for we have the Parisian "Raccolta de Sonetti" lying before us at this moment, and will undertake, in that single collection, to produce at least fifty sonnets on this very subject. Most of the Spanish pieces, however, are characterized by an uncommon degree of exaggeration. "The *Sighs* of Italian Poetry," as Bouterwek says, "became *groans* with the Spaniards." Ever in extremes, they stamped the energy of their character even on these tender compositions; for they seem not to have been aware of that axiom, in amorous and elegiac poetry, that the warmest love, and the deepest grief, are always the least obtrusive: and that clamorous complaints generally excite our sympathy only in the inverse ratio of their vehemence. A few of the humorous pieces are neat and elegant; but, in many, the humour depends so much on local allusions, or familiar idioms, as almost entirely to escape the notice of a foreigner.

These seem to be the leading features of that poetry, which, commencing, most probably, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, was first partially collected in the *Cancionero* of Ferdinand de Castillo, in 1510, and afterwards in the other *Romanceros* and *Cancioneros* of Spain, but which has never met, in its own country, with the critical attention which its merits deserve. In attempting to direct the attention of his countrymen to this interesting mass of early poetry, Mr Lockhart has done well. He is certainly entitled to praise for the design; with regard to the execution, we must hold some little talk with this learned Theban.

Were we to consider the present translations merely in the light of English compositions, we imagine there would be but one opinion as to their merits, and that even Mr Lockhart himself would admit, that, in this view, they were exceedingly indifferent; that the language was rude and prosaic, and the versification singularly abrupt, slovenly, and inharmonious. But he would probably object, with reason, to the application of such a standard, and contend that we were bound to view them only as translations from the Spanish: and in this light we have no objection to consider them.

We can easily imagine that the purchasers of this splendid tome, who happen to be ignorant of Spanish, will console themselves, for their first feeling of disappointment, on examining these poems, by supposing that their evident harshness and silliness is entirely the effect of the rigid fidelity with which the translator has performed his task; and, observ-

* Quintana. Introduccion a las poesias Selectas Castillanas.

ing the "ancient and fish-like smell" which pervades the whole publication, will flatter themselves that they are in possession of absolute facsimiles of the originals. We are almost sorry to disturb the equanimity of those who have *bonâ fide* disbursed their money on this supposition; but the fact is so completely the reverse, that there is no concealing the truth; and we feel obliged to state, that, with all their rudeness, their inversions, and their want of elegance, they possess infinitely less fidelity and correctness than those of some former translators;—the translations of Lord Holland, in particular, uniting a closeness and accuracy far superior to the present, with a vigour and ease of versification to which Mr Lockhart's have not the shadow of a claim. The real state of the case we take to be this:—Mr Lockhart, we suppose, did originally set out with the notion that he would be able to transfer, exactly, the ideas of the original to his translations, and at the same time to express these ideas in language at once poetical and antique. But experience probably convinced him of the difficulty of this union, and therefore he has compromised the matter, by permitting himself more than the usual license of translators, in the softening or omission of some ideas, and the introduction of others not to be found in the original; while, at the same time, he contrives to give to the whole an appearance of rudeness, which affords a presumption of fidelity, by interlarding his translations with obsolete words, and embodying them in an anomalous measure of the most antediluvian appearance, and the most unmusical cadence. Now Mr Lockhart may probably gain some credit with the million by this device; but he surely did not consider that his plan was liable to some formidable objections, from those who were aware of the real state of the case: first, that so much inattention to mere diction and harmony should have been compensated by peculiar fidelity and correctness, and that the public, which patiently honoured his drafts upon its forbearance in regard to versification, had a right to draw upon him, in return, for rather more than the usual modicum of accuracy: and, secondly, that, even admitting that his translations might be improved by an air of antiquity *à l'outrance*, he could hardly, within the whole range of English metres, have pitched upon one less calculated to give an idea of the peculiar structure of the versification and appearance of the Spanish Ballads, than the jaw-breaking measure which he has adopted.

The first of these objections is one, the merits of which can be estimated, of course, only by an actual comparison of some of these translations with the originals, and with the works of other translators: and, in the remaining part of this article, we shall afford our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. The truth of the second, we think, will be visible on a very slight examination of the measures of the original.

The Spanish Ballads, then, are generally written in *Redondillas*, or verses of four trochaic feet,—of course they never exceed eight syllables,—though, to English eyes, the number may occasionally appear greater: the final vowel of one word being united with the initial vowel of the following, so as only to form one syllable. The rhymes are of two kinds. The first is the *consonante*, or full rhyme, which corresponds with the common Italian rhyme of two syllables, the accented vowel and the final syllable being the same with those of the preceding line, as *alteza, nobleza*. The *asonante*, or imperfect rhyme, is peculiar to Spain. It is, according to the definition of Luzan *, a word resembling another in the last vowel; and, in the vowel, or vowels, that follow it, each of the consonants, after the accented vowel, being different from that in the corresponding syllable of the preceding. Thus, *són, amor,—cámpo, brázo,—álamo, páxaro*, are all *asonantes*. This latter species of rhyme is of much later date than the *consonante*; for, though *asonantes* do occasionally occur in the oldest Ballads, they appear to have been introduced through mere negligence, not on system. As a separate measure, they seem to be of no higher date than the sixteenth

* Poetica, Ch. 23.

century. Of the full effect of this system of versification, foreign ears are not altogether qualified to judge; but the Spanish critics themselves, unquestionably the best judges, all unite in bearing testimony to its beauty.

The effect, then, of these metres, particularly of the prolonged *Consonante*, is harmonious and melancholy in the highest degree; so much so, as frequently to give interest to mediocrity, and beauty to ideas, in themselves common-place, by embalming them in melody. Now, by what unaccountable mistake could Mr Lockhart suppose that the disjointed and nerveless measure which he has chosen, could give any idea of the equable flow and exquisite music of the originals? Can any one read two stanzas of the Spanish, and not perceive that such a line as the following—

> "But false Moor never more me to his tent shall bring,"

is as far removed from their harmony, as the croak of a raven from the song of a nightingale? Mr Lockhart says, in his Introduction, that he has been induced to adopt his present system of versification, and to include two short lines in one long one, in consequence of some conjectures of Grimm, as to the original manner of printing the Spanish Romances. What truth there may be in Grimm's hypothesis it is not easy to say, as he stands rather singular in his opinion; but we think our translator would have been nearer the truth, had he admitted that he had printed his lines in their present shape to avoid the necessity of two additional rhymes in each stanza, which, unless he chose to take Sternhold and Hopkins for his models, a division would have been rendered necessary; and because he was thus enabled to take unbounded liberties with the pause which would naturally fall on the eighth syllable,—a license, certainly not a *poetical* one, of which he has not failed to avail himself very liberally. On the whole, therefore, we cannot help thinking that his choice has been remarkably unfortunate. Had he been translating the old poem of the Cid, or the satirical poem of the Archipreste De Hita, it might have afforded a pretty fair representation of their dancing, dactylic measures. As it is, we must say, that his translations, in their present shape, give no more idea of the flow of the originals, than of the Shah Nameh of Ferdusi. To us, they appear redolent of the streets; and irresistibly fill our mental eye with visions of crack-voiced ballad-singers, and our ears with the melody of barrel-organs.

We are the more astonished at Mr Lockhart's choice of this measure, because we should have imagined that it would not have required a very extensive acquaintance with these Ballads to perceive the close analogy between the metre in which they are composed, and our own verse of seven and eight syllables—that in which Cowper's Negro's Complaint is written, and in which Dr Percy has so spiritedly translated one of these very Ballads, well known under the title of Gentle River. Such is also the measure which Lord Holland has chiefly adopted, in some specimens of the Ballads of the Cid, several of which are models of translation.

But, if Mr Lockhart has been unfortunate in that part of his experiment which related to the versification, we do not think his success by any means greater in the manner of the translations. Were nothing more necessary to the embodying the true spirit of ancient poetry in modern verse, than the studied inversion of phrases, the plentiful use of obsolete terms, and the seasoning of an occasional oath, a "God wot"—"by the rood"—"By'r Lady," and so on, the task of imitation truly would be a light one, and every "pelting petty officer" would be a Chatterton. But, unfortunately for poetical aspirants after the Modern Antique, it requires a combination of qualities not often to be found; profound learning, and patience to collect the materials, with no inconsiderable share of judgment to apply them. We are aware how very striking an effect may be produced by their proper application; and we might refer to one great example, in the present day, of this happy combination of antiquarian research with consummate judgment, in the management of the materials thus obtained, and of poetical powers,

which lend to the whole a colouring, completely harmonious and unique. But the corruption of the best things generates the worst. The misapplication of antiquated phrases, or their unnatural introduction,—and the use, or rather abuse, of obsolete terms, produce merely a ludicrous effect; while the absurd blending of styles so heterogeneous, pretty much resembles the appearance of a man who squeezes on a Spanish doublet over an English surtout, or mounts the plume of a Hidalgo above a cocked hat and tye-wig. In nine cases out of ten, therefore, the attempt to antiquate a style is hopeless, and betrays either a most imperfect notion of the real elements of the pleasure we receive from ancient poetry, or a strange miscalculation of his own powers on the part of the author. The defects of ancient poetry lie on the surface, and may be imitated by any one who thinks it worth his trouble; their beauties, their captivating simplicity, and occasional condensation of feeling and expression, can be appreciated and rivalled by few. The rudeness of Dante's versification, his Latinisms, and his obscurities, were imitated to the life by the sect of the Dantisti, in Italy; the solemnity of his ideas, the energy and compression of his language, were caught only by Alfieri. In the present case, we are the more convinced of Mr Lockhart's incompetency to the task, by observing how little justice he has done to the real beauties of some of these Ballads. Frequently, when we have been struck with some expression of the original, beautiful from its truth or its simplicity, we have looked in vain, in these translations, for any thing of a corresponding nature. In some cases, the best ideas of the original have been entirely omitted; in others, they have been so metamorphosed, that it requires no inconsiderable effort to recognize them in their new habiliments; and in almost all, they have been varnished over with so thick a coating of verbosity and unnecessary amplification, that they bear much the same relation to their prototypes, as musical variations do to the original air; the resemblance being just enough to shew that the *subject* is the same. In short, so completely has Mr Lockhart succeeded in making them his own, that if he were to take it into his head to bring an action of declarator before the Court of Parnassus, for having it found that the ownership of these Ballads was in him, we question very much if the original proprietors would be able to shew cause for disputing his title.

But it is time that Mr Lockhart should be "permitted to speak for himself." The first of our extracts, from the historical part of his book, may be considered as one of the most favourable specimens it contains, both with regard to poetry and fidelity. The original is one of the oldest and finest of the Spanish Ballads, and describes the feelings of Roderick, "the last of the Goths," after the fatal defeat at Xeres de la Frontera.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter'd in dismay;
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turn'd him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame, he could no further go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepp'd to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For sore, athirst, and hungry, he stagger'd, faint and sick.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Pluck'd from the flame, Rodrigo shew'd:—his sword was in his hand;
But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewell'd mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climb'd unto a hill top, the highest he could see,
Thence all about of that wide route his last long look took he;
He saw his Royal Banners where they lay drench'd and torn,
He heard the cry of Victory—the Arabs shout of scorn.

He look'd for the brave Captains, that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain!
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks like rain—

"Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no King am I;
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on their knee—
To-night not one I call my own—not one pertains to me.

"O luckless luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great signiory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou—why fearest thou to smite?"

We have said, that we think this a very favourable specimen of Mr Lockhart's translations, but we think nobody can fail to perceive the harsh and nerveless nature of the versification. We happen to have beside us a translation of this Ballad, in which we had attempted, as our Spanish readers will observe, to imitate the melancholy effect produced by the recurrence of the same rhyme throughout the Ballad; a task which the poverty of our language in rhymes renders rather a difficult one. The occasional repetition of the same word is warranted by the original.

From the eighth and fatal battle,
Where the Moor had won the day,
Fled the hosts of Don Rodrigo
Scatter'd round in wild dismay.

Town, and tow'r, and royal palace,
Soon behind him lessening lay—
When, by every friend forsaken,
Roderick took his lonely way.

From his jaded steed dismounted,
Toil'd and weary where he lay,
At his will the monarch wanders,
None comes forth to bid him stay.

Scarcely feeling—scarcely heeding
Where his pathless footsteps stray,
Parch'd with thirst, and faint with hunger,
On he held his toilsome way.

Dyed from head to foot in crimson,
Like some brand's devouring ray;
While his soil'd and bruised armour
Told the fortune of the fray.

Drops of gore, and dints of battle,
Did his edgeless sword display;
Sunk upon his dusty forehead
Deep his batter'd helmet lay.

On his brow the frequent furrows
Grief's untimely hand betray;
As the mountain side ascending,
One farewell he turn'd to pay.

Far below he saw his armies
Scatter'd o'er the plain away—
Arms whose glossy hues had vanish'd—
Waving pennons broad and gay—

Royal standards torn and trampled
By the foes amidst the clay;
Then he look'd for all his captains—
Look'd—alas! but where are they?

All around that verdant valley
Where those crimson currents play,
Long he gaz'd, and loudly weeping,
Thus he pour'd his mournful lay:

"Yester eve these vales and mountains,
Spain's wide empire own'd my sway;
Yester eve I was a monarch—
What, alas! am I to-day?

"Yester eve those lofty castles,
Lordly halls, and fair array,
All were mine; and, at my bidding,
Thousands waited to obey.

"Now amidst my falling fortunes,
Friends depart, and loves decay;
Luckless was that hour of sorrow,
Sad and luckless was the day—

"When my evil fortune bore me
Lord of all this realm so gay,
Since the gift an hour had given—
One short hour could take away.

"Death!—the only friend remaining,
Why thy tardy step delay?—
Roderick's heart will hail thy coming,
When thine arm is rais'd to slay."

Passing over several, which appear to us sufficiently dull, we come to the Ballads relating to the Cid, Ruy Diaz de Birar. They derive their interest less from their own merit—with regard to which, we entirely agree with Mr Southey—than from their connection with the dramatic productions of Guillen de Castro and Corneille. Our readers are probably aware, that

several of these Ballads have been translated by Lord Holland in his Life of Lope, with a spirit and fidelity not often surpassed. Two of these occur also in the present volume, and we have compared them with Lord Holland's. The first of these, which is the sixth in Escobar's collection, is the supplication of Ximena to the King, after the death of her father. Her speech is thus rendered by Mr Lockhart:

"Good King, I cry for justice, now as my voice thou hearest,
So God befriend the children that in the land thou rearest.

"The King that doth not justice, has forfeited his claim
Both to his kingly station and to his kingly name;
He should not sit at banquet, clad in the royal pall—
Nor should the nobles serve him on knee within the hall.

"Good King, I am descended from barons bright of old
That with Castilian pennons Pelayo did uphold—
But if my strain were lowly, as it is high and clear,
Thou still shouldst prop the feeble, and the afflicted hear.

"For thee, fierce homicide, draw, draw thy sword once more,
And pierce the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before—
Because I am a woman, my life thou need'st not spare,
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughter'd father's heir.

The passage is thus rendered by Lord Holland:

"Justice, mighty King, I plead for—
Justice to avenge my wrong;
So may all thy children find it—
You enjoy their glories long!

"Kings when they dispense not justice,
Ill the name of Kings deserve;
They should eat no bread in napkins,
Them no lords in state should serve.

"Know, good King, from famous heroes
I, thy suppliant, am descended—
Heroes whose Castilian banners
Don Pelayo's self defended;

* * * *

"That apart, thy equal justice
Should avenge my heavy wrong;—
Duty bids the kingly office
Right the weak, and curb the strong.

"Thou, too, furious, murderous ruffian,
Let thy sword in blood proceed—
Let it pierce my humble bosom—
Let a helpless woman bleed:

"What though she's a helpless woman,
Let not that thy rapier stay;
While she lives, Ximena Gomez
Will for vengeance on thee pray.

* * * *

"I wot when young Rodrigo heard how
the king did write,
He leapt on Bavieca—I wot his leap was
light—"

The superiority of Lord Holland's translation, in point of poetical vigour, will be obvious to all. Its wonderful fidelity can be appreciated only by those who are acquainted with the original. The other Ballad, the Cid's Courtship, which describes a scene rather inconsistent with the tenor of the speech in the last Ballad, affords, if possible, a more striking instance of the closeness of Lord Holland's translations, and the looseness of the present: but the truth is, that even the original is so indifferent, as not to deserve extraction. We are astonished, however, to see that Mr Lockhart should conceive that he has imparted any of the spirit of the Old Ballads to his translations, by such lumbering lines as these:

"Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy
damoxel—"

or by translating the simple phrase, "quedaron por sus vassallos,"—"they consented to hold of him their ground." Surely Mr Lockhart must have been thinking of an infeftment, when he stumbled on this Parliament-House periphrasis.

The next of these Ballads from which we shall make any extracts, is "the Proclamation of King Henry." It is the *suite* of the tragical story of Don Pedro the Cruel, who, after being banished from his kingdom, and replaced on his throne by the vigour of the English arms, under the Black Prince, at last fell by the dagger of his natural brother, Henry of Transtamare. The Ballad describes

the coronation, and the grief of Pedro's unfortunate mistress, Maria de Padilla. It is rather striking in the original, but we have been led to refer to it, as exemplifying that system of *remplissage*, which characterizes almost the whole of these translations, without exception, and as a proof, that, amidst all this unnecessary amplification, some of the most striking ideas of the original are altogether omitted. What shall we say, for instance, of the taste of a translator, who gives the popular shouts with all the formality of three several oyezes, "God save King Henry—save the King—King Henry is their cry;"—and introduces a fine dramatic scene between a priest and a young man, a good deal in character, perhaps, but of which there is nothing in the original; while he omits entirely the simple and expressive sentiment of the Ballad, in describing the treacherous calumnies of those who had been the humble flatterers of Pedro during his lifetime.

> "Porque amistad y justicia
> Siempre mueren con el muerto *."

Surely, too, the flattering epithet which he bestows on poor Maria de Padilla might have been elegantly understood. But, in order to give our readers an idea of the extent of Mr Lockhart's liberties, we shall extract that part of his ballad which describes Padilla's lamentation, and then subjoin a translation of the same passage, which pretends to no other merit than that of being executed nearly literally.

* * * * * * *

But other's tears, and other's groans, what are they, match'd with thine,
Maria de Padilla? thou fatal concubine!
Because she is King Henry's slave, the damsel weepeth sore—
Because she's Pedro's widow'd love, alas! she weepeth more!

"O Pedro! Pedro!" hear her cry—"how often did I say,
That wicked counsel and weak trust would haste thy life away!"
She stands upon the turret-top—she looks down from on high,
Where, mantled in his bloody cloak, she sees her lover lie.

Low lies King Pedro in his blood, while, bending down, ye see
Caitiffs that trembled ere he spake, crouch'd at his murd'rer's knee:
They place the sceptre in his hand, and on his head the crown;
And trumpets clear are blown, and bells are merry through the town.

The sun shines bright, and the gay route with clamours rend the sky.
"God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry!" is the cry.
But the pale lady weeps above, with many a bitter tear:
Whate'er he was, he was her love, and he lies slaughter'd here.

At first, in silence, down her cheek the drops of sadness roll,
But rage and anger come to break the sorrow of her soul;
The triumph of her haters, the gladness of their cries,
Enkindle flames of ire and scorn within her tearful eyes.

In her hot cheek the blood mounts high, as she stands gazing down,
Now on proud Henry's royal state, his robe and golden crown,
And now upon the trampled cloak, that hides not from her view
The slaughter'd Pedro's marble brow, and lips of livid hue.

With furious grief she twists her hands among her long black hairs,
And all from off her lovely brow the blameless locks she tears;
She tears the ringlets from her front, and scatters all the pearls
King Pedro's hand had planted among her raven curls.

"Stop, caitiff tongues!"—they heed her not—"King Pedro's love am I!"
They heed her not—"God save the King—great Henry!" still they cry.
She rends her hair, she wrings her hands, but none to help is near.
"God look in vengeance on their deed, my Lord is murder'd here!"

---

* For friendship and justice ever die with the dead.

We fear our readers will recognize but little resemblance between these high-sounding lines and our own brief and humble version.

But the voice of wail was deeper,
When her moan Padilla made;
Slave unto a living Monarch,
Widow of a Monarch dead.

"O, my Pedro! haughty bearing,
Evil counsel, easy trust,
Thoughts too bold, and speech too daring,
Thus have laid thee in the dust."

Forth with hurried step she hied her,
And in silent sorrow stood
By her royal lover, lying
Rob'd in black, and bath'd in blood.

While beside his conqu'ring brother
Thousands throng and kneel around;
And the merry bells are blending
With the music's silver sound.

How the sight of other's pleasure
Deepens every pang of woe!
How the heart grows heavy, thinking
On the fortune of the foe!

Thus, that pale and mourning lady
Weeps, in anguish, to behold
Pedro, cold and bloody, lying—
Henry glitt'ring o'er with gold.

Grasping all her blameless tresses,
Round she strew'd her raven hair;
Gold, and pearls, and sparkling jewels,
O'er her neck she scatter'd there.

"Villains!" thus she strove to utter,
"Pedro lives within my breast!"
But the clam'rous shouts that echoed
All around her, drown'd the rest.

Still around her—"Live Henriqué!"
Was the constant cry alone;
And the song of joy ascended,
And the pealing bells rung on.

* * * * * * * *

The Moorish Romances, which form the next division of these translations, though least in number, are the most interesting in the volume. The "Bridal of Andalla" is very good; and "Zara's Ear-rings" is the best piece in the collection. Mr Lockhart has not mentioned the source from which this last is taken, and we can hardly persuade ourselves that it is intended as a *translation* of "La nina morena," even though that Ballad does contain some lines about the "mass," and the "marquisses." However, we shall not quarrel with the translator with regard to this, because, in this instance, (O! si sic omnia!) we think he has improved upon the original. We shall take the liberty of extending the number of these translations, by adding one which possesses considerable spirit, and which we are rather surprised to find omitted in the present collection:

"Sale la Estrella de Venus
"Al tiempo que el sol se pone."

Softly rose the star of evening—
Soft the twilight wan'd away—
Shadow'd by the darker mantle
Of the dusky foe of day.

Then 'twas, from Sidonia's City,
Rode a young and gallant Moor,
Down by Xeres' flow'ry valley,
By the long and winding shore;—

There, where Guadalete wanders
With his waters through the plain,
And our Lady's harbour rises
O'er the waste and stormy main.

Noble name, and lofty lineage,
Nought avail to sooth despair;
She, his faithless Lady, leaves him;
(He was poor, as she was fair;)

Leaves her young and gallant lover—
Leaves her father's halls, to wed
Wrinkled brow and craven spirit—
Seville's rich and proud Alcayde.

To the silent air around him
Thus he told his tale of pain,
While a deep and wailing echo
Murmur'd back the sound again:

"Cruel as the stormy waters
Of yon dark, engulphing sea—
Ruder than the rocky bosoms
Of the barren mountains be—

"Zayda! canst thou still bethink thee
Of our loves, and yet resign
To another Lord's embraces,
Charms which I have clasp'd in mine?

"Round a trunk so old and rugged
Weave those twining arms of thine,
And the plant thy love had cherish'd
Leave to wither and decline?

"Six long years of love and duty
Wilt thou cast at once away—
Wedding thus with Abenzaydé,
Him the friend of yesterday?

" Wilt thou chuse him, rich in treasure,
Poor indeed in all beside?
Shall the spirit's nobler riches
By the body's be outvied?

" Allah, grant that he may hate thee—
Grant that thou may'st love again—
Know the weariness of absence—
Prove the pangs of jealous pain—

" And the night her balm deny thee—
And the day no rest afford—
And thy presence still be hateful,
In the chamber, at the board!

" At the banquet—in the dances,
Ne'er may he thy colours wear—
Nor permit thee at the window
Even to sit, and see him there—

" In the tourney, or the battle,
Slight the tokens of thy love—
Wear no robe that thou hast broider'd,
Wear no scarf thy fingers wove—

" But another love's devices
Blazon'd be upon his shield—
And another greet his captives
Home returning from the field—

" Should'st thou hate him, grant thy penance
Weary years may linger on—
Darker fate I may not wish thee,
Nor a deeper malison!"

Speaking thus, he came to Xeres,
At the dreary hour of night,
There he found the bridal palace
Blazing all with festive light.

Crowding Moors, with eager paces,
Here departing, there returning,
All with liv'ries gaily broider'd,
All with torches brightly burning.

In the middle path he placed him,
As the Bridegroom nearer drew,
In his stirrups firmly rais'd him,
Pois'd his lance, and pierced him thro'.

Then arose the cry of terror—
Then the Moor unsheath'd his sword,
And, through all the crowd around him,
Safely to Medina spurr'd.

We have not left ourselves room to say much on the rest of the Narrative Romances, which Mr Lockhart has classed under the head of Romantic. Calaynos is indifferent, and seems to be considered as such by the Spaniards themselves*. The Admiral Guarinos is better. The translator has shewn some delicacy in omitting the conclusion of the "False Queen;" but why has he done things by halves? The "Ill-married Lady" is pretty fairly translated; but we doubt whether Mr Lockhart is altogether beyond the reach of Sylvestre's ridicule, in a stanza which we shall quote for his amusement:

O bella mal maritada!
A que manos has venido.
Mal casada, y mal glosada
De los *Poetas tratada*
Peor que de tu marido!

We know not where the translator found his authority for alluding to the "Play and prado," as familiar diversions of the time. A few plays, indeed, were performed as early as the days of Alphonso the Tenth; but the theatre certainly was not a *popular* amusement for a century after the date of this ballad. Though we cannot pretend to be deep in the details of Spanish housekeeping in the fifteenth century, we suspect, also, that the "sheets of Holland fine" are rather an unwarranted introduction. Certain it is, they are not in the original, and we think it shewed little taste to dilate on *this part* of the Ballad. The last which we shall notice is the "Count Arnaldos," which affords another proof of that cacoëthes addendi, which besets so many translators. In this case, unfortunately, the additions are any thing but improvements. Thus, in the first stanza:

" Who had ever such adventure,
Holy priest or virgin nun,
As befel the Count Arnaldos
At the rising of the sun."

On reading this stanza, one feels disposed to inquire how the "holy priest and virgin nun" came to be selected as the most adventurous of personages. But a little inspection explains the matter. The rising of the *sun* required a rhyme. The "virgin nun" was the first that occurred; and Mr Lockhart, feeling for the awkwardness of her situation, kindly introduced the "holy priest" to bear her company; though not a word is

* Sarmiento cites a common proverb—"Esto no vale las Coplas de Calaynos."

said of these personages in the original. So, also, in the third stanza, he adds to the description of the galley, which is sufficiently extravagant in the original, the gratuitous absurdity of a burnished poop of "beaten gold." Then follows another:

"Heart may beat, and eye may glisten—
Faith is strong, and Hope is free—
But mortal eye no more may listen
To the song that rules the sea.

Where the original of this sounding stanza is to be found we know not; certain we are, that it is not written in the Chronicles of Count Arnaldos. But, what is worse, we can see no meaning in it whatever: if any one better informed can unriddle the mystery, we shall clap him on the back, and call him Œdipus.

There are many other things in the Ballad, equally open to animadversion, but we really have not time to notice them.

Mr Lockhart has added to the Narrative Ballads a few specimens of the songs and lyrical pieces of the Cancioneros, which are, in general, better translated. We thought of extracting—"Ye mariners of Spain," which seemed to us simple and pretty in the English translation; but, on turning to the Spanish, we found it resembled the original just as much as "Ye mariners of England!" We shall close our extracts with a piece which Mr Lockhart entitles Serenade, which is a tolerable imitation of Moore's Erotics; adding, at the same time, a pretty literal translation of the original:—

"Mientras duerme mi nina."

Mr Lockhart.

While my Lady sleepeth,
The dark blue heaven is bright;
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
Round her bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze,
While my Lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye, breathing numbers,
That for her I weave—
Should ye break her slumbers,
All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
And gain her lattice height,
O'er yon poplar trees;
But be your echoes light,
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky,
In the stream scarce flowing,
Mimic lustres lie.
Blow gentle, gentle breeze,
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

Blow light, thou balmy air,
My Lady's couch above;
Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare
The slumbers of my love.

Let no rude blast be found
To mar her gentle sleep,
But all around a dreamy sound,
And drowsy murmur creep.
O fly! thou balmy air,
And by her couch remain;
Go blend thee with her breath, and bear
Its balm to me again;
But lightly go, and gently blow—
Blow softly as my strain.

Blow gently—do not break
The stillness of her sleep;
I would not make my Love awake,
Nor raise those lids to weep.
Ye winds! that, borne in happier hour,
May wanton as ye will,
If round her bow'r, ye have the pow'r,
To creep and murmur still,
O lightly go, and gently blow,
And let her slumber still!

This is really a curiosity. Out of twenty-seven lines, here are seventeen printed in Italics, of which not one word is to be found in the original; while, of course, as our readers will see, almost every idea in the Spanish is omitted in the translation. So much for book-making.

We must now conclude our remarks on this volume, on which we have already said more, perhaps, than its literary importance warranted; certainly more than we should have done, had it not been ushered in with so much parade and pretension. But, coming in such a questionable shape,

we could not refuse to devote some little time to the investigation of its claims. What the extent of these claims is, we trust we have afforded our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Our own opinion certainly is, that, both in regard to poetry and accuracy, they are exceedingly moderate. The translator, we think, has abandoned fidelity in seeking freedom, and then neutralized the effects of this freedom, by rudeness of language, and harshness of versification; so that he seems to us pretty much in the situation of those unlucky personages, who, ambitiously endeavouring to place themselves on two stools at once, terminate the matter by coming to the ground between them. We now take leave of Mr Lockhart, in the words of the Archbishop of Granada,—wishing him, in his future translations, "all possible good fortune, with a little more taste!"

MR HUME'S MOTION RESPECTING THE CLERGY OF SCOTLAND—PRINCIPAL NICOL'S CIRCULAR RELATIVE TO THE MODE OF STRIKING THE FIARS, AND THE EXPEDIENCY OF A NEW LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENT THEREON, &c. &c. &c.

THE object of the present article is to combine the late motion of Mr Hume, in the House of Commons, respecting the numbers of the Scottish Clergy, and the amount of their Stipends, at different periods, with the *Circular* of Principal Nicol, relative to the *Fiars*, and the mode of striking them in Scotland, together with an improved plan for striking them, by which substantial justice may be done to all parties.

The portion assigned to articles of this nature, instead of admitting a full and finished view of the subject, must necessarily confine us to a skeleton, or mere outline;—notwithstanding this, however, we shall be so far minute, as to leave none ignorant of the special bearings of these questions, viz. The history of Stipends—the changes made on them at different periods—the bickerings which have frequently taken place betwixt the Clergy and Laity—the number of the Clergy—and the amount of their Stipends, before the Union, at 1750, and in 1822.

The *second* part will consist of the history of the Fiars—the modes of striking them in different counties, with remarks on the jury and witnesses—and the recommendation of a plan by which justice may be done to all parties.

I. The Patrimony of the Church has been a bone of contention in every age: hence the strong desire of Laity and Clergy to make inroads upon, and to possess each other's substance. In this war of cupidity, success has been equal and contrary. If, in ancient times, the Clergy, through hypocrisy and cant, or by giving erroneous views of devotion, found the way of securing to themselves, and their order, the estates of princes and nobles,—princes and nobles found, also, a way of getting them back again. If the religious spirit founded churches, and richly endowed them—the military spirit gave them to the soldiery, who divided them among their children. If the Clergy were ambitious, the Laity were not behind them. If private persons, on their death-bed, gave their lands to the Church, in order that masses might be performed, and prayers said, to release their souls from purgatory; their heirs and successors, in more enlightened times, rested not till they recovered them again, and resumed their own. The perpetual quarrels which took place, in the dark ages, betwixt Emperors and Popes, Lords and Bishops, Heritors and Priests, fill the mind with disgust. The golden apple, the wealth of the church, set, oftentimes, Europe in a flame; and the pride and pomp of prelatic ambition have continued it. If the contention has slept for a little, it has been only that it might awaken, and rage with greater fury. If the Church has acquired wealth, some haughty, turbulent, or avaricious spirit, has generally cast a wishful eye on it, and ceased not till he has dispoiled her of her rich inheritance:—when thus humbled, and stripped, however, she has almost

always excited the commiseration, sympathy, and assistance of the pious, and again started in the race of acquisition and aggrandisement—of influence and of power.

It was the rich domains of the hierarchy, more than a love for the doctrines of Knox, that attracted the early notice of the Lords of the Congregation, and animated their exertions in the cause of Reformation. Without this, all the eloquence of Knox would have been vain. It was the doctrine of "pulling down the *nests*, that the *corbies* might flee awa'," and dividing the rich spoils among the gentry, that gave to his preaching all its "witchery*." When discanting on this subject, the nobles were ready to exclaim, "Never man spake like this man!" but when he exerted all his fire and force of persuasion to obtain for his brethren in the Ministry a small portion of the tithes, which, with other Church spoils, had fallen into their hands, his eloquence and wisdom forsook him at once; and it was, "Hear what this babbler saith!"

Knox, however, with his brethren, boldly and manfully disclaimed a divine right of the Clergy to the tithes. The first to promulgate enlightened principles respecting civil government, he feared not to proclaim, that "the tithes, by God's law, do not appertain, of necessity, to the Churchmen;"—that he did not regard tithes as of divine origin, nor think it *sacrilegious*, in every case, to apply to secular purposes funds which had been originally set apart to a religious use, but that, by the Christian, as well as by the Jewish law, a competent subsistence was appointed to be made for the ministers of religion;—that it was incumbent on a nation which had received the true religion, to make public provision for the outward maintenance of its ordinances;—that the appropriation of the tenth-part of property, for this purpose, was, at least, recommended by primeval usage, by the sanction of Divine Wisdom, in the Jewish Constitution, and by the laws and practice of Christian empires and kingdoms;—that property, which had been set apart, and given for religious ends, could not, *justly*, or WITHOUT SACRILEGE, be alienated, *as long as it was* NEEDED *for these purposes*;—that though many of the donors might have the support of superstitious observances immediately in their eye, still it was with a view to religion that they had made such gifts;—and that, in as far as it should appear that the ecclesiastical revenues were *superabundant* and *unnecessary*, it was right that these should be applied to the common service of the State.

These sentences embody the leading views of Knox and his brethren on this point. Yet, just, rational, and moderate, as they were, the Nobility and Gentry treated them with scorn, and, till the year 1561, left the Protestant Ministers to be maintained by the friends or the disciples of their doctrines. In that year, the Privy-Council enacted, that a *third* of all the Popish benefices should be collected for their use. In this regulation, the Popish Beneficiaries acquiesced, with a view to save to themselves the remainder:—and for this purpose, Queen Mary granted them all ecclesiastical livings, under 300 merks of rent, on the death or resignation of the Popish incumbents.

James VI. adopted the same measures, which were also sanctioned by Parliament; but they brought little or no relief to the Protestant Clergy. A kind of war commenced anew betwixt the Popish Beneficiaries and the Protestant Ministers. The former intentionally under-rated their rentals, from which the thirds were levied. Deficiencies arose from the opposition and obstructions which the collectors met with in the execution of their duty; and thus the funds intended for the Protestant Clergy never came into their hands.

It is impossible to describe in better language the feeling of Knox, on this occasion, than by a quotation from the able and elegant life of the Reformer, by Doctor M'Crie: "He (Knox) was still more indignant at their management in settling

* The Papists imputed Knox's success to "*magic*" and witchcraft. The magic lay in the Church *lands*, in the *tithes*, and in hatred of prelatic pride and domination.

the provision for the Ministers of the Church. Hitherto they had lived mostly on the benevolence of their hearers, and many of them had scarcely the means of subsistence: but repeated complaints having obliged the Privy-Council to take up the affair, they came at last to a determination, that the Ecclesiastical revenues should be divided into *three* parts; that two of these should be given to the ejected Popish Clergy; and that the other part should be divided between the Court and the Protestant Ministry! The persons appointed to modify the stipends were disposed to gratify the Queen; and the sums allotted to the Ministers were as ill paid as they were paltry and inadequate." "Weall!" (exclaimed Knox, when he heard of this *disgraceful* arrangement,) "if the end of this ordour, pretendit to be taken for sustentation of the Ministers, be happie, my jugement failes me. I see twa partis freelie gevin to the Devill, and the third mon be devyded betwix God and the Devill. Quho wald have thocht, that quhen Joseph reulled in Egypt, his brethren sould have travellit for victualles, and have returned with emptie sackes unto their families? O happie servants of the Devill, and miserabill servants of Jesus Christ, if after this lyf thair wer not hell and heaven!" (Pp. 249–250, M'Crie's Hist.)

Such were the sentiments and feelings of the Reformer respecting this provision from the *thirds*. In his history, Knox is uncommonly severe upon the persons who were appointed to modify this paltry stipend. With a contemptuous sneer, he says, "So busie and circumspect wer the *modificators*, (because it was a new office, the term must also be new,) that the Ministers sould not be *overwantoun*, that *an hundreth merks* was sufficient to a single man, being a common Minister, *thre hundreth merks* was the heist apoynted to any except the superintendents, and a few utheris."—Knox's Hist. p. 301. "Wishart of Pittarow, who was Comptroller of the modification, *pinched*," he says, "the Ministers so much, that it became a proverb."—"*The gude laird of Pettaro was an ernest professor of Christ, bot the mekill devill receave the Comtroller!*"*

This painful situation of the Clergy continued till 1606, when a modified Episcopacy was again restored. Then a war commenced betwixt the Titulars and Bishops on the one hand, and the Bishops and Parochial Clergy on the other. The Bishops wished to have the church-lands restored, with the tithes, which the Titulars, or Lords of Erection, refused to do, with scorn, complaining of their insolence, and prelatic pride. To support the Parochial Clergy, however, under this new order of things, the Bishops were laid under a discretionary obligation to provide a maintenance for them out of the Teinds. But they never had the discretion to do this. A vast proportion of the Parochial Clergy were thus left unprovided for, while those of them who were Beneficiaries in their own right, had their stipends curtailed by tacks of their tithes to their patrons, which they were obliged to give, in return for the presentation to their Benefices. These simoniacal practices were as common and notorious, in those days, as the sale of votes, or the purchase of Boroughs, for a seat in Parliament, in the present. Yet so powerful was the influence of patrons then, that the church durst hardly declare it simony, and when she did do so, the Nobles and the Patrons disregarded it.

This state of things lasted till 1617. In that year, the miserable condition of the Clergy, and the frequency of their just complaints, roused the Legislature, and means were resolved on to provide for their adequate support. A commision, therefore, was appointed; it was to sit only for a year,—and little or nothing was done. The Titulars took alarm. Obstacles were thrown in the way of the Commissioners; and fearing that their privileges might shortly be taken from them, Titulars became more avaricious, and, whilst they starved the Clergy, they oppressed the land-owner. The Commision granted in 1621 did not mend matters; loud and reiterated

* Burns was a great admirer of Knox. Might he not have taken from this the hint of his song—"The Deil's run awa' wi' the Exciseman?"

complaints were therefore sent up to the King; and, when Charles I. came down to Scotland, to redress grievances, he found it, as to the tithes, in a situation almost exactly similar to that of Ireland at the present day. The Clergy, the Gentry, and their tenantry,—all were oppressed by the Titulars.

This state of things is admirably depicted by Charles I. himself. We shall give it in the King's own words. After mentioning some other causes of discontent, he says,—"We having daily heard the grievous complaints of many of our subjects of that kingdom, of all sorts, especially of the Gentry, and their farmers, who paid their tithes to the Nobility, or such others whom they, in that kingdom, call Lords of Erection, or Laick Patrons, here, in England, we call Impropriators; how that in leading, or gathering of their tythes, these Lords and Laick Patrons did use and practise the uttermost of that severity which the law alloweth them,—how they would not gather their tythes when the owners of the corn desired them, but when it pleased themselves; by which means, the owners, by the unseasonableness of the weather, were many times damnified to the loss of their whole stock, or most part of it (the law of that kingdom being in that point so strict, as no owner may carry away his *nine* parts, or any part of them, until the proprietary of the tythes have set out his *tenth* part): As, likewise, understanding, at the same time, the *deplorable* estate of the Ministers of that our kingdom, in the point of maintainance, how that they received *no* tythes in their parishes, but some *poor pittance*, either by way of a stipendiary benevolence, or else some mean allowance from these Lords of Erections, or Laick Patrons, *unworthy* of the Ministers of the Gospel, and which exposed them to all manner of contempt, and a base dependence upon their Patrons,—We, at the instance and humble petition, not of a *few*, but of the *whole*, Clergy, and, with them, of the whole payers of tythes of that kingdom, began to take *three* things into our serious consideration:—*1st*, The wretched state of the Clergy, for want of maintainance:—*Next*, the hard usage, and great oppression, of all the Laity that paid tythes, from the owners of them:—*Thirdly*, a very important point of state, viz. That it was not fit that such a considerable part of our subjects as all the Ministers, who have power over the consciences of the rest, and all the payers of tythes, who are the far greatest part of the kingdom, should have their dependence on the Nobility, or other Laick Patrons; the one for their livelihood and maintainance; the other, not only for fear of having their corns lost or endangered, for not carrying them, in due season, which was, by the law, in the power of these owners of tythes, which power, they were sure, they would exercise upon them, if they should at any time displease them, or not adhere to them upon all occasions, good or bad: But likewise, because these Lords, owners of the tythes, and also ABBEY lands, were likewise, for the most part, *superior* to those who paid them, but were so altogether, to those who held the Abbey land of them by way of Vassalidge, and so by these very terms, were to perform all service and attendance to these Lords their superiors, whensoever they should require it of them."

These considerations, together with regret for the great loss which the revenue of the Crown had suffered by the grants of his father, made Charles execute, soon after his accession, a revocation of all grants of Church lands, or of teinds, made by his father, and afterwards, bring an action of reduction of all grants made before and after the Act of Annexation.

This created great heats and animosities. Persons of the highest rank and influence in the kingdom were defenders in this action. After various communings on the subject of these proceedings, however, it was agreed to refer the whole to the decision of his Majesty, by way of arbitration. Commissioners were appointed for fixing the value of the tithes, at so many years' purchase; rating the superiorities in the same way, and ordering Ministers' stipends to be augmented, and a "minimum" fixed, so that the incumbent should not any more be enforced to be a slave to his

Patron. This being done, and after a full hearing of all parties interested, viz. the Lords of Erection, and their tacksmen,—the land-holders, who wished to purchase their tithes, or to have them valued,—the Bishops and inferior Clergy,—and the Commissioners from the Royal Burghs;—after all these were heard, and had submitted themselves to the King's arbitration, his Majesty, in 1628, pronounced *four several Decrees Arbitral*, which were afterwards enforced and confirmed by various acts of Parliament.

A greater boon than this was never conferred by any Prince upon a nation; but it ultimately led Charles to the scaffold. The Nobility, Lords of Erection, and Titulars of the Teinds, finding their power diminished, their superiorities completely taken away, and the Clergy and Laity, formerly ruled by them, freed from a galling and dangerous dependence, began to murmur,—to hold private meetings,—and to vent their dislike at the King's revocation. In due time, their discontent broke out in open sedition, and in a few years thereafter, they joined their arms with Cromwell's. Charles found, when it was too late, that it was dangerous to meddle with the Church, the tithes, and the Lay Impropriators; and that it was fatal to deprive subjects of rights and privileges which they had long enjoyed. The King also lost the support of the Scotch Nobility by this step, and afterwards, for want of that support, his crown and his life! But the sacrifice was not too dear.

The article in these *Decrees Arbitral*, respecting the valuation and sale of Teinds, at certain rates, by commissioners appointed for that purpose, was most beneficial for Scotland. This valuation was ordered to be at the *fifth* part of the yearly rents; and the sale to be fixed at *six* years purchase of said *fifth*, for the Teinds of the *Titulars*, and at *nine* years purchase for those vested in other *Lay Proprietors*.

This decree of valuation fixed the amount of teinds on said lands, in all time coming, but at a sum *in money*, continually depreciating in value; so that whatever improvements might afterwards be made on said lands, and however much the produce of these lands, with their rentals, might be increased, still the land-holder could never be obliged to pay out of his lands one farthing more than the fifth part of their valuation in money, when they were valued, either to the Clergyman or the Titular.

This valuation was probably made in 1633; (and it is believed, that, if not *all*, the most part of the land in Scotland was valued betwixt this period and 1640;) yet, notwithstanding all the improvements and rise in rents since that period, the estates then valued are not and cannot be called upon to pay a penny more than the *one-fifth* part of the valuation on the rentals which then existed!!! How different is this from the state in which English and Irish landholders are placed with respect to their tithes! These have to pay, every year, the *tenth* part of their *produce:* no matter how great the price of improvement, or the expences laid out, in order to bring the land into a high state of cultivation, the Clergyman, or Lay Impropriator, is entitled to his *tithe* of the produce! This *burden* on agricultural improvement, and the gradual rise in the price of provisions, to which the Agriculturists of England and Ireland are hourly exposed, by *their* tithe system, Scotland has happily escaped; and the "*Decrees Arbitral*" of Charles I. have placed them, when compared with the land-owners of any other country in Christendom, in a most enviable situation, and which should keep them perfectly silent, though they paid every shilling of their *free-teind* for the maintainance of the Clergy.

This enviable situation will best appear by consulting the prices of victual, about the time of valuation, betwixt 1633 and 1640, as found in the tables of *Sir George Shuckburgh*, —*Evelyn's* Paper in the Philosophical Transactions for 1798, Part I. p. 176,—and *Price's* Tables.

The following table will give an idea of the prices of various articles in 1675—long after the valuation. The prices are all in *Scotch money*—the pound Scots being 1s. 8d. Sterling of the present times:

In 1675, the price of a		*Scots*	
Horse was	£.5	10	0
Ox	3	6	0
Cow	2	17	0
Sheep	0	11	0
Hog	0	14	0
Goose	0	3	0
Hen	0	1	3
Butter, per lb	0	0	4⅓
Cheese, per lb	0	0	2⅓
Beef and Mutton, per lb	0	0	3⅓
Labour, Husbandry, per day	0	0	6⅓
	£.13	3	8

The whole amount of these articles is £.1 1s. 8d. Sterling. Comparing them with the price of the same articles in 1760, the advantages of the land-owners, by this decree of valuation, will be still more clearly seen and appreciated:—

In 1760, the price of a		*Scots*	
Horse was	£.14	0	0
Ox	8	0	0
Cow	7	7	0
Sheep	1	6	0
Hog	1	15	0
Goose	0	5	0
Hen	0	1	10
Butter, per lb	0	0	10
Cheese, per lb	0	0	5⅓
Beef and Mutton, per lb.	0	0	4⅓
Labourer, a-day	0	0	11
	£.33	5	9

This sum is equal to about £.2 15s. 6d. sterling;—thus proving, that the land-holders of Scotland were not paying, on their rentals, above one-twelfth part in 1760.

The reason why produce and rents in Scotland had risen so very little in 1760, is easily discovered; and the same reason which accounts for their being so stationary and fixed, accounts, at the same time, why, from 1633 to 1760, little or no change had taken place in the augmentation of stipends. During that period, rebellion, religious persecution, together with the Revolution, had prevented the people of Scotland from turning their attention to commerce, agriculture, and the arts of peace.

The frenzy of Republicanism, on the one hand, under the Protectorate, and of Episcopalian bigotry and persecution, on the other, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. made Scotland almost a hunting-field. The cruelty of bloody *Claverhouse* and *Dalzel*, and the intolerant spirit of Charles II. and the Bishops, (his admirers), who armed these monsters with fire and faggot, to overturn and destroy the civil and religious liberties of Scotland, cannot be contemplated or recalled, by Scotsmen, but with feelings of deep abhorrence and execration. Amidst these scenes of turbulence, industry and improvement vanished; the ardour for commercial enterprises subsided; and the nation's whole attention was directed to the preservation of public liberty, and the securing of private rights. Through these disastrous means, the whole shipping of Scotland, in 1656, consisted, according to Chalmers, of only ninety-three vessels, carrying 2724 tons, with eighteen barks.

The whole customs, on exports and imports, were only	£ 5,847 0 0
The whole excise on imports, and sale of goods, was	6,783 0 0
The whole excise on ale, spirits, and salt	36,414 0 0
	£.49,044 0 0

This was the whole revenue arising from commerce—and what a wretched picture does it give of this country!

Thirty-nine years after this, in 1695, the Bank of Scotland was established, with a *nominal* capital of £.100,000 Sterling. Of this sum £.30,000 were found sufficient! Branches of it were established at Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Montrose; but their *profits* did not equal their *charges*, and they were, in 1698, three years after their establishment, withdrawn.

The Union gave a start to the coal-trade, the manufacturers of linen, and the fisheries; and in 1711, the Post-office was first established. But all this rising prosperity was checked by the rebellion in 1715; and what revival took place in the trade of linens, and the exportation of corn, betwixt this and the rebellion in 1745, was all annihilated by the calamities and misery in which that insurrec-

tion involved the country. During the nine months of this rebellion, the many who suffered, the multitude of families who were ruined, and the number of the great estates which were forfeited, sunk the spirit of the country, and interrupted its career of industry.

The year 1750 saw the country revive, and a new impulse given to her exertions. But the war with America threw her back again, and spread dismay and despondency among her merchants. The year 1782 (the end of the American war) beheld this nation in great depression. Her finances were wasted, her resources exhausted, and the spirit of the people had fallen. But it fell only to rise with more than wonted energy. Through a noble magnanimity, and a determined and firm resolution of the nation to overcome difficulties, she soon restored her affairs,—settled her debts,—filled her Exchequer,—established a sinking fund,—and, by wise measures, strengthened the credit, and supported the glory of the nation.

The value of all the cargoes exported from Scotland in 1754 was...£. 670,000
in 1774 it was...1,372,143

In 1656, the whole shipping and tonnage of Scotland, as we have seen, consisted of ninety-three vessels, carrying only 2724 tons, with eighteen barks—111 in all.

Tonnage of the same, in 1656	2,724 tons.
In 1784, at Greenock *alone*, there were	436 vessels.
And the tonnage of them	38,015 tons.
In 1806-7 the number of vessels at Greenock was	2,111
And the tonnage of them	160,552 tons.

The whole customs and excise on exports and imports, and sale of goods, ale, spirits, and salt, were, we have seen, in 1656, only	L.19,044 0 0
While the revenue, from customs, and excise, from the County of Renfrew *alone*, in 1810, were	1,162,301 0 3

It is impossible to shew in a clearer and more satisfactory light, the different situations of Scotland, its deep adversity, and its growing prosperity, than by the above facts, which are found in Chalmers's Caledonia, and Wilson's Survey of the County of Renfrew: and it is impossible to read them, and not to discover the reason, why, for more than a century, that is, from 1633 to 1750, or rather to 1784, the stipends of the Clergy continued almost stationary; while after 1784, large augmentations became essentially necessary, provided the Church of Scotland was to be upheld, and to be of any real efficiency to the country, to the religious and moral improvement of the people, and the support of the laws.

The provision made for the Scotch Clergy, and the amount of it at different periods, will be best learned from the Acts of Parliament in 1561, 1582, 1617, 1633, 1707, 1789, and 1807. The Commisions of Parliament, betwixt 1633 and 1707, added little to the stipends, as in all their augmentations they seldom, if ever, increased a stipend above the "minimum" fixed in 1633. The same rule was adhered to by the Court of Teinds, after 1707. In no instance is it known that they went above the "maximum" of ten chalders; and when the General Assembly, in 1750, resolved that there should be an alteration in the "minimum" of stipends, owing to the changes in the times, we find Lords Napier and Shewalton, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Advocate, the Lord President, with a great number of gentlemen, entering their dissent. In 1791, notwithstanding the judgments given in the cause of *Kirkdon and Dingwal*—judgments so favourable to the Church and her Ministers, and which opened the court-doors for *repeated* augmentations—the General Assembly was still anxious to obtain a legislative enactment, which should prevent the frequent recurrence of applications to the Court of Teinds for augmentation, and fix at once a rule for the regulation of that part of the business. Accordingly, in 1792, a bill was framed for settling this matter, and moved in the House of Com-

mons that year, by the then Lord Advocate; but it met with the most strenuous opposition from the Heritors and the Scotch Members in the House. Regardless of every assurance, that, by opposing it, they stood in their own light, they still persevered, and the Lord Advocate was under the necessity of giving it up. The distance, in point of time, between one augmentation and another, was fixed, in that bill, at forty years; yet this great distance, so highly favourable to the Heritors, was keenly opposed. Indeed, in every case, the Clergy have met with the same opposition, and, notwithstanding the enviable situation in which they were placed by the *Decrees Arbitral*, in every instance almost, where augmentations of stipends are concerned, they have been as much opposed as if any additional allowance to the Clergy was robbing Heritors of their *own*, or taking away from them their very existence.

The opposition of the Heritors to the bill proposed in 1792, led instantly, almost, the whole Clergy of Scotland into the Court of Teinds. That Court received their applications, listened to the prayer of their petitions, and, in about seventeen years—from 1790 to 1807—granted augmentations to 828 Clergymen; amounting, in all, to about £.45,000 Sterling annually, and which, divided among 828, was about £.54 Sterling a-piece. Trifling as this sum was, to *each* Minister, and still more trifling as it was to *all* the landed gentlemen in Scotland, they set up a *hue* and *cry*, not only against the avarice of the Clergy, but against the oppression of the Court of Teinds itself, which was attacked at county meetings, in the Newspapers, and in a Pamphlet, written under the eye of Heritors, and circulated by their Agents, with great industry. Accordingly, when the case of the Minister of *Preston-Kirk* came on, in 1807, the *Earl of Wemyss*, who opposed it, was joined by the Heritors; and the *jurisdiction* of the Court of Teinds was challenged, after two consecutive judgments by the House of Lords in favour of the Clergy, and *seventeen* years' practice in granting *second* augmentations. But notwithstanding the deceitful views in this exaggerated Pamphlet, and the resolutions entered into by country gentlemen in some counties, and the heats, and animosities, and management, in order to have a sentence awarded in their favour, the Court did its duty nobly, and pronounced, on the 3d February 1808, an interlocutor, sustaining its jurisdiction to grant second augmentations, and decerning, "that the present case must be allowed to proceed as *usual*."

Finding, from this judgment, no advantage, and adopting the hints of the Court, as to the necessity of a legislative enactment, the Heritors lost no time in preparing a bill for extending the period for augmentations, and fixing the stipends to be paid by the *Fiars*. This bill, and its consequences, we shall leave to be considered by and by, and proceed, as was proposed, to say a few words.

II. With regard to the numbers of the Clergy, in 1582, 1633, 1750, and 1822.

These four periods may be deemed quite sufficient. Till 1582, it was not easy to ascertain the number of the Clergy. In the first General Assembly, the Members were only forty, and of these, six were Ministers. But the Protestant Religion having that year been established, many of the Popish Incumbents, who were as much attached to their livings as to their former [illegible], came over to Protestantism; and in 1582, the numbers of the Protestant Parochial Clergy amounted to about 400. This number was increased on the return of Prelacy, in 1606, and betwixt that and 1617; but the whole was then nearly the same as in 1633, when they amounted to about 640 of all classes. From this period, down to the Revolution, it is impossible to ascertain their number. The triumph of Presbytery was not achieved till 1649, and the Restoration of Charles II. soon turned, by his furious persecution, her Ministers out of the churches, which they filled to the delight and satisfaction of the people. Of their exact numbers at the Union, we have at hand no account. It is probable that they then did not amount to above 700, for in the Acts of the General As-

sembly, we find a great many Parishes in the Highlands where there were no Ministers, and many places where there were no kirks; but where kirks were ordered to be built, and the vacant parishes to be supplied. In 1750, the number of Ministers was 833, and in 1822, 956, of which 33 are in Collegiate Charges. The number of Ministers in the Burghs will be about 118, some of whom are partly provided for from the Burgh funds, and partly from the Teinds; while others of them, like Edinburgh and Glasgow, are provided for entirely from the funds of the Burghs. According to this, the number that derive their stipends *chiefly* from the Teinds will be about 838 in all, exclusive of assistants, who have nothing to do with the Teinds. To these 956 parishes, add 46 Chapels of Ease, and you have the whole Ecclesiastical Establishment of the Church of Scotland, amounting, in all, to 1,002 Clergymen or thereby *.

III. Such being the number of the Scotch Clergy in these different periods, let us next see what was the amount of the stipends, or provision, that was made for them, at different times, by the state, that we may thus form an accurate idea of the burden which the Clergy have been to the country since the Reformation. And here, in *cheapness*, Presbytery triumphs over all other Churches.

The *first* provision made for the Protestant Clergy of Scotland was in 1561. This, as we have seen, was a *part* of the *third* of all the Popish benefices; the amount of which it is impossible to ascertain, as it could never be collected fairly, by the Popish Incumbents not only under-rating it, *intentionally*, but often withholding it altogether.

Before this, the Protestant Clergy were few in number. But when the first Book of Discipline (which was formed in this year) was known and approved of by a great party of the Nobility, and when it was found, that it allowed the Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and other Prelates and beneficed men, who had already joined themselves to the reformed kirk, to "*bruik*" (enjoy) their revenues and benefices, during their lifetime, on their sustaining and upholding the Ministers,—when this was known, many of the Parochial Clergy became Proselytes to the new doctrines, and, among the first, the Bishops and Abbots. The whole amount which the Parochial Clergy, at this time, (1562), asked, as an adequate stipend, was 40 bolls of meal, and 26 bolls of malt.

But this small stipend was refused them. The Bishops were as bad as the Titulars. They neglected their engagement, already noticed; and, by various ways, contrived to put the *thirds* to their own use. The clamours and actual distress of the Parochial Clergy then produced the statute 1582.

The provisions of this statute were the following. It divided the country into four different classes of Parishes. It gave yearly,

To 100 Parishes,	£.400	0	0	Scots, equal to	£.33	6	8	Sterling.
To 200 ———	200	0	0	———	16	13	4	———
To 100 ———	100	0	0	———	8	6	8	———
To 100 ———	66	13	6	———	5	11	1⅓	———

The *Dignitaries* formed a *fifth* class, whose incomes were not noticed. The whole burden of the Parochial Clergy, or of these four classes, amounted, therefore, annually, to £.76,161 12s. 4d. Scots; or, in Sterling money, to £.6,056 3s. 6d. This was the whole sum, legally allotted by statute for their maintenance: yet this, small as it was, was not realized; and the statute became, in a great measure, nugatory.

Whilst such were the stipends allotted to the Parochial, or Country Clergy, in 1582, the stipends for the Ministers of Edinburgh consisted of the following gradations:

* There may be an error of one or two in this calculation, but that is the most of it.

The 1st Minister of Edinburgh had only, per year, the sum of.....	£.400	0	0	Scots, or	£.33	6	8	Sterling.
The 2d had.....	333	6	8	—— or	27	15	6½	——
The 3d had.....	200	0	0	—— or	16	13	4	——
The 4th had	40	0	0	—— or	3	6	8	——
Annual Stipends of Edinburgh.....	£.973	6	8		£.81	2	2½	

By Act 1594, c. 199, a right was given to the incumbents to draw the Teinds of their respective Parishes; but this Act was also rendered void by the Acts formerly noticed. The restoration of Prelacy, in 1606, did not mend the matter; and it was only in 1617 that a more positive statute was passed.

That Act fixed the "minimum" and "maximum" of stipends; the former at five chalders of victual, or 500 merks, or £.27 15s. 6⅔d.; and the latter at ten chalders, or 1000 merks, equal to £.55 11s. 1d. Sterling.

The "minimum" was rarely exceeded; and the whole 640 Parishes might be fairly taken at the "minimum," and below it; for, in truth, not above *two-thirds* of stipends were realized, by even the most favoured of the Parochial Clergy. Taking the *medium*, however, of the "minimum" and "maximum," as the correct criterion, the amount of stipends, in those days, would be 750 merks to *each* minister, or 480,000 merks—in all, equal to £.26,766 Sterling.

By Act of Parliament 1633, the *lowest* proportion, for a Minister's stipend, was eight chalders of victual, or 800 merks, equal to £.44 8s. 10d. Sterling; but no "maximum" was fixed. Taking, then, 800 merks, multiplied by 640, they give 512,000 merks, or £.28,332 13s. 4d. Sterling, of our present money, for the stipends of 1633.

In 1649, when Presbytery triumphed, these eight chalders of victual were made the *lowest* stipend, and were ordered to be paid, *according to the measure stated in the Act of Parliament* 1617, *which was the measure of the County where the Parish lay, and not the Linlithgow measure*; and "where victual could not be had conveniently, *three* chalders of victual, and money for the other *five* chalders, was to be paid, at a conversion, not exceeding an hundred pounds, nor being beneath an hundred merks for each chalder of victual of the said *five*."

This was a considerable rise in the livings of the Clergy. The reason given for it then was, "the depreciation of money; or, rather, the prices of every thing having been so exceedingly altered and heightened, that stipends formerly provided for Ministers do altogether prove ineffectual for their maintenance."

After the Restoration, Charles II. annulled this statute, and the stipends, as regulated by the Act 1633, continued, with trifling augmentations, till 1750. By this time the Teind Court, having given one augmentation, since the Union, to almost all the Parishes in Scotland, considered their powers exhausted, and themselves as "*functi officio*" with regard to granting second augmentations. The General Assembly, as stated, took up the matter; and having made out the number of the Parishes, and their stipends, resolved to go to Parliament for relief. The document is curious. It is found in the Index to the Acts of the Assembly of that year, and is as under:

Benefices in 1750.—*Number* 833.

No.	Stipends.			
1	under			£.25
3	above	£.25	and not higher than	30
12	——	30	——	35
25	——	35	——	40
126	——	40	——	45
126	——	45	——	50
84	——	50	——	55
119	——	55	——	60
94	——	60	——	65
119	——	65	——	70
94	——	60	——	65
119	——	65	——	70
38	——	70	——	75
27	——	75	——	80
22	——	80	——	85
7	——	85	——	90
9	——	90	——	95
12	——	95	——	100
3	——	100	——	105
2	——	105	——	110
8	——	110	——	115
16	of £.138 17s. 9⅘d. each!			
833				

"The total of these benefices," say the Committee of General Assembly, anent augmentation of the stipends of Ministers, amounted to £.50,266 15s. $5\frac{1}{12}$d., "after deducting what is allowed for Communion Elements," which form no part of stipends: and, farther, they state, that "in these are included stipends that are not paid out of the tithes; that sixty-five are under the present legal "*minimum*" of 800 merks, or £.44 8s. $10\frac{2}{3}$d. Sterling; and that 179 Parishes had no allowance for Communion Elements at all, and which, out of their paltry stipends, they had to pay for the behoof of the whole parish!

The same Committee found, "that, by a calculation of the tithes in *Scotland*, not affected by Ministers' stipends, the same amounted to near £.60,000 sterling a-year;" and which sixty thousand a-year, in truth and in reality, belong, not to the landowners, but to the Clergy, and were, at said valuations, set apart, by law, expressly for this purpose, the decent and comfortable support of the Clergy.

These facts demonstrate the preceding views given in this article, viz. that the stipends of Scotland, from 1629, to 1750, a period of *one hundred and twenty* years, had *not* risen *generally* above the "minimum" of 1633; that the Court of Teinds considered this "minimum" as the *rule* to go by: and, hence, when the Assembly, in 1750, resolved to apply to Parliament, at their next meeting, for relief, by praying an "*alteration of the Minimum Stipend*," the Nobility Gentry, and Law Officers of the Crown, took the alarm; and when the vote in the Assembly carried, "Approve of the last article in the Committee's report," which last article was the alteration in the "Minimum;" the Right Honourable the *Lord Napier*, for himself, and in name of all who should adhere to him, entered his dissent, craving he might be allowed to give in the reasons thereof in due time: to which dissent the following members adhered, viz. The Right Honourable the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Advocate, the Lord President, Lord Shewalton, Mr James Erskine, Mr George Sinclair of Ulbster, Mr Gilbert Elliot, Mr James Ker of Morison," with a number of others. Such was the state of stipends in 1750.

It is instructive to the politician and statesman to look back and compare the state of the Clergy at these different periods. The Medium Stipend, in 1617, of 750 merks, to 640 Clergymen, was equal to £.26,766 Sterling. Had there been *then*, as in 1750, no fewer than 833 Clergymen, it would have amounted to £.34,048 19s. 2d.; and which, deducted from £.50,266 15s. $5\frac{1}{12}$d. the amount of stipends in 1750 would leave £.16,217 16s. $3\frac{1}{12}$d., as the sum-total of augmentation to Clergymen, from 1617, to 1750; which, divided among 833 Clergymen, would give to each of them £.19 9s. $5\frac{6}{12}$d. a-year! This, at the very utmost, would be all that they received: and yet these *nineteen* pounds and a fraction, formed the mighty load which the landholders in each parish were called on to bear, for *one hundred and thirty-three years!* that is, from 1617 to 1750. No fewer than one hundred and six Ministers had then their stipends not above £.45 Sterling a-year, and 126 had stipends not above £.50 a-year; whilst *forty* Ministers had stipends below £.40 a-year. Yet, whilst all this was the fact, Lord Napier, and those who adhered to him, would not consent to petition Parliament for an alteration in the minimum of 800 merks, or £.44 8s. 10d. sterling, the whole living of those Clergymen!

This opposition, and the opposition to the proceedings of the General Assembly in 1791, and to the bill framed by the Lord Advocate on these proceedings in 1792, which the landholders strenuously opposed, made the Clergy lay aside all thoughts of a Parliamentary enactment, in order to regulate augmentations. But the £.45,000 Sterling, which the Court of Teinds, from 1790 to 1807, had taken out of their pockets, and the dread that all the *valued* Teinds would, in a little, be taken away, made the Heritors, of themselves, frame a bill, in 1808, which, with the consent of the Clergy, passed, that year, into a law, and which now regulates stipends. This bill, as noticed, put the Clergy and land-holders on the

County *Fiars;* and the augmentations granted on this new bill, while commanded to be modified in rental, are to be made payable, according to the *highest fiar prices* of the county where the Parish lies, and where different fiars "HAVE BEEN, OR SHALL BE STRUCK," by the Sheriff in said county, or district. The Court of Teinds have accordingly modified stipends agreeably to the bill; sometimes appointing the *barley* to be paid according to the measure of the Linlithgow boll, at other times, according to the *highest* fiar prices of the county. Of this we shall speak when we come to consider the fiars, with the modes of striking of them; and we shall then attempt to shew, that the "*understanding*" of the court, that victual stipends of all kinds fall to be regulated and paid according to the Linlithgow weight and measure, and *not* according to any other or *local* standard, is *wrong*, and, in our humble apprehension, as unfounded and unwarrantable as the opinions of their predecessors who held, for about eighty years, the opinion, that a stipend, *once* augmented since the Union, could not be augmented a *second* time, if every thing was *fair* in that augmentation. The *Lord Chancellor Thurlow*, in the House of Lords, corrected this understanding; and we trust the Court of Teinds will see good reasons for correcting its "*understanding*" and opinion, as to the Linlithgow standard being applicable, under *this* bill, to the payment of Ministers' stipends.

Be that as it may, we at present pass it over, to consider what now may be the amount of stipends paid to the Clergy in 1821 and 1822. This can only be accurately ascertained by having recourse to the Clerk of the Teind Office, who can exhibit the amount of all the stipends in Scotland, and by extracts of the fiars struck in the different counties. In the absence of these, however, we shall proceed upon a general, or hypothetical rule, which will serve all practical purposes, and lead to a tolerably correct notion of the amount of the stipends of the Scotch Clergy.

We assume it as a fact, that the £.10,000 Sterling, granted by Government for the enlarging of the small stipends in those parishes where the Teinds were exhausted, and did not amount to £.150 a-year, are all annually divided among them. For an exact list of those Clergymen who have their stipends made up to £.150 out of this £.10,000, the Clerk of Exchequer may be consulted. He can give it to a farthing.

Taking, therefore, £.150 as the "minimum," and £.300 as the medium of all stipends above £.150, the average stipends for Scotland will be £.225 a-year to each Clergyman, which is above the truth in 1821 and 1822, rather than below it. But £.225 multiplied by 956, the number of Ministers, gives £.215,100 Sterling.

Deduct, from this, the	L.10,000	
And Stipends of Burgh Members	26,550	£.36,550

And the Total amount of Parochial Stipends is.....L.178,550 a-year.

This is all that affects the landed interest; and is this a sum to make a noise about in Parliament—a sum which two or three Irish Bishops would think lightly of, and which the dignified Clergy of England would, for themselves alone, find scarcely adequate for the support of their rank? And yet this all that is allowed for the support of the Clergy of Scotland!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr William Daniel will publish, in the course of the present season, the seventh volume of his Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain. It will comprise the range of coast from the Nore to Weymouth; and in the eighth volume, which will be the last, the Voyage will be prosecuted to the Land's End, where, in the year 1813, this arduous undertaking was commenced.

Sir Everard Home, Bart. will shortly publish a third volume of Lectures on comparative Anatomy.

Preparing for publication, in two volumes, 12mo., Wine and Walnuts, or After-dinner Chit Chat, by a Cockney Greybeard.

Major Long's Explanatory Travels to the Rocky Mountains of America, will appear in a few days, in three volumes, 8vo, illustrated with maps and plates.

Dr Pring, of Bath, has in the press, an Exposition of the Principles of Pathology, and of the Treatment of Diseases.

Mr J. H. Wiffen has in the press, a Translation in English Verse of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the "Prince of Castilian Poets," with a critical and historical Essay on the rise, progress, decay, and revival, of Spanish Poetry, and a life and portrait of the author.

In a few weeks will appear, Fables for the Holy Alliance, with other poems, &c. by Thomas Brown the Younger.

Shortly will be published, the second volume of Body and Soul.

A poem, entitled the Judgment of Hubert, is about to make its appearance.

In a few days will be published, a second edition of Fifteen Years in India, or Sketches of a Soldier's Life, being an attempt to describe persons and things in various parts of Hindostan, from the Journal of an Officer in his Majesty's service.

Immediately will be published, illustrated with numerous cases and engravings, a Practical Treatise on the Symptoms, Causes, Discrimination, and Treatment, of some of the most important Complaints that affect the Secretion and Excretion of the Urine; by John Howship, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

The author of "the Student's Manual," &c. will shortly publish, the Parent's Latin Grammar; to which is prefixed, an original Essay on the Formation of Latin Verbs; by J. B. Gilchrist, L.L.D.

The second volume of Mitchell's Methodical Cyclopædia will not be ready till the 31st of March; but it will afterwards proceed with periodical regularity. It will comprise Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology.—A second edition of the first volume is published.

Mr Lewis, late of Coventry, is preparing a History of Political Martyrs in the cause of Parliamentary Reform.

In the spring will be published, the Art of Valuing Rents and Tillage, explaining the manner of valuing the tenant's right on entering and quitting farms in Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties, adapted for the use of landlords, land-agents, appraisers, farmers, and tenants; by J. S. Bayldon.

A gentleman, long known to the literary world, is engaged on the lives of Corregio and Parmegiano.

Mr Joplin is about to publish, Outlines of a System of Political Economy, written with a view to prove to government and the country, that the cause of the present agricultural distress is entirely artificial, and to suggest a plan for the management of the currency, by which it may be remedied now, and a recurrence of similar evils prevented in future.

A Treatise on Mental Derangement, being the substance of the Gulstonian Lectures delivered in the Royal College of Physicians, in May 1822, by Francis Willis, M.D. is in the press.

Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, are preparing for publication. No. I. of this work will appear on the 1st of April, and will contain seven engravings of St Paul's Cathedral, the new entrance to the House of Lords, the Temple Church, and the Custom House, with two sheets of letter-press.

Illustrations, Graphic and Literary, of Fonthill Abbey, by Mr Britton, is announced for publication early in April, and will contain twelve engravings, instead of nine, as originally promised.

Dr Carey has in the press, the Comedies of Plautus, in continuation of "the Regent's Pocket Classics."

The author of "the Cavalier," &c. has a new novel in the press, entitled, the King of the Peak.

The third volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay is just ready for publication.

Shortly will be published, Memoirs and Select Remains of Miss Mary Shenston, who died July 2d, 1822, in her 18th year, by her brother and sister.

The Ettrick Shepherd has a new romance in the press, entitled the Perils of Woman.

Speedily will be published, an Historical Essay upon the Art of Painting on Glass, from its earliest introduction into England by Cimabue to the present day. In which will be described, *seriatim*, the heraldic emblazonings and portraits upon the principal painted windows in Fonthill Abbey, with an engraving representing the southern oriel in St Michael's Gallery: the proper absence of Grecian and Roman sculpture in that princely mansion will also come under consideration. Backler's painted window for the Duke of Norfolk, that in the library of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. at Stourhead, some of the tasteful performances of those ingenious artists, the Pearsons and others, will receive every attention: together with remarks on historical painting in oil; by T. Adams, jun. Shaftesbury.

The Christian Philosopher, or the Connexion of Science with Religion, is preparing for the press, by T. Dick.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the entire Works of Demosthenes and Æschines; with the Greek Text selected from the different editions which have been published of the whole or part of their Works; a Latin Interpretation; the Greek Scholia; the Notes of various Commentators digested, and put under the Text; the various Readings collated; and copious Indices.

*** The Notes of Reiske have not been incorporated, but are printed in a subsequent part of the Work. Reiske's Text has never been adopted; but it has been collated throughout with the texts selected, and the Variations placed immediately under the Text of the New Edition. Taylor's Text has likewise been collated in all those Orations in which it has not been used, and the Variations similarly placed.

Totius Latinitatis Lexicon, consilio et cura Jacobi Facciolati, opera et studio Ægidii Forcellini Alumni Seminarii Patavini, Lucubratum. Editio Nova, Prioribus Auctior et Emendatior. Edidit Anglicanoque in Italicæ interpretationis locum substituit J. Bailey, A.B.

Dictionarium Ionicum Græcolatinum, continens Indicem in Omnes Herodoti Libros, a Porto, 8vo. 12s.

Horatii Tursellini, Romani de Particulis Latinæ Orationis libellus utilissimus, post curas Jacobi Thomasii et J. C. Schwarzii denuo recognitus et auctus. Editio Nova: in qua Anglica interpretatio in locum Germanicæ nunc demum Substituitur, 1 vol. 8vo.

Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, &c. &c. with important Additions.

EDINBURGH.

Mr Thomas Clark, of Glasgow, is Preparing for publication, "A new System of Chemical Nomenclature; exhibiting, not only the component parts of compound Substances, but also the precise proportion of these parts." The names adopted in this nomenclature are so similar to the present names, as to be easily recognisable by those acquainted with the latter; and at the same time, the simplicity of the plan is such, that any person having a *general* acquaintance with Chemistry, may acquire a knowledge of the whole nomenclature, and with it, of almost all known combinations, by the attentive application of a few hours. The proportions which the nomenclature will exhibit are the equivalent numbers of the bodies; so that, as will be perceived, in addition to the proportions in which simple substances are combined, it will exhibit the proportion of any body, necessary to decompose another, as well as the proportions of compound bodies, requisite for mutual decomposition. It is to be valued, therefore, not only for the facility which it will afford to the acquisition of one of the most essential branches of chemical knowledge, but also for its high practical importance to the operative chemist.

Cardinal Beaton, an Historical Drama, in five Acts. 8vo.

A Pandect of the Writings and Practice of a Century of Surgeons, for the Prevention of Venereal Diseases and Cure of Gonorrhœa, by means which all may obtain, and all may administer. "*Cito et Certe.*" Also, Some Remarks on Strictures of the Urethra. By a Physician. Foolscap 8vo.

History of Suli and of Parga, containing their Chronology and their Wars, particularly those with Ali Pacha, Prince of Greece. Written originally in modern Greek, and Translated into English from the Italian of C. Gherardini of Milan. Post 8vo.

The Italian Wife, a Tragedy, in five Acts. 8vo.

Dr Irving has in the press an enlarged edition of his observations on the Study of the Civil Law.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

Britton's History and Antiquities of the Metropolitical Church of Canterbury, with engravings. 4to. £.3 3s.

Brayley's Views of Ancient Castles, &c. No. 2. 8vo. 4s.—4to. 6s.

The Encyclopedia of Antiquities, No. 2. 4to. 5s.

Transactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, Vol. II. Part II. 4to. £.2 2s.

ARCHITECTURE.

First Sitting of the Committee on the proposed Monument to Shakspeare. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Second Letter to John Soane, Esq. on the Subject of New Churches. By an Architect. 3s.

BIBLIOGRAHY.

Brown and Co.'s Catalogue of Books on sale at Aberdeen.

Supplement to Longman's Catalogue of Old Books for 1822. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Public Characters of all Nations, consisting of Biographical Accounts of 3000 Living Personages, with 150 portraits. 3 vols. 18mo. £.2 2s.

Memoirs of the Life of C. A. Stothart, F.S.A. By Mrs. Charles Stothart. 8vo. 15s.

Lives of Eminent Men, Vol. II. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Lives of the Scottish Poets. 3 vols. 18mo. 18s.

Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Madame Campane. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 8s.

The Cabinet of Portraits: with Biographical Sketches. By R. Scott, Esq. Part I. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Novus Thesaurus Philologicocriticus: sive Lexicon in LXX. et Reliquos Interpretes Græcos, ac Scriptores Apocryphos Veteris Testamenti, Post Bielium et Alios Viros Doctos congessit et edidit J. Fried. Schleusner. 3 thick vols. 8vo. £.4 4s.

*** In this Edition many typographical errors, particularly in the Greek and Hebrew quotations, have been corrected; and the references to the chapters and verses, which in the foreign edition are very inaccurate, have been carefully amended. Professor Schleusner's German Explanations of particular words uniformly have English Translations attached to them: and to the third volume there is appended an Index of all the Hebrew words occurring in the work: together with a collation of verses and chapters, as set out respectively in the editions of the Greek Septuagint, superintended by Wechel and Bos. The former of these will, in a great measure, supply the place of a Hebrew Lexicon. This Appendix, which nearly fills three hundred pages, is not to be found in the Leipsic Edition.

Herodoti Operi, Græce, edidit Schweighæuser. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 1s.

*** This Edition contains the Life of Homer, and the *Ecloga* from *Ctesias*, which have been usually omitted in reprints from Schweighæuser's Herodotus. The *Glossæ Herodoteæ* are added, and the *Geographiæ Herodoteæ* of Bredow, Hennicke, and Frommichen; as also the *Scholia*, *Variæque Lectiones e Codice Palatino* N. 129. appended to the *Commentationes Herodoteæ* of Creuzer, and a *Tabula Chronologica* from Larcher.

Æschinis et Demosthenis de Corona, Orationes, Græce; cum notis Variorum, Wolfii, H. Stepani, Brodæi, Palmerii, Taylori, Marklandi, Stockii, Harlesii, Augeri, Wunderlichii, Aliorumque congestis edidit G. S. D. A. M. Textui, qui Bekkeri est, Apposita est Lectio, tum Taylorana. 8vo. 9s.

Demosthenis et Æschinis de Falsa Legatione, Orationes Adversariæ, Græce. 8vo. 9s.

*** On the same plan as the last.

Demosthenis adversus Leptinem Oratio, Græce. 8vo. 6s.

*** On the same plan.

Demosthenis contra Midiam Oratio, Græce. 8vo. 6s.

*** On the same plan.

Cicero de Republicâ, e codice Vaticano descripsit Angelus Maius. 8vo. 12s.

Hayes's Catalogue of Greek and Latin Classics. 2s.

Schutz's Eschylus, new edit. 3 vols. 8vo. £.2 2s.

The Odyssey of Homer; translated into English Prose, with notes, by a Member of the University of Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 1s.

DRAMA.

The Son of Erin, or the Cause of the Greeks: a Play, in five Acts. By a Native of Bengal, George Burges, A.M. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Nigel, or the Crown Jewels: a Play. 8vo. 3s.

Journal of Music and the Drama, No. 1. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Short-hand. By W. Harding, 12 plates. 3s.

The English Master, or Student's Guide to Reasoning and Composition. By Wm. Banks. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Rouillon's French Grammar. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

A Catalogue of Dictionaries, Grammars, and other School-Books.

The Parent's Latin Grammar. By the Author of "the Student's Manual." 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Companion to the same, 2s.

Hints to Mothers on Pestalozzi's System of Education, No. 1. 1s.

FINE ARTS.

Views in Wales, engraved in the best line-manner. By Capt. Batty. No. 1. 5s.

Letters upon the Art of Miniature Painting. By L. Mansion. 12mo. 7s.

HISTORY.

The History of Roman Literature from its earliest Period to the Augustan Age. By John Dunlop, Esq., Author of the "History of Fiction." 2 vols. 8vo.—£.1 11 6d.

The History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature. By F. Bouterwek: translated by Thomasina Ross. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 4s.

Suarro's History of Guatimala; translated by Lieut. Baily. 8vo. 16s.

MATHEMATICS.

Simpson's Fluxions, new edition. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 1s.

MEDICINE.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest; translated from Laennec, by John Forbes, M.D. 8vo. 14s.

Treatise on Inflammation of the Mucous Membrane of the Lungs. By C. Hastings, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A short Account of some of the Hospitals of France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands. By H. W. Carter, M.D. 8vo. 8s.

New View of the Infection of Scarlet Fever. By W. Macmichael, M.D. 8vo. 5s.

Enquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Gravel, Calculus, &c. By W. Prout, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Engravings of the Human Muscles, reduced from the Tables of Albinus. 12mo. 4s.

MISCELLANIES.

The Spirit of Buncle, or the Surprising Adventures of that original and extraordinary Character, John Buncle, Esq. 9s.

The Works of Alexander Pope, with Notes and Illustrations, by Joseph Warton, D. D. and others, 9 vols. 8vo.—£.4 14 6d.

The Encyclopædia, Metropolitana, Part 8. 4to. £.1 1s.

Constantine and Eugene, or an Evening at Mount Vernon. 2s.

Sturm's Reflections, illustrated by engravings. 2 vols. royal 18mo. 18s.

Advice to Young Mothers on the Physical Education of Children. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Crosby's Builder's Price-Book for 1823. 8vo. 4s.

Res Literariæ, or Monthly Journal of Foreign Literature. 8vo. 2s.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

The Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

Russia: forming the sixth division of the World in Miniature. 4 vols. 12mo. £.1 12s.

A Token of Remembrance from a Mother to her Absent Children. 18mo. 2s.

Stories from Roman History. 18mo. 6s.

Ipsiboe; par M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt. 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.

Essays on the Love, the Poetry, and the Character, of Petrarch. By Ugo Foscolo. 8vo. 12s.

Naval and Military Anecdotes. 18mo. 6s.

Zaphna, or the Amulet. By Isabel Hill. 12mo. 5s.

The Peasants of Chamouni. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The Hermit of Dumpton Cave. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A mother's Portrait. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Valperga. By the Author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1s.

Highways and Byeways, or Tales by the Roadside. 8vo. 13s.

Collections and Recollections. By J. Stewart. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Gwenllean, a Tale. By M. G. Lewis 3 vols. £.1 1s.

Philosophical Recreations, Vol. II. 3s

The Encyclopedia of Wit, new edit. 6s.

The Case of Elizabeth Collins. 2s. 6d.

Guilty or Not Guilty; a Tale. 5 vols £.1 10s.

POETRY.

Love, a Poem, in three Parts: to which is added, the Giaour, a Satirical Poem. By E. Elliot, author of "Night," &c. 7s.

Poems on various Subjects. By Helen Maria Williams. 8vo. 12s.

Blossoms. By Robert Millhouse. 2s. 6d.

Thomson's Scottish Melodies, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. £1 1s.

Wallis Vale, and other Poems. By the Author of "the Juvenile Poetical Moralist." 8vo. 5s.

Bythner's Lyra Prophetica. 8vo. £.1.

The Knight's Tale, and the Flower and the Leaf, after Chaucer. By Lord Thurlow. 7s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter to the Rev. R. T. Malthus, being an Answer to the Criticism on Mr. Godwin's work on Population: with an Examination of the Censuses of Great Britain and Ireland. By David Booth. 8vo. 5s.

Credit Pernicious. 1s. 6d.

Impartial and Philosophical Strictures on Parliamentary Reform, the Liberty of the Press, Criminal Jurisprudence, &c. By the Author of "Sketch of a Plan for Suppressing Mendicity," &c.

One Year of the Administration of the Marquess Wellesley in Ireland. 3s. 6d.

Speeches delivered at County Meetings. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Remarks on the Erroneous Principles which led to the new Corn Law. By John Wright, Esq. 1s. 6d.

An Appeal to the Gentlemen of England in behalf of the Church of England. By A. Campbell, A.M. 2s. 6d.

Further Considerations addressed to Lord Liverpool, on the Agricultural Distress. By Lord Stourton. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hints on the Danger of Unsettling the Currency, &c. 1s. 6d.

East and West India Sugar, or a Refutation of the Claims of the West India Colonists. 2s.

A Letter to M. Jean Baptiste Say on Free and Slave Labour. By Adam Hodgson. 2s.

Observations on the present State of Landed Property. By David Lowe, Esq. 2s. 6d.

A Letter to the Proprietors and Occupiers of Land on the Declension of Agricultural Prosperity. By Thomas, Lord Erskine. 8vo. 2s.

Thoughts and Details on the High and Low Prices of the last Thirty Years. By T. Tooke, Esq. F.R.S.

Remarks on the Declaration of the Allied Powers from Verona. By an Englishman. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Letter to the Rev. T. S. Hughes. By E. H. Barker, Esq. Fourth edition. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Letter to the Right Hon. G. Tierney on Reform in Parliament. By J. L. Bicknell, F.R.S. 1s. 6d.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. VII. New Series. Royal 8vo. £.1 11 6d.

A Letter to the Marquess of Lansdowne on the State of the Currency. By Daniel Beaumont Payne, Esq. 1s. 6d.

On the Importance of Educating the Infant Poor. 4s.

A Letter to H. Brougham, Esq. on his Durham Speech, &c. 2s. 6d.

The Case of the Landed Interests, and their Just Claims. 1s. 6d.

The Crisis of Spain. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Five Letters on the Customs, addressed to Sir C. Long.

A Letter to Lord Liverpool on Agricultural Distress. By an old Tory. 8vo. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Sequel to an unfinished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White. 12mo. 4s.

Services at the Ordination of the Rev. James Parsons to the Pastoral Charge of the Church and Congregation assembling in Lendal Chapel, York, Oct. 24, 1822.

Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in 1822. By the Rev. C. Benson. 8vo. 12s.

A brief Harmonized and Paraphrastic Exposition of the Gospel. By the Rev. G. Wilkins. 8vo. 9s.

The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures proved. By the Rev. T. Wilkinson. 6s.

The Blessing pronounced by Christ on the Merciful: a Sermon, preached at Hackney, Jan. 12, 1823. By Robert Aspland. 1s. 6d.

Sermons by the late Rev. W. Hawkes. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 4s.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Dioceses of Raphoe. By William Magee, D.D. &c. 2s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Town and Soke of Horncastle, in the county of Lincoln. By George Weir. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in 1821 and 1222. By a Field-Officer of Cavalry. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World in the Uranie and Physicienne Corvettes, commanded by Captain Freycinet: in Letters to a friend. By J. Arago. 4to. £.3 13 6d.

Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains in 1819-20. By Edward James, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo.

Travels in Asia, by Modern Writers. By the Rev. W. Bingley. 12mo. 7s.

State of the Cape of Good Hope in 1822; edited by T. H. Colebrooke, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

Ireland Exhibited. By A. Atkinson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 1s 6s.

Travels in the Northern States of America. By Timothy Dwight, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. £.2 2s.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1820. Vol. XIII. Parts I. and II. In one thick volume 8vo. £.1 1s. bds.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal; exhibiting a Concise View of the Latest and Most Important Discoveries in Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy. No. LXXV. 4s.

The Edinburgh Philsophical Journal; exhibiting a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Practical Mechanics, Geography, Navigation, Statistics, and the Fine and Useful Arts. No. XVI. 7s. 6d.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Vol. XIX. Part I. *Sixth Edition*, revised, corrected, and improved. Illustrated by nearly six hundred Engravings. 16s.

Bibliotheca Britannica; or, a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, Ancient and Modern; including such Foreign and Modern Works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British Dominions; as also, a copious Selection from the Writings of the most distinguished Authors of all Ages and Nations. By Robert Watt, M.D. Part VIII. Handsomely printed in quarto. £.1 1s. boards.

The Proud Shepherd's Tragedy; a Scenic Poem, in Eighteen Scenes. Edited by Joseph Dawnes. To which are added, Fragments of a Correspondence, and Poems. 8vo. 9s. boards.

A Letter to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, on the Courts of Law in Scotland. 2s.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of the Art of Fencing; illustrated with Twelve highly-finished Plates, and continued by easy and progressive Lessons, from the simplest position to the most complicated movements. By George Roland, Fencing-master at the Royal Academy, Edinburgh. Royal 8vo. 18s. boards.

Report of Trial of the Issues, in the Action of Defamation and Damages, William Fraser Tytler, Esq. of Burdsyards, &c. Sheriff-depute and Vice-Lieutenant of the County of Inverness, Pursuer—against Lachlan Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, Defender: taken in Shorthand. 3s. 6d.

Precipitance, a Highland Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. boards.

An Historical Account of the Ancient Rights and Power of the Parliament of Scotland; to which is prefixed, a short Introduction upon Government in general. By Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, with a Preface by the Editor of the present edition. First printed in 1703, without the names either of Author, Printer, or Publisher, and suppressed. 8vo. 6s. boards.

A Sabbath among the Mountains. A Poem. 8vo. 2s.

Considerations submitted to the Householders of Edinburgh, on the State of their Representation in Parliament. 1s.

Thoughts on the Religious Profession and Defective Practice of the Higher Classes of Society in Scotland. By a Lady. 18mo. 3s. boards.

The Progress of the Human Mind, its Objects, Conditions, and Issue; with the Relation which the Progress of Religion bears to the general growth of Mind. By the Reverend James Miller. Post 8vo. 5s. boards.

A Guide to Elocution. By William Roberts, Teacher of Elocution, Edinburgh. 8vo. 7s. boards.

Supplement to a Treatise on the Law of Scotland respecting Parishes; being an Exposition of the Laws relative to the Rebuilding and Repairing of Churches, and the Appropriation of the Area and Seats. With an Appendix. By Sir John Connell, Advocate, Procurator for the Church of Scotland. 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.

The Trials of Margaret Lindsay. By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Observations on certain Passages in the Writings of Mr Walker, of Dublin. 1s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Our accounts from Paris are to the 7th March, at which time war had not been declared against Spain, although the determination of the French Government, to carry its quarrel to this issue, seems not in the least altered: and the Paris papers announce the departure of the Chiefs of the army to take place on the 12th.

The debates in the Legislative Chambers have of late been more than ordinarily interesting. In the Chamber of Peers, on the 3d February, an address, in answer to the King's speech, was agreed to, echoing nearly all the sentiments of that speech. An amendment was moved, the object of which was to prevent an attack upon Spain; but it was rejected by a majority of 90 to 53. The Ministers of Finance and Foreign Affairs took upon themselves all the responsibility of the speech from the Crown; and both professed openly that "France would act as France; and that she would not lay down her arms till order should be restored in Spain." The Minister of Finance observed how important it was to France, not only as a point of honour, but as a positive interest, that the dynasty of the Bourbons should not be shaken at Madrid. On this occasion the celebrated Talleyrand was in the minority. In a very able speech, he pointed out the dangers of interfering with the constitution of Spain, and observed, that he had been disgraced by Buonaparte, sixteen years ago, for foretelling, in the same manner, the danger that would ensue from his unjust and presumptuous attack upon that country. He maintained that the King of France was deceived, and that Ferdinand himself, judging from his sentiments when a prisoner at Valancay, entertained greater confidence in the fidelity of his subjects than he could do in the assistance of foreigners.

The address of the Chamber of Deputies, in answer to the King's speech, is even more warlike, and is much more servile, than that of the Peers, who omitted to echo that part of the royal document which asserts that the Spanish nation can only hold its institutions from Ferdinand; but the Deputies, on the other hand, respond to the King in these terms:—"It is to your Majesty, Sire, that it belongs to deliberate; it is for us to concur, by all our efforts, in the noble enterprize of supressing anarchy, to recognize peace alone, to restore to liberty a Prince of your blood, to insure the repose of Spain, to consolidate that of France, to deliver from the yoke of oppression a magnanimous people who assisted us to burst our own fetters, and who can only receive from their legitimate Sovereign institutions conformable to their views and manners."

In the discussion of Monday the 24th February, M. de Villele made a long and forcible oration, to show the necessity there existed for France to proceed to hostilities without delay.

On Tuesday the 25th, the subject being continued, M. de Chateaubriand addressed the Chamber to the following purport: alluding strongly to the interference of the English in the affairs of France at the beginning of the Revolution, he exclaimed, "If it has been permitted to England to repel French *contagion*, shall we be forbidden to repel Spanish *contagion!* England still acknowledged this principle; she acknowledged that Austria had the right of destroying at Naples the Constitution of the Cortes." He then proceeded thus: "We are really in a situation which gives us the right of interference. Our political interests are compromised, the revolution of Spain has destroyed a part of our commerce, and we are obliged to keep up ships of war to protect what remains. The war in Spain, by interrupting our relations with Spain, has reduced to half its value the land in the departments bordering on Spain. A great number of manufactures have lost their vent in Spain; our Consuls have been threatened in their persons; in fine, our territory has been violated three times.—(Murmurs on the left.)—*War is then indispensable!* It is preferable to this state of demi-hostilities, which has all the inconveniences of war without its advantages, and which exposes our soldiers to all insinuations of the agents of disorder. The violation of our territory is enough to justify our armed intervention. England herself declared at Verona—Lord Wellington said there, that the King, his master, had no objection to make to the measures of France towards the Spaniards, and especially those to guard against the moral contagion of political principles and the violation of the French territory.—M. de

Chateaubriand concluded by observing, "that the King wished 100,000 soldiers to assemble under the command of a Prince, who, at the passage of *Le Drome*, shewed himself frank like Henry IV. He has confided the white flag to Generals who have conquered under other colours; they will teach our armies the road to victory!" M. Labbey de Pompiene spoke at some length against war, and was followed by M. Sebastiani, who asserted that it was necessary for the Minister for Foreign Affairs to be more explicit, especially upon the disposition of England.

On the 26th a stormy debate took place, upon a proposed grant of 100 millions of francs for extraordinary services, in which the great question of the invasion of Spain was necessarily introduced. M. Manuel, one of the members, having risen to answer the speeches of the Ministers, pointed out very forcibly the dangers the state of war would bring on France; and at length, being animated with his subject, hinted, in pretty plain terms, that it would have the effect of renewing the Revolution, and overthrowing the present family on the throne. This produced so violent a clamour in the assembly, that the proceedings were interrupted, and it became necessary to adjourn the House for two hours, as the only expedient to restore order. As soon as the sitting was resumed, a proposition was brought forward for the expulsion of M. Manuel, the member who had made use of such intemperate expressions. The subject was, after some discussion, adjourned. The passage in M. Manuel's speech, which seemed to have given the greatest offence, was the following:—"Must I say, that the moment in which the dangers of the Royal Family of France had become the most serious, was after France, revolutionary France, felt that it was necessary to defend herself by new strength, and by an energy wholly new?" After these interruptions the vote of credit was carried by a great majority. Out of 258 members, only 19 opposed the grant.

The motion, which was made by M. Labourdonnaye, to expel M. Manuel, occupied the Chamber the whole of Thursday the 27th. The speeches on both sides were repeatedly interrupted with cries of "Turn out the seditious apologist of re-" gicide"—turn out the base man"—and similar exclamations. The President frequently closed and re-opened the sitting, for the purpose of recovering silence. At length, on Thursday evening, the motion of M. Labourdonnaye was put, and referred to the bureau.

On Monday the 3d of March, after another stormy debate, a motion for the expulsion of M. Manuel was carried by a large majority. Notwithstanding this decision, however, he took his seat in the Assembly on the following day. Great tumult ensued at his presence, on the right side of the Chamber, as well as on the outside, which was surrounded by a great mob. A battalion of the national guard and veterans were sent for; the Deputies on the left harangued them, and urged them strongly to refuse obedience to the illegal order they had received. The national guard followed their counsel; they refused to obey; and M. Manuel was, after much disturbance, forcibly removed by a detachment of the gendarmarie. He was followed by all his political associates of the left side, who have since refused to take any part in the proceedings of the Chamber; and 60 of them have entered a protest against his expulsion, which expresses indignation at the proceeding, as a violation of the rights of every French citizen, and declares the whole proceeding subversive of all social order and justice, and full of anarchical principles, which lead to the most odious crimes.

In consequence of these proceedings, it appears that there were some violent scenes at different coffee-houses on the Boulevards on the night of the 4th, and that there were considerable assemblages in the streets, and on the Place Louis XV. during the whole of Wednesday the 5th; but the gendarmerie were on the alert, and the groupes dispersed without offering any resistance.

The Ultra-Royalists have on this occasion tempered their violence with some craft; and, aware that if they had expelled M. Manuel, his indignant constituents would have re-elected him, they adopted an amendment, to exclude him from the Chamber for the Session, giving at the same time, a hint, that, if they chose, they could repeat the measure the next Session. By this plan, M. Manuel is put out of the Chamber, but his constituents (the department of La Vendee) do not proceed to any new election. The people of Paris have evinced the utmost sympathy with M. Manuel.

SPAIN.—The proceedings of France seem to be met by measures of corresponding energy on the part of Spain. In the Cortes, resolutions have been entered into for a further levy of 29,973 men to render the active militia disposable, to permit the free importation of arms, ammunition, &c. and to raise a flotilla of 150 gun-boats for the defence of the coasts. Foreigners are invited to enlist into the Spanish ar-

mies. The active militia about to be rendered disposable, amount to 58,000 men. The regular army is reckoned at about 100,000. A council of Spanish generals has been appointed by the Government to consider of the most proper measures for defending the kingdom. In order to carry their warlike preparations into effect, the Cortes has given power to the Government to sell or pledge the national property, and to anticipate, in various ways, the public resources.

The session of the extraordinary Cortes closed on the 19th February. The speech delivered on this occasion by the King contained the most constitutional sentiments. But it can only be considered as the speech of the Ministers. It is too clear that Ferdinand is not well disposed to the new institutions. It appears that, in the prospect of invasion, it had been determined to remove the Royal Family, and the seat of Government, from Madrid to Corunna; but that Ferdinand positively refused to comply with this proposal; and by dispatches of the 22d ult. we learn that the whole of the Spanish Ministers had in consequence tendered their resignations; but such was the ferment excited in Madrid on this occasion, that the King found himself under the necessity of refusing these resignations; and it was supposed that, rather than bring matters to extremity, he would accede to the recommendation to leave Madrid.

PORTUGAL. — Lisbon papers of the 20th ult. show the most determined spirit on the part of the Portuguese Cortes to make common cause with Spain. It is proposed that the regular army shall be increased to 60,000 men; that the militia shall be organised; and that a national guard shall be formed in Lisbon and Oporto, for the preservation of tranquillity, in the absence of the regular army, which is to be sent to the aid of Spain.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS, *Feb.* 4.—The session of Parliament commenced this day; when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earls of Westmorland, Shaftesbury, and Harrowby, Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to open the Parliament, proceeded to the House of Peers. A message being sent to the House of Commons by the Usher of the Black Rod, the Speaker, accompanied by a great number of Members, appeared at the bar, when the Lord Chancellor read the following speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that, since he last met you in Parliament, his Majesty's efforts have been unremittingly exerted to preserve the peace of Europe.

"Faithful to the principles which his Majesty has promulgated to the world, as constituting the rule of his conduct, his Majesty declined being a party to any proceedings at Verona, which could be deemed an interference in the internal concerns of Spain, on the part of foreign powers; and his Majesty has since used, and still continues to use, his most anxious endeavours and good offices to allay the irritation unhappily subsisting between the French and Spanish Governments; and to avert, if possible, the calamity of war between France and Spain.

"In the east of Europe his Majesty flatters himself that peace will be preserved, and his Majesty continues to receive from his allies, and, generally, from other powers, assurances of their unaltered disposition to cultivate with his Majesty those friendly relations which it is equally his Majesty's object on his part to maintain.

"We are farther commanded to apprise you, that discussions having long been pending with the Court of Madrid respecting depredations committed on the commerce of his Majesty's subjects in the West Indian seas, and other grievances of which his Majesty had been under the necessity of complaining; these discussions have terminated in an admission by the Spanish Government of the justice of his Majesty's complaints, and in an engagement for satisfactory reparation.

"We are commanded to assure you, that his Majesty has not been unmindful of the addresses presented to him by the two Houses of Parliament, with respect to the foreign slave trade.

"Propositions for the more effectual suppression of that evil were brought forward by his Majesty's Plenipotentiary in the conferences at Verona, and those have been added to the treaties upon this subject already concluded between his Majesty and the Governments of Spain and the Netherlands, articles which will extend the operation of those treaties, and greatly facilitate their execution.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"His Majesty has directed the estimates of the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with

every attention to economy; and the total expenditure will be found to be materially below that of last year.

"The diminution of charge, combined with the progressive improvement of the revenue, have produced a surplus exceeding his Majesty's expectation. His Majesty trusts, therefore, that you will be able, after providing for the service of the year, and without affecting public credit, to make a farther reduction in the burdens of his people.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"His Majesty has commanded us to state to you, that the manifestations of loyalty and attachment to his person and Government, which his Majesty received in his late visit to Scotland, has made the deepest impression upon his heart.

"The provision which you made in the last session of Parliament for the relief of the distresses in considerable districts in Ireland, has been productive of the happiest effects, and his Majesty recommends to your consideration such measures of internal regulation as may be calculated to promote and secure the tranquillity of that country, and to improve the habits and condition of the people.

"Deeply as his Majesty regrets the continued depression of the agricultural interests, the satisfaction with which his Majesty contemplates the increasing activity which pervades the manufacturing districts, and the flourishing condition of our commerce, in most of its principal branches, is greatly enhanced by the confident persuasion, that the progressive prosperity of so many of the interests of the country cannot fail to contribute to the gradual improvement of that great interest, which is the most important of them all."

The address was moved by the Earl of Morley, and seconded by the Earl of Mayo. Earl Stanhope moved an amendment, pledging the house to an early inquiry into the causes of the public distress, with a view to its relief, which, after a short discussion, was lost, on a division of 62 to 3.

Feb. 17.—Lord Stowell (late Sir Wm. Scott) moved for the appointment of a Committee for the revision and consolidation of the Marriage Laws, which was agreed to. The Marquis of Lansdowne adverted to the often discussed Austrian Loan, and asked the Earl of Liverpool whether any negotiation had been lately entered into with Austria respecting the loan advanced to that country many years ago by England? The Noble Earl answered, that the English Government had been pressing Austria for the payment of this debt, and that a principle of arrangement for the purpose had been agreed to by the Court of Vienna.

Feb. 19.—The Archbishop of Canterbury brought in a Bill for legalizing certain marriages which had taken place under licenses granted by surrogates after the passing of the late Marriage Act, and which act had deprived them of their jurisdiction; but from the rapidity with which it had been brought into operation, the surrogates in distant parts of the country were not aware of the manner in which their jurisdiction was affected.

Feb. 24.—The Earl of Liverpool, in answer to a question of the Marquis of Lansdowne, declared that the Cabinet was pledged to no peculiar line of policy, nor would the King's Government be justified in precluding themselves from adopting any measures the honour and character of the country may demand in the present crisis.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*Feb.* 5.—Upon the return of the Speaker and other Members from the House of Peers, the speech from the throne was read by the clerk, when the customary address was moved by Mr Childe, and seconded by Mr Wildman. Sir Joseph York spoke with great warmth and energy upon the atrocious designs of the Holy Alliance, as illustrated in the threats against Spain. He was followed by Mr Brougham, who, expressing his cordial approbation of the course of foreign policy adopted by Ministers, pronounced a masterly invective against the despots who have leagued on the Continent for the extirpation of liberty. The hypocritical professions of the Verona Manifesto, compared with the domestic enormities of its authors,—the inconsistency of their charges against the Spanish Constitution, with their former acknowledgment,—in a word, the whole medley of mean intrigue, paltry cant, and arrogant pretension, worthy

"Of Courts, where Princes cancel Nature's law,
And declarations which themselves do draw;
Where children use their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their ways, like tigers, to the Throne,"

as Dryden almost prophetically describes them, afforded Mr Brougham an opportunity for a happy display of that talent for sarcasm in which he stands unrivalled. Mr Brougham's speech cannot be read too often. After Sir F. Burdett had said a few words, Mr Peel declared his satisfaction at the unanimous approbation which the foreign policy of the Government appeared to have obtained; and, admitting a general concurrence with Mr Brougham's views, he confessed his regret at the hard language in which that Gentleman thought fit to speak of some

of the Allies of Great Britain: particularly the Emperor Alexander, whom Mr Peel endeavoured to exculpate from the charge of meditating the occupation of Turkey. Mr Peel repeated the assurance given in the other House, by the Earl of Liverpool, that Ministers are still not without a hope that peace may be preserved; and communicated the important fact, that the reduction of taxation, designed by Ministers, will be directed to a diminution, or total remission, of the Assessed taxes. Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr Denman went over nearly the same ground as Mr Brougham; and the Address was carried unanimously.

Feb. 5.—Dr Phillimore obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the Amendment of the New Marriage Act. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman said that his purpose was to relieve the Act of some of the most obnoxious of the clauses by which the original Bill was deformed and encumbered after it got into the House of Lords.

Feb. 10.—Sir H. Parnell presented a petition from the Grand Jury of the Queen's County in Ireland, praying that the House would take into consideration the Irish Tithe system. The Hon. Baronet, Colonel Trench, Mr V. Fitzgerald, and Mr S. Rice, earnestly urged the necessity of some decisive change in the mode of providing for the Established Church in Ireland; and Mr Goulburn and Mr Peel announced, that it was intended by Government to propose a practical measure for the commutation of Tithe in Ireland, before the lapse of a week. This explanation seemed to give general satisfaction.

Feb. 12.—Mr Wallace moved the revival of the Committee of Foreign Trade, on which occasion he submitted an able *exposé* of the improved state of British commerce; to which he truly said the Agricultural Interest might confidently look for an alleviation of their sufferings, and ultimately to right themselves. When the Right Honourable Gentleman had concluded, Mr Baring, Mr Ricardo, Mr Butterworth, Mr T. Wilson, Mr Hume, and Mr Canning, offered their testimony to the invaluable services rendered by him to the country during his Presidency at the Board of Trade, and expressed their regret at his retiring from it—a feeling which will be echoed by the commercial interest throughout Great Britain.

Feb. 14.—Sir T. Lethbridge questioned the Ministers as to the nature and extent of the relief which they proposed to extend to the suffering agriculture of the country. Mr Canning justly and candidly repeated the acknowledgment of the King's Speech, that "the agricultural interest is the first interest of the country." He admitted and lamented its depression, and expressed his regret that nothing could be done for its relief more than a remission of taxes.

Feb. 19.—Lord A. Hamilton moved for a return of the Royal Burghs in Scotland, specifying the number of the Town Council, distinguishing those who held property in the Burgh, and those who were resident,—which was agreed to. Mr Hume moved a resolution condemning the appointment of Lord Beresford to the office of Master-General of the Ordnance. He was answered by Mr Ward and Mr Canning, who satisfactorily proved, that the office was no sinecure, but a situation so laborious, that Lords Hopetoun and Hill had refused it on that account. Mr Hume's resolution was lost by a majority of 127.

Feb. 20.—Lord John Russel moved "that a Committee be appointed by the House to ascertain the right of voting, and the number of voters sending Members to Parliament in every Borough of England and Wales." Mr Canning opposed the motion for two reasons; first, that to grant it would be injuriously and unnecessarily to expose the charters of many boroughs in the kingdom; secondly, because the appointment of such a Committee would have the effect of raising a prejudice very far beyond what the noble Lord, in perfect candour, stated to be his intention, but what in his judgement, and the Right Hon. Secretary knew, must be its result. Mr C. concluded by saying, "The question before the House was one of perfect indifference, personally, to himself, and to every other member of the House: its impracticability and its usefulness were the sole grounds of his opposition. The discussion was not very protracted, and, upon a division, the motion was lost by a majority of 38. There were only 218 Members in the House.

Feb. 21.—Mr Robinson, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, opened his plan of Finance for the year, from which it appears, that there will be a surplus of revenue in 1822, amounting to more than seven millions sterling: five of these are to go to the Sinking Fund, to be applied to the reduction of the National Debt: the remainder to be given to the public in a large remission of taxes. The Window Tax is to be reduced one half on houses, and shops to be wholly exempted. The Duties on a certain class of Male Servants, those on occasional Gardeners, those on the lower Taxed Carts, and those on Ponies under thirteen hands high, are to be altogether repealed; and,

in consequence of the wants and disastrous condition of Ireland, all the Assessed Taxes are to be taken off from that part of the British Empire. The reduction is as follows:—

TOTALLY REPEALED.

1. The tax on shops	£.150,000
2. Occasional servants in trade or husbandry	37,200
3. Occasional gardeners	19,700
4. Tax-carts, paying the lower duty of £.1 9s.	9,300
5. Ponies under 13 hands high, employed partly in agriculture or in trade	4,480
6. Horses employed by small farmers, also engaged in trade	6,500
Totally repealed	£.227,180

TAXES REDUCED.

Half the tax on windows	£.1,205,000
——— male servants	159,500
——— clerks, &c.	98,050
——— four-wheel carriages	145,000
——— two-wheel carriages	98,000
——— higher duty on tax carts	17,650
——— horses, except those on which the duty is wholly repealed, as above	411,050
Total reduction from these taxes	£.2,134,250
Add taxes totally reduced	227,180
Total reduction	£.2,321,430

ESTIMATE FOR THE YEAR 1823, HAD THERE BEEN NO REDUCTION.

Customs	£.10,500,000
Excise	26,000,000
Stamps	6,600,000
Post-Office	1,400,000
Taxes	7,100,000
Other branches	600,000
Total Income	£.52,200,000
Trustees of Naval and Military Pensions	4,850,000
	£.57,050,000
Expenditure, including charge for Naval and Military Pensions	49,852,786
Surplus	7,198,000
Taxes reduced	2,360,000
Sinking Fund	£.4,838,000

The house duty, amounting to 1,256,000*l*, is to remain without diminution.

Feb. 24.—Sir Robert Wilson took the opportunity afforded by the presentation of a Petition for the Repeal of the Foreign Inlistment Law, to compliment the Ministry upon the liberal policy which they had adopted with respect to foreign politics. Mr Hobhouse joined in the compliment, contrasting the line of conduct taken by Government with that pursued during the ascendancy of Lord Londonderry. Mr Canning indignantly rejected the praise offered to him, at the expense of his predecessor; pointing to the record of the late Marquis's liberal sentiments contained in his Circular of January 1821. In reply to a question from Mr C. Grant, on the subject of distillation in Scotland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that, from the same cause which existed in Ireland, it was his intention to extend to Scotland a similar reduction on spirits distilled there as he had proposed for Ireland.

Feb. 26.—Mr Whitmore made a motion for the adoption of a new system of Corn Laws, which was resisted by Mr Huskisson, on the ground that the present was not the fit moment for agitating that question. The motion was negatived by a majority of 78 to 25.

Feb. 27.—Lord A. Hamilton moved for certain papers relative to the detention of Mr Bowring by the French Government; when Mr Canning proved to the satisfaction of all parties, that every thing had been done that Government could do to obtain justice for that individual, according to the laws of France. The motion was in consequence negatived without a division.

Feb. 28.—Mr Brougham put a question to Mr Canning, with respect to the colour given to the Foreign policy of the British Ministry in M. de Chateaubriand's speech, and more particularly with respect to a quotation given in that speech from a Note, said to have been written by the Right Hon. Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr Canning replied, that the extracts were not fairly given; that they conveyed, as absolute, propositions which, in fact, were stated with a qualification. The Right Hon. Gentleman admitted, that the grounds for a hope of peace had been greatly diminished; but he suggested, that while any ground for hope remained, it would be improper to make a complete disclosure of all the circumstances connected with the late negociations, with the propriety of which Mr Brougham acquiesced.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that it is not the intention of Ministers to repeal the Hop Duty, although relief might be given as to the time of payment. Mr Maberly then moved a string of resolutions recommending the sale of the Land Tax, the suspension of the Sinking Fund, and the remission of the whole of the Assessed Taxes.—Mr Huskisson opposed the resolutions, as not only injurious to public credit at home, but as making, in the face of Europe, a confession that Great Britain is unable to support a sinking fund of five millions; a confession which, in the present state of Europe, would be as injurious as it would be humiliating. Mr Maberly replied; and on a division, the motion was rejected by a majority of 157 to 72.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

FEBRUARY.

13.—*The weather.*—The present winter, which we trust has now abated its rigour, has been without a parallel for severity since that of 1794-5. About the beginning of the year, the frosts set in steady, and afforded ample scope for the healthful exercises of curling and skating. On the 13th January, a heavy fall of snow commenced, which lasted for several days, and caused a slight interruption to travelling; but as it had not drifted, the roads were the sooner rendered passable. A thaw, which begun on the 27th, soon cleared the ground of its incumbrance, and nature was beginning to resume its usual appearance, when on Saturday the 1st instant, the storm recommenced, with redoubled severity. The wind blew violently from the N. E. and the snow fell thick for three days and nights without intermission. In many places throughout the country it was blown to the height of from twelve to twenty feet; and the intercourse between towns was, in consequence, for a time totally suspended. On the 9th, seven London mails, six north, and five Carlisle, were due at the Edinburgh Post-office. On the 12th, nine mails were due from the north. About mid-day on the 9th, the weather changed to a thaw, and has since continued so, that most of the missing mails have now arrived. The frost, during the continuance of the storm, was frequently intense. In Edinburgh, the cold was not at any time lower than 14 degrees of Fahrenheit; but at Glasgow, on the 6th, it fell to 1 degree below zero; and on the same day at Rothiemurchus, in Inverness-shire, it was 15 degrees below zero. At Raith, in Fifeshire, the thermometer, on the 5th, fell to 7 degrees Fahrenheit. At Coul, in Ross-shire, it was so low as 3 degrees. The storm was general throughout Scotland, particularly on the east coasts, where the gale of the 1st, 2d, and 3d, was productive of much damage to the shipping. Upwards of 200 vessels found shelter in the Frith of Forth, above Queensferry. The snow was never so deep on the west roads; and it is remarkable, that the Highland road from Perth to Inverness was scarcely ever a day impassable to foot travellers. Since the storm abated, we have heard of several individuals having perished in the country; and as the snow dissolves, we fear more casualties of this kind must be discovered.

Ireland.—The Attorney-General of Ireland has been again baffled in his endeavours to convict the rioters who insulted the Lord Lieutenant in the Theatre at Dublin. The trial, all the accused being arraigned together, commenced on the morning of the 3d inst. and lasted until the afternoon of the 7th. Evidence was produced, on the part of the Crown, proving that tickets had been purchased, by subscription, in certain Orange Lodges, to admit some of the poorer members into the Theatre to "hiss and groan" the Lord Mayor and the Lord Lieutenant, and to make outcries for the Protestant ascendency. The principal witness to this part of the case was George Atkinson, a member of an Orange Lodge. Various other witnesses proved the activity of the traversers, in the Theatre, with the exception of Forbes, against whom the Attorney-General gave up the cause. The other parties were eloquently defended by their respective counsel. The jury retired at three o'clock, on Friday the 7th, and remained in consultation till ten o'clock, when being unable to agree upon their verdict, they were locked up for the night, and the Court adjourned till ten o'clock the next morning. They were then brought into court, and still not having agreed, they were asked if their difference arose on any point of law? To which they replied in the negative. They were then ordered back to their room, where they were kept till past twelve o'clock, when, at the instance of the court, the Attorney-General consented to their being discharged without returning a verdict. The Learned Gentleman intimated his intention of bringing forward the business next term, for the third time.

Blasphemous Libels. In the Court of King's Bench, on the 4th instant, the Solicitor-General prayed the judgment of the Court on William Tonbridge, for publishing scandalous and blasphemous libels on the Holy Scriptures and Christian Religion, contained in Palmer's Principles of Nature. The defendant, in a lengthened defence, denied the power of the Court to decide on the case. He avowed himself an heretic. Mr Justice Bayley pronounced the judgment of the Court, that the defendant be imprisoned for two years, pay a fine to the King of £.100, be imprisoned until the fine be paid, and find sureties for five years, himself in £.100, and two sureties in £.50 each.—Mr Gurney moved the judgment of the Court on Susannah Wright,

and Justice Bayley adjudged her to eighteen months imprisonment; to pay a fine of £.100, and find sureties for five years, herself in £.100, and two in £.50 each.

Libel.—On the 11th, in the Court of King's Bench, the Solicitor-General moved for leave to file a criminal information against Mr Barry O'Meara, for certain libels on Sir Hudson Lowe, Major-General in his Majesty's service, and late Governor of St. Helena.—The application was made on the affidavits of Sir Hudson Lowe and others. The libels were contained in two volumes of the last edition of a work published by Mr O'Meara, under the title of "A Voice from St Helena; or, Napoleon in Exile." The Lord Chief justice granted a conditional rule to shew cause.

Revenue.—An official statement of the public revenue and expenditure for the year ending Jan. 5, 1823, has just been published, by order of the House of Commons. It appears that the total amount of income paid into the Exchequer during the year, was £.54,414,650 1s. 5¼d. of which £.53,642,967 19s. 3d. was ordinary revenue. The total expenditure for the year was £.49,499,130 1s. 7d. leaving a surplus of income over the expenditure of £.1,915,410 19s. 10½d. It farther appears, that the nett produce of the revenue of Great Britain for the year ending 5th Jan. 1822, was £.50 955,671, and for the year ending 5th of January 1823, £50,119,513; while that of Ireland, for the year ending 5th of January, 1822, was £.3,399,923; ending 5th January 1823, £.3,990,973. The whole sum levied in Great Britain and Ireland being less by £.1,145,118 for the year ending 5th January 1823, than that for the year ending 5th January 1823.

21.—*Fall of Gibson's Land, Glasgow.*—A great portion of that large tenement, five stories high, besides the garrets, situated in Saltmarket-Street, and on the north-east corner of Prince's-Street, known by the name of Gibson's Land, fell on Sunday morning, the 16th instant, from top to bottom, with a tremendous crash. For some time past, suspicions were entertained that it was not in a sufficient state; and on Saturday afternoon the Dean of Guild ordered tradesmen to inspect the premises. So convinced were they of its insufficiency, that it was condemned; and no time was lost in giving notice to the inhabitants speedily to remove themselves; all Saturday the inmates were busily employed carrying away their property. As was anticipated, a little after eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the whole tenement fell. As soon as this melancholy disaster was communicated, a number of workmen were employed, and carts and horses procured. Before one o'clock, the voice of a woman was heard under part of the ruins, which it was highly dangerous to approach, and this was a period of great anxiety to every person concerned. At length John Love, a carpenter with Messrs Scott and Grieve, courageously went in quest of the woman, whom he found in a space just large enough to contain her, with one of her arms jammed in between two pieces of wood. A glass of water having been handed to her, as she was faint, Love procured a saw, and after an hour's hard labour, he succeeded in extricating her from her perilous situation, a little after two o'clock, when she proved to be a girl of the name of Mary Hamilton, servant to one of the families; she was conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, and is doing well, though her arm was broken. Yesterday a man of the name of Turnbull, who was unscrewing a bed at the time of the accident, was found dead among the rubbish, with the bed-key firmly grasped in his hand.

Post-horse duty.—On the 17th inst. the Court of King's Bench determined that horses let by the day for the health, recreation, or pleasure of the rider, are not liable to the post-horse duty, as they cannot be considered horses let for *travelling*, within the meaning of the statutes.

28.—*Execution.*—On Wednesday morning, William Macintyre was executed at Edinburgh for breaking into Brachouse, at the north end of the Lothian Road. Before ascending the drop, he went forward to the front of the scaffold, and addressed a few words to the crowd, acknowledging the justice of his sentence, and warning all against breaking the Sabbath-day, drinking, and keeping bad company, whether male or female, and declared that he died justly for breaking the laws of his country.

Shocking Catastrophe.—This morning, a fine boy, only twelve years of age, was discovered in the kitchen of his father's house, in Edinburgh, suspended by a small cord, which he had fastened round his neck. The event was almost immediately detected, and every means used to restore animation, but without effect. No cause can be assigned for this distressing occurrence, excepting that on the preceding day he had gone, without the knowledge of his parents, and witnessed the execution of Macintyre—a catastrophe which seems to have made so strong an impression on his mind, as to lead to another equally distressing.

Portugal Wines.—A Lisbon paper gives the following as an official statement

of the quantity of wines exported from Oporto during the year 1822. It may enable some calculating wine-drinker, while over his bottle of Port, to estimate the probabilities of its having never been out of England:—

	Pipes.		Pipes.
England and its dependencies	27,535	Sweden . .	16
Hamburgh .	111	Leghorn . .	6
Holland .	37	Trieste . .	3
South America	20	Genoa . .	2
Denmark .	19	Russia . .	1
		France . .	1

Jury Court, Edinburgh.—On the 19th instant, an action of Damages for libel, at the instance of Dr William Aiton, against the editor and printers of the Scotsman Newspaper, came on to be tried before the Lord Chief Commissioner. The action arose out of certain remarks made in the Scotsman of December 1820, and January and February 1821, regarding the conduct of the pursuer at a public reform meeting, held at the Pantheon, head of Leith-Walk, on the 16th December 1820. The issues to be tried were:—

1st, Whether the whole or part of certain words quoted from the 205th number of the Scotsman, be of and concerning the pursuer; and are published with the intention of injuring the pursuer, and of holding him forth as a maniac, or as fatuous, or as uttering frenzied and beastly insults, or as sunk to the level of blackguard, who would shrink from nothing, however mean and base, if it promised only to gratify a paltry and unmanly revenge, or as a person who courts degradation, and merits infamy, or who is capable of misleading, inflaming, and treason-stirring, or as willing to become an assassin of persons, as well as character, and as only restrained by cowardice from using the stiletto—to the injury and damage of the pursuer.

2dly, Whether the whole, or any part of certain words quoted from the 209th number of said Newspaper, are of and concerning the pursuer, and were maliciously intended to injure the pursuer, or do injuriously and falsely hold forth the pursuer as an unworthy person, who conducted himself in a discreditable and scandalous manner, or as a surgeon who habitually conducts himself in so degrading a manner, as justly to forfeit public esteem—to the injury and damage of the pursuer.

3dly, Whether the whole or any part of certain words quoted from the 212th number of said paper, are of and concerning the pursuer, and were maliciously intended to injure, and do injure, or falsely and maliciously hold forth the pursuer as a madman, to the injury and damage of the pursuer.—The Damages were laid at £.5000.

Mr Duncan M'Neil opened the case for the pursuer, and called several witnesses to prove what took place at the Pantheon Meeting, and also to prove, that the reflections in the Scotsman were understood, in various parts of the country, to apply to Dr Aiton. Mr Jeffrey addressed the Jury for the defenders, and called several witnesses. Mr Robertson addressed the Jury, in reply, for the pursuer, when the Lord Chief Commissioner summed up the case. His Lordship was of opinion, that the statement complained of had rather exceeded the bounds of free discussion, though there were circumstances in the case which should incline them to be moderate in their determination of damages. Verdict for the pursuer on all the issues.—Damages £.100.

High Court of Justiciary.—On the 24th instant, William Jackson, and Elizabeth his wife, were accused of the murder of Marion Jackson, the mother of the former. The declaration of William Jackson stated, that he returned home to his house in Haddington, after having been drinking at the public-house; and that he proceeded to the chimney-piece, and took some money therefrom, saying he was going to get more drink. His wife took the money from him, and they quarrelled; and declarent said that he knew no more about the matter, than that he found himself in custody the next morning; but he knew not why, until he was informed.

The declaration of the female prisoner stated, that her husband having come in, and taken two shillings off the mantlepiece, she took the two shillings from him; whereupon he took up a hammer, with which she had been breaking coals, and flung it at her; but witness stooping, the hammer passed over her head, and fell, she knew not where. She then picked up a besom, and flung it at her husband, as he was going out; he returned, and struck her with the besom on the head, and broke it (whether the besom or the head we do not know) in two places.—She afterwards discovered the hammer lying upon the deceased's bed, and that the head of the deceased was cut. She then called in assistance. Never had any quarrel with the deceased, who had been for a long time confined to her bed afflicted with the palsy. Several witnesses were examined who had been in the house immediately after the deed, but none of them saw it done. The Jury, in consequence, returned a verdict of *Not proven*,

and the prisoners were dismissed with a proper admonition.

28.—*The Portsmouth Case.*—On Monday the 10th instant, the five Commissioners appointed by the Lord Chancellor, under a Commission *De Lunatico Inquirendo*, met at the Great Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, and a Jury, consisting of twenty-four of the most respectable freeholders in the county, were sworn, to inquire whether the Earl of Portsmouth was in a fit state of mind to conduct his own affairs? Mr Wetherell, Mr Denman, and Mr Brougham, with two other barristers, attended to conduct the inquiry on behalf of the Hon. Newton Fellowes. Mr Serjeant Pell, and four other barristers, attended on behalf of the Countess of Portsmouth. The proceedings closed this day, being the 17th of the sitting. Mr Commissioner Trower charged the Jury. He observed upon the law of the case, that it had been stated, that they must find whether the Earl, the subject of the inquisition, was a lunatic or not. But this was a mistake; the Jury were not bound so to find their verdict, or to find it (as had been represented) in the express words of the Commission, or in any technical terms. All the Jury had to consider was, whether or not Lord Portsmouth was in an unsound state of mind, so as to be incapable of managing his own affairs.

The Jury retired, and deliberated upwards of an hour.

Upon their return, which was at a quarter past seven, their names were called over, and Lord John Fitzroy, addressing his brethren, said,

"Gentlemen, as many of you as are of opinion that John Charles Earl of Portmouth is of unsound mind and condition, and incapable of managing himself and his affairs, signify the same by holding up your hands."

The Jurors then all held up their hands.

The Foreman then said to them—

"Gentleman, as many of you as are of opinion that John Charles, Earl of Portsmouth has been of unsound mind and condition since the 1st of January 1809, signify the same by holding up your hands."

The Jurors then all held up their hands.

The Commissioner Trower then mentioned to the Jury, that as they had heard no evidence as to the question who was next heir to the title and estates, it became necessary to add to their verdict words to that effect.

The Jury agreed, and the verdict was drawn up in a legal form, signed by each of the Jurors, and handed to the Commissioners, to be delivered to the Lord Chancellor.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Jan. 31.—Right Hon. John Frederick Robinson to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Feb. 1.—Sir Henry Wellesley, R.G.C.B. to be Ambassador to the Court of Russia.

The Earl of Clanwilliam to be Ambassador to the Court of Prussia.

Feb. 8.—Henry Watkin Williams Wynn, Esq. to be Ambassador to the Court of Wurtemberg.

Charles Richard Vaughan, Esq. to be Ambassador to the Swiss Cantons.

The Hon. Algernon Percy to be Secretary of Legation at Paris.

Gibbs Crawford Antrobus, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation at Turin.

William John Crosbie, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation in Switzerland.

Feb. 15.—Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart created Baron Bexley, of Bexley in Kent.

24.—The Marquis of Tweedale to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of East Lothian.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Jan. 31.—Mr John Clark elected Minister of Chapel of Ease, Canongate, Edinburgh.

Feb. 5.—Mr Walter Scott called to the United Associate Congregation of Johnshaven.

10.—Mr Joseph Hay called to the First United Associate Congregation of Arbroath.

11. Mr David Smith called to the United Associate Congregation of Biggar.

Rev. Alex. Cuthbertson, presented by the King to the Church and Parish of Edrom.

20.—Rev. Robert Clark chosen Minister of the Gaelic Chapel, Duke Street, Glasgow.

III. MILITARY.—FOR FEBRUARY.

Brevet	Capt. Fraser, h. p. 8 Dr. Acting Staff Capt. Local Rank of Maj. at Cavalry Depot, Maidstone only, during the period of his being so employed	19 Dec. 1822.
R. H. Gds.	Lieut. Smith, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Jebb, ret.	2 Jan. 1823.
1 Dr. Gds.	Cornet Martin, Lieut. by purch. vice Hamill, 2 W. I. R.	do.
	Sir G. Aylmer, Bt. Cor. by purch.	do.
7	Lieut. Gen. Sir R. Bolton, K.C.H. from 13 Dr. Col. vice Gen. Wilford, dead	24 Dec. 1822.
13 Dr.	Lieut. Kelso, from 8 Dr. Lieut. vice Pott, dead	1 Feb.
14	Lieut. Parry, Capt. by purch. vice Fitz Clarence, 1 W. I. R.	19 Dec.
	Cornet Sir K. A. Jackson, Bt. Lieut. by purch.	do.
	Cornet Gilpin, from h. p. Cornet by purch.	do.
17	Lieut. Cockburn, from 15 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Wayth, ret.	26 do.
1 F.	Gent. Cadet J. Ogilvie, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.
	Lieut. Connel, from 61 F. Quart. Mast. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 7 F.	2 Jan. 1823.
15	Lieut. Fenton, Adj. vice Kelly, prom.	26 Dec. 1822.
	Gent. Cadet. T. Blackwell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do
17	Bt. Maj. Despard, Maj. by purch. vice Beck, ret.	20 April.

Lieut. Swinton, Capt. by purch. do.
Ensign Young, Lieut. by purch. do.
H. Vener, Ens. by purch. do.
Ens. Ferguson, from 43 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Crawley, prom. 2 Jan. 1823.
2d Lieut. Bouchier, Adj. vice Enoch, res. Adj. only do.
Ens. Langwerth, from 67 F. Lieut. vice Prior, dead 7 March 1822.
Gent. Cadet C. Tobin, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 26 Dec.
57 Ens. Bainbridge, Lieut. by purch. vice Ferrier, ret. 2 Jan. 1823.
59 Gent. Cadet W. Cockell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 26 Dec. 1822.
61 Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 7 F. Lieut. vice Connell, Quart. Mast. 1 F. 2 Jan. 1823.
77 Bt. Lieut. Col. Maclaine, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Col. Broomhead, ret. 26 Dec. 1822.
Capt. Bradshaw, Maj. by purch. do.
Lieut. Bowen, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Champaign, Lieut. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet P. W. A. Bradshaw. Ens. by purch. do.
85 Ens. Vandeleur, Lieut. by purch. vice Ormsby, Cape Corps 5 do.
Edward, Lord Crofton, Ens. by purch. do.
88 Lieut. Faris, Capt. by purch. vice Nickle, prom. 28 Nov.
Ens. Jardine, Lieut. by purch. do.
R. T. Fletcher, Ens. by purch. do.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Kenny, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. by purch. vice Mercer, ret. 19 Dec.
2 Lieut. Hamill, from 1 Dr. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Kenny do.
1 Ceyl. R. Ens. Braham, late of 85 F. 2d Lieut. vice Basset, dead 6 July.
3 Vet. Bn. Ens. Lane, from h. p. 25 F. Ens. vice Satchell, Quart. Mast. 25 Oct.
Ens. Freame, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. do.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Wharrie, from h. p. 32 F. Assist. Surg. vice Frank, h. p. 25 Dec. 1822.
——— Pardey, from h. p. 62 F. Assist. Surg. do.
Hosp. Assist. Butler, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Bruce, h. p. do.

Exchanges.

Bt Lieut. Col. Churchill, from Gren. Gds. with Capt. Maitland, 18 F.
——— Jervois, from 8 F. with Capt. Booth, 15 F.
Major Carmichael, from 6 Dr. Gds. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Fitz-Clarence, 1 W. I. R.
——— Hutchison, from 47 F. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Warren, 65 F.
Bt. Major Elliot, from 32 F. with Capt. Reid, h. p. 29 F.
Capt. Burnside, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Clarke, h. p. 60 F.
Capt. Goldie, from 88 F. rec diff. with Capt. Bray, h. p. 24 Dr.
Lieut. Finch, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Scarlett, h. p. 9 Dr.
——— Keogh, from 1 F. with Lieut. Urquhart, 20 F.
——— Cain, from 17 F. with Lieut. Keowen, 14 F.
——— Cassan, from 18 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lord Wallscourt, h. p. W. I. Rang.
——— Stevens, from 22 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Matson, h. p. 60 F.
——— Grant, from 46 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Button, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.
——— Reoch, from 69 F. with Lieut. Tudor, h. p. 50 F.
——— Tottenham, from 89 F. with Lieut. Holland, h. p. 86 F.
Vet. Surg. Blanchard, from 3 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Schroeder, h. p. 21 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Bromhead, 77 F.
Major Way, 17 Dr.
——— Beck, 17 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Capt. Jebb, R. H. Gds.
——— Mercer, 1 W. I. R.
Lieut. Ferrier, 57 F.

Deaths.

Field Marshal, Marquis of Drogheda, K. St. P. late Colonel of 18 Hussars, Dublin 23 Dec. 1822.
Lieut. Gen. Tipping, Paris, 7 Jan. 1823.
Col. Sir J. Wardlaw, Bt. late of 4 W. I. R. Dunfermline, N. B. 1 Jan.
Lieut. Col. Temple, h. p. 87 F. London 20 Jan.
Major Blakeney, 66 F. Cheltenham 7 Jan.
——— Skyring, Royal Art. Gibraltar 6 Dec. 1822.
——— Alms, Royal Art. Jersey 29 do.
Capt. Cavanagh, 87 F. Bengal 18 May.
——— Mowatt, Barr. Mast. at Romford 11 Jan. 1823.
——— Young, h. p. Adj. So. Hants Mil. Southampton 2 Jan.
——— Lloyd, h. p. 111 F. Kensington 7 do.
Lieut. Lamphier, 13 F. Chatham 6 Jan.
——— Simmons, 34 F. Madras 2 Aug. 1822.
——— Hon. W. Home, 41 F. Madras 23 July.
——— Worsley, 89 F. Isle of Wight 20 Jan. 1823.
——— Watson, h. p. 24 Dr. India
——— Brownsmith, h. p. 6 F. Contances, Normandy 1 Nov. 1822.
——— Lawrence, h. p. 56 F. Eltham, Kent 25 Nov.
——— Brown, h. p. 60 F. Diss. Norfolk 28 do.
——— Cowen, h. p. 79 F. Clara, King's County 8 Jan. 1823.
——— Isles, h. p. 86 F. St. Andrew's, Auckland, Durham 10 Dec. 1822.
——— Thompson, late Horse Gren. Gds. 19 April.
——— Ewart, h. p. 1 F. Limerick, Ireland 29 July 1821.
Ensign Burbridge, late 8 Vet. Bn. Hampshire, 30 Nov. 1822.
Quart. Mast. Cowper, h. p. 10 Dr. London 19 Jan. 1823.
——— Heap, h. p. Royal Horse Gds. Alcester, Warwickshire 23 Dec. 1822.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. Rose, Ireland.
Surg. Dr Wood. Berwick.
Assist. Surg. Maxwell, h. p. 10 Vet. Bn.
——— Watkins, late 7 Vet. Bn. Wolverhampton 3 Dec. 1822.
Hosp. Assist. Allan, Sierra Leone 8 Aug.
——— Donaldson, Sierra Leone 12 Oct.

III. MILITARY.—FOR MARCH.

Brevet Capt. Gilland, 1 R. Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army 18 Aug. 1819.
——— Lester, E. I. Comp. Serv. Adj. to Cadets at Mil. Seminary at Addiscombe, local rank of Capt. while so employed, vice Chaplin, res. Adj. only 23 Jan. 1823.
15 Dr. Cornet Ellis, Lieut. by purch. vice Cockburne, 17 Dr. 26 Dec. 1822.
R. Sugden, Cornet by purch. do.
17 Lieut. Graham, Capt. by purch. vice Atkins, ret. 30 Jan. 1823.
Coldst. G. Ens. Rawdon, from 79 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Smith, Royal Horse Gds. do.
Hon. T. Ashburnham, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Bowen, 55 F. do.
2 F. Ens. Harvey, Lieut. vice M'Carthy, dead 6 Feb.
Ens. Raitt, Ens. do.
15 N. Suckling, Ens. 16 Jan.
55 G. F. Horsford, Ens. vice Lizars, dead 30 do.
11 Lieut. Sargent, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Waters, h. p. 83 F. 16 do.
43 Capt. Le Blanc, Maj. by purch. vice Dalyell, prom. 31 Dec. 1822.
Lieut. Hill, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Ward, Lieut. by purch. do.
A. Denham, Ens. by purch. vice Ferguson, 17 F. 2 Jan. 1823.
S. Tryon, Ens. by purch. vice Ward 23 do.

45 Gen. R. Earl of Cavan, K.C. from 58 F. Col. vice Gen. Lister, dead 10 Feb.
47 Quart. Mast. Serj. Bailes, Quart. Mast. vice King, dead 8 Aug. 1822.
54 Lieut. Mandilhon, Capt. by purch. vice Blakeman, ret. 30 Jan. 1823.
Ens. Gascoyne, Lieut. by purch. do.
H. R. Clarke, Ens. by purch. do.
55 Lieut. Bowen, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Welsh, ret. do.
58 Gen. T. Lord Lynedock, G.C.B. from 90 F. Col. vice E. of Cavan, 45 F. 10 Feb.
63 Lieut. Richardson, Capt. by purch. vice Myers, ret. 2 Jan.
Ens. French, Lieut. by purch. do.
T. F. Hart, Ens. by purch. do.
66 Lieut. L'Estrange, Capt. vice Blakeney. dead 16 do.
Ens. Dodgin, Lieut. do.
W. H. Dodgin, Ens. do.
76 Lieut. Stevenson, Capt. by purch. vice Torrens, ret. 6 Feb.
Ens. Kennedy, Lieut. by purch. do.
W. F. Webster, Ens. by purch. do.
79 M. FitzGerald, Ens. by purch. vice Rawdon, Coldst. Gds. 30 Jan.
86 Lieut. Vanspall, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Lanphier, ret. do.
Ens. Grant, Lieut. by purch. do.
W. Osborne, Ens. by purch. do.
89 Lieut. Molony, from h. p. 83 F. Lieut. vice Sargent, 41 F. 16 do.
Lieut. M'Kie, from h. p. 14 F. Lieut. vice Worsley, dead do.
90 Lieut. Gen. Hon. R. Meade, Col. vice Lord Lynedock, 58 F. 10 Feb.
93 Bt. Lieut. Col. Hon. Sir C. Gordon, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Milling, ret. 26 Dec. 1822.
Capt. Johnston, from 85 F. Maj. by purch. do.
Lieut. Cradock, from 27 F. Capt. by purch. vice Mackinnon, ret. 30 Jan. 1823.
2 Ceyl. R. E. B. Fraser, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Sloper, ret. 9 do.
1. R. V. Bn. Maj. Bircham, from h. p. 30 F. Maj. vice Ebrington, ret. list 30 do.
2 Maj. Crofton, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Maj. vice Reynolds, ret. list do.

Unattached.

Maj. Dalyell, from 43 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Stirling, ret. 31 Dec. 1822.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Law, from h. p. 82 F. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. du Heaume, cancelled 23 Jan. 1823.
Acting Hosp. Assist. Mackey, Hosp. Assist. vice Allan, dead 6 Feb

Exchanges.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Debbieg, from 44 F. with Capt. Johnston, h. p. 5. Gar. Bn.
Bt. Major Wood, from 2 F. with Capt. Ford, h. p. 71 F.
——— MacGregor, from 58 F. with Capt. Clabon, 33 F.
Capt. Marcon, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Macintosh, h. p. 79 F.
Lieut. Amyatt, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Tuckett, 11 F.
——— Earl of Errol, from 12 Dr. with Lieut. Moore, 38 F.
——— Urquhart, from 1 F. with Lieut. Bernard, h. p. 84 F.
——— Earl of Errol, from 48 F. with Lieut. Urmiston, h. p. 45 F.
——— Philipps, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mawdesley, h. p. 8 F.
——— Brohier, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bell, h. p. York Chass.
Cornet Dalyell, from 5 D. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Cuninghame, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds.
——— Williamson, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Heigham, h. p. 6 Dr.
Ensign Eliot, from 32 F. with Ensign Wardell, h. p. 66 F.
Hosp. Assist. Voysey, from h. p. with Hosp. Assist. Dixon.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. Stirling, from 42 F.
Lieut. Col. Lanphier, 86 F.
——— Milling, 93 F.
Capt. Atkins, 17 Dr.
——— Blakeman, 54 F.
——— Welch, 55 F.
——— Myers, 63 F.
——— Torrens, 76 F.
Lieut. Gabb, h. p. 3 F. Gds.
2d Lieut. Sloper, 2d Ceylon Reg
Hosp. Assist. Dempster
——— Gow

Appointment cancelled.

Lieut. Bainbridge, 57 F.

Removed from the Service.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Smith.

Deaths.

General Lister, Col. of 45 F. and Gov. Landguard Fort, Coln House, Fairford, Gloucestershire 2 Feb. 1825
Lieut. Col. Milling, late of 93 F. Dublin 30 Dec. 1822.
Capt. M'Lauchlan, 91 F. Jamaica 15 Dec.
——— Dick, h. p. 62 F. Arklow, Wicklow 17 Nov.
——— Olfermann, h. p. 97 F. Blankenburg, Brunswick 19 Oct.
——— Gair, h. p. Cape Reg. Highgate 24 Dec
——— Agnew, h. p. Queen's Rang. New Brunswick 10 Oct.
——— Rautzan, h. p. Brig. Maj. Germ. Leg. Hildesheim 27 Dec
——— Bettesworth, h. p. Royal Art.
Lieut. M'Carthy, 2 F. Dublin 1 Feb. 1825.
——— Keane, 21 F. West Indies 11 Jan.
——— Peppard, 69 F. Old Brompton 15 Feb
——— Placket, 1 W. I. R. (Adj.) Barbadoes 18 Dec. 1822.
——— Maclean, 2 W. I. R. Fort Charlotte, Bahamas 18 Dec
——— N. Hood, late 5 Vet. Bn. Deptford 2 Feb. 1823.
——— Swayne, h. p. 64 F. Middleton, Cork 4 Dec. 1822.
——— Burke, h. p. York. Rang. Galway, Ireland 26 do.
Ensign Lizars, 35 F. Nevis 25 Nov.
——— M'Laughlin, h. p. 4 W. I. Reg. Tortola 22 do.
——— Kemmeter, late 2 Vet. Bn. Chelsea 24 Jan. 1823.
——— Martin, h. p. 7 Line Ger. Leg. Heidleburg 2 Dec. 1822.
Chaplain Pohse, h. p. Ger. Leg. Hanover 11 Jan. 1823.
Paymaster Fisher, h. p. 60 F. Guernsey 25 Dec. 1822.
Adjutant Duxbury, h. p. Cambridge, Fen. Cav. Halden, Kent 1 Nov.
Quart. Mast. King 47 F. Bombay 4 Aug.
——— Gow, 82 F. Port Louis, Mauritius 12 do.
——— Freer, h. p. 48 F. London 26 Jan. 1825.
——— Behusen, h. p. Foreign Vet. Bn. Hanover 14 Dec. 1822.
Surgeon Dr. O'Donel, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 7 Aug.
——— James Dunn, h. p. Forces, Dublin 5 Dec.
Assist. Surg. Browne, 69 F. Madras 19 Sept.
——— Clarke, h. p. 26 F. June.
——— Meyer, h. p. 5 Line Germ. Leg. Wolfenbuttel 25 Dec.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register-Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Feb. 1	M.29	28.604	M.35	E.	Day hail,
	A. 34	.826	A. 35		snow night.
2	M.27	.708	M.32	E.	Showers,
	A. 34	.728	A. 31		snow.
3	M.25	.891	M.31	NE.	Heavy snow
	A. 29	.902	A. 30		and drift,
4	M.23	.998	M.30	NE.	Ditto.
	A. 28	29.230	A. 28		
5	M.17	.450	M.31	NE.	Keen frost.
	A. 27	.551	A. 34		
6	M.15	.402	M.28	SE.	Fair foren.
	A. 26	.306	A. 29		h. drift after.
7	M.23	28.972	M.31	SE.	Heavy snow.
	A. 30	.944	A. 30		
8	M.23½	.902	M.30	Cble.	Day fair,
	A. 28	.998	A. 31		
9	M.26	.995	M.32	SW.	Day thaw,
	A. 32	.950	A. 35		night frost.
10	M.23½	.725	M.35	NW.	Ditto.
	A. 35	.790	A. 37		
11	M.29½	.551	M.35	Cble.	Thaw, with
	A. 35	.401	A. 40		h. showers.
12	M.29	.421	M.40	NW.	Ditto.
	A. 39	.401	A. 38		
13	M.28	.472	M.38	Cble.	Frost, with
	A. 39	29.132	A. 39		sunshine.
14	M.30	28.928	M.37	Cble.	Frost, sleet,
	A. 34	.750	A. 39		and snow.
Feb. 15	M.28	29.129	M.35	N.	Keen frost.
	A. 34	.957	A. 36		
16	M.27	30.110	M.36	NE.	Frost morn.
	A. 33	.110	A. 37		dull day.
17	M.29	29.892	M.36	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 33	.785	A. 35		night snow.
18	M.27½	.112	M.34	S.	Dull foren.
	A. 36	28.590	A. 38		h. rain after.
19	M.31	.651	M.37	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 34	.974	A. 37		sunsh. day.
20	M.29½	29.541	M.36	W.	Keen frost,
	A. 34	.354	A. 39		with sunsh.
21	M.36	28.695	M.40	Cble.	Hea. sh. rain
	A. 41	.760	A. 39		most of day.
22	M.29½	.862	M.38	W.	Foren. fair,
	A. 35	.862	A. 39		aftern. dull.
23	M.30	.996	M.37	Cble.	Dull, with h.
	A. 35	.476	A. 38		showers rain.
24	M.32	.980	M.38	NW.	Fair, with
	A. 38	29.540	A. 41		sunshine.
25	M.30½	28.998	M.39	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 36	.320	A. 39		dull day.
26	M.30	.612	M.37	Cble.	Day snow
	A. 36	.825	A. 35		and sleet.
27	M.28	.992	M.36	NE.	Morn. frost.
	A. 36	.990	A. 38		fair day.
28	M.28½	29.216	M.36	N.	Ditto.
	A. 35	.480	A. 38		

Average of Rain, 3.389 Inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mean temperature, for the four weeks that has elapsed since the date of our last, is only four degrees above the freezing point. Nightly frosts have been frequent. The mercury in the thermometer ranged between 26° and 48°. A considerable quantity of sleet and snow fell during the last two weeks of February. On the 2d of March, it blew a fresh gale from the west, which dissolved a considerable quantity of snow; and, on the 3d, ploughs, that had not been occupied from the first week in January, were again at work in the early districts; but even in such situations, the operation of ploughing was again obstructed by a fall of snow, accompanied by keen frost, on the evening of the 8th: the snow, which was about three inches deep, lay till the 10th, when ploughing was again resumed. In the northern districts, little seed furrow has been turned over, and in such places, a late seed-time will be unavoidable. Few beans have as yet been sown, in the most favoured situations. The progress of vegetation, as well as the operations of seed-time, is at least two weeks later than usual. The vast quantities of snow that lie undissolved in hollows, where it was drifted, offer a serious obstruction to Spring ploughing, and also tends to chill the air near the earth's surface.

Wheat, where deeply covered with snow, has a blanched and sickly appearance; in exposed situations, the foliage is completely faded; but where the seeds were deposited deeply in the soil, the roots are still safe. Young clover plants exhibit a shrivelled foliage, but few plants have been thrown out.

The late frosty nights have been hurtful both to wheat and clover plants; but they have been favourable to carse clay lands, by producing a free mould.

The unfavourable appearance of Spring weather, or the prospects of a continental war, or both, have raised the prices of grain since our last. Wheat now brings 5s. per boll more than in the Winter months, and other species of grain are in demand. Potatoes, in consequence of the vast quantities used in the feeding-byre during the storm, are becoming scarce, and considerable quantities have lately been shipped for the London markets. The Winter and Spring weather has hitherto been unfavourable to sheep, either at pasture, or on turnips in the field. Fodder is every where scarce, and the operation of thrashing seems unusually far advanced.

12th March 1823.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat. Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck.	1823.	Oatmeal. Bls.	Peck.	B. & P. Meal Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
Feb. 12	961	16 0 27 0	20 10	18 6 22 0	13 0 17 0	12 0 15 0	7	6	Feb. 11	302	1 1	36	0 10
19	928	15 9 27 0	21 0	17 0 21 0	13 0 16 6	12 0 14 6	7	6	18	360	1 1	48	0 10
26	983	18 0 28 0	23 0	18 0 23 0	14 0 17 6	13 0 15 6	7	6	25	322	1 1	51	0 10
March 5	864	22 0 30 0	25 6	19 0 23 0	17 6 22 0	13 6 17 6	7	6	March 4	344	1 2	61	0 10
12	914	22 0 31 0	25 11	22 6 25 0	18 6 26 0	16 6 19 0	8	6	11	420	1 1	62	1 0

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs. Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Oats, 264 lbs. Irish.	British.	Barley, 320 lbs. English.	Scots.	Bns. & Pse. Sturl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.
Feb. 13	— —	— —	20 21 0	13 6 15 6	14 0 19 0	27 0 28 0	22 0 25 0	15 0 17 0	15 6 15 0	36 —
20	25 —	— —	19 24 0	13 6 16 0	14 6 19 0	27 0 28 0	22 0 26 0	15 0 17 0	13 0 17 0	36 38
27	— —	— —	20 24 0	13 6 16 0	14 6 19 0	27 0 28 0	22 0 26 0	15 0 17 6	14 6 16 0	36 —
March 6	— —	— —	23 27 0	14 0 17 6	15 6 19 0	20 0 30 0	20 0 26 0	16 9 18 0	16 0 18 0	36 38
13	— —	— —	26 30 0	17 0 20 0	19 0 21 0	— —	26 0 30 0	19 6 22 0	17 6 18 8	36 38

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat. Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
Feb. 14	869	14 0 25 6	20 5	16 21 0	12 16 0	9 13 0	9 13 6
21	1040	15 0 23 6	20 10	17 22 0	12 16 0	10 14 0	10 14 6
28	938	19 0 28 0	23 1	18 23 0	15 20 0	1 13 0	12 15 6
March 7	932	19 0 28 0	24 9	19 23 6	18 25 0	12 16 0	12 17 0
14	824	18 0 30 0	25 10	20 28 0	19 25 0	12 16 0	12 16 0

Dalkeith.

1823.	Oatmeal. Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Feb. 10	15 0 16 0	1 1
17	15 6 14 5	1 0
24	14 0 15 0	1 0
March 3	16 6 17 6	1 1½
10	18 0 20 0	1 3

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. Fd & Pot	Potat.	Beans. Pigeon.	Tick.	Pease. Boiling.	Grey.	Flour, 280 lb. Fine.	2d.	Quar. Loaf.
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Feb. 10	22 48	18 23	21 32	16 22	20 24	21 30	20 25	35 38	27 31	56 40	30 35	— 7
17	24 49	18 23	22 34	16 22	20 24	24 30	20 25	35 39	30 32	56 45	30 35	— 7
24	28 52	20 25	26 37	16 22	20 24	24 30	20 25	35 39	30 32	40 45	35 38	— 8
March 3	35 56	24 27	26 34	16 22	20 24	26 32	22 27	35 40	30 33	45 50	38 44	— 9
10	35 57	24 27	26 34	16 22	20 24	28 34	24 29	35 40	30 35	45 50	38 44	— 9

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour. Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Oatm. 240 lb. Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Feb. 11	3 6 7 0	2 7 3 0	2 10 4 8	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 32	27 32	28 32	20 21	20 22
18	3 9 7 0	2 5 3 0	3 0 4 8	18 20	25 32	23 36	28 32	27 32	28 32	20 24	20 22
25	3 6 7 0	2 6 3 0	3 0 4 9	18 20	26 33	23 36	28 32	27 32	28 32	22 25	20 22
March 4	3 6 7 3	2 6 3 0	3 0 4 10	18 20	26 33	23 36	28 34	27 32	28 32	22 25	30 32
11	3 9 8 6	2 9 3 7	3 9 5 3	— —	28 35	25 40	34 40	36 39	28 34	24 27	22 25

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Feb. 1	40 0	22 3	28 0	17 0	25 7	30 0	—
8	40 5	23 0	28 0	17 8	25 6	30 1	—
15	40 7	22 10	28 3	17 9	25 7	30 7	—
22	40 11	21 0	28 5	18 1	25 9	32 0	—
March 1	41 7	22 8	28 9	18 8	25 7	31 7	

Course of Exchange, London, March 11.——Amsterdam, 12 : 11. Ditto at sight, 12 : 8. Rotterdam, 12 : 12. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburgh, 38 : 5. Altona, 38 : 6. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 159. Madrid, 37¼. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Genoa, 42½. Leghorn, 46¼. Lisbon, 51¾. Oporto, 52¼. Rio Janeiro, 44. Dublin, 9⅛ ℔ cent. Cork, 9¼ ℔ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ℔ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 ⁊ 17 ⁊ 6d. New Doubloons, £.3⁊15s. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11¼d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast. 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. to 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 12th Feb. to 12th March 1823.

	Feb. 12.	Feb. 19.	Feb. 26.	March 6.	March 12.
Bank Stock	—	234	239	—	—
3 ℔ cent. reduced	73⅛	74⅜	74½	—	—
3 ℔ cent. consols	73⅜	—	74	73¾	74⅛
3½ ℔ cent. do.	86¾	86½	86⅝	86⅛	—
4 ℔ cent. do.	92½	93½	93½	—	—
Ditto New	92¾	93¼	93½	93½	94
India Stock	234	—	237	—	—
—— Bonds	27 pr.	28 pr.	28 pr.	24 pr.	23 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)	14 15 pr.	14 pr.	8 pr.	10 12 pr.	11 pr.
Consols for account	73½	—	74⅜	74	74¼
French 5 ℔ cents.	76 fr. 25 c.	78 fr. —	74 fr. —	—	79 fr.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th January and the 20th February 1823; extracted from the London Gazette.

Adams, J. Stamford, liquor-merchant.
Allan, A. jun. Topping's-wharf, Tooley-street, provision-merchant.
Armstrong, W. Arundel-street, Strand, tailor.
Arnold, C. Axminster, Devonshire, surgeon.
Atmore, W. C. Wood-street, Manchester, warehouseman.
Barrett, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, innholder.
Bambridge, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, woollen-draper.
Barlow, J. and W. Sheffield, razor-makers.
Barton, J. Freckenham, Suffolk, innkeeper.
Backhouse, J. Frome Selwood, Somerset, dyer.
Beaumont, J. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, coach-makers.
Birch, J. Brimingham, jeweller.
Bickers, W. Great Tichfield-street, Oxford-street, linen-draper.
Blair, G. and W. Plimpton, Lower Thames-street, seedsmen.
Blount, G. Liverpool, iron-merchant.
Blunden, W. sen. East Malling, Kent, farmer.
Bowman, J. Salford, dyer.
Boyl, E. Leicester, square, printer.
Boulton, J. Roworth, Derby, publican.
Bradshaw, L. Adlington, Lancashire, dealer.
Brecknell, S. Whitones, Worcestershire, hop-merchant.
Brown, W. Barton-upon-Humber, nurseryman.
Byrne, T. King-street, Bryanstone-square, tailor.
Caper, G. Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, grocer.
Chalk, J. Blackfriars'-road, coach-maker.
Child, J. Bristol, grocer.
Collins, R. Regent-street, Oxford-street, carpet-dealer
Culverhouse, J. Walcot, Somersetshire, flour-factor.
Cumming, A. J. High-street, Southwark, cheese-monger.
Davis, E. Chancery-lane, victualler.
Davis, H. Hughes, Shottisham, Suffolk, apothecary.
Dewsnop, W. C. St. Bridge's-court, Bridge-street, painter.
Dulan, M. J. J. Cleveland-court, St. James's-place, tailor.
Dudley, T. Brighton, carpet-dealer.
Earl, J. jun. and T. Lea, jun. Birmingham, merchants.
Elam, T. W. Bradford, clothier.
Evans, R. P. Bernard-street, Russel-square, merchant.
Fitzgerald, T. Lawrence-Pountney-hill, merchant.
Forek, F. W. Whitechapel road, baker.
French, J. jun. Keyford, Somer et. clothier.
Gadderer, C. E. Lime-street square, insurance broker.
Goodrich, R. Painswick, Gloucestershire, baker.
Greatrex, C. B. Abberley, Worcestershire, apothecary.
Green, J. Great Yarmouth, and J. Green, Somerlayton, Norfolk, brick-makers.
Harrison, H. Southwork-bridge Stone-wharf, stone mason.
Havell, H. Bucklebury, Berkshire, baker.
Hamilton, R. Liverpool, merchant.
Hallen, S. Bradley, Stafford, iron-merchant.
Holahan, P. London-street, Fenchurch-street, wine and brandy merchant.
Ince, T. Yedringham, Yorkshire, horse-dealer.
Isherwood, J. Wortley, Leeds, cloth-manufacturer.
Jameson, J. Little Queen-street, coach-maker.
James, J. Chepstow, Monmouth, grocer.
Jarmain, J. Cumberland-street, New-road, upholsterer.
Jones, J. S. Frome Selwood, Somerset, linen-draper.
Johnson, W. Addington place, Camberwell, butcher.
Johnson, D. Nantwich, druggist.
Kelsey, W. and T. Heckdyke, Nottinghamshire, hemp-dealers.
King, W. Edgware-road, cheesemonger.
Lane, F. Chandos-street, oilman.
Larbalastier, J. and J. Warwick, New Basinghall-street, wine-merchants.
Lewis, G. London, merchant.
Lister, S. jun. W. Lister, and W. Walker, Lawrence-lane, warehouseman.
Littlefield, J. Portsea, plumber and glazier.
Lovell, W. Kilmersden, Somersetshire, linen-draper.
M'Grath, E. Winchester-row, New-road, dealer.
Manning, R. Sackville-street, Piccadilly, tailor.
Martelly, L. H. and I. Dayrie, Finsbury-square, merchants.

Mason, C. Birmingham, druggist.
Mercer, G. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper.
Mitchell, P. Bungay, stationer.
Morganti, P. Brighton, jeweller.
Morehouse, J. Wells, cabinet-maker.
Munk, E. and J. Hodgskin, Maidstone, grocers.
Nathan, J. Liverpool, watch-maker.
Newland, J. Liverpool, boot-maker.
Needham, E. Fore-street, Cripplegate, warehouseman.
Noel, L. J. J. Great Ormond-street, bill-broker.
O'Brien, J. Broad-street buildings, merchant.
Osborn, R. Gravestone, Norfolk, shopkeeper.
Osborne, H. New Brentford, fishmonger.
Pinueger, R. Watchfield, Berks, corn-dealer.
Porter, H. Taunton, draper.
Rummer, C. Rainham, Kent, wine and brandy dealer.
Ripley, J. Wapping High-street.
Salter, J. and J. S. Kingston, Surrey, brewers.
Sampson, J. H. Sculcoates, merchant.
Scammell, R. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, fuller.
Scobell, J. Hinton St. George, Somersetshire, builder.
Shands, W. Old Change, baker.
Smith, J. Hulme, near Manchester, brewer.
Smith, T. Watling-street, warehouseman.
Smith, H. Tooting, victualler.
Spencer, J. Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, livery-stable keeper.
Spice, R. G. Drury-lane, dealer in ham and beef.
Sprainks, W. Brixton, baker.
Stephenson, J. and J. Carleen, Abingdon, bankers.
Stafford, S. Mettingham, Suffolk, farmer.
Stevens, J. Newgate-street, carpet warehouseman.
Stevens, W. Oxford, liquor-merchant.
Stevenson, W. jun. Bawtry, Yorkshire, cooper.
Stinson, B. Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer.
Stirk, W. Beatson, Yorkshire, woolstapler.
Symes, W. Crewborne, Somerset, linen-draper.
Thomson, A. Liverpool, merchant.
Unitt, G. Taddington, Gloucestershire, farmer.
Upsall, H. Wood, Enderby, Lincolnshire, cattle-jobber.
Vere, C. Cloth Fair, draper.
Ward, J. Lowestoft, twine-spinner.
Wade, W. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, carpenter.
Wagstaff, D. and J. H. Skinner-street, Snow-hil, carpet-warehousemen.
Wagstaff, S. and T. Baylis, Kidderminster, Wolcestershire.
Walker, W. Rochdale, woollen manucturer.
Wighton, J. Basinghall-street, woollefaarehouseman.
Williams, J. Pinners'-hall, Old Broad-street, merchant.
Willington, J. and E. Birmingham, cabinet-case-makers.
Winscom, J. Andover, linen-draper.
Wright, J. Stanwick, Northamptonshire, horse-dealer.
Wright, R. Hatfield Broad ake, Essex, grocer.
Young, W. Bernard-street, insurance-broker.

Alphebetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies and Dividends, announced February 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Alison, William, grazier, &c. at Muirkirk, parish of Kilbride.
Cameron & Bisset, agents in Dunkeld.
Gardner, Thomas, carpet-manufacturer in Edinburgh.
Jamieson & Co. clothiers in Glasgow.
King, James grocer & spirit-dealer in Hamilton.
Mayoh, Samuel, merchant and linen-draper in Castle-Douglas.
M'Grouther, Alex. & Jas. merchants in Greenock.
M'Phederan, Dugald, & Son, merchants in Greenock.
Moffat, James, & Co. Glasgow, and Moffat & Purcell, Kingston, Jamaica.
Morrison, David, merchant in Markinch, Inverness.
Neilson, George, wright & builder in Glasgow.
Reid, John, grocer & spirit-dealer in Kilmarnock.
Stevenson & Duff, merchants in Dunkeld.

DIVIDENDS.

Archer, Charles & Son, merchants in Perth, and William Archer & Co. merchants in Newburgh; by P. G. Stewart, merchant in Perth.
Balfour, James, merchant in Kirkcaldy; by Robert Kirk, banker there.
Drysdale, John, grocer in Glasgow; by George Miller, jun. accountant there.
Hill & Pattison, spirit-dealers in Glasgow; by W. Shirra, wine-merchant there.
Macarthur, George, grocer in Glasgow; by M. Neilson, merchant there.
M'Leod, John, minister ann builder in Glasgow; by James Kerr, accountant there.
Perth Foundry Company; by H. Lindsay, merchant in Perth.
Sorley, John, jun. ironmonger in Glasgow; by G. Sanders, accountant there.
Webster, James, Ship-master in Ferry-Port-on Craig; by P. H. Thoms, merchant in Dundee.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. Dec. 17. At Naples, the Lady of Alexander Thompson, Esq. a daughter.
1823. Jan. 7. At Pilmuir, Mrs Fortune, a son.
20. At Banff, Mrs Capt. M'Lean, 2d West-India regiment, a son.
29. At York Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of W. Polmer, Esq. a son.
— At Baberton, the Lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton, a daughter.
30. At Parkhouse, Mrs Gordon, a daughter.
Feb. 2. In Rodney Street, Liverpool, Mrs Mathew Miller, a son.
3. Mrs Chancellor of Shieldhill, a daughter.
4. At Ayr, the Lady of Capt. H. Maxwell, a daughter.
— At Viscountess Duncan's, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Dundas, a son.
— At Mungal Cottage, Mrs Stainton of Biggarshiels, a son.
— At London, the Lady of John Loch, Esq. a son.
9. At 86, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Young, a son.
10. At Portobello, Mrs Davidson, a daughter.
11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Matheson, wife of D. Matheson, Esq. advocate, a son.
11. In Straton-Street, London, Lady Jane Peel, a son.
12. At Bower Manse, Mrs Smith, a daughter.
— At Greenlaw Manse, Mrs Home, a son.
— At 15, Dundas-Street, Mrs A. Clephane, a daughter.
13. At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, a son.
14. At Dunmore, Mrs Campbell, a daughter.
— At Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs Struthers, a daughter.
16. Mrs R. P. Gillies, 32, Great King Street, Edinburgh, a son.
17. At Elder-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of James Cove Jones, Esq. M. D. a son.
— At Schivas, the Lady of Alexander Forbes Irvine, Esq. a son.
18. At Rockville, East Lothian, the Lady of Capt. H. Bruce, R. N. a daughter.
— In Queen-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Aytoun, a son.
— At Kirkmay House, the Lady of Robt. Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, a daughter.
19. At Erskine House, he Right Hon. Lady Blantyre, a son.
— At No. 11, Brown Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Grahame, a son.
— In Mortimer Street, Cavendish-Square, London, the Lady of David Walker, Esq. a daughter.

19. At Millikon, the Lady of Sir Wm. Milliken Napier, Bart. a daughter.

22. At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, the Lady of Capt. M'Konochie, R. N. a daughter.

Lately, at Knowle-house, Bovey-Tracey, Devon, the Lady of Francis Daniell, Esq. a daughter, being her twenty-first child, nineteen of whom are living.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Aug. 15. At St Thomas's Church, Bombay, Capt. Roderick James M'Lean, of his Majesty's 65th regiment of light infantry, to Robina Jane, eldest daughter of Major Robert Hunter Hough, Deputy Military Auditor-General, Island of Coolsbah.

Sept. 23. At Batavia, David Alex. Fraser, Esq. of the firm of MacQuoid, Davidson, & Co., to Miss Anna Peake, daughter of R. Peake, Esq. many years treasurer of Drury-Lane Theatre.

Oct. 26. At Uterhage, Cape of Good Hope, Mr Robert Turnbull, District Surgeon, to Rachel, eldest daughter of the late Mr Harper, Dalgety, Fife.

1823. Jan. 16. At Campbletown, Argyleshire, Capt. Watts, 73d regiment, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Col. Campbell of Glenfeachan.

27. At No. 1, Fife Place, Glasgow, J. O. Denny, Esq. to Bethia, eldest daughter of Francis Adam, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

28. At Meikle Corsehill, Thomas Dean, Esq. of Draffan, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Mackie of Meikle Corsehill, Esq.

29. At Glasgow, the Rev. Alex. Laing, M. A. Southend, to Miss Christian Reid, second daughter of Daniel Reid, Esq. Balquhidder.

Feb. 4. Lieut. Robert Sangster. R. N. to Miss R. C. M'Intosh, only daughter of the late Daniel M'Intosh, Edinburgh.

5. At Lawhill, John Martin, Esq. of Newhouse, to Miss Jean Low, daughter of the late David Low, Esq. Lindifferan.

6. At Dumfries, the Rev. James Blyth Urr, to Miss Isabella Murdoch.

11. At 17, Forth Street, Edinburgh, Charles Peebles, Esq. writer in Glasgow, to Miss Paterson of Smithfield.

15. At Nethercluny, James Cameron of Balmoral, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Watt, Esq.

17. At Carron-Vale House, the Rev. Mr Kelly, of Southend, to Miss Louisa Ann Robertson.

Lately, at No. 3, Castle-Street, Edinburgh, Andrew Veitch, Esq. Dalry Mills, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Hill, Long Herniston.

DEATHS.

1822. March 25. At Macao, where he had proceeded for the benefit of his health, George Crutenden Esq. of the firm of Cruttenden, Mackillop, & Co. (formerly Downie & Co.)

July, at Bencoolen, Duncan Macalman, Esq. assistant-surgeon, Hon. East-Indian Company's Service, Bengal establishment.

26. On board the Balcarras East Indiaman, Emelia, wife of Edward Maxwell, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, daughter of the late Alex. Walker, Esq. of Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Sept. 15. At Bencoolen, William Jack, Esq. assistant-surgeon, of the Bengal Medical Establishment.

Nov. 25. At the Island of Nevis, West Indies, Mr Robert Lizars, Ensign 35th regiment.

Dec. 25. At Richmond, Virginia, John Brown, Esq. of Netherwood, in Dumfries-shire, Scotland.

1823. Jan. 7. At Glasgow, truly regretted, Mr E. S. Hutton, civil engineer.

10. At his house in Chapel-Street, Aberdeen, Mr Peter Matthews, aged 58, Teller to the Commercial Banking Company, Aberdeen.

15. At Denmuir, George Wilson Bowman, Esq. of Logie, aged 86.

16. At Mill Hill, Musselburgh, Mrs Lindesay, widow of Lieut. Colonel John Lindesay, of the 53d regiment.

— At Bracadale Manse, the Rev. John Schaw, minister of that parish, in the 39th year of his age.

17. At Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, Mr James Andrew, surgeon, aged 29 years.

— At Glasgow, Margaret Phillphill, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Telfer, writer in Campbletown.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr Jas. Hindmarsh, teacher of music.

19. At No. 2, Hope-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart, late of Strathgroy.

20. At Stoney Bank, Frances, wife of Major J. S. Sinclair, royal artillery, and youngest daughter of the late Capt. D. Ramsay, R. N.

— In Camden-Street, Islington, Richard Temple, Esq. late Lieut. Colonel of the 23d regiment Welsh fusileers, and Captain of the 87th regiment of foot, one of the oldest officers in his Majesty's service.

— At Glasgow, Robert Leslie, Esq.

— At Arlarie, Kinross-shire, David Walker Arnot, Esq. of Arlarie.

21. At Cronstadt, in the 53d year of his age, Mr Alex Gibb, long cashier to Messrs John Booker & Son there.

22. At Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Elder.

— At Glasgow, George William, youngest son of Mr Macadam of Easterhouse.

— Mr George Brooke, of Ebury Street, Chelsea, in the 101st year of his age.

23. At Clifton, Elizabeth Grey, wife of A. G. Harford Battersby, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late Major-General Dundas of Fingask.

— At London, Mrs Todd, relict of the late Chas. Todd, Esq. of Bengal, and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Brown, of Newhills.

— William Collow, Esq. merchant at Havre, in France.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Coulter, aged 95 years, relict of the late Mr Wm. Ballantyne, pewterer, Edinburgh.

— At Inverness, Mrs Ann Watson, relict of the late Rev. George Watson, one of the Ministers of Inverness.

— At Hayes, in the county of Kent, Alexander Mackenzie Fraser, eldest son of Colonel Charles Fraser of Inverallochy and Castle-Fraser.

25. At Willesden House, Middlesex, Sir Rupert George, Bart. aged 74.

— At her house, Aberdour, Mrs Beatson, widow of the deceased James Beatson, Esq. of Balbeaddie.

At Musselburgh, the Rev. William Smith, late Minister of the Episcopal chapel there, aged 75.

At Dumfries, aged 62 years, Mrs Richardson, daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Wright, Minister of Newabbey, and relict of Mr Richardson, distiller.

— At Aberdeen, in the 79th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Gordon, relict of the deceased Mr Daniel Macpherson, and daughter of the deceased Mr George Gordon, jun. sometime Dean of Guild of Aberdeen.

26. At his house at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, Dr Jenner, the illustrious discoverer of vaccination, in the 74th year of his age.

— At Surgeonshall, parish of Fettercairn, in the 85th year of his age, Mr Robert Rhind, farmer Surgeonshall.

27. At his house in Bedford Row, London, Chas. Hutton, L.L.D. F.R.S. &c., in the 86th year of his age. This venerable character will be remembered with gratitude as long as useful science is duly appreciated. Perhaps no name can be mentioned, either ancient or modern, that has so successfully promoted those branches of mathematical knowledge, most conducive to the practical purposes of life, as Dr Hutton. He has been an eminent author for upwards of sixty years, and, during forty of that period, he discharged the arduous duty of Professor of Mathematics, at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, with the highest honour to himself and advantage to his country. His improvements in military tactics have greatly promoted the success of the British artillery and engineers for the last half century, and have been acknowledged and adopted by several of the first Professors of the Continent. It will be a satisfaction to his friends to learn, that Dr Hutton happily retained his mental faculties to the very last.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Brown, wife of Mr John Robertson, Frederick-Street.

— At Arbroath, Mr Wm. Henderson, merchant, aged 92 years.

— At Dumfries, aged 80 years, Mrs Margaret Sproat, widow of the late John Oughterson, Esq. of Milnthird.

— At Monklaw, Thomas Scott, Esq. in the 93d year of his age.

28. At Weem, John Malcolm, Esq. Collector of Excise for the county of Perth.

1823. Jan. 28. At Dalintober, near Campbelton, Malcolm M'Crimmen, Esq. late of Skye, aged 85.

— At his house, Dundas-Street, Edinburgh, Archibald Campbell, Esq. W. S.

— At No. 2, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Lang.

29. John David, eldest son of Mr J. Donaldson, S. S. C. Edinburgh.

— At Bridgehouse, in the parish of Torphichen, John Young, Esq. of Bridgehouse, aged 67.

— At his villa at Blackheath, John Julius Angerstein, Esq.

— At his house, Upper Charlotte-Street Fitzroy Square, London, in the 92d year of his age, the venerable Jas. Jones, D. D., Archdeacon of Hereford, Rector of St Mary Somerset, and St. Mary Mounthow, in the city of London, and Vicar of Shinfield and Swallowfield, in the county of Berks.

— At Musselburgh, W. G. Stuart, Esq.

30. At Powderhall, Duncan, third son of Wm. Macdonald, Esq.

— At Montrose, in the 74th year of his age, Mr William Sharp, merchant.

— At Canonmills, near Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Corbet, wife of James Eyre, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Craufurd, widow of William M'Cormick, Esq. Dundas Street.

— At Thurso, Miss Elizabeth Boyd, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. Boyd, of the 7th royal veteran battalion.

31. In Brown's Square, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Law, writer, Edinburgh; and, on the 10th, Mrs Ann Chalmers, his wife.

— At Prestonpans, Miss Elizabeth Bowie, daughter of the late Mr Patrick Bowie, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Pilmuir, Mrs Fortune.

Feb. 1. At Nice, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, the Hon. Edward Spencer Cowper, brother of Earl Cowper.

— At her house in Maitland-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Hamilton, relict of the late Dr Thomas Cochrane.

— At Maxwelltown, Mrs Mary Howat, relict of the late Mr William Grainger, merchant, aged 84.

2. At Pitnamoon, parish of Fordoun, Margaret Graham, wife of James Adam, flint miller there. She had to the same husband a family of twenty children, of whom seventeen are still alive.

— At Glasgow, Hercules Taylor, son of the late John Taylor, Esq. of Kirktonhill.

— At Perth, Jas. Stewart, Esq. late of Jamaica.

— At her house, in Piccadilly, London, Magdalane, Countess Dowager of Dysart, widow of Lionel, fourth Earl of Dysart.

— At No. 41, North Hanover-Street, Edinburgh, Catharine, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Maitland of Maitlandfield.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Fergusson of Balelmund, Perthshire.

— At Glasgow, aged 66, Mrs Elizabeth Telfer, relict of Dr M'Aulay of that city.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Frances Ogilvie, wife of Mr Charles Buchan, Meadow Place.

— At Coln, St Aldwin's, near Fairfax, Gloucestershire, General Lister, late Colonel of the 45th regiment, and Governor of Languard Fort, in the 89th year of his age.

— At Cupar, Mr Hamilton Donaldson, eldest son of the late Charles Donaldson, Esq. of Broughton Grove, near Edinburgh.

— At Citadel, Leith, Captain Allan W. Campbell, of the Macdonnell Fencible Regiment.

3. At Glasgow, Mrs Isabella Wyld, wife of Mr Robert Brown, Junior, late merchant there.

— At Lochgilphead, John M'Callum, in the 106th year of his age. He enjoyed good health from his infancy till a few weeks ago, and within these few years he frequently walked to Inverary from Lochgilphead, and returned the same day, a distance of 44 miles.

— At Edinburgh, George Imlach, Esq. W. S.

— At London, Mrs Graham, wife of James Graham, Esq. of Underwood.

4. At her house in Harley-Street, London, Lady Rumbold, widow of Sir T. Rumbold, Bart., and daughter of the late Dr E. Law, Bishop of Carlisle.

5. At Leith Links, Mrs Janet Stewart, spouse of Mr Adolphus Scoular, sen.

— At Bowmore, Island of Islay, Malcom Campbell, Esq. aged 102, a long time in the service of the Customs.

Feb. 5. At Cambusalang, aged 26, the Rev. Henry Galloway, A. M., schoolmaster of that parish.

5. At Murraythwaite, at the very advanced age of 98, John Mrray, Esq. of Murraythwaite, late Vice-Lieutenant of the County of Dumfries; a gentleman of great talent and respectability, who, in his youth, filled high offices of trust and responsibility under Government, both at home and abroad. The bent of his mind, and the peculiar feature of the times, induced him to retire in early life (about 60 years of age) from the stage of politics and public adventure, to his paternal estate in Dumfriesshire, where he proved himself a zealous patriot, and an active and judicious Magistrate.

6. In Tavistock Place, Russel-Square, London, John Forbes, Esq. late Collector of his Majesty's Customs from the colony of Demerara.

— At Leslie, of chincough, Catherine F. Scott, aged six years, eldest daughter of the Rev Wm. Scott, minister of the gospel there.

7. At Pinlico, Mrs Radcliffe.—This lady had been indisposed for about a month with a violent cold, which terminated in inflammation, and took from this life the much-admired author of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," and other works of imagination and genius, almost equally popular. Among the female ornaments of English literature she will long hold one of the highest places, and be remembered as near the head of a school, which has been the source of very general sympathy and delight. Mrs R. was, we believe, between fifty and sixty years of age.

— At Glasgow, Dr Samuel MacGavin, aged twenty-five.

— At Douglas, in her 87th year, Mrs Dick, widow of the late David Dick, writer there, much and justly esteemed.

8. At Arbroath, Mrs Barbara Finlayson, wife of Francis Stirling, Esq. banker there.

— At Edinburgh, Robert, eldest son of Robert Speid, Esq. W. S.

9. At Quarry Bank, near Greenock, Donald Shaw, Esq. aged 75.

— At Plymouth Dock, Matilda, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas John Cochrane, Knight, of his Majesty's ship the Forte.

— At his house in Frederick Street, William Cunningham, Esq.

— At Overhorton, Oxfordshire, Lady Edward Somerset.

Lately, at her house in London, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs Ogilvy, relict of David Ogilvy, Esq. of Cockfoster, in the county of Middlesex, sister of the late John Wilson, Esq. town-clerk of Glasgow.

— At Dawlish, aged 83, John Schank, Esq., Admiral of the Blue.

— At Paris, in the 61st year of his age, Henry Grey M'Nab, M. D. physician to his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. This gentleman was, at a very early period of life, Professor of Elocution in the University of Glasgow, and the friend and disciple of the eminent philosopher Reid.

— In St Ann's, Jamaica, in the 26th year of his age, James Sealy Robertson, Esq. A.M., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and an Extraordinary Member of the Aberdeen Medico-Chirurgical Society. He was a son of the late Dr James Robertson, of the Naval Hospital, Barbadoes, and latterly of the Staff of that island.

— At Broughty Ferry, Dundee, in the 103d year of his age, Mr Thomas Abbott. He was born in the reign of King George I., and has seen four of that name on this throne. He never used spectacles, and scarcely was ever known to have one day's illness till his death.

— At his seat, Oxfordshire, Ralph Sheldon, Esq. M. P.

— At York, aged 63, Mrs Harrison. Her death was occasioned by a pin running into her thumb whilst washing, which brought on a mortification.

— In Dublin, after a most painful and tedious illness, Hans Hamilton, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of Dublin.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Christian Clerk, daughter of the late Robert Clerk, Esq. advocate.

— At Edinburgh, aged 47, Mr James Bishop, late merchant.

J. Ruthven & Son, Printers, Edinburgh

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

APRIL 1823.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Mr Southey's Charges against Sir John Moore	385
The Flood of Thessaly, the Girl of Provence, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall	398
Parliamentary Reform	401
Emily	408
The Feelings and Fortunes of a Scotch Tutor.—*No. II.*	411
On Motion	418
Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage—*Canto III.*	424
Eben. Anderson's Letters from Fife. *Letter I.*	430
The Wanderer	439
Correspondence of Schiller	439
Ode from the Italian of Fulvio Testi	443
Reminiscences of Auld Langsyne. *No. IV.*	444
Lines on the Sudden Disappearance of a Female Child	453
Sonnet	ib.
View of Mr Scoresby's Discoveries in West Greenland	454
Stanzas to Scio	461
Anonymous Literature.—*No. IV.*	462
Skipper Slogan	463
The New High School	471
Bowring's Russian Anthology.—*Part II.*	476
Sketches from Nature	479
The Age of Bronze. By Lord Byron.	483
London Theatrical Correspondance	489
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Works preparing for Publication	497
Monthly List of New Publications	499
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Foreign Intelligence	503
Proceedings in Parliament	505
British Chronicle	510
Promotions	512
Meteorological Table	513
Agricultural Report	ib.
Markets	514
Course of Exchange—Bankrupts	515
Obituary	516
Births and Marriages	518
Deaths	519

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. May 1823.	Morn. H.	M.	Even. H.	M.	Days. May 1823.	Morn. H.	M.	Even. H.	M.
Th. 1	5	37	6	0	Sa. 17	7	44	8	17
Fr. 2	6	27	6	56	Su. 18	8	50	9	23
Sa. 3	7	29	8	3	M. 19	9	55	10	27
Su. 4	8	39	9	12	Tu. 20	10	54	11	22
M. 5	9	47	10	19	W. 21	11	49	—	—
Tu. 6	10	46	11	13	Th. 22	0	15	0	39
W. 7	11	40	—	—	Fr. 23	0	58	1	18
Th. 8	0	6	0	29	Sa. 24	1	38	1	57
Fr. 9	0	53	1	16	Su. 25	2	17	2	34
Sa. 10	1	40	2	2	M. 26	2	54	3	10
Su. 11	2	27	2	50	Tu. 27	3	27	3	46
M. 12	3	15	3	38	W. 28	4	4	4	22
Tu. 13	4	2	4	27	Th. 29	4	40	4	59
W. 14	4	53	5	19	Fr. 30	5	21	5	43
Th. 15	5	46	6	13	Sa. 31	6	5	6	28
Fr. 16	6	41	7	12					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.	
Last Quart...Sa.	3.	32	past 9	morn.
New Moon,..Sa.	10.	56	— 3	after.
First Quart...Sa.	17.	15	— 7	morn.
Full Moon,..Sa.	24.	50	— 8	after.

TERMS, &c.

May

13. Court of Session sits.
22. General Assembly sits.
29. King Charles II.'s Restoration.

To Correspondents.

We are under the necessity of craving a truce with our numerous friends till another month. Many valuable articles have reached us, which we are unwilling to notice in a hurried or imperfect manner; the authors of rejected communications will not be sorry at our silence; and as to those papers which circumstances have unavoidably compelled us to postpone, they will appear as nearly as possible in the order in which they st

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

APRIL 1823.

MR SOUTHEY'S CHARGES AGAINST SIR JOHN MOORE.

HITHERTO our observations on the Laureate's History have, in general, been of a laudatory complexion; a strong regard to truth, however, mixed with a feeling of reverential respect for the memory of a virtuous, brave, and accomplished soldier, compels us to alter our tone, and to express, without qualification or reserve, the indignant contempt with which we were inspired, while perusing that part of the volume before us, which professes to record the events of the first Peninsular Campaign. Nor has the exacerbation of this feeling been in any degree mollified by the indirect and insidious form in which this "scribbler of all work" has contrived to insinuate, rather than honestly and fairly bring out his charges against the professional character and conduct of a man, who, in trying circumstances, nobly sustained the renown of the British arms, and whose dearest and most fervent wish was to live with honour, and to die with glory. We are well aware, that, in certain quarters, a marked hostility to the fame of Moore has been regarded as a kind of indirect compliment to his more fortunate successor; that it has become a sort of fashion to under-rate his services, depreciate his skill, and bewail his despondency: that success, however undeserved, is too frequently considered the criterion of military talent; and that the fame of a commander, whose evil fate it is to be praised by the political opponents of the men by whom he was employed, is placed in eminent peril. But surely history ought to be more just and impartial; and the very fact, that a brave man has fallen in his country's cause, and in the moment of victory, too, ought to have charmed into silence the petty jealousies and resentments of party, if it could produce no kindlier, or more hallowed feeling for his memory. In a political renegade, who, for the loaves and the fishes, has abjured the creed of his youth, and taken upon himself the inglorious task of traducing the men, and vilifying the opinions which he formerly worshipped, magnanimity was not possible, and therefore not to be expected; but, in a work of unbounded pretension, especially on the score of "authenticity," every one had a right to look for some small infusion of truth, even in recording the actions of a man inferior to Sir John Moore, in every talent and accomplishment that elevates and adorns the character of a soldier. Disappointed, however, in this reasonable and moderate expectation, we shall now proceed to examine, a little in detail, the nature of the charges which have been embodied in this "authentic" history, and to prove, that, if not malicious, every one of them is substantially, and entirely false. This may be an ungracious, but it is a necessary office, due at once to the dead and to the living; to vindicate the former, and to undeceive the latter. We are aware that the renown of Moore needs not the commemoration

which was so unaccountably withheld in the "Vision of Don Roderick," and that the laurels which still bloom freshly on his honoured grave cannot be blighted by the *brutum fulmen* of Southey; but we also know that, in such matters, a great portion of mankind must unavoidably take many opinions upon trust, and that a little close examination is requisite to unravel the web of artful misrepresentation contained in the imposing and courtly volume of the Laureate: and, for these reasons, *nunc libenter accingimus operi.*

I. The first general charge, which indeed pervades the whole narrative, is "despondency." "The constitution of his (Sir John Moore's) mind led him to look at the *dark*, rather than the *hopeful* aspect of things," (p. 758.) "In communicating his resolution of retiring to the British Government, he wrote in the same spirit of *utter despondency*," (p. 761.) The "despondency" here charged against Sir John Moore alludes to the opinions he had formed of Spanish affairs; for it has never been pretended, that he wanted a reasonable, nay, almost an excessive confidence in the valour of the troops under his command. On the contrary, he shewed, by his whole conduct, that he believed them capable of every thing short of absolute impossibility. Will any military man give it as his opinion, that Sir John Moore ever shewed any reluctance to bring his troops in contact with the enemy, even when the odds in point of numbers were greatly against them? The brilliant affairs at Rueda, Sahagun, Ezla, Cacabelos, and Lugo, attest the contrary. Again, was there ever a battle fought and won under heavier disadvantages than that of Corunna,—after a disastrous march, in the depth of winter, through the mountains of Gallicia,—without cavalry, without artillery,—with troops worn out and exhausted by almost incredible hardships and privations, and opposed to a veteran enemy, greatly superior in number, and amply provided in the two arms in which the English army was almost entirely deficient?

But leaving these matters, about which there can hardly be a difference of opinion, we would beg leave to remark, in the first place, that the plan of the campaign was precisely the very worst that could possibly have been devised; and, secondly, that the support and co-operation upon which Sir John Moore was taught to rely, totally vanished, leaving his army exposed to an overwhelming force, led on by the first Captain of the Age,—with its flanks exposed, and liable to be surrounded,—and, in short, every way compromised.

With regard to the defects in the plan of the campaign, which, being formed by the Cabinet of St James's, cannot well be laid to the charge of Sir John Moore, they are sufficiently obvious. After the Convention of Cintra, and the liberation of Portugal, the troops in that country received orders to march into Spain, in aid of the patriots, who had taken arms against "the intrusive king;" and they were directed to rendezvous at Burgos, or Valladolid, where they would be joined by 13,000 men from England, to be disembarked at Corunna, under Sir David Baird. It was left in the option of Sir John Moore, to proceed either by sea or land—and he chose the latter. But here an unexpected difficulty arose. Upon earnest and anxious inquiry, he had been assured by the inhabitants that the direct route through Portugal to Salamanca was not practicable for artillery; and, in consequence, that arm, with the cavalry and a guard of 3000 infantry, were sent round by Badajos and the Escurial, which added 150 miles to the march, and created a third division of force. It was ascertained, however, when too late *, that the road by which the infantry marched, though cer-

* Mr Southey says, that when the natives asserted that the roads across the mountains were not practicable for artillery, "*British officers were sent to examine them, and confirmed this assertion!*" There must be some error here. At this period, we know, the Engineer Corps had not reached that state of efficiency they afterwards attained; but we do not believe it possible they could have been so ignorant as not to be able to ascertain whether a road were practicable for cannon. We are borne out in this conjecture, by the silence of Colonel Jones on the subject, and by the positive

tainly bad enough, was nevertheless practicable for cannon, and that the whole army might have advanced directly on Salamanca. This contingency, to which the original plan was liable, and which ought to have been foreseen and provided for, placed Sir John Moore, on his arrival at Salamanca, in one of those situations which military men of all countries unite in considering the very worst that can possibly be imagined; he found himself in the centre between two extremities, to neither of which he could move, without compromising one division of his army, and, in fact, abandoning it to its fate; while by remaining inactive, each of the three divisions, almost in immediate contact with a brave and enterprising enemy, was liable to be beaten and cut up in detail: and that this melancholy consummation did not take place, was wholly to be ascribed to the incessant watchfulness, and great prudence and foresight, for which General Moore was so eminently distinguished.

Next, as to the support and co-operation upon which Sir John Moore had been taught to rely, he had been informed officially (See the Despatch of Lord Castlereagh, dated 30th Sept. 1808) that his entry into Spain would be covered by between 60 and 70,000 men; that the greatest enthusiasm pervaded all classes of the people, who were eager to make any sacrifice, in order to expel the unprincipled invaders of their country; and that nothing was required but the appearance of a regular force, to act as *point d' appui*, in order to ensure the annihilation of the enemy. All this was conveyed to the General in an official form, by the War Secretary, and loudly confirmed by the pompous descriptions of our Envoy to the Supreme Junta, Mr Hookham Frere. Let us now attend to the facts admitted by all sides, because, unfortunately, they are too notorious to be denied or misrepresented.

On the 13th of November, Sir John, with his advanced guard, arrived at Salamanca, and before he entered the city, he received intelligence of the defeat and destruction, at Burgos, of the Estremaduran Army, under the Conde de Belvedere, which had been intended to keep up the communication between the army of the Left, under Blake, and the armies of the Centre and Right, under Castanos and Palafox. By means of this disaster, the Spanish line of operations was intersected, and the other armies, or rather armed rabbles, exposed to destruction in detail,—which, in fact, took place a little after, as we shall see immediately.

The second day after his arrival brought the further intelligence, that the French had advanced, and taken possession of Valladolid, exactly twenty leagues, or three marches, distant from Salamanca, while Sir John, with only three brigades of infantry, and not a single gun, found himself in an open town, without a Spanish piquet to cover his front, and in a situation where he could not calculate on the arrival of the other divisions in less than ten days. Fortunately, however, the French did not take advantage of this cruel predicament, otherwise Sir John must have been compelled to retire on Cuidad Rodrigo, and leave Sir John Hope's division, consisting of the cavalry and artillery, with 3000 infantry, to their fate.

The defeat of the Estremaduran army was, however, only the commencement of a series of reverses, the natural results of the unaccountable apathy of the general government, the misconduct of the Spanish Generals, the *materiel* of which their armies were composed, and the immense superiority of the troops and officers to whom they were opposed. Blake's army had been defeated on the 31st of October, and forced to fall back on Reynosa, where it was again attacked, about the middle of November, and so completely routed, that "when the Marquis de la Romana traversed the district of Las Montanas, to assume the command,

statement in the *Narrative of this Campaign*, that "*the road was found out only from stage to stage by the British officers*," (p. 29.) Where, then, did Mr Southey discover that "British officers were sent to examine the roads, and confirmed the assertion the natives?" Either this statement is false, (which we incline to believe,) or, "British officers" sent on this duty were worse than blockheads.

he met with nothing but a *confused, half-starved rabble,* trusting to individual exertion for safety and support, and without *even the semblance* of a rear-guard to check their pursuers." (Colonel Jones's Account of the War in Spain and Portugal, p. 40.) This was the condition of Blake's army, or rather of the remains of it, on the 16th of November. The French, therefore, were now at liberty to turn their whole force on the armies of the Centre and Right; and, accordingly, on the 22d came the battle, or, more properly, the déroute of Tudela, by which these bodies were brought, if possible, into a worse situation than that which had been commanded by the rash and unfortunate Blake. The disorganization was most complete. Some of the fugitives threw themselves into Zaragossa, but by far the greater number retired on Calatayud, where they suffered incredible hardships, and were reduced to the last extremity. The Catalans were dislodged from before Figueras, which they were pretending to blockade; and the strong mountain defile of Somosierra, which a handful of resolute men might have successfully defended against any odds, was carried by a detachment of light-horse, almost without a struggle, the fugitives being driven back on the Tagus. Eight days after the affair at Somosierra, the remains of the central army were put in movement, and commenced their march to Madrid; but so great was the insubordination that prevailed, that, on approaching the capital, and the corps under San Juan being refused admittance by the traitors, who had predetermined to surrender it to the enemy without striking a blow, they murdered their brave commander, the only officer who had behaved gallantly, and really distinguished himself at Somosierra.

Thus had the Spanish armies successively vanished like smoke; and thus had the 60 or 70,000 men, who were to have covered the entry of the British into Spain, and afterwards co-operated for the ultimate liberation of the Peninsula, been beaten and dispersed, with almost no loss, and with little further trouble to the victors than the fatigue of incessant marching and countermarching. Hence, therefore, no other enemy remained in the field than the 28,000 British*; and what man, in his sober senses, can maintain, that this handful of men, however brave, was able to maintain the struggle single-handed, (or at least with no other aid than the 9 or 10,000 naked, starved, and half-armed peasants, under the Marquis de la Romana,) against 177,000 veteran French troops, now totally disengaged from every other enemy, and under the great presiding military genius of the age? Sir John Moore was therefore placed in a situation of unexampled peril and difficulty. He was every moment liable to be surrounded by the numerous bodies which the enemy had in movement everywhere around him; while the ignorant impatience and fiery valour of the officers and troops led them to clamour for action; and the country certainly expected that some important advantage would be gained, and some decisive blow struck by a general of his reputation and experience. The tenor of his instructions, moreover, strongly pointed to active operations; a course to which he was prompted by considerations which would have swayed, with paramount force, a mind less

* That Sir John Moore had all along calculated upon the cordial and efficient co-operation of the Spaniards, in consequence of the statements which had been made to him, and that he considered this co-operation of vital importance to the ultimate success of the cause, appears very clearly from a letter dated Salamanca, the 13th Nov. (the day on which he entered that town,) and addressed to Lord William Bentinck: "I differ with you only in one point," he says; "when you say the chief and great obstacle and resistance to the French will be afforded by the English army. *If that be so, Spain is lost.* The English army, I hope, will do all that can be expected from their numbers; but *the safety of Spain depends on the union of its inhabitants, their enthusiasm in their cause, and in their firm and devoted determination rather to die than submit to the French.* * * * If they will adhere, our aid can be of the greatest use to them; but if not, *we shall soon be out-numbered, were our force quadrupled.*"

firm and decided. But no motive, no inducement could persuade him to compromise, or rather to sacrifice, his army: and it is because no means proved successful in leading him to pursue a line of conduct, which, in the situation in which affairs then stood, would have been downright insanity, that he was exposed, in the first instance, to the petulance of Mr Whistlecraft Frere, and that his memory has since been calumniated by the venal pen of Mr Southey.

It was fortunate for him, however, that, after the destruction and total dispersion of the Spanish armies, Buonaparte acted rather on general principles of military reasoning than on actual knowledge of the condition and circumstances of the British forces: for, knowing the professional reputation of the English General, Napoleon never doubted, that, after the annihilation of the patriotic armies, and the impossibility of the British undertaking any forward movement, without exposing themselves to a similar fate, Sir John Moore had retired on Portugal; and it was not till after the affair of Rueda that he was undeceived, the prisoners taken on that occasion declaring, "it was universally believed that the English army had retreated." It was this inference, completely correct in a military point of view, which enabled Sir John Moore to effect the junction of his separated divisions, and probably saved him from destruction. Yet he is accused of a tendency "to look at the *dark* rather than the *hopeful* side of things," and of "utter despondency!" Now, it is no easy matter "to look at" that which has no existence; and surely it would have been obliging in Mr. S. to have told us where, after the reverses of Burgos, Reynosa, Tudela, and Somosierra, "the hopeful side of things" was to be seen, or "looked" for. It was not in the armies; they had vanished. It was not in the Generals; they were remarkable for nothing but their obstinacy and incapacity. It was not in the people; for, as we shall see presently, their enthusiasm had never made itself obvious either to Sir John Moore, or to any body about him, or upon whom he relied for correct intelligence. It was not in the Supreme Council of the nation; for Mr Southey himself tells us, (p. 708), that "while Blake's army was fighting, day after day, *without food, and without reinforcements to recruit its ranks*," they were amusing themselves in laying snares to catch traitors, circulating proclamations of inordinate longitude puffing their own vigour, and fixing the criteria of patriotism, without, however, disturbing their hebdomadal siesta with a single thought about the poor, naked, and starving men who were contending with the enemy in the field, or making the slightest exertion to repair the casualties occasioned by almost daily disaster, and to provide arms, ammunition, and clothing, for the troops. In short, to whichever side Sir John Moore "looked," he saw, and could see nothing but misfortune and apathy; while he was left totally destitute of intelligence, except what he had been able to procure by his own exertions; or, what was infinitely worse, all the intelligence transmitted to him, either by the Spanish authorities, or by our own sagacious Envoy, Mr Hookham Frere, proved not only utterly false, but calculated to mislead him, and, had he ever acted upon it, to compromise the safety of his troops. Of this we shall be able to produce a memorable instance in the sequel.

But notwithstanding these signal reverses of the Spanish armies, which had in truth disappeared, or where any considerable body continued together, had become formidable to all but the enemy,—had the people appeared to have been generally actuated by a strong and predominant enthusiasm,—had they manifested any zeal to aid the British in their endeavours to free them from a foreign yoke,—or even had they appeared to be well affected to their allies, there might still have been reason to hazard much in their behalf, and attempt enterprises which, in other circumstances, would have been, not only dangerous, but unwarrantable. Now, did any such enthusiasm or disposition manifest itself? At the first breaking out of the insurrection it no doubt did; and if full advantage had been taken of the popular feeling excited by the dispersion of the news of the massacre

of Madrid, there is no over-estimating the good consequences which might have flowed from it. But, most unhappily, this incipient enthusiasm was confined to the people, and had evaporated long before Sir John Moore entered Spain. Like a flame suddenly kindled, it burned violently at first, but soon died away, because no additional fuel was administered. The higher orders were sunk in the apathy induced by corruption and licentiousness. Proud, pompous, and slow, they deliberated when they should have acted; resolved, and re-resolved; circulated proclamations full of high-sounding epithets and verbose declamation, and—did nothing. Sir John Moore clearly saw the state of the case, as far as related to the people; "The poor Spaniards," said he, "deserve a better fate: for they seem a fine people; but have fallen into hands who have lost them by their *apathy*," &c.; and again: "The Spaniards have not shewn themselves a wise or a provident people. *Their wisdom is not a wisdom of action;* but still they are a fine people; and *much* MIGHT *have been done with them.*" Every man in the least acquainted with human nature, must know that there is nothing so difficult to reanimate as an enthusiasm which has been allowed to exhaust itself without being fully called into action, and fed by daring and enterprise, and which, at the same time, has been chilled by a concatenation of the most appalling and disheartening calamities. No such effort was, however, made at the time when the British first entered Spain, or during their continuance in that country; and hence, not a trace could be discovered of that enthusiasm, and of that burning hatred to the French, which had been so loudly proclaimed in Parliament, and re-echoed by nearly the whole of our public journals. Accordingly, in a letter, of date the 26th November, the General says: "As to *enthusiasm*, I have seen no marks of it." Again, on the 27th, he says, "It was not expected that these (the British troops) were to cope alone with the *whole* force of France; but as auxiliaries, to aid a people who were BELIEVED *to be enthusiastic, determined, and prepared for resistance.*" On the 6th of December, when, by the joint efforts of the traitors Morla and Castelfranco, and of our worthy Envoy, the dupe of both, he had been deceived into a belief that the people of Madrid were determined to defend the Capital to the last extremity, he tells Mr Frere: "There has been *no example* of any such resistance in any other part of Spain; and though I hope this will produce it, *I have neither seen nor heard of much enthusiasm elsewhere.* THEIR ARMIES ARE DEVOID OF BOTH." It is true, that Mr Southey imagines he explains all this, when he tells us (in p. 760) that the General "mistook *inactivity* for *torpor* and *indifference*;" but if by "inactivity" he means—and what else can he mean?—that the Spaniards were making no exertion to recruit their armies, to repair their recent disasters, to keep alive the spirit of the people, and to co-operate with the British auxiliaries in endeavouring to drive the French beyond the Pyrenees, it would really seem that the "mistake" was not so very great as he would have us believe. But for the nice distinction here attempted to be drawn, we should certainly have thought that "inactivity" was as infallible a proof of "torpor and indifference" as activity is of the opposite qualities. It is of no use to reason, for the charge of "utter despondency" is always at hand, to demolish every fact and argument which can be produced to shew that it was impossible for any man of common observation to form a different opinion from that of Sir John Moore in the unfortunate circumstances in which he was placed. This "despondency," however, was not confined to Sir John Moore: Sir David Baird and Sir John Hope largely partook in it; and surely these distinguished veterans may be supposed to have known at least *as much* of the Spanish character, and of the state of public feeling among the people, as the worthy Laureate can possibly do, at the distance of fifteen years, and sitting quietly in his closet at Kiswick, endeavouring to scribble away the hard-earned fame of a soldier, who nobly bled and died on the field of honour, without a speck or a ble-

mish on his character, and without having ever, in the whole course of his life, been guilty of a single act of *renegadism.*

At last, however, the different divisions of the army were put in communication; and the General, seeing that nothing could be effected, while every thing was hazarded, had made preparations to retire. But scarcely had this taken place, when he was urged by the Supreme Junta, by Morla, and the Prince of Castelfranco, who were in command of the capital, and by Mr Frere, to advance on Madrid, where they assured him the greatest enthusiasm had suddenly sprung up, the citizens being resolved to defend it to the last extremity, and "determined rather to perish with their country" than "set an example of weakness or timidity:" at the same time, he was informed that about 25,000 men, of the Central army, were falling back in great haste on Madrid, to reinforce the garrison; that 10,000 men, from Somosierra, were approaching for the same purpose; and that these would be joined by 40,000 men at the city. This was certainly extraordinary intelligence, and differing from all he had either seen or heard, naturally excited the General's suspicions as to its truth. The sources, however, appeared so respectable, that it could not be altogether resisted, and, accordingly, he did resolve to advance, but with caution, or, as he expresses it, "bridle in hand." The retrograde movement of Sir David Baird's division was countermanded, and preparations made for attempting an immediate diversion in favour of the *brave* men who, according to report, had so heroically resolved to die for their country. Let us now attend for a moment to the simple and conclusive logic of dates. The joint letter of Morla and Castelfranco bears date, Madrid the 2d December; and be it remembered, that they were both members of the Supreme Junta, and in the military command of the Capital. In this letter, they assure the British General that they have the honour to "*lay before him a* TRUE AND JUST REPRESENTATION OF AFFAIRS AT THIS MOMENT;" and they conclude by stating their conviction, that he will not lose a moment in pushing forward to the relief of the Capital, and that the "*rapidity of his movements will be such as the* INTEREST *of both countries* require." Now—will the reader believe it? AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY THESE INFAMOUS TRAITORS, THEY WERE IN TERMS WITH BUONAPARTE FOR THE SURRENDER OF THE CAPITAL, WHICH ACCORDINGLY TOOK PLACE ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, *and they urged Sir John Moore to march rapidly to their assistance, although they were perfectly aware that the city would be in possession of the enemy before the letter could reach its destination!!!* But even this was not all. These ruffians, for they deserve no other appellation, had laid their scheme for destroying the British Army deeply and well. Afraid lest the English General should have commenced his retreat in good earnest, and proceeded too far to return and countermarch on the Capital, before their letter should reach him, and that, of itself, it might not be sufficient to make him alter his previous plans, they had contrived to persuade the Junta to send two officers, a few days before, to his head-quarters, to urge upon him the measure which their perfidious letter was intended to confirm, and, in conjunction with the fatuous zeal of Frere, whom they had most completely deceived, to determine him to advance to the assistance of a city *already in the hands of the enemy!!* These arts, however, most fortunately failed to induce the General to advance on Madrid. He seems to have been suspicious of them from the first: for he says, "I mean to proceed bridle in hand; for *if the bubble bursts, and Madrid falls*, we shall have a run for it." Moreover, he knew that the passes of Somosierra and Guadarama were in the hands of the French, and could not be forced except at such a sacrifice of men as must have proved destructive to his little army. In this situation, he formed and executed a plan, which has been the subject of well-merited eulogy among military men, for threatening the French communications: this plan, being successfully executed, must have relieved Madrid, had not that city been treacherously surrendered, but, as the ene-

my had nothing more to do in that quarter, it ultimately drew upon him their whole force, headed by Napoleon in person.

If any thing had been necessary to establish, on still stronger ground, the treachery of Morla *, it would have been furnished by his subsequent conduct. He almost immediately accepted office under King Joseph; thus consummating at once his perfidy and the proof of it, and confirming and perpetuating the dishonour and infamy of his name. Mr S.'s account of this transaction is of a piece with his whole narrative of this campaign. He never once glances at the treason of Morla, and seeks every opportunity to explain away or extenuate the folly and delusion of Frere, who, somehow or other, contrived never to be correct in a single piece of intelligence which he conveyed to the General, although that was the main, if not only duty which he was called upon to perform, and whose conduct in sending a French refugee, or renegade, as the bearer of despatches that affected the very existence of the English Army, and in insisting that the fellow should be examined before a Court Martial, as to the pretended state of affairs at Madrid, in order to *compel* the General to advance, *after* that city had, in fact, surrendered, will no doubt be most satisfactorily explained by himself, though it baffles our ingenuity to solve it.

We flatter ourselves we have said enough to show, that if Sir John Moore despaired of the Spanish cause at *this* time, it was not without reason: and, at the same time, we presume it will be admitted, that, *after* the surrender of Madrid †, when Napoleon turned against him with his whole force, retreat ceased

---

* We are truly sorry to find so intelligent, accurate, and impartial a military Annalist as Colonel Jones, trying to palliate, in any degree, however slight, the treachery of Morla. The murder of San Juan could be no excuse for this man betraying his country. Posterity may forget the lamented fate of this brave officer, or, if it be remembered, it will excite feelings of respectful sorrow; but the legend of "*Vendidit hic auro patriam*" will be affixed over the name of Morla, in all after ages, and pointed at with the finger of scorn and detestation, as the brand on the 'scutcheon of a traitor. At the same time, it is but justice to mention, that Colonel Jones reprobates, in warm terms, "his acceptance of service under the Usurper," as an act which "admits of neither palliation nor excuse," and adds, that, "for such conduct, the name of Morla, even without the addition of previous treason, must go down to posterity, as that of a *base and unworthy* Spaniard." (*War in Spain and Portugal, p. 45, 46.*)

† To give our readers a little farther insight into the state of Spanish affairs at this period, it may not be improper to mention the following facts: On the 13th of December, ten days after the surrender of Madrid, the Supreme Junta, it seems, did not know that that event had taken place, although they themselves had been chased by the French army from Talavera, which is twenty leagues beyond the capital! This appears so incredible, that we must produce the authority on which we have stated it. In a letter dated Leon, the 19th December, and addressed to Sir John Moore, the Marquis de la Romana writes: "J'ai eu ce soir des lettres de la Junta datée, de *Merida* en Estremadure le 13, dans lesquelles ils m'annoncent que *le Peuple tient encore bon à Madrid*, que les François sont été repoussés et battus allant à Saragosse, et que les choses vont très bien en Catalogne." The French of the Marquis is bitter bad, but the information is memorable. Again, the Duque del Infantado writes Mr Frere, from Cuença, under date the 13th December; and although the General never received this letter, forwarded to him, under Mr Frere's cover from Seville, on the 22d December, it is important, as it proves that the Supreme Junta had never given, even to their own General, the smallest hint of Sir John's forward movement to relieve Madrid, undertaken at their own urgent request, and on the most fervent promises of active and efficient support! The picture the Duke draws of the Spanish armies is a degree more darkly shaded than any that has been sketched, even by British writers favourable to Sir John Moore. Were it not for his insolence and petulance, which nothing can palliate, poor Frere might surely be excused for being duped and misled by these phlegmatic patriots. He had a dreadful swallow, however, and piously believed all he was told. We have only to add here, that as soon as the surrender of Madrid was known, Toledo, and a number of other places which had been provisioned and put in a state of defence, immediately opened their gates to the enemy.

to be a matter of deliberation, and became one of necessity. To form a clear idea of the necessity of this measure, it is only necessary briefly to indicate the respective positions of the different corps d'armée of the enemy. Between the 22d and 24th, Soult, who was strongly posted behind the Carrion, between the place of that name and Saldana, had received powerful reinforcements. Junot had advanced from Burgos to Palentia, and threatened the right flank of the British. Buonaparte, having pushed forward the corps at the Escuria, set out in person from Madrid, on the 18th, at the head of an army consisting of 32,000 infantry, and 8,000 cavalry. The advanced guard of this formidable body of cavalry (the English never had more than 2,000,) passed through Tordesillas on the 24th, the same day on which the van of the British left Sahagun, both moving on the same point,—Benevente. Another corps, under the Duke of Dantzic, which had advanced to Talavera de la Reyna, and pushed on as far as Arzobispo, in pursuit of Galluzo, who had collected the fugitives of the different defeated corps in Estremadura, was countermarched, and ordered to move on Salamanca. Even the division under Mortier, which was in progress to resume the siege of Zaragossa, was halted, and the meditated vengeance against that "heroic city" deferred, till the destruction of the English had been accomplished. Thus, by inspecting the map, it will be seen, that the whole disposable French force in Spain was formed on a semicircle, and was conveying with rapid steps, in radii towards the centre, in order to surround the British, and cut off their retreat. Let it be remembered, too, that these combined movements were planned and directed by the Emperor himself, who was advancing in person, at the head of a formidable body, more than competent to cope with the British, and endeavouring, by forced marches, to reach Benevente before them, and cut off their retreat towards Corunna.

In these critical circumstances, and when the loss of a single march, till the army reached Benevente, the centre to which the French movements were all directed, must have infallibly compromised it and ensured its destruction, Sir John Moore, who had not a single corps of Spaniards to mask or cover any of his movements, is seriously accused of a capital error in not turning aside, and destroying Soult's corps between Carrion and Saldana! Now, we do not deny, that, even after Soult was reinforced, this might still have been practicable, considering what British troops are able to accomplish: but it is as clear as any military point can ever be, that this would exactly have been playing the game which Buonaparte wished the British General to hazard. Grant that Soult had been completely beaten; what then? Napoleon would unquestionably have got in the rear of the British, and cut off their retreat; Soult would have rallied in front; Junot was on the right flank with a strong corps; the divisions of the Dukes of Dantzic and Treviso were rapidly approaching, and ready to act as a reserve; and, in short, the destruction of the British as demonstrably certain as any theorem in Geometry. If, therefore, Sir John Moore contemplated striking a blow against Soult, it was only for a moment; he soon perceived that it could only be an unprofitable expenditure of blood in the first instance, and ultimately lead to the most fatal consequences. "The movement I am making," said he, "is of the most dangerous kind. *I not only risk to be surrounded every moment by superior force, but to have my communication with Gallicia intercepted.* I wish it to be apparent to the whole world, as it is to every individual of this army, that we have done every thing in our power, in support of the Spanish cause, and that we do not abandon it UNTIL LONG AFTER THE SPANIARDS HAVE ABANDONED US!" There is no reasoning with prejudice, passion, or folly: but, truly, to call out, "*En avant, en avant,*" in such circumstances, looks so very like a happy combination of the three, that we shall leave the defence of Sir John Moore to the impartial decision of those who are superior to the first, not blinded with the second, or incapacitated by the third!

II. The second charge need not detain us long: it is this; "It was his farther misfortune to have im-

bibed that *exaggerated opinion* of the French as a military people, the *ability* of their Generals, and the *consummate wisdom* of their Emperor, which the enemies of Government in England were always labouring to produce, for the purpose of humbling the spirit of their country." (p. 758.) Like all Mr Southey's charges against Sir John Moore, this is a mere assertion, unsupported even by an attempt at proof, and delivered in that oracular manner in which the Laureate delights, and which he no doubt imagines will impose on the unthinking portion of mankind as a maxim equally undisputed and indisputable. It may, therefore, suffice to remark, that the military genius of the French people, "the ability of their Generals, and the consummate wisdom of their Emperor," had already laid continental Europe prostrate at their feet, and rendered them any thing but a *contemptible* enemy; especially when, as on the present occasion, they had a veteran army, enured to a long course of victory, kept in incessant activity, five times more numerous than that of the English, and directed by the Emperor in person, and by those "able" Generals, who had beaten, and driven from the field, every one who had been opposed to them, moving down at all points, on a handful of men, brave, indeed, as any under the sun, but insulated, and unsupported by those they came to aid in asserting their independence. Yet all the skill and combination of "the consummate wisdom of the Emperor," and his "able" Generals, were counteracted and baffled by this officer, who had "imbibed" these "exaggerated opinions." Not an advantage was gained over him, not a military trophy conquered. He brought off his army in a style which attracted the unqualified admiration of his enemies; and in every affair with his pursuers, at Rueda, Sahagun, Ezla*, Cacabelos, Lugo, and Corunna, was uniformly victorious. There is no "exaggerated opinion" in this: Mr S. himself admits the fact. Had Sir John Moore despised his enemy enough, to be caught skipping and flirting with a parcel of giddy girls in a ball-room, almost within hearing of the cannon, while his allies were engaged in the mortal strife, and while, for want of timely support, they were sustaining a signal and complete defeat, we presume his conduct would have been quite to the Laureate's taste; but what would his country, what would posterity have said of him? A strange fatality might still have rendered him, as it did others, undeservedly victorious; but would even success have palliated, far less justified, such monstrous, such criminal negligence? It was another consequence of Sir John's "exaggerated opinion" of the military qualities of his enemy, and of the skill and "ability of their generals," that he never once took it into his head to precipitate a regiment of light horse upon solid squares of veteran infantry appuied upon stone

* In a late number of a London Monthly Magazine, conducted under poetical auspices, there is an article entitled "Dramatic Travels," obviously, we think, from the pen of an old antagonist of our own, the "wicked little Irish body." We notice it here, merely from the usual propensity to blunder incident to that clever personage. The following only lies in our way at present: "You yourself belonged to that regiment? then you must have been also IN PORTUGAL *at the passage of the Ezla?*" where Lord Paget overthrew and cut up the chasseurs of the Imperial Guards. In the first place, the Ezla happens not to be "*in Portugal*," but in Spain!—which makes a difference. It rises in the mountains which divide Leon from Asturias, runs through Leon, and falls into the Duero, between Zamora and Miranda de Duero, about twenty-five or thirty miles from the Portugueze frontier. In the next place, it is not *generally* understood that Sir John Moore passed through *any* part of Portugal on his retreat to Corunna. In the third place, he could not well be "in Portugal" when he crossed the Ezla at Valencia de San Juan, which is near the centre of Leon, in Spain. In the last place, the affair of cavalry at Ezla did not take place *at* the passage of the river, but *after* it. The army passed on the 26th of December, reached Benevente on the 27th, and the encounter in which Lord Paget so greatly distinguished himself, did not take place till the 28th, when the rear-guard, which had also previously crossed, were preparing to march. Such is a sample of periodical accuracy!

walls, and, though impenetrable to such an attack, heartily astonished at the madness and folly of the individual who ordered it. This may have been wrong on his part; but not being able to see his conduct in that light, we must be excused for preferring the "exaggerated opinions," which, without despising an enemy, lead to his discomfiture. At the same time, we are much deceived if the hero of Mr Southey's idolatry, notwithstanding his great and glorious successes, ever thoroughly despised either the French soldiers, or the French generals; at least, if he ever did so, he was probably soon cured of his error, if we can credit all we have heard and read of the retreat from Burgos, the forcing of the Passes of the Pyrenees, and the battles of Toulouse and Waterloo. In one word, half the disasters that have at different times befallen unfortunate commanders, are to be traced to an insane contempt of the enemy, of which he almost never failed to reap the advantage. "The Royal Swede" despised the Russians, and fell a victim to his rashness at Pultowa; the British officers despised the American Militia, and hence the calamities of Saratoga and Yorktown; the Duke of Brunswick despised the French Revolutionary levies, and was beaten, pursued, and driven across the frontier; the Austrian Generals committed the same error, and deservedly shared the same fate; even the barbarian Suwarrow, elated with the first blush of success, led his Muscovite hordes to destruction under the same infectious delusion. Would Mr Southey have more examples? With regard to the insinuation, that Sir John Moore "imbibed" his "opinions," whether "exaggerated" or otherwise, from "the enemies of Government in England," who were always labouring "for the purpose of humbling the spirit of their country," it is too contemptible to deserve a moment's notice, especially after the facts we have already stated; although we may perhaps chuse to wonder at the baseness and malevolence in which it originated.

III. The next general charge against Sir John Moore is, that he ought to have fought earlier in the retreat; that no battle could have been so disastrous in its results, as a precipitate retreat, in the depth of winter, through the snow-covered mountains of Gallicia; that Napoleon having stopped at Astorga, he was no longer pursued by an overwhelming force; and, above all, that he ought not merely to have offered battle, but to have attacked the French at Lugo. Of all the charges that have been urged against Sir John Moore, this is, at first sight, the most plausible, and has been the most frequently and dogmatically urged. The men, it was truly said, were eager to engage, and whenever the sound of battle reached their ears, subordination and discipline were instantly restored. The enemy, it is added, expected to be attacked, which, for ought we know, may also be perfectly true. It is likewise admitted on all sides, that, in order to relieve the harrassed and exhausted troops, it had become absolutely necessary to check the vivacity of the pursuit; and Mr S. himself tells us, what has never been doubted, or called in question, that Sir John "had perfect confidence in the valour of the troops." But all these arguments vanish before the touch of examination. In the first place, the main object of the stand made at Lugo, was accomplished by *offering* battle, and by the success of the troops in the partial encounter that took place; the pursuit was effectually checked; the troops reached Corunna without the least further annoyance from the enemy, and, had not the transports been delayed by contrary winds, in beating up from Vigo, they might have embarked without further molestation*. Happily for the military fame of Sir John Moore, and the renown of the British arms, destiny had decreed it otherwise. But, in the second place, let us suppose, that the British General, not content with

* We may just mention here, that the individuals who clamour most loudly against Sir John Moore, for not fighting earlier in the retreat to Corunna, have never found fault with Lord Wellington for not fighting at all in the retreat from Burgos to the Portugueze frontier! Now, were we disposed to turn the tables on these honest and

merely checking the pursuit of the enemy, had acted on the offensive, and become the assailant, and inquire what would have been the consequences of such a proceeding. Three divisions of the French army were in his front, posted on formidable heights, protected by enclosures, which could not be approached without great loss. If the attack had failed, the army was undone; had it succeeded, no possible advantage could have flowed from it. Soult had only to fall back on his resources, both of men and provisions; while the British Commissariat, then in the most deplorable state of inefficiency, had only provisions for two days. Retreat was therefore unavoidable, even in the event of victory; but had the case been otherwise, the British army was in no condition to keep the field. The greater part of the horses had died, or had been mercifully shot, during the earlier part of the retreat, and the cavalry were consequently dismounted, while, in that arm, the French were peculiarly strong. The greater part of the ammunition, and the whole of the treasure, had been necessarily abandoned: in spite of every exertion on the part of the Commander-in-chief, the greatest excesses had been committed by the troops, always impatient and unruly during a retrograde movement, and now maddened to fury by the usage they met with from their allies, who barricadoed their doors, and fled to the mountains on approach of the British, but returned to shew their utmost hospitality to the French: while, in addition to these causes, the numerical strength of the army had been diminished by at least 6000 men, who had either fallen by the sword, by fatigue and famine, or had separated themselves during the previous part of the retreat. The Spaniards had not a single efficient regiment in arms; and the few naked, starved, miserable, and badly-armed wretches under Romana, had already retired, after doing all the mischief in their power, by crossing the British line of march. Now, assuming that Sir John Moore had been completely victorious in his attack upon Soult, was it possible, we ask, for the British army, circumstanced as it then was, and destitute of every thing, to have maintained the campaign, in the month of January, in an inclement season, on the mountains of Gallicia? Advance beyond a few marches was clearly impossible: Ney was on the borders of Leon with 18,000 men, and might have advanced while Soult was falling back, thus shortening the period of their junction by one-half: the country was exhausted, and the inhabitants decidedly hostile to the British; and winter-quarters were no where to be found. It is plain, therefore, that while a defeat must have proved instantly fatal, a victory could have been productive of no human advantage, unless an unprofitable waste of blood, and a little barren glory, be considered as such. Had the French, however, chosen to become the assailants, there was no alternative but fight; and harrassed as the troops had been, and much as they had suffered, they would have given a noble account of their pursuers. The position was excellent; the men burning for revenge; the General equal to every occasion, and worthy of the country that gave him birth, and the high reputation he had acquired in Corsica, the West Indies, Holland, and Egypt. A battle in *such* circumstances was, therefore, highly to be desired, and the General longed for the advance of the enemy. It was clearly as much his interest as his inclination to have fought at Lugo, rather than at the place and time of

impartial persons, we might ask them, Why did his lordship never stand at bay—never offer battle—never wait to receive it? The sound of battle would have restored discipline among his disorganized battalions; (and by his Lordship's own account, disorganized they were with a vengeance;) a victory, even though partial, would have checked the vivacity of the pursuit; and, in short, all the reasons that can be urged in the case of Sir John Moore, may, with equal effect, be pressed against Lord Wellington. Yet his lordship did infinitely less than Sir John Moore, and did not, like him, close his retreat by a splendid victory. In fact, with the retreat from Burgos before them, nothing but the precipitate imprudence of renegade zeal could induce such persons as Southey to play the critic upon Sir John Moore.

embarkation; and he reasonably expected that the French, elated with the glory of pursuing the British, and confiding in their superior numbers, would have eagerly accepted the challenge which was given them, by an army which had suffered privations till that time unparalleled in modern warfare, and only since surpassed by the still more disastrous retreat from Moscow. But we think we have successfully shown, that, by descending from his ground, and attacking an enemy superior in number, and still more so in many of the accessories of war, and occupying a position which could not be forced without a great sacrifice of lives, General Moore would have put every thing to the hazard, with being urged to do so, either by strong necessity, or by any countervailing advantage to be reaped from victory. Retreat would still have been necessary, and the wounded must have been left to the mercy of the enemy.

IV. But Sir John Moore is farther accused (and this is the last charge we shall notice) of having refused reinforcements which, at the worst, would have enabled him to destroy his pursuers at Corunna. This supposes, of course, that, by a calculation of mathematical nicety, and an understood compact with the winds and waves, these reinforcements would have arrived at the very nick of time to perform this notable achievement. Had reinforcements been necessary to save the army, we could have comprehended the charge. But notwithstanding his "utter despondency," and his "heaviness of heart," and his constitutional bias "to look at the dark rather than the hopeful aspect of things," Sir John Moore "had the most perfect confidence in his troops," and knew, that when the moment of trial came, and when their native valour could have full scope, they needed no reinforcements to chastise the temerity of their assailants, and take ample vengeance for the toils and hardships they had endured:—Besides, the *grande pensée* of the Laureate, that troops should have been sent out, at a great expence to the country, to fight a single battle on the coast of Spain, and, after they had left a modicum of carcases for the vultures, return home again, we will venture to assert never once suggested itself to the mind of Sir John Moore.

Corunna proved that the confidence of the General was not misplaced, and reared a monument to his fame which will outlast the "Visions" of Goths, Vandals, Poets, Laureates, and Tories, and excite the admiration of posterity when the memory of them and their works is forgotten. In spite of all its aberrations, there is deeply implanted in the human mind what has been finely termed "an instinct of after-justice;" and when this once begins to operate, the character which prejudice, malice, or party-spirit, has for a little time eclipsed, bursts forth in all its splendour and magnificence, like the Sun of Summer suddenly emerging from the obscuration of mists and fogs, in an overflowing fulness of light and glory. So, we predict, it will prove in the case of the gallant, we will not say unfortunate Moore. He lived, universally esteemed and beloved as a man, and enjoyed the highest professional reputation of any officer of his time: this he nobly sustained, in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and trial; and he died, as it had ever been his wish to do, (like Nelson) in battle and in victory. We envy not the men, and we hope in God we shall never participate in the spirit, which would rob a dead warrior of his renown; and when such attempts *are* made, whencesoever they may proceed, we hold that every man, who truly loves his country, and holds that every blessing would be worthless, unless the enjoyment were overshadowed by the bright halo of her glory, is called upon to come forward in defence of him, who, having fallen in the hour of battle, has bequeathed his fame as a legacy to his country. It is in this spirit we have written; with what success, we now leave the public to judge.

We think we cannot conclude this article more appropriately than with the following lines, written by a gallant young officer (Lieutenant Malcolm of the 42d,) who has received some honourable scars in the service of his country:

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

How sound is thy sleep on the shore
Of the land which thou perish'd to save!
When thy tempest, O War! has roll'd fearfully o'er,
How blest is the rest of the brave!

The cannon whose death-bolts were driven
From clouds shedding lightning and gloom,
Now point, like thy fame, to the four winds of Heaven,
And silently crouch at thy tomb *.

Ungrav'd with thy name is its stone,—
'Twere as mockery to tell in that clime
That name; o'er the land like a meteor it shone,
And will shine o'er the regions of time.

Oh! what are the wreaths on his brow,
Whom the Fates to his country restore,
To the laurels immortal that Death can bestow
On him that returneth no more!

THE FLOOD OF THESSALY, THE GIRL OF PROVENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE is nothing for which a man pays more dearly in the end, than for being over-praised. The public is a rigid creditor; capricious, sometimes, in the distribution of fame, but seldom failing, at last, to do justice to merit, and to reclaim her advances with interest, where they have been unmeasured or undeserved. Mr Cornwall's first poetical speculation was a fortunate one. His credit then stood high, and on the faith of his powers *in posse*, he borrowed to a very large amount in ready praise. Circumstances, however, did not turn out exactly as his creditors had anticipated. The "Sicilian" argosy could not be considered a very favourable omen, and the "Colonna" venture, we suspect, scarcely paid its charges. Then came the feeble, affected "Mirandola;" in itself "enough to bear a royal merchant down," and whispers of "failure" began to be heard on the Rialto. It was evident his poetical affairs were getting into disorder, and that suspicion was awake; and had not his credit been still partially upheld by the promise of a future "composition," we should hardly have been surprised to hear that some "gaping creditor" had lost all patience, and been petitioning Apollo for a commission.

But to drop the mercantile metaphor, which, we believe, we have rather hunted down, the plain state of the case is just this—Mr Cornwall, it seems, excited expectations by his Dramatic Scenes, which none of his subsequent publications have realized. Whether this is to be ascribed, however, to an absolute failure on his part, or to an erroneous inference, in the first instance, on the part of the public, may be matter of question. We ventured, on the appearance of his Dramatic Scenes, to state pretty broadly our opinions of his defects, and our apprehension of the limited range of his powers; and we have lived to see our opinion fully confirmed. Sweetness, delicacy, tenderness, we readily granted him; but we sought in vain for that noble simplicity, and unity of conception and execution, which distinguish the man who writes, not for his own age alone, but for posterity; where the poet is lost and absorbed in the subject, and the native colouring of the landscape is unaltered by the "optic glass" through which it is viewed. The subsequent publications of Mr Cornwall served to strengthen this idea. If pleasing pictures of nature, and gentle emotions,—if a profusion of imagery, a frequent happiness of diction and harmonious versification, were all that were requisite to form a great poet, Mr Cornwall certainly deserved the title; but we felt that there were elements of poetry beyond what were dreamt of in his philosophy,—which rules could not communicate, nor criticism enumerate or define; and submitting the matter to the test of feeling, the only one of which it appeared to us to be suscep-

* A structure of about five feet in height, and six in length, with cannon placed at each corner of its base, and directed to the four cardinal points, constitutes this simple, but sublime monument.

tible, we could not disguise from ourselves, that Mr Cornwall, though a pleasing and amiable poet, would never be one of those who

"In Fame's eternal temple shine for aye!"

We beg to decline entering, at the present day, into any further examination, (*decies repetita*, as it would necessarily be,) of the merits and defects of Mr Cornwall's general principles of poetry; and to leave the subject with this brief statement of the result of our views,—a result which we certainly contemplated from the first, and which has been in no degree shaken by the appearance of the work which we are about to notice.

Before proceeding, however, to any analysis of the particular poems which that work contains, it may be as well to dispose of one or two remarks on certain peculiarities of style and manner which are common to all, and which, indeed, seem to be intimately interwoven with the very being and essence of Mr Cornwall's poetry.

It appears to be a leading proposition of that school to which Mr Cornwall belongs, that as the epithets in common use are now hackneyed and unpoetical, those which are most remote from common apprehension are necessarily the best adapted to poetical purposes. Now, we readily admit, that nothing affords a fairer test of poetical powers, than the use of epithets; and we feel, just as sensibly as any one, that a person is not likely, at the present day, to be saluted a poet, for apostrophising *limpid* streams, or the *silver* moon. But, at the same time, we think the reflection naturally suggests itself, that, as the use of all epithets must have arisen from some supposed connection between the subject and the quality, the plan of endowing a subject with qualities absolutely contrary to the commonly received notions, is not likely to be more successful. Yet this is done systematically, throughout the volume before us. The epithets are startling and unmeaning, to a degree scarcely credible. We have "brute-crammed rocks"—"alarmed floods"—"yellow Hymen"—"red shouts." But "white" is the author's favourite, and he certainly permits himself *carte blanche* in the use of it. He talks of "white despair"—(we thought despair had been *dark* by prescription)—"white strength"—"white beauty"—"white dreams"—"white creatures of the air,"—and describes a young lady in bed, as a "white creature in her downy nest." Sometimes even the operations of the senses are ludicrously confounded.—

> "Jove, upon his skiey throne,
> *Heard* now no incense rise."

How could he? If he had, he would have surpassed even Fine-ear in the Fairy tale, who used to amuse himself in listening to the grass growing.

Another peculiarity of manner is a strange system of personification of the elements, which, from some odd notion, are invariably represented as endued with vitality, and in a state of the most grievous corporeal penance and suffering. "The organ pines," and complains "as in sorrow"—the thunder, "*beast* of the fiery air, howls from his cloud"—the "Vesuvian *beast* bellows like a *creature* racked with pain"—"Orinoco, huge *sea-creature*, comes"—"white Olympus *sickens* to its heart," which, as some other mountains go the length of "spuming" and vomiting, it had perhaps a right to do. But the sea is Mr Cornwall's peculiar victim, and we have been not a little amused at the ingenuity with which he varies its tortures. The germ of this system of persecution, we imagine, is to be found in an ambitious, but very unfortunate imitation of Byron's Address to the Sea, contained in a storm-scene in Marcian Colonna, where Mr Cornwall compared that element to a huge animal, hurled down from the clouds, winding about the world, which lies weltering, lashing, and writhing, till its strength be gone: a conception which appears to us more monstrous than that of the snake, and which, in the mythology of the Edda, is supposed to encircle the world. This absurd passage some critics had the weakness to bepraise, and the unhappy ocean has been subjected to the "peine forte et dure" ever since. Sometimes this unfortunate animal "shows its dark throat and rocky tusks,"—sometimes it becomes a plurality of "sea

horses," which "dash their foam to Heaven,"—then, again, "it grows quite weary of its toil, and howls,—" and, lastly, it goes "mad, and rages for the beauty of the moon:" a sally which we can only look upon as containing some mysterious and recondite allusion to the influence of the moon upon brains and tides. We might dilate at some length upon the strange use of parentheses,—the system of concluding the line with an adjective, while the next begins with the substantive,—and the extreme affectation and obscurity of expression which deform even the best of these poems; but these are points which will occur to every one, and will be visible, we fear, even in the most favourable extract; and we therefore gladly take leave of the subject. We have only one word to add, in explanation of the remarks we have already made, and that is—that our censures have been directed against the *abuse* of poetical materials, their

"Wasteful and ridiculous excess."

We are no advocates for mellifluous monotony; we wish only that a poet should use his own discretion; we do not object to novelty of epithets, we protest only against their capricious or unmeaning application; we do not deny the effect of personification or *boldness* of figure, we ask only that the writer should vary his figure a little, and discriminate rightly between *boldness* and *impudence*.

To come, then, to the volume before us. It consists of several poems, of which the longest and most elaborate is entitled "The Deluge of Thessaly." It is the old story of Deucalion and Pyrrha; the incidents, with the exception of a sort of prophetic vision, which is not the happiest part of the work, being very closely imitated from Ovid. Of this piece we shall merely say, that its beauties consist not either in the excellence of the general design, or the happiness of *its* execution, but in the effect of small and insulated portions. The picture of the Deluge itself is by no means successfully managed. It deals too much in mere naked generalities, which dissipate instead of concentrating the interest. Men hungering, mother's weeping, aged heads trembling, infants moaning, boys shrieking, stout men growing thin,—these are all common-place imaginations, which pass over the mind, and leave no trace. We would refer Mr. Cornwall to a painting in the Luxembourg gallery, we think by Gérard, which, though in a different style from Poussin, exemplifies, in a very striking manner, the superior effect of an individual interest. It is the picture of a single family—a husband, a wife, and a child. They are represented on the face of a rock, along which the great volume of brown and muddy waters is evidently rising. The child hangs by the long hair of the mother. Her arms encircle the husband, who is seen clinging in despair to a hanging branch on the top of the rock, which is breaking in his grasp,—suggesting at once the general destruction in which all are about to be involved. Perhaps in description there may be something ludicrous in this chain of connection; but the effect of the whole is very striking and impressive.

Whatever may be the defects of the poem, however, as a whole, it undoubtedly contains many fine specimens of description. The following is the mustering of the clouds, and the commencement of the Deluge:

———At last the wet South hung
Brooding alone, down weigh'd by cloud and shower,
And bound in black, mourning the coming doom
And with his raven wings and misty breath
Allured the storms. Wide stretching clouds around,
(A dark confederacy), in silence met,
Hiding all heaven. Towards the gloomy shore
The tempest sail'd direct, and on the top
Of Pelion burst, and swept away its pines
By thousands:—where it burst, a way was made
Like that torn by the avalanche, when it falls
Louder than crashing thunder, amidst smoke
And ruin, bounding from the topmost alps
O'er chasm and dell, and strips the forest bare.

The crisis is described with great power of expression, and the scene has a fearful air of wildness and desolation.

Day, eve, night, morning, came, and pass'd away;
No sun was known to rise, and none to set:
'Stead of its glorious beams, a sickly light
Paled the broad east, what time the day is born;
At others, a thick mass, vaporous and black,
And firm like solid marble, roof'd the sky,
Yet gave no shelter.

Still the ravenous wolf
Howl'd, and wild foxes and the household dog,
Grown wild upon the mountains, fought and fed
Each on the other. The great eagle, still
In his home brooded, inaccessible,
Or, when the gloomy morning seem'd to break,
Floated in silence o'er the shoreless seas.
Still the quick snake unclasp'd its glittering eyes,
Or shivering, hung about the roots of pines:
And still, all round, the vultures flew and watch'd
The tumbling waters, thick with bird and beast,
Or dashing, in the midst, their ravenous beaks,
Plunder'd the screaming billows of their dead.

The following lines, descriptive of the appearance of the sky, are very Miltonic:

A mass like the great ocean, when all winds
Blow, and lay bare its hollows, and shake forth
The century-sleeping sands, until the foam
Grows thick, and dark roll'd over sea and land
A perilous mass of floods, fierce as the North
In March, when scything blasts strip all the bones,
And loud as when the riven air proclaims
Earthquakes at Hecla, or once-bright Peru.

Many beautiful images, and exquisite lines, are scattered over the poem; but we could have wished, that, in a subject purely mythological, any allusion to Gomorrah had been spared.

The second poem is the "Girl of Provence." It is the story of a young girl who falls in love with the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, in the Parisian Museum, and (*credat Judæus!*) dies in consequence; a very monstrous imagination, which the deposition of fifty German Baronesses would not induce us to give credit to. The days of Pygmalion are fairly over. To do Mr Cornwall justice, however, he has made much more of the subject than could have been anticipated, and rendered even this improbable fiction pleasing. The best parts of the poem are the apostrophe to Love, and the commencement of Eva's dream. The former of these we shall extract:

Fair Love! beside the fountains and bright fields,
By running waters, and in mossy glades,
(Tasting whatever the green quiet yields),
He roams, from morning till the evening shades
Fall, and the world, like a phantasma, fades;
There roams he, like a Sylvan, whom the air
Worships, unwing'd, and making all his care.

There, day and night are his. The radiant sky
Is doubly beautiful, and sun, and shower,
And rainbows, which, upon the mountains lie;
And twice its common odour hath the flower—
And doubly fill'd with joy is every hour—
And music hangeth on the winds and floods,
And lingereth in the caves and desart woods.

And in the populous forests, thick with life,
Which, deep and cool as Faunus ever knew,
Are haunted only by melodious strife
Of birds and insects, when the year is new,
Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew;
And there th' untiring seasons bring, for aye,
To-night rich slumber, and fresh life to day.

We scarcely know what to say of the "Letter of Boccaccio." It seems to us a studious imitation of the "Lament of Tasso," and withal very prosing and dull. As to the sentiments imputed to Boccaccio, we crave leave to say, that they are totally unfounded. Boccaccio was a great classical scholar, as times went, and wrote obscene

novels in the very choicest Italian; but he was no poet, as every one who has looked into his Filostrato, and the Canzoni in the Decameron, must be very well aware; and those who have *really* read his Tales, where, as Mr Cornwall very unintelligibly says,

Beauty is the bride, and her son ever
The god and master of his poor endeavour,

will not, we think, be disposed to accuse him of any unnecessary refinement.

Of the "Fall of Saturn" we also say nothing, for this plain reason, that we do not understand one word of it.

"Tartarus," however, which follows it, is in some respects a magnificent sketch. The following are powerful lines:

Guiomar. Art thou death?
Spirit. I am his minister. Once, when I drank
Numidian air, I was a prince, anointed,
Crown'd, worshipp'd, like a Fear. Thousands of slaves
Bent at my footstool; and I built up towers,
And razed great hills, and cut deep lakes that chain'd
Sea unto sea. I founded pyramids
Which shook, when thunder spake, their pointed heads
At heaven; and through the cloudy midnight read
Black secrets, and did act alarming spells—
Ay, tempted the bright stars which waned, and dragg'd
A planet from its path, which rush'd aside
Flashing and flaming, ruining orbs and worlds.
I did it—but the pale sickness bow'd my soul;
And I, who was ador'd, and call'd a god,
Felt myself fading. Then I pray'd to Death
To linger—and he linger'd: while I swore
To yield to him my immortality—
If that I *was* immortal;—and he smil'd,
And he agreed—and lo! I am his slave.

The last piece of any length is entitled the "Genealogists"—a very unfortunate imitation of Byron in that dangerous stanza, the Ottava Rima. We are sorry Mr Cornwall should ever conceive himself a humourist, for a man never looks so foolish as when he is detected in a laborious and unsuccessful endeavour to be witty;—and, of a surety, the present attempt is eminently so. It is flippant and pointless to the last degree.

There is only one other subject on which we have a word to say to Mr Cornwall in parting, and that is, his extreme tendency to imitation. In reading these poems we are perpetually struck by the occurrence of some expression with which we are quite familiar. We have no great faith in parallelism in general, but there are cases in which we cannot doubt that the author, whether consciously or not, has been merely borrowing from his predecessors. Thus, "What is writ was writ," from Byron's "What is writ is writ,"—"I *commerce* with the dead," from Milton's "Looks *commercing* with the skies,"—"Fine spirit," (which is here very absurdly applied to an infernal demon), from Prospero's Address to Ariel,—"Sent up their homage to the quiet moon," from Milman's Samor, "and looked up lovely to the quiet moon,—"

"Earth shook, great mother, and from all her limbs
Sent signs of terror and unnatural pain,"

from the description of a similar convulsion in Paradise Lost,—"at completing of the mortal sin"—cum multis aliis. These are blemishes which arise very frequently from imperfect recollection, in a mind stored with the beauties of other poets; but their detection may injure very seriously the reputation of an author, while they can advance it but little, even when undiscovered. The practice, however, may be easily avoided, by a little careful revision; and we trust that Mr Cornwall will, in his next publication, "reform it altogether."

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

MR EDITOR,

SINCE my former letter, a great deal has been said and written on Parliamentary Reform, and on every side we see proofs of the deep impression which is felt of the importance of the subject. The rapid progress which it is making among the influential classes, must speedily ensure its triumph, and is a wonderful proof how truth can live down the calumnies of its enemies, and the treacherous support of false and injudicious friends.

In my former letter, I principally confined myself to refuting some objections which have been urged against Reform by Mr Canning,—for the speeches of other anti-reformers contain only a base distillation of his plausible arguments. I trust what I then stated may be considered as sufficient to overturn the subtile, but baseless theories of that gentleman. I shall therefore now proceed to state, as concisely as I can, some of those defects in our present system of representation, which render a Reform in the House of Commons essential to the stability and purity of our Constitution, and to the safety and prosperity of the country.

One great evil of the system is, its want of sympathy with the sentiments and opinions of the people, and the directly contrary interest which it often has, in many of the subjects brought before it, to those whom it professes to represent. No one can deny, that the want of all community of sentiment and interests between the electors and the elected, is alone sufficient to destroy the whole benefit arising from such a mode of government; the forms remain, but the spirit is gone. That such a disconnection of feeling and interest exists between the present House of Commons and the people, and must exist while such a mode of representation continues, seems to be allowed, even by the bitterest enemies of Reform. They make no attempt to prove that any such similarity exists, but defend the system on the ground that "it works well," that no alteration can make it better, and that such schemes of Reform are visionary and impracticable. To reason with such people is useless, for they are determined not to be convinced by any arguments, seeing their interests are at stake; but assuredly it requires little argument to convince every unprejudiced and disinterested man, that when a representative body can disregard and contemn the wishes and interests of their constituents,—when a plain and marked distinction is observed between the sentiments and conduct of the one, and those of the other, it is quite impossible to consider the one as emanating from the other; but that, in every thing, except the form, there is no representation whatever. It is no answer to such a charge to say, that, in many things, the House of Commons, as at present constituted, has done many things in unison with the feelings of the people. The same can be said of the most despotic government. In Turkey, in Russia, and in Austria, many things were, and are done, in compliance with the wishes of the people. Such a defence of the House of Commons, therefore, would prove too much, and must go for nothing. It is said, the last war was popular. Allowing that it was so, I would ask, Were all our absurd, and disgraceful, and expensive expeditions, popular also? Would the wasteful expenditure of the last thirty years have been approved by a body fairly representing those who had to pay the price of our warlike follies? Besides, it proceeds on hypothetical, doubtful, and disputed calculation, when it is said that the majority of the people did, or did not, approve of such or such a measure. The very existence of a representation supposes the difficulty of properly discerning the opinions of the people, and provides the means for these opinions being known, through the medium of persons nominated by them for that purpose. It is false to say, that we wish the representatives merely to express the volitions (as they are called) of the multitude. The Constitution provides means for the opinions of the people being maturely and solemnly considered, and enables the representative, by continuing him in his seat

for three, four, or seven years, to consider himself sufficiently independent of his constituents to act according to the dictates of a sound and incorrupt judgment. Should he, in any matter, think their opinions wrong, and should the people continue, for the whole of that time, of the same opinion on any public matter, we may safely conclude, that it is more likely they are right than their representative, and that their opinions must, and ought to prevail. We do not hold that the people are always right; it may be possible to shew, that their opinions, on many subjects, have been erroneous; we deny it not, for we do not look for perfection in human affairs, where human agents are concerned. But we certainly are entitled to say, that in nine cases in ten, the representative and his constituents are at variance; that when they do agree, it is not so much out of deference in the representative to the opinion of his constituents, but because his own interest is involved and mixed with theirs; and that such a system is not reasonable, nor just, nor consonant to the British Constitution.

It may be considered as the necessary consequence of this want of sympathy, that the House of Commons should not possess the confidence of the people; and such, accordingly, is the melancholy fact. To estimate the pernicious effects of such an evil would be impossible; it is virtually the destruction of the foundation of a free and wise government. There is no one, except those directly connected with the administration, or a place-hunter, or perhaps a few scattered and prejudiced Tories, who does not view that House with mingled feelings of sorrow and anger, —who does not see, in all its movements and votes, an utter disregard of public opinion, and of the true interests of their country; and a narrow, factious, and illiberal view taken of every effort to enlighten and disenthral the human mind from ignorance and slavery, and a clinging to every antiquated and noxious law, which exists only to harass and disgrace the country. It is impossible, in such a situation of matters, to expect confidence in the people towards their governors; accordingly it does not exist, and no friend to the true and permanent interests of his country should wish it to exist, while such conduct is pursued.

Its interests are often opposed to those of the people. When the people demand retrenchment,—when they ask for remission of taxes, and the abolition of sinecures,—they do so because the public weal requires it: and when the House of Commons withstands their entreaties, they do so, not because waste, taxes, and sinecures are thought by them necessary for the public benefit, but because the majority of that House are themselves deeply interested in their continuance.

Another evil attendant on the present system, and which decidedly marks its want of a peculiar characteristic of real representation, is the uneffective control which it exercises over the executive, and its subserviency to the Crown. In evidence of this, let us attend to the manner in which every Minister appointed by the Crown is supported by them. No matter what his talents or principles may be; the mere fact of any one being placed in that situation by the Crown, at once entitles him to the cordial support of a majority of the House of Commons. Mr Pitt, Mr Addington, Mr Fox, and Lord Castlereagh, equally enjoyed their confidence—the same men unblushingly supporting the most contrary opinions, because they were submitted to them by the Ministers of the Crown. It is not sufficient to say, in defence, against this accusation, that they sometimes oppose the Minister: doubtless they have done so; but then it was only when their own particular interests were at stake, or when the Minister was supposed tottering on his seat. But when did they ever oppose any proposition from any one that bore the title of a Minister of the Crown, which went to add to the power or influence of the executive, or to diminish the rights of the people? Let one act be pointed out which they passed, that has added to the privileges and influence of the people.

It is illiberal and exclusive. Long after the country was filled with indignation against that horrid and inhuman traffic, the Slave-Trade, what triumphant majorities of our virtual

representatives did the dealers in human flesh obtain, in their attempts to crush every endeavour to improve the condition of oppressed and benighted Africa! I know the Catholic Question has been urged against Reform, as shewing that the House of Commons is in advance of the people; but it is just one of the many assumptions, in point of fact, which the enemies of Reform are pleased to make. It is not true: on the contrary, there is every reason to believe, that were the people polled at the present moment, a very great majority of them would appear to be in favour of Catholic emancipation; but even allowing that they were of a different opinion when the question was first agitated, there cannot exist a doubt that there would be a far greater chance of more speedily convincing a House of Commons truly representing the people, of the justice of the Catholic claims, than one constituted as the present, is, where they are met by a vast and powerful opposition, from interested motives alone. A thousand things might be brought forward to show how far it lags behind the spirit of the age. The barbarous restrictions on commerce—the Gothic cruelty of our game-laws—the sanguinary nature of the criminal code—and, above all, the countenance which it has, till very lately, given to the despotic governments of the continent, in their unholy alliance against freedom, knowledge, and human happiness, does much more than prove this charge.

Such, Sir, are a few of the more glaring evils with which our present system of representation is chargeable; and, to remove them, a moderate and gradual Reform of the system is proposed. That *some* Reform is necessary, I trust I have proved, in a satisfactory manner, to every reflecting and unprejudiced mind. The Reform we desire is one that would restore the House of Commons to the confidence of the people, and render it what the Constitution intends it should be,—the exponent of their sentiments, and the grand depositary of the collective wisdom of the nation. We want nothing impracticable or dangerous. We even want nothing new or unprecedented. Changes as great, if not greater, have already been made in the system, with safety, and some of them with advantage to the Constitution. Since the revolution of 1688, we have had two unions of independent kingdoms, when their systems of representation were completely re-modelled. We have had a great change in the system effected by the Septennial Act. And how many prerogatives of the Crown have we ourselves seen enlarged, if not created? Have we not frequently seen the Constitution itself, which has but one neck, the liberty of the subject, suspended for months, almost for years? This catalogue is enough to show that changes in our system, greater than any now demanded, have been made with such safety, as to leave the country, at the present time, as these gentlemen assure us, in a state of unexampled glory and prosperity. The most important of these changes, too, were brought about, not some generations ago—not by our fathers, but by the very gentlemen who now pretend such dread of a little alteration in the practice of our system of representation—by men who, when their own purposes were to be served, scrupled not, in a little month, to make greater havock on the noblest parts of our Constitution, than any reformer now wishes to make in extirpating the abuses and corruptions of centuries.

When the enemies of Reform assert, that the corruption which is now complained of would exert a still more pernicious influence were elections more popular, I answer, first, by denying that such would be the fact; and, secondly, that the point is not, whether corruption would be lessened, but are the people adequately represented? Under the first answer, I would observe, that, supposing the means of corruption to remain in *statu quo*, still the elections being spread over a much larger sphere, they would be utterly futile in exerting any very evil influence over a whole people. Under the present system, it is able to bear, with irresistible effect, on a small and privileged class; but it would be of little avail to purchase the votes of the nation: by its expansion, it would lose much of its power. Under the second, I would beg these

persons to consider, that, when they make this objection, they completely wander from the point at issue. No one fancies that any Reform would completely banish all improper influence over elections; but the Reform we propose and advocate, at present, is completely distinct from that Reform which has for its object a direct diminution of the means of corruption, by excluding placemen from seats in the House of Commons. The drying up of the sources of corrupt influence is a Reform necessary in itself, but totally distinct from that Reform which purposes to add to the influence of the people, by the removal of those abuses in the system of our representation, which time has created. The one is to allow the people a voice in the choice of their representatives; the other is to prevent all undue influence over their votes in such election, or over those of their representatives after such election. If every member of the House of Commons were elected by one individual, who was noways biassed or controlled in his choice,—such a House of Commons, so elected, on the most pure and honourable principles, could, however, in no sense be called the representatives of the nation. Although every extrinsic influence over the minds of the electors, therefore, were removed, such a Reform is altogether different from that which is truly called Parliamentary Reform. When the enemies of Reform, therefore, profess their willingness to punish corruption in election, when it is satisfactorily proved, (which is no easy matter to the tender consciences of these gentlemen,) they do not touch the great evil of the system, which consists in a majority of the House of Commons being returned by a few interested individuals, and the great body of the people being left without any representation whatever.

When anti-reformers assert that a House of Commons so constituted does virtually represent the interests, sentiments, and sense of the nation, they are pleased to take their own opinion as plain and indisputable fact. It is a point on which every man must determine for himself; it can neither be supported or denied in argument. We utterly deny its truth; and it lies upon these gentlemen, who confess that the theory of the Constitution is violated in the formation of the present House of Commons, to prove, by a clear deduction from facts, that their assertion is true. But this assertion contains a curious contradiction, which I would like these persons to explain. They say the present system does truly represent the sense of the people. Now, all that we ask is, that we may be assured of this, *by the people themselves* electing their own representatives? Will they say, the latter mode of election would not be effectual in representing the sense of the country? Do they think that a House of Commons, so elected, would *not* represent the interests and sentiments of the people? If they cannot assert this, what, then, I ask them, is it they fear from Reform? Its effect can only be to enable them to enter the House of Commons without the expensive forms of virtual election. Where is the danger? Upon what grounds can they oppose a Reform, which will bring out exactly the same results, and adopt the same measures, as the present system? Since, therefore, the Reform we propose is intended just to make the House of Commons truly the representative of the sense of the nation, why do these persons oppose it? The reason is evident; they themselves are convinced that the assertion is false; every vote which that House at present gives, loudly proclaims that it is so.

We are, moreover, told, that the same influence of which we now complain has existed for four hundred years. This assertion betrays great ignorance of the history of our Constitution. For the half of that period, we possessed an irregular, undefined sort of freedom, and during which, the Crown never thought of exerting that sort of influence in the election of the members of the House of Commons, which, in point of fact, is generally stated to have commenced at the Restoration. The Crown rested on its prerogatives, which were more than sufficient to overpower the rising influence of the House of Commons. For centuries, the privilege of sending representatives to that House was a thing not

much valued by the nation at large; and the solitary example of a Noble influencing an election, must go for nothing, when we consider that it was done at a period when the great importance of the right was not generally understood. There is a great deal of confusion created by the mixing of two modes of influence, which ought to be kept separate and distinct,—the influence which the Crown exerts on the members of the House of Commons, when elected, and the influence which it and the aristocracy exert in sending members there. The first must, in a certain degree, always exist; it may be too great; possibly some may think, that, at present, it is too small. It has, however, at various times, excited the fears, and roused the exertions, of the friends of freedom, as is proved by the many propositions to lessen it, by the exclusion of placemen, &c., from the House of Commons, which have been made during the last century. What we at present complain of is of a very different nature; indeed, it cannot with propriety be termed influence—it is direct nomination; it is of the monstrous absurdity, that a member of the House of Commons may be directly appointed by the Crown, or by a person under its influence, and receiving from it the reward of such conduct; and that such a one should, in any sense, be called a representative of the people. We complain, that a majority of that House should be sent there by those who have an interest opposite to that of the body of the people, and that these persons should be called the representatives of those who have no voice whatever in their election. No web of sophistical plausibilities can possibly cover the evils of such a system. It is as directly contrary to common sense, as to the first principles of the Constitution.

But even allowing that the *kind* of influence spoken of has existed so long, surely no sane person will say that it has not increased immensely in *degree*. That the influence of the Crown was the same, when we had no standing army, no debt, and a small and precarious revenue, as it is now, when we have a great standing army, an overwhelming debt, and a very great revenue, is an assertion too absurd to require refutation. The Crown, which is the dispenser of the good things arising from these sources, and the body of nominators, or their nominees, who receive them, may sometimes disagree; the latter may chuse, at times, to preserve some credit with their country, by voting against the Government on some paltry points; but we are not to conclude, from these differences, that they show any real independence of the Crown, for, in all their squabbles, the people who alone are interested are wholly kept out of view, and have no influence whatever over the decisions of those to whom are entrusted their dearest rights.

We are next tauntingly asked to point out the time during which the House of Commons existed otherwise than now, and the condition to which we wish to restore it. In answer, it may be said, that, if the House of Commons had existed in practice, the same as we now see it, for one thousand years, still the people are entitled to demand its reformation; that every plain and flagrant abuse should be rooted out; and that we should endeavour to bring it back to the principle of the Constitution. Practice is evanescent, and cannot be properly fixed down in history; the narrators may err, and we, the commentators, from our ignorance of the time and circumstances, are still more likely to err; but a recurrence to principles can never deceive us—principles, in the present case, which, in themselves, are reasonable, proper, and expedient, and which form the basis of our Constitution. The reformers of our religion did not vainly attempt to decry and overturn the Popish superstition, so much by comparisons between the practice of the earlier Christians and the Catholics of their day, as by a recurrence to the principles of their religion, or by appealing to the Bible, the standard of their faith: it was by comparing the practice of the Catholic with the precepts of Holy Writ, that they triumphantly demonstrated the corruptions and blasphemies of that church. In like manner, we appeal to the Constitution, and say, that it is unnecessary to compare the practice of the present House of Commons with any preceding one, to

prove its degeneracy, its departure from the first principles of the Constitution being too manifest to require it. From the obstreperous appeal to practice, from the eagerness which is displayed in gathering precedents of the subserviency and corruption of Parliaments in former times, I think we are fairly entitled to conclude, that the enemies of Reform are themselves convinced how very weak all their arguments are when tried by reason, and how totally unsupported they are by the *principles* of our Constitution.

In their present state of dismay, the opposers of Reform eagerly catch hold of every thing which, by any means, may be brought to give a side-wind to their weak and paltry reasonings. It is to this cause we must impute their amazing folly, in pressing into their service a Free Press, and attempting to make it serve as a battery whereby to demolish the otherwise invincible arguments for Reform. This manœuvre is a curious specimen of their tactics. Because we have a Free Press, *therefore* we ought not to have a free and true representation of the people, is a curious kind of *non sequitur*. It is perfectly original, and worthy of the quarter whence it proceeds. Most true it is, however, that such an argument against Parliamentary Reform has often been proclaimed to the astonished ear of the public. Would these wise and eminent persons tell us, whether a people can be too free, or possess too many privileges, wherewith their freedom and prosperity may be guarded? I do not mean a savage licence, unworthy the name of freedom, or the power of doing evil with impunity; but the greatest possible freedom in our words and actions, consistent with the public weal. The possession of one privilege, surely, with men of common sense and honesty, can be no reason for excluding us from the benefit of another. Are these persons really of opinion, that the more information which is disseminated among a people, the more illiberal and confined ought the constitution, by which they are governed, to be? I am curious to know if they would consent to give a full representation of the people, on the condition, if it were practicable, that an extinguisher should be placed on a Free Press. It is really difficult to discover the meaning of their absurdities, if it be not that they very much wish the Press were degraded to the same state of vassalage as our representation.

These gentlemen also choose to give our Legislature credit for many good things we possess. We are, they say, a great, a well-informed, and moral people; and all these blessings we owe to our immaculate representation, and the benignity of the various administrations which have adorned this country during the last century. Such statements hardly deserve to be laughed at. Scotland is often said to be the most moral and well-informed part of the empire; yet Scotland, since the Union, has only possessed the shadow of representation, the people having no voice whatever in the election of their representatives. Will these persons venture to infer, from this, that it is a matter of no consequence whether a people have any share in the choice of their representative or not? or will they dare to impute to the wisdom and public spirit of the representatives for Scotland, those eminent advantages which it possesses? No; they cannot, and dare not; for we owe them nothing that partakes of gratitude or respect for any service which they ever performed.

The sneer about the differences of reformers is now getting stale: a more insignificant, worthless, and absurd jest, was never uttered. Because Luther and Cranmer preferred the Episcopalian form of Church Government, and Calvin and Knox the Presbyterian, does any Protestant sneer at their disputes, blame the Reformation, and extol the Roman Catholic superstition, because it was ancient and venerable, and worked well for its Bishops and Priests? In the principle of Reform, in condemning the present system of representation, and denouncing its corruption, all reformers agree; and I have no doubt, were the principle of Reform once recognized by the Legislature, that the details would be speedily settled. The people are actuated by too patriotic a spirit, to wish for more

than a gradual and temperate Reform; they wish to destroy nothing that pertains to the Constitution; they only wish to remove a great and increasing evil, and to restore the House of Commons to its place in the Constitution.

No one, at the present day, can be so foolish as not to be convinced that the present system labours under many great and dangerous corruptions; that it has greatly diverged from the purity of the Constitution; and that there is nothing bad or absurd in supposing that a truer representation of the people is necessary, to render it what it ought to be, and what the Constitution intends it should be—not the deputies of an interested class of nobles and aristocratical commons, but the real representatives of the British nation. That there can be any danger in a change so necessary, and just, and lawful, is, in the highest degree, chimerical, and is dictated solely by the fears of those who foresee, as its consequence, the annihilation, not of any part of our Constitution, but of the present system of administration, which, indeed, they would fain wish to be considered as a component part of the Constitution. They know that the first act of a House of Commons, truly representing the people, would be their own removal, and a complete change in that system which has done so much to degrade the feelings of the people, and to destroy their noblest privileges, and which acts as the common enemy of knowledge and liberty. It cannot be doubted for a moment, that in such a case the people will ultimately triumph. It is only necessary to do so, that they support it with firmness and moderation, neither diverted by the clamours of demagogues, or the miserable efforts of enraged Tories.

If it be possible for any man, sincerely and conscientiously, to believe in the immaculate purity and practical wisdom of the system of representation now in force in these kingdoms, and to think that its deliberations and resolutions are dictated solely by a regard to the interests of its constituents, I would beg such an one, calmly, impartially, and faithfully, to ponder on the history of the last thirty, or even ten years; and when he has done so, I would confidently ask him, if, in that period such proofs of ignorance, of illiberality, of hatred to freedom, of contempt of the glorious Constitution to which they owe their existence, of disregard to the interests of the people, and the true glory of the crown, were not so thickly sown over the space, as for ever to convince him of the immediate necessity of reforming a system which could admit of the perpetration of such enormities?

I trust I have been able to shew, that our present system of representation is deformed by evils which ought to be corrected; and that the reform we demand is no visionary, uncalled-for, unprecedented, and dangerous change; but is necessary to ensure to us the continuance of our Constitution, and its safety from the corrupt and anti-national influence of an interested and oligarchical faction. The Reform we ask for proceeds from too pure a source to be contaminated by the excesses of ignorant and factious individuals. Like the Christian religion, no excesses or follies of its pretended disciples can in any wise cast a shade over the truth of its principles. It will triumphantly survive all such attacks, and, from its nature, every rational believer in its necessity must anticipate its final success. It is a cause in which the greatest and noblest characters of our nation have laboured; it is dignified by the support and approbation of almost every name of our age, which is worthy of being remembered by posterity; and is advocated with an ability, moderation, and wisdom, which would have done honour to the illustrious names of Chatham, Fox, Burke, and Pitt. There is one person, however, to whom this great cause has been much indebted, and whom I cannot avoid particularizing,—I mean Lord John Russel. With an ardour and ability never surpassed, he has united a moderation and wisdom, which has extorted the applause of the bitterest enemies of Reform. The country is deeply sensible of what it owes to his great exertions; and if the gratitude of a whole people is of any value in his eyes, he possesses it. Empty and unsubstantial honours they cannot bestow; but they give

him that which every generous and free mind values infinitely more—their sincere and heartfelt thanks. Let him go on in his noble career,—let him continue in the same path in which he has already done so much good, undismayed by the power of the enemy, or the more dangerous attacks of treacherous friends; relying on the support of all that is great, and honourable, and virtuous in the land, and he will do more to ensure the permanency of our Constitution, and to advance the true glory and happiness of the people, than any other Statesman which Britain ever produced. He will do what some might think impossible—shed an additional ray of glory over the imperishable name of Russel!

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
W. S.

Edinburgh, 12th Feb. 1823.

Emily.

SHE was not one of many; for her soul
Had all the loveliness of human kind,
With the sweet frailties of a woman's mind;
A more belov'd, though a less perfect whole.
And she had that within her gentle eye
Which touch'd you with affection; and it stole
So softly on you, that you knew not why
You gaz'd so on its light; until the sigh
Ebb'd from your breast, like breath of summer's even,
Off'ring its gather'd incense unto Heaven;
And till the fountain of your life did play
With such a pulse, as you might soon descry
Where the unknown, but fond disorder lay—
And those who once had seen her, ne'er forgot her;
Her image fill'd their mind, like heav'nly dream;
Her voice still whisper'd, like a tune, whose theme
Falls in a ling'ring cadence: and the Potter
Had form'd this chosen vessel from a mould,
In which he fashions his more perfect clay,
Fit, in his blessed Providence, to hold
An angel's virtues in this mortal day,
But for a little space; soon summ'd and told,
And then the spirit to be call'd away.

How oft together have we walk'd abroad,
When the sweet amateurs of youthful spring
Began to paint their blossoms, and to sing,
In the wild melody of finch and thrush,
Or lark, that carols on his heav'nward wing!
And we would saunter through a devious road,
Where copses twirl their leaves, and fountains gush.
Through groves of varied shrubb'ry have we stray'd,
Where the laburnum hangs its bunch of gold,
And where the mountain-ash and lilac braid
Their fragrant chaplets in contrasted fold;
And sometimes would we wander where the larch
Bends o'er the welkin like a Gothic arch,
And solemn as the holy minster's aisle,
Through whose umbrageous screen you scarce could spy
The clouds that floated in the azure sky;
The blackbird through the long perspective file
Flitting before, with shrill alarm, the while;
And as we walk'd through alley and fair bow'r,
Each sense enraptur'd by the season's joy,
We lov'd the innocent and sweet employ,
Of culling and admiring woodland flow'r,
And trifling with their names. Forget-me-not,
Within whose azure eye a golden spot
Smiles to its meaning, and the varied daisy
Scatter'd upon the bank; while, in their beds,
Fair primroses scarce lift their paley heads,
Press'd by the dew-drop; and the daffodil
And king-cup dight in gold: these in our mazy
And devious path we found, and pluck'd, to fill
Our posy, or to cast away at will.

Nor less delighted were we when we found,
Beneath the broad branch of the silver pine,
The blackbird's nest, with twigs and rushes bound,
And modell'd cunningly with plastic clay,
Then smoothly matted with a bed of hay,
Upon whose pillow the green eggs did shine:

Or where the yellow-hammer lines with hair
Her soft abode, whose eggs are laced with veins,
Suppos'd, by truant schoolboy, to be stains
Of demon's blood, and sought with anxious care,
And plunder'd by him, (for the wanton heart
Needs small occasion for its ruthless art.)
The red-breast, which, beneath the tangled root
Of an old tree, upon her brown eggs sits,
The while her merry mate, in sudden fits,
Touches the shrill notes of his ev'ning flute:
The chaffinch, that o'erspreads her nest with moss
Of the same kind that doth the tree emboss;
And the small wren, that forms her secret home
Oft in the witchknot of a birchen tree,
And roofs it over like a rural dome,
To 'scape the magpie's glance. All these to see
Was sweetest joy to Emily and me.

Thus would we walk for many a day together,
Through all the varied seasons of the year;
Even when late Autumn, with his features sere
Embrown'd the earth, and, by his drizzly weather,
The swill'd cascade from its high summit dash'd
Upon the obdurate rocks, and howl'd and splash'd
Its muddy spray in wrath against the sky;
Even there we stood, silent, but fearless nigh.
And we would climb the mountain's airy height,
(Link'd as we were together arm in arm)
To look on castle, village, spire, and farm,
Wood, river, meadow, and each rural sight,
That gives the landscape its peculiar charm.
And when some sunny holiday had brought
The vagrant boys into the mellow dingle,
We heard their voices with the echoes mingle,
The while along the shaggy cliffs they sought
The bramble's berries, and the knotty bunch
Of hazel nuts, and guines, and bitter haws;
Which, with keen stomach, they were fain to munch,
And cram, despite of husks, into their maws.
These would we mark; and even at the time
Would moralize upon a choice so rude,
That man will oft, for bitter food and crude,
The precipice of wild ambition climb,
Leaving at home his calm and quiet food:
And I was doubly pleas'd when she agreed
With my poor thoughts, and justified the rede.

Yes; and we stay'd abroad until the hue
Of evening twilight robed the western sky—
Until the sun, as 'twere his last adieu,
A stream of radiance o'er the mountains threw,
When he had shut upon the world his eye—
Until the birds had sung their vesper hymn;
And through the calmness of the liberal heav'n,
(The while the landscape on the sight grew dim,)
We heard the swains loud whistling to the ev'n.
And ere we reach'd her calm paternal dome,
The rooks had gather'd to their airy elms;
For all the livelong day, through mountain realms,
In search of bilberries in the woods they roam;
Then speed, at even, in dingy bevies home.
There would we pause, even at the ancient gate,
And linger yet a while, though it was late;
And I would press her hand, and bless her there,
And stifle the full sigh that swell'd my breast,
And look upon her face so lovely fair,
And bid her go to Heaven's protective care,
And pray good angels to watch o'er her rest:
Yet still I held her hand; as if another
Soft pulse did warm her, such as what I felt,
(Which the cold fashion of the world might melt,)
Borrow'd from mine: yet I was as a brother.
And when at length (though loth) I turn'd to go,
I thought that in her thanks I could have spelt
Such meaning as I wish'd—that she did shew
She lov'd me—but it might not have been so.

But soon the destin'd hour of sorrow came,
When she was pent within her prison room,
(While the drawn curtains gave it a dull gloom,)
And slow disease upon her wasting frame

Prepar'd just Heaven to assert his lawful claim!
I found her seated on an elbow chair,
With somewhat of soft sadness in her looks;
It pass'd to me; I felt as if despair
Had shadow'd me—but no such thing was there:
For on her table I perceiv'd some books,
And one was open'd, in whose happy page
She found such truths as did her heart engage.
And when her eye first at my presence turn'd,
And when, with gentle grace, she did incline
Her open hand, so fair, to welcome mine;
And when the smile upon her pure cheek burn'd,
I saw it rise into a lively blush—
I saw a softness in her eye beyond
Its natural grace, though beautiful; and fond
To think that meeting could have rais'd a flush,
I thought I might not in my wish despond.
Alas! it was the slow and subtile worm,
Whose inward gnawings fed upon her life,
And wasted the hale vigour of her form,
And rais'd that ruddy glow, which, in the strife,
Mock'd her with painted beauty. She did wane,
As would i' the eye of morn a lovely cloud;
Or as the moon, that waxeth thin again,
Less brilliant, but more lovely, when her reign
Decreases, and the rising vapours crowd
Around her till they wrap her in their

'Twas on an evening, when the setting sun
Stream'd through the curtain's loop his level rays,
And lit the wainscot with a roseate blaze;
His daily pilgrimage was nearly done,
And Time's short glass for Emily was run!
She sate upon the sofa; on one side
Reclin'd, in silent tears, her doting mother,
While I, in mute distraction, stood and eyed
The ling'ring lapse of life upon the other.
Even Death himself seem'd loth to loose her soul;
He could not strike such beauty with his dart,
And therefore, in his lenity, he stole
Our angel from us—and she felt no smart;
But, like a fountain dried in summer's heat,
So ebb'd the purple stream of her pure heart,
And so the playful pulse forgot to beat.
Her words were for our comfort; but the more
She would have wooed us from our heavy sorrow,
The more we griev'd; and we were fain to borrow
A hope upon her smile, and would implore
Heaven's mercy, that she yet might see the morrow.
Oh God! thy holy will was otherwise.
One arm unto her mother she did reach,
And one to me—she gave a hand to each;
And, casting on us her alternate eyes,
And then to Heaven, and then a moment hid
Their fainting lustre 'neath the trembling lid—
Oh, what an anxious moment! when she press'd,
And grasp'd my hand, then, for a little while,
Look'd on her parent with a placid smile,
And then on me, and with a sigh did rest
Her head upon the cushion. She had prov'd
The hope I cherish'd, and 'twas me she lov'd!
And so my trembling hand her palm did hold,
Till she herself the union should dissever;
I could have paus'd in that embrace for ever,
But, oh! within that grasp, that loving fold,
Her pulse was lost—and she was dead—and cold!

I saw her laid within her narrow grave;
I heard the tolling of the village bell,
Whose iron tongue, as it proclaim'd her knell,
Smote to my heart, and such an anguish gave,
As I can never bear to hear it tell
Even the sweet hour of prayer. I saw the spade
With which the sexton her lone dwelling made,
Heap the last turf upon her coffin'd clay:
And I did linger for a time behind,
Until the common mourners pass'd away,
And then I mourn'd alone, and lowly knelt,
And commun'd with her; for I deem'd I felt
Her hand still clasp'd in mine. They say my mind
Was in the mood of frenzy, and that oft
Mine eyes were fix'd upon the listless wall,
And that I would her name with fondness call,
And whisper syllables unknown and soft,
As if we were together. This I know,
That I did often hurry to her tomb;
And, as the lilies, which I taught to grow,
As emblems of her purity and doom,

Wept a pure dew-drop from their snowy bloom,
I wept beside them, while I did unfold
The story of my grief to her dead ear:
I was the living epitaph, that told
Her virtues to the wind, that idly roll'd
Mine off'ring to the waste, and none did hear!
You deem it silly trade;—but, have you lov'd?
And is the maiden of your bosom dead?
And lies your heart within her silent bed?
And has your fancy in delirium rov'd
To seek that which you cannot find on earth?
If so, you will not cast away your mirth
On me, a fellow-suff'rer.—It may be
That I shall quickly gain my heav'nly birth,
And view the things which mortals cannot see,
Thy mansion, Emily,—thy God,—and thee!

THE FEELINGS AND FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH TUTOR.

No. II.

The schoolmaster's daughter was an only child, and, if common report was to be credited, she was likely to inherit a pretty handsome penny, though somewhat short of *a million*, even according to her father's reckoning. Her education, considering the times, had not been stinted; for, besides reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography, all of which she had derived from the inexhaustible fountain of her father's knowledge, she had been three long calendar months with the Miss MacFeckets, at Dumfries, learning to hold up her head, and manage her gown-tail, to shape and to sew, to make shirts, and hem pocket-handkerchiefs. Besides, there was suspended, by a piece of blue tape, over her father's mantle-piece, a square-piece of embroidery, containing all the letters in the alphabet, with the initials of both her parents' names, and the year of God somewhat indistinctly subjoined. But notwithstanding all these accomplishments, which, as times stood, were by no means contemptible, she was still as humble and unprideful (so it was termed) as the most ordinary servant-girl in the place.

Whether it had been that some one had early praised her for this lowliness of behaviour, or that she had a kind of natural turn for romping, gaffing, and tigging, and towing, and every variety of robust and rustic amusement, I do not pretend, at this distance of time, with any degree of confidence to determine; but certain I am, that Sophy, as her father constantly addressed her, preferred the clash and the havers of a farmer's or cottar's ingle-cheek, to all the genteelity and finery of the Nabob's parlour. This Star of the East, known over all the country-side by the familiar appellation of the Nabob, had arisen, some twenty months before the times of which I am discoursing, on the horizon of Nithsdale; and although his beams did not reach quite from Corsincon to Caerlaverock, he shone intensely bright, and oppressively warm, within the more circumscribed sphere of the parish and immediate neighbourhood. If report be a trustworthy authority, he had actually paid his court to a decade of beauties, from the Laird's daughter, down through a whole family of toasts, who reigned supreme in that district at the time. But somehow or other, the Nabob did not succeed in any of his adventures. And yet nobody had any thing to say against his morals, his family, or his connections. He was, to be sure, a little sun, and even time-withered, and, nobody knew from what cause, seemed a little lame of one leg; yet he was a tall, and even a handsome man, with an ample fortune, and an elegant mansion, and as many dogs, grey and pointer, mongrel and cur, as he could set his face to. In fact, whenever he rode out to take an airing, the whole neighbourhood knew of it, as the barking, and yelping, and howling, was beyond all conception. His efforts, too, to edge himself into the good graces of the ladies were unremitted. He was the first man to subscribe for a country ball or assembly; and on the day following any such public rendezvous, he was most attentive and assiduous in the indispensable duty of waiting upon the ladies, to inquire after their health. Having, as was reported,

forgot, in some measure, under an Eastern and relaxing sun, his early dancing education, he was frequently seen, of a wet day, with all the chairs of his dining-room so arranged and paired, as to afford him an opportunity of running the figures of some newly-introduced country-dances. And yet he was not "the boy for bewitching them;" and I have seen many a writer's clerk, and pennyless prodigal, who were much more acceptable amongst beauties, and heiresses, and dashing belles, than he.

I cannot enter upon the particular of the when, and the how, and the wherefore, but so it was, that, by the management of the schoolmaster, who was a famous newsmonger, and, as such, conversed, whenever opportunity offered, with the Nabob, and by those accidental rencontres with the schoolmaster's buxom daughter, at kirk and at market, which Providence either ordains or permits for the favouring of such matters, the Nabob seemed to be a little *inclined*, as it were, towards Sophy. He had invited her to one of his lady-parties, and had once called at her father's house, in order to inquire after a stray newspaper. Yet, certain it was in fact, and evident it was in appearance, that the Nabob, in no sense of the word, could be said to be hooked. He only hung, as it were, gradually cooling his fingers, round this moderate flame, after having burnt them to the bone elsewhere. For the word ran current, that the factor's daughter, pretty Polly, had fairly jilted him. And this paragon of wicked witchery and dimpling devilry, around whose airy movements the Graces clustered, and amidst whose passions and feelings the God of Love held a perpetual carnival, had not confined her conquests to him. But, as a certain distinguished personage of the present day expresses it, "he happened to be just the seventh who had come to her door," and whom she had sent blowing his fingers, and cursing his temerity, away. I often wonder myself, when I take an after-dinner survey of things in general, why Nature has permitted such contradictions, as this pretty Polly exhibited, to meet; for while her personal charms came over you, not in force and compulsion, but like the blessed and balmy south wind,—whilst she could not stoop to lift a flower, or adjust a shoe-string, without discovering the mastery of Love's power, that *something*, which enters into the soul, and begets a prepossession, even amounting to a liking, long ere you are aware of the circumstance; yet, upon a closer intimacy, you found her hollow-hearted and vindictive, jealous of admiration, and vain of conquest, disposed to visit the least possible slight or inattention with all the load of an inveterate and unfeminine displeasure. And in the case of which I am speaking, she had been peculiarly lavish of insolence and affronts, expressing herself amongst her accomplices—for friends she had none—in terms quite unbecoming her sex, and calculated to turn the Nabob into ridicule and contempt. At one time, he was a large Eastern alligator stuffed, a dried and sapless specimen, fit only for the use of the antiquary or naturalist; again he figured, amongst her companions, under the notion of an Egyptian mummy, whom God, not man, had embalmed and preserved, since the reign of Pharaoh Neco, and had now disengaged from his wrapping, upon society, just to shew us that such things *were*. To her imagination, and the undauntedness of her license, there were truly no bounds. All of this having reached, in due course of private report, the ears of her admirer, served materially, at the time of which I am speaking, to reconcile him to the schoolmaster's conversation, and the occasional presence of his lively and buxom daughter. This attention, directed upon her from such a quarter, was enough to turn, and, in point of fact, did turn the girl's head. She began to dress outrageously, to walk on pattens, and to giggle both loud and long, when nobody could see the subject of her merriment. And had it not been that something equivalent to the usage which the Nabob had himself experienced was by him practised upon her, this silly, inexperienced girl, had undoubtedly disgusted all her old acquaintances with her new airs and insufferable affectation. It was

at this very crisis, whilst she hung betwixt hope that looks towards despondency, and despair that looks upwards towards hope, that I became acquainted with Sophy; and truth, rather than vanity, compels me to say, what I assuredly think, that I was the mean of diverting this girl's attentions, at least, into another train and direction.

Not that the reader of this autobiography is to understand, by this admission, that I have ever considered myself in the light of an Adonis; but I was young, healthy, of a sanguine complexion, and well set upon my limbs, which were evidently athletic, not to say muscular; and the woman who looks for more of manhood than this in a lover, is somewhat, as the matter appears to me, unreasonable. It is true, I was neither a Roderick Random nor a Tom Jones, for there was nothing at all chivalrous or heroic in my short, round, dumpy figure; but I question much if Sophy had ever reached to the conception of these finished beaux, although, along with all the boarding-school at Dumfries, she had read their history several times over, at the manifest risk of setting the bed-curtains and the house on fire. I could easily perceive, though, at this early period, I was by no means endowed with the second sight, that from the moment when I seemed to have found favour in the young lady's eyes, I became an object of unmixed antipathy to the father. He regarded me as an obstruction in the way of all his day-dreams of advancement, through the Nabob, for his daughter, and took every method to mortify and discountenance me. But all would not do. The girl was a blooming sun-flower, (and much of the same complexion,) with a reasonable allowance of flesh and blood; and as she seemed to look with a favourable eye upon me, I found that I could do no less than return the preference. I must say, however, what is already, in all probability, evident to the reader, that, at this stage of my life and experience, my notions of love, and sensibilities, and pure etherial sentimentalities, were but faint and fleeting; so I trusted to instinct, solely, and by this same guide I was made to believe, at times, that I felt a decided passion for the girl. Of this, however, I was completely cured, in the following manner, which, for the sake of all young ladies who may chance to be similarly circumstanced with Sophy, I shall narrate circumstantially; premising, on this, as on all occasions, that nothing but an innate and most unconquerable regard to truth—a disposition which has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength—could induce me to relate any thing which could be construed into censure of Sophy.

Be it known, then, unto the reader, that in the neat little village of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, there is a quarterly fair or market held, where servants find masters, and masters servants—old cronies convene, and drink whisky *—and lads and lasses deal in fairings, and in such other treats as the nearest public-house can supply. As to the real and substantial transfer of stock for money, or of money for goods, unless in the case of crokery, wooden cags, and auctioneered razors, I never could observe any. Now, to the Martinmas market I was resolved, full three months before it became due, to go. As a boy, I had indeed often attended the Thornhill fairs, and had contrived, from the pockets of the good-natured farmers, to supply myself with the means of purchasing snaps, chirping birds, and pen-knives of edge uncommon: but I had never yet appeared, as one may say, on my own foundation; and I was resolved, under favour of a new great-coat, which covered all deficiences, to figure away in the capacity of a *new-come-out*, as the ladies would say, that is, a full-fledged beau, on this very occasion. So away I set, on the morning of the market-day, with a pound-note in my pocket, health in my veins, the elasticity of joy and expectation in my heart, together with a kind of occasional reference to Sophy, who had given me to understand as much as that

* Drinking and selling of whisky seems now to be considered as essential to the nature of a village. "Is Dunscore," said Mr M'D., "a village?" "Ou," answered the clown, "there's a wheen houses biggit, and a vast o' gills selt!"
Dumfries and Galloway Courier.

she might be over in the afternoon. I shall not soon forget my delightful impressions, as, in ascending the high ground upon which this village of the plain, this Lima of a table land, is placed, I heard the squeaking of pigs, the beating of drums, the blowing of trumpets, and the shouting of auctioneers, indicating, manifestly, that the great work of business and amusement had commenced. And as I entered the village itself, and came within sight of the flying horse, and clustering boys upon the top and around the base of the cross, and as I actually met the serjeant walking with his drawn sword glancing in the sun, and his ribboned recruits reeling up behind, I felt as Dr Samuel Johnson, that dungeon of wisdom, expresses it, that one may be said only to *vegetate* in the country, but that they actually *live* in the town.

I was rather early asteer for what may be called the fun of the thing; so, till the lads and lasses should arrive, I betook me to a friend's house, to hear the news, and while away an hour. Here I was fortunate enough to fall in, or forgather, with a classfellow, who, after having, like me, earned his first guinea and great-coat, was anxious to have penny-worths of gallantry and diversion with and amongst the farmers' daughters, who were actually the leading toasts and belles of the place. Either of us, taken singly and separately, would have felt a little abashed at the notion of accosting a full-feathered, well-dressed woman; but by clubbing our confidence, we increased the amount, and even exalted the quality into effrontery and impudence, and were resolved to maintain an air of ease, and experience, and quite-at-homeness, throughout the whole day. Amongst other unco's, I had advertised my friend C. of the situation of affairs betwixt Sophy and me, hinting as much, though not just exactly saying so, as that she was coming to the market merely on my account, a measure, which, however, the old curmudgeon her father very much disapproved of. And in order to be equally confidential on his part, he informed me of a similar assignation, or appointment, which existed betwixt him and the Laird o' Gullyburn's daughter, who was to appear on horseback about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. I cannot say but that I felt not a little mortified by this intimation respecting Gullyburn's fair daughter, who, though generally reckoned what one may call a haverel, was fair to look upon, and was likely to prove heiress, in case of a poor consumptive brother's death, to houses and lands, to the amount of at least sixty good pounds annually. Fame, however, had not been idle in respect of Miss Marrowfat's character. And there were not awanting witnesses, had "a green bag" been presented against her. However, my friend was either ignorant of all this, or being really, as they say, over head and ears in love, had contrived to reconcile his mind to it, for he seemed to wait the young lady's arrival with a lover-like expectation and impatience.

The afternoon began at last to bring up the kilted petticoats and ribboned bonnets by the dozen. The lads began to swarm about the causeway, in knots and bands, and the lasses to skirl most outrageously. This was, in fact, the warning for us to be stirring our stumps, in order to see and participate in the humours of the fair. We walked arm-in-arm up the street, and betwixt a double row of creams, or sweetmeat-stands, but met with nobody, for several turns, that seemed to recognize us. At last, a girl belonging to, and speaking loudly from a band of a full half-dozen of giglets, having assured herself of our personal identity, accosted us immediately with the customary demand for fairings. My heart palpitated the moment she spoke, for I had known her, when a boy, pursue me over walls, and through hedges, in order to obtain, as she said, a kiss. My companion, therefore, spoke the usual badinage in return, urging the earliness of the hour, and the number of laps which behoved to be supplied. This gave their tongues a license, and ere we had time to rally our senses to the necessary repartee, we were overwhelmed with one wide volley of derision and unrestrained abuse. "Braw lads indeed!" said my old acquaintance, Tibby Armstrong, "braw, weel feathered cock-birds, and no scant o tails either; but I mind weel, and that's no' sae lang sync, whan less

wad ha'e sair'd them than yards o' braid claith hangin' danglin' at yere hinneren's. Gae wa', gae wa', yere mithers will be wantin' ye at hame to scrape potatoes, or teeze woo'! You lads indeed! fine like lads, I trow! My troth, they wad be fond o' cock-birds indeed that wad mak' pets o' twa sic howlets." At this the female band laughed, one and all, outright,—leaned forward,—bent like old Jock-the-leg knives at the middle joint,—clapped their hands upon their sides,—and then springing up again into full length and size, drifted by, and left us, not greatly gratified, indeed, with our first adventure in the field of rustic gallantry.

But for this somewhat mortifying rencontre we were soon indemnified, if I may use, and assuredly I may, the expression, by the advance of an old acquaintance of mine, "Nicky M'Clatchy," the miller's daughter, with whom, in my boy-hood, I had gathered slaes, rode upon weigh-bauks, and discovered bird-nests of all descriptions. Nicky was naturally a modest girl, though her blood and her heart were as warm as there was any necessity for, and her cheeks indicated funny seventeen, and her lips were as red as the hips she and I had often shelled and eaten together. In a word, this was Nicky's "come-out," as well as mine, and so soon as she perceived me in her way, she made an effort to push her female companion a little to one side, in order to appear at least to have a desire of passing us unnoticed. This effort, however, if it was meant to be, was not, in fact, successful; for in a few seconds we encountered each other face to face; and after a deal of rather embarrassed questioning and answering,—fairings, consisting of raisins and sweeties commixed, were offered and accepted,—laps were stretched forth, weighing scales were turned over, and rapped upon the bottom,—and handsome things were said by the huckster-wife, from whom this handsome purchase was made. The longer I conversed with my old acquaintance Nicky, the more inclined did I feel to continue the dialogue; and as my friend C. seemed to have made up a kind of sudden intimacy with "Nicky's companion," we agreed to pass, for a few minutes, from the street into the public-house, there to treat the lasses with a bottle of wine, no less! Having obtained a side, for a room was not be had for love or money, in Mr Boyes' best parlour, we proceeded to uncork the bottle, and press our companions to a glass of the contents. But scarcely had we pledged each other, and begun to sit a little more closely together, preparatory, no doubt, to a knee accommodation, when *in* bounced, hauling her along, as if she had been a large fore-hammer, the young smith, roving Tam Rogerson, with Sophy in tow—in other words, fairly linked to his brawny arm. Tam was apprentice to a smith in the neighbourhood of the school, and I had often marked his extremely muscular arm, and hideously-begrimmed face, as I passed by the door of the smithy: but it had never once entered into my head, that a young lady, of Sophy's accomplishments and expectations, could have condescended, upon any terms, to become the public companion of so low, as well as worthless a character. I would have given the price of ten bottles of wine to have been fairly out of this scrape, for I had no inclination to come into competition with so formidable a rival as Tam Rogerson, a fellow who had twisted horse-shoes, and heaved aloft fore-hammers, to the astonishment even of the craft themselves. However, the room was so full of every variety of company, noise, and confusion, that both Sophy and Tam took their seats, and called for their beverage, rum and water, without casting a look towards our corner. "Is not that her?" whispered my companion C.; and looking at once knowingly and maliciously, as I thought, into my face, "is not that the lady?" I tramped upon his toes, pushed the glass around, pulled Nicky, ere she could resist, upon my knee, and, under cover of her pretty tall and well-spread person, I contrived to peep, and listen, unobserved by Sophy, to all that was going forward betwixt the smith and her. The smith drank furiously, dashing the bottom of a mutchkin stoup, every five minutes, most violently, and even outrageously, upon the table, and accompanying all these drinking de-

monstrations with protestations of love, conveyed, not in words, but in kisses of some minutes' continuance. I thought he would have absolutely worried Sophy alive, his affection so kindled and advanced with every additional half-mutchkin. But what was more than all this, Sophy seemed gratified by his ardour, and although she remonstrated most violently in words, I could never see her make any determined effort to free herself from his blandishments. Our bottle of wine being at last finished, and having sat for some time, as one may say, on nettles, I contrived, by keeping Nicky betwixt myself and the smith, to retire unobserved by Sophy, whom I left with eyes half glazed, almost in the arms of her lover. We parted from our fair companions, who were now anxious to "gang down the fair, and see if they could fa' in wi' Sandy." Soon after we left the public-house, my friend C. became quite teasing with his wit and laughter, on the score of my faithless Sophy. However, I had my revenge, for after he had waited till late in the afternoon, impatiently looking towards that quarter of the village at which his fair one behoved to enter, and after he had again and again declared to me that he saw her dun pony on the road, to his utter astonishment, he beheld her, not advancing towards, but making her escape from the fair, in company with a dashing drover, who rode alongside of her, and ever and anon applied his whip, by way of sport, to the rear of the young lady's Pegasus. So, that, in consequence of this arrangement, my friend C. had just one peep, and but one, of the cavalcade, till they had turned the Whaup Knowe, and were no longer visible. The fact seemed to have been, that whilst my friend and I were putting off the time in the house of a relation, previous to our advance into the fair, this impatient dame had entered, and being in great request, had never again been seen in the street, till roving Will Robson had persuaded her to permit him to see her home, as her father had insisted upon it, with day-light.

Now, some of your sentimental readers, and of those, from the nature of the provision with which you sometimes diet them, you must probably have a considerable proportion, will be after thinking, as my Belfast cousin expresses it, that we two disappointed and heart-broken lovers would certainly, upon the discovery of the manner in which we had been jilted, betake ourselves, like Don Quixotte, to the mountains, (there were none nearer than Bellybought,) and up with our heels, and down with our heads, for a fortnight or three weeks to come. Now, somehow or other, our sorrow did not work in that way, and, very fortunately for our future health and peace, it took a less alarming turn, that is to say, another *turn*, before our departure homewards, up and down the fair. It was now dusk; there was light enough to see to work mischief, and darkness enough to cover it pretty securely. Here and there a candle in a paper lanthorn, constructed like a funnel, began to blink out, like stars through the deep blue of the east; and whilst bargains were going, of the most extraordinary kind, the serjeant's young recruits were reeling about the fair quite done up. At every public-house door, that is to say, at every door of the village, there was a knot, composed of in-goers and out-comers, over which the genius of Discord began evidently to preside; and, amidst the utmost pitch of the noise, the trumpet and scream of the merryman were heard distinctly. Boys and dogs, and half-crazy, half-tipsy beldames, ran about the streets, and out-through and in-through the crowd, like the priests of Cybele; and every now and then an over-set stand, or up-turned sack of apples, a few smashed pigs*, or a demolished glass-window, gave a new impulse to the confusion, and a fresh animation to the riot. Sticks were seen contending with sticks aloft and over-head, and oaths of every calibre, from the simple ban to the ponderous damn, were flying about on every hand, like bullets at Waterloo. In this state of things, we judged it best to retire under cover, and accordingly made the best of our way back to the public-house which we had formerly visited. It was with immense labour

* Anglicè—Crockery ware.

and pushing that we got in; and after, through the accommodation of an acquaintance, we had procured a chair betwixt us both, and a half-mutchkin to keep us going, we had time coolly and leisurely to survey our neighbours and room-mates. We were now accommodated in a bed-room, filled with small tables, chairs, and couches, (none of them covered with velvet,) and gill-stoups, glasses, lasses, lads, and women-waiters, from the fat landlady, down to the blue-eyed bar-maid. The bedsides were duly occupied by about an equal proportion of male and female guests, who seemed extremely happy in each other's company, and who evidently attended to nothing that was going forward beyond their own society. Towards the window fronting the street, sat a batch of old boys, intent upon markets, and recounting over to each other wondrous and amazing narratives of youthful strength and activity. Their tongues moved, indeed, imperfectly; but, to make up for this, they kept all attempting to wag, at least, at the same time, so that a constant fire, in the way of conversation, was kept up. Here there was a great deal of shaking of hands, and slapping of shoulders, and the old cocks seemed as happy as if they had been sweat-hearted all around. At the east corner of the chimney, and placed round a circular table, on which a reeking bowl of punch was deposited, appeared the serjeant, with the remains of his recruits,—*reliquiæ Danaum*; for Captain Morpheus and Major Bacchus had fairly drafted the greater part of them into their corps-de-reserve. On the other side of the chimney; about seven or eight grandees were placed around a bottle of port wine. Their company was graced by two ladies in riding-habits, with whips in their hands, which they ever and anon, as occasion served, or caprice dictated, brought into contact with the chafts and shoulders of two young beaux, or wags, who were constantly teasing them with practical jests, searching their pockets, pulling down their curls, and endeavouring to wrench rings from their fingers. This, I found, was looked upon, in this better kind of society, as a more genteel way of amusing the ladies. The other side of the room, together with what remained unoccupied of the middle, and the door-way, was possessed by a moving, ever-changing, promiscuous crowd, in the very centre of which we were placed, and by the commotions of which we were whirled around, like a quid of tobacco in a sailor's cheek, or an unfortunate vessel caught in the Maelström. There was no possibility of navigating a glass with any degree of certainty to our mouths, for just when we were about to apply the crystal to our lips, or our lips to the crystal, would there come some one by accident, bounce against our elbows; or by intention, with all the formal fervours of friendly recognizance, plump upon our shoulder-blades. There was indeed *here* a whole history of events which intervened betwixt the cup and the lip, and the floor beneath our feet, in consequence, had more the appearance of a dike-side, on the recent melting away of a deep snow-wreath, than any thing else I can at present think of.

What a situation, and what company, you will be ready, no doubt, to exclaim, for teachers of youth, grave and responsible instructors of, and examples to, the rising generation! I'll tell you what, madam, you may as well keep your breath to cool your kail with, in case your skinny lips should be in danger of a scalding, for as long as human nature remains the same as it has been for these five thousand years by-past, crows and rooks will occasionally build nests, and lay eggs, and hatch young ones,—old maids will at times speak scandal,—young ones right frequently give occasion for it,—and youths, whether tutors, dominies, or ministers, enjoy a random splore, in spite of all your remonstrances. Who are the men, my wise mother—I ask your pardon, my good madam—who now figure the most, and effect the greatest good in our national church? Are they your poor, cold-nosed, bloodless book-worms, men of timid souls and icy-hearts, who walk amongst the cardinal virtues as if they were afraid of defiling their feet? Are they your mother's pets, and granny's delights, who advance through life as if they

were travelling by a turnpike road, or trundling down a rail-way? Are they your miracles of early prudence—astonishing instances of youthful piety—unequalled examples of juvenile devotion? I say boldly, madam, and though the wart on your cheek should split with rage, I will maintain it, that they are not such as these. And I appeal to a history which a friend of mine is now writing, of "all the ministers of the Church of Scotland, from the period of the glorious Revolution down to the present hour," to prove my averment. Go to; retire to your secret studies; your Fletcher and Beaumont, your Fielding and Smollet; and permit me to proceed with my history.

From this day I have to date my cure in respect of this my first love-affair, if such, after all, it really was; for my faithless Sophy married the smith, broke her father's heart, and, in the course of twelve months, had her own broken in her turn. I composed the following lines upon her death, with which, being, in fact, the first printable effort of my muse, I shall at present conclude.

The hungry grave has ceas'd to crave, its mouth is clos'd at last,
And oh! alas! a sonsy lass like smoke away hath pass'd;
A sonsy lass has pass'd away, like spark from smiddy fire,
Ascending up to Heaven, we hope, for there all sparks aspire.

saw her in her blooming pride, a sun-flow'r broad and yellow:
saw her wed, in spite of fate, a black and brawny fellow;
saw her shrink from iron-grasp of this unfeeling man;
saw her bristle, 'midst his rage, like collops in a pan.

saw the coffin mark'd a' top with letters large and clear;
saw her husband try to weep, but did not see a tear;
saw her borne of cruel Death a most untimely trophy;
All this I saw, upon my sooth,—"Alas! alas! for Sophy!"

Nor weep, ye maidens leal and true, I cannot bid ye weep,
She didna keep her promise true, her tryst she didna keep;
Nor, 'midst your cups, ye fellows young, at her misfortunes scoff ye
For me, I'll sing, as I have sung,—"Alas! alas! for Sophy!"

ON MOTION.

There is no subject, in the whole range of philosophical inquiry, which has more engaged the attention of mankind, than what is called the Doctrine of Motion. The principles appear obvious, but, on examination, they are found to be clogged with difficulties; and a thorough knowledge of the elements, traced through all their various ramifications, comprises all that is at present known in Dynamics and Astronomy. The definitions of the word *motion*, which have been given by philosophers, are extremely different; many of them ambiguous, some of them wonderfully obscure, and others totally false. Aristotle's definition of motion is a master-piece of its kind; it is so excessively abstruse, that it has no rational meaning: according to this philosopher, it is "the energy of what exists in power, considered as so existing," signifying "the actual exercise of the capacity, which a being has of becoming an agent, considered as rendering that being an agent in fact, which had before simply the power of being so." Under this genus of motion, Aristotle comprehended six species, viz: Transition, or change of place; Aliation, or change of quality; Augmentation, Diminution, Corruption, and Generation. Hence, transition, or local motion, is defined to be "the act or energy of a being, which has the capacity of changing place, considered as having that capacity." If this be a definition of motion, all that can be said is, it is far too sublime for ordinary capacities: the words in which it is expressed are high and sounding; but, like the rolling of a drum, there is much noise, with no meaning. The confusion is occasioned by attempting to define motion, independent of body, which is

impossible. I see a ship in full sail, making for the destined port—the *ship* is in motion. A coach passes by me—*it* is in motion. A bird is flying through the air—the *bird* is in motion. But independent of the ship, the coach, and the bird, what is to be understood of motion in the abstract? Motion is a quality of matter, or body: would it not, then, be as futile to attempt to define it, as to endeavour to define what is meant by the sweetness of honey, the acidity of vinegar, or the hardness of iron? Some of the more modern writers tell us, that "motion is a continual and successive change of place." Here the word *body* is not once mentioned; therefore, from what can be gathered from the definition, the motion thus introduced, and intended to be defined, may be motion *sui generis*, and may have the same relation to the motion of a body, that spirit has to matter. But be this as it may, the definition is sufficiently obscure, and rests only on the crumbling basis of authority. Before it be brought to the tribunal of criticism, we must beg leave to explain what is usually understood by the expressions "place" and "space," which are intimately connected with the subject under consideration. *Space* may be considered as extension without bounds, immoveable, but penetrable by matter: this is absolute space: relative space is the distance between two bodies, or the portion of absolute space which a body fills. *Place* signifies the part of absolute space which a body possesses; this is absolute place. Relative place is the space which a body occupies when considered with relation to surrounding objects. Is space moveable? No. Can place move, which is a portion of space? No. Body is moveable in space, that is, body can have a succession of places; but the *place* of a body, considered in any particular position, is *not* moveable; it is the body that moves, and not the place. Newton, in his Principia, Book I. page 12, makes the following observations: "As the order of the parts of time is immutable, so also is the order of the parts of space. Suppose these parts to be moved out of their places, and they will be moved (if the expression may be allowed) out of themselves. For times and spaces are, as it were, the places as well of themselves as of all other things. All things are placed in time as to order of succession, and in space as to order of situation. It is from their essence or nature that they are places; and that the primary places of things should be moveable, is absurd." According, then, to the above definition, motion is said to be the change of what cannot be changed, or to be the motion of what cannot be moved; and this is the definition of motion given by many of our modern authors, and may be found in some of the best books of Natural Philosophy and Mechanics now extant. Maclaurin, in his account of Newton's discoveries, Book II. page 106, says, that "motion is the change of place; that is, of the part of space which the body occupies, or in which it is extended." Body is here mentioned; but as change of place is retained, the definition is defective; and if brought to ordeal of common sense, it will be found to be impossible. As Maclaurin had a genius of the very first order, it is not easy to conceive what motive could induce him to spoil Newton's definition, and not only to make it unintelligible, but even false. Newton had said, in page 10 of the Principia, which was published before Maclaurin's account of his discoveries was written, that "absolute motion is the translation of a body from one absolute place into another." In Marrat's Mechanics, we have the following definition, not of motion, in the abstract, but of the motion of a body: "When a body is passing successively from one part of absolute space to another, it is said to be in motion." This book was published in 1810; but it had not probably been seen by Mr Barlow, for, in his Mathematical Dictionary, published in 1814, he gives the old and absurd definition, that "motion is a continual and successive change of place." Thus it happens, that when errors have once been sanctioned by a great name, they are with difficulty erased, even from books of science; for authority is sometimes greater than truth itself; besides, authors do not always critically examine every thing they publish.

Professor Playfair, in the first volume of his Outlines of Philosophy, says, "when a body changes its place continually, it is said to move, or to be in motion." The French authors, however, had taken the lead, for in Francœur's Traité Elémentaire de Mécanique, in the edition of 1801, he says,—"Le movement est l'état d'un corps, qui ne demeure pas constammant dans une même lieu, c'est-à-dire, qui n'est pas toujours à la même distance des divers points fixes de l'espace: cet état est opposé a celui du repos. Ainsi concevons dans l'espace trois plans fixes; si on a déterminé la position d'un point par ses distances à ces plans, on dit que ce point est en mouvement, lorsqu'il ne conserve pas ces distances, et que dans deux instans successifs quelconques, les perpendiculaires abaissées de ce point sur les trois plans fixes changent de grandeur." And Lange, in his "Elémens de Physique," observes, that "Le mouvement, qui n'est autre chose que le passage d'un corps d'un lieu dans un autre, renferme quatre choses: la force motrice, la vitesse, la quantité, la direction." We must observe, however, that those philosophers who say that "motion is a continual and successive change of place," are endeavouring to define *motion* in the *abstract*; the others are only attempting to define the *motion* of *bodies*. Motion is a *simple idea*, and therefore does not admit of being defined. Mobility is that property of a body by which it is capable of existing in different parts of space. Motion cannot be defined independent of matter or body, even in idea. Let us suppose, for instance, that all the bodies in the universe were annihilated; would motion still remain? No. But the *places* which the bodies once occupied would be left, that is, place would remain; if, therefore, motion be a continual and a successive change of *place*, motion would still exist, independent of matter, which is absurd. Laplace has treated this subject with great perspicuity, in his "System of the World." "A body appears to us to be in motion, when it changes its situation relatively to a system of bodies, which we suppose to be in a state of rest. Thus, in a vessel moving in a uniform manner, bodies seem to us to move, when they correspond successively to different parts of the vessel. This motion is only relative, for the vessel itself moves on the surface of the sea, which revolves round the axis of the earth, the centre of which moves round the sun, which is itself carried along the regions of space, with the earth and all the planets. To conceive a term to these motions, and to arrive at last at some fixed points, from which we may reckon the absolute motion of bodies, we imagine a space without bounds, immoveable, and penetrable to matter. It is to parts of this space, real or imaginary, that we refer, in imagination, the position of bodies; and we conceive them to be in motion when they correspond successively to different places in this space. The *nature* of this singular *modification*, by virtue of which a body is transported from one place to another, is, and always will be, to us unknown. It has been designated by the word FORCE; its effects, and the law of its action, is all that we can possibly determine."

Force, then, in philosophy, is that unknown cause which produces a change in the state of a body, as to motion or rest; that is, whatever changes, or tends to change, the state of rest, or the uniform rectilineal motion of a body, is called FORCE. *Motion* is said to be *produced* either by pressure or impulse. If a body rests upon a table, and I press it with my finger on one side, it will move towards the other side, or it will move in the direction in which the pressure acts; if the pressure be continued, the motion will be accelerated. If I apply a force to push round the handle of a common grinding-stone, the stone will begin to move; and if I continue to turn the handle with a greater and a greater force, the motion of the stone will be continually accelerated: these motions are produced by pressure, or are the genuine effects of pressure. The body would be urged along the table in the same manner, and its motion would be continually accelerated, by the unbending of a spring; and the more I reflect on the pressure of my finger on the body, and compare it with the effect produced by the spring, the more clearly I per-

ceive the similarity of the two actions; and I call these exertions, or actions, by the common name *pressure*. If a thread be fastened to the body lying on the table, the same motion may be produced by pulling the thread; and as the motion of the body is accelerated in the same manner, the action of the thread upon the body may be called pressure: *weight* may also be considered as a *pressing* power. When a power acts at one end of a thread, and moves a body fastened to the other end, the power at first begins to act upon that part of the thread to which it is fastened; this acts upon the adjoining part, by the force of cohesion; this pulls at a third, and so on, till the most remote pulls at the body, and causes it to move. In this manner, elasticity, weight, cohesion, and other forces, perform the office of a power; and since their result is always a motion, beginning from nothing, and accelerating, by imperceptible degrees, to the velocity acquired, this resemblance makes us call them by one familiar name. "IMPULSION (see Vol. I. page 8., of Dr Robison's System of Mechanical Philosophy, by Dr Brewster) is exhibited when a ball in motion puts another ball in motion by hitting it, or, to speak metaphorically, by striking it. The appearances here are very different. The body that is struck acquires, in the instant of impulse, a sensible quantity of motion, and sometimes a very rapid motion. This motion is neither accelerated nor retarded, after the stroke, unless it be affected by some other force. It is also remarked, that the rapidity of the motion depends, *inter alia*, on the previous velocity of the striking body. For instance, if a clay ball, moving with any velocity, strike another equal ball which is at rest, the struck ball moves with half the velocity of the other. And it is farther remarkable, that the striking body always loses as much motion as the struck body gains. This universal and remarkable fact seems to have given rise to a confused or indistinct notion of a sort of transference of motion from one body to another. The phraseology in general use on this subject expresses this in the most precise terms. The one ball is not said to cause or produce motion in the other, but to communicate motion to it; and the whole phenomenon is called the communication of motion. We call this an indistinct notion, for surely no one will say that he has a clear conception of it. We can form the most distinct notion of the communication of heat, or of the cause of heat; of the communication of saltness, sweetness, or a thousand other things; but we cannot conceive how part of that identical motion which was formerly in A, is now infused into B, being given up by A. It is in our attempt to form this notion, that we find that *motion* is not a *thing*, not a *substance* which can exist independently, and is susceptible of actual transference. It appears, in this case, to be a state, or condition, or mode of existence, of which *bodies* are susceptible, which is producible, or causable in *bodies*, and which is the effect and characteristic of certain natural qualities, properties, or powers." From a little consideration, it will be evident, that impulsive force can only take place in perfectly hard bodies, which have no existence in nature. We are certain, also, that when any finite velocity is communicated to any natural body, the time in which it is communicated must be of some finite quantity; so that, when the body acted upon begins to move from quiescence, it will, during the action of the force, or of the striking body, possess all the intermediate degrees of velocity between *nothing*, and the velocity ultimately communicated. A force, however, exceedingly great, may be communicated, and an effect produced, in a portion of time so small as to elude the acuteness of our senses; and hence we obtain an imperfect idea of a body being put in motion by impulsion; but the law of *continuity*, by which changes are produced by imperceptible degrees, is not, in this instance, violated. The most remarkable circumstance in this phenomenon is, that a rapid motion, which appears to require, for producing it, the action of a pressing power to be continued for a very long time, seems to be effected in an instant by impulsion. The effect, then, of a force acting on a body, is to put it in motion, if nothing oppose it.

The direction of the force is the right line which it tends to make the body describe. Therefore, if two forces act on the same body, in the same direction, they will increase the motion of the body; but if they act in opposite directions, the body will only move in consequence of their difference, and in the direction of the greater force; the body would remain at rest, if the two opposite forces, acting upon it, was equal. If the direction of the two forces make an angle with each other, the resulting force will have a mean direction: and it is demonstrated, by writers on mechanics, that, reckoning from the point of concourse of the two forces, if we take on their directions straight lines proportional to their quantities, and then form a parallelogram with these straight lines, the diagonal of this parallelogram will represent, both as to its magnitude and direction, a force equivalent to the two forces. This is called the composition of forces. A body at rest cannot put itself in motion, because there is no inherent cause in the body why it should move in one direction in preference to another. Also, when a body is acted upon by any force, and then abandoned to itself, it will move constantly and uniformly in the direction of the force, if it meet with no resistance; that is, at every instant the force and the direction of its motion will be the same. This tendency of matter to persevere in a state either of motion or rest, is what is usually called *inertia*, and is generally denominated the first law of motion. This law is confirmed by experience; for, in fact, we observe on the earth, that motions are perpetuated for a longer time, in proportion as the obstacles which oppose them are diminished; and this would lead us to suppose, that if there were no obstacles, bodies once put in motion would continue to move for ever. The inertia of matter is principally remarkable in the motions of the heavenly bodies, which, for a great number of ages, have not experienced any sensible alteration. We may therefore consider inertia as a law of nature; and when we observe any alteration in the motion of a body, we may conclude that it arises from the action of some foreign cause. (See Laplace, System of the World, Pond's Translation, page 296, &c.)

Philosophers are very much divided in their opinions respecting the nature of the sole moving force in nature. One party think that all motion is produced by pressure; but there are others who maintain that impulsion is the only, or the sole cause of motion. Other philosophers affirm that pressure is the only moving force in nature, not according to the popular notion of pressure, which depends on the contact of solid bodies, but according to that kind of pressure which has been called *solicitation*; of this kind is the power of gravity. These philosophers tell us that there is no such thing as actual contact, or the impact of bodies by collision: they say, and they produce convincing proofs, that the particles of bodies exert a strong repulsive force at small distances, and that, therefore, when two bodies are brought together by the action of collision, they mutually repel each other: hence it is obvious, that if a body in motion strike another body at rest, the quiescent body will be put in motion, without the bodies, in the act of collision, ever coming in actual contact. They also adduce cases of the mutual action between bodies that have evidently never been in contact; and yet the result has been precisely similar to those cases where the motion appeared to be produced by contact. From these facts, they conclude, that there is no such thing as instantaneous *communication*, or *transmission* of motion, by contact, in the action of collision or of impulse. The reason why a previous motion in the striking body is necessary, is, not that it may have a force inherent in itself *by its being in motion*, but that it may continue to follow the other body, and exert on it a force inherent in itself, whether it be in motion or at rest. Whence it follows, that moving forces are all of that kind which has been called *solicitations*, such as the forces or powers produced by gravity, which are now known by the name of *accelerating*, or *retarding* forces. Motion is also produced by what is called *attraction*; but the force of *attraction* is the same as the force of *solicitation*;

and since the causes are the same, the effects produced will be similar. The magnet attracts iron, and puts it in motion: what we call the attraction of the magnet, may be considered as a tendency of the iron to the magnet; and it is similar to the gravitation of a stone towards the earth. We perceive no reason *why* the iron should *move* towards the magnet. Some have said that there is an invisible magnetic fluid which acts upon the iron and pushes it towards the magnet; but it is unphilosophical to imagine that the effect is produced by the impulse of a fluid, of which we have no knowledge, and even of the existence of which we have no proof. We see a stone fall towards the earth, but we know no reason, *a priori*, why the stone moves towards the earth; to get rid of the difficulty, we may say, in this case, also, that the stone is pushed towards the earth by an invisible fluid,—and there the matter may rest. But have we any reasons sufficient to induce us to believe that such a fluid exists? if not, the explanation is as absurd, as if we were to bring back the exploded doctrine of vortices, or to introduce again the agency of ministering spirits. But if it be true, that bodies do not come in contact, even when one body strikes another, and drives it along, this invisible fluid will not solve the difficulty; because the same identical difficulty will occur in the action of any particle of the fluid upon the body. From observation, also, we are obliged to acknowledge, that motion is more frequently produced without any observed contact, than by impulsion. In this stage of our present inquiry, we seem to have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of our knowledge of the subject. Motion is produced by solicitation, or by the *tendency* which bodies, under certain circumstances, have towards one another. This solicitation, or this tendency, is then *something* with which we are not yet acquainted; some affection of matter which our faculties are not yet capable of comprehending: we are at the point, perhaps, where philosophy ends, and where final causes begin. Newton, however, believed in the existence of an invisible fluid, because, according to his opinion, we cannot conceive a body to act where it is not. "That gravity (said he) should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance, through a vacuum, without the mediation of something else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man, who has, in philosophical matters, a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it." (See Horseley's Newton, Vol. IV. page 438.) I shall conclude with the following pertinent observations on this subject, as given in the preface to Musschenbroek's Natural Philosophy. "But what this attractive force is, how it inheres, in what manner it operates upon other bodies, and in what proportion of the distance it constantly acts, we cannot by any means clearly conceive. In this newly-discovered doctrine, we have as yet made but a small progress, and many more observations are still wanting, before all its laws can be demonstrated; and, therefore, in our times, we shall hardly be able to reduce some things to geometrical reasoning and calculation. I am far from imagining, that, by the mere use of this one word, and with but little trouble, all the extensive operations of nature may be explained. Perhaps the manner in which the attractive force acts will never be known, and such a degree of knowledge is never to be attained by the ablest philosophers; for, indeed, we do not understand the *manner of operating* of any one thing; and all that we can do is, to observe the effects that constantly flow from thence."

Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage.

CANTO III.

We left our pilgrim very near Montrose,
Bending his lonely way without a grumble;
Though some excrescences upon his toes
Obliged his body to be rather humble;
That is, against the stones some awkward blows
His feet had struck, which nearly made him stumble:
But yet, though gall'd, they were by no means corny,
Else had he been quite finish'd by this journey.

The moon had risen. Her broad and buxom face
Shone on the bosom of the German ocean,
And as the billows, in sequacious chase,
Roll'd to the shore, all glitt'ring was their motion,
Phantoms of gold, that shift from place to place,
Appear and vanish ere you've any notion:—
I've seen them from the spot where Dan Duffe stood—
Upon a rising ground, against a wood;

And by the wood there runs a limpid stream,
And o'er the stream a bridge, with eight wide arches,
And on the bridge a monument, whose theme
Blesses the passenger as on he marches.
The ascent therefrom is steep for coach and team,
Though beautiful; o'erhung by elms and larches.
I'm rather in a hurry with my rhyme,
For *that* our pilgrim has not come to climb.

But he had got as far's the bridge, however,
Which strides (as sung above) the crystal Esk;
Though not a large, a famous fishing river,
With banks romantic, sweet, and picturesque.
Thither, when welcome holidays dissever
Apprentices and clerks from shop and desk,
In merry humour from Montrose they wend,
In bevies—or with sweetheart—or with friend.

Dan Duffe had pass'd the bridge, and now ascended
The steepy path, and slowly travell'd on;
'Twas solemn! where the meeting trees impended,
And chequer'd the moon's radiance where she shone.
Looking about him calmly, as he then did,
Happy, and in good spirits, though alone,
He saw upon the height (it made him serious)
A figure somewhat shapeless and mysterious.

It could not be a ghost or goblin, surely?
Philosophy would kick that notion out;
Yet, as it beckon'd upon Dan demurely,
With all his science, he began to doubt:
Perhaps his optics might not see it purely;
So, to discover what it was about,
And, if a woman, calmly to detect her,
But to run off in time, if 'twas a spectre;

Straight from his pocket, from their case, he drew
His spectacles, to help his misty vision;
Saddled his nose with them, and looking through,
Beheld this form of horror—or derision:
But then the more he look'd, the more he grew
Unsatisfied, and dubious in decision.
'Twas so much like a tenant of a churchyard,
That he resolv'd to give the slip, and lurch hard.

But, as in seeming courage and calm mood
He put his spectacles within his pocket,
He sidled, softly mutt'ring, towards the wood,
Saying, had he a pistol, he would cock it—
And fire, perhaps: But now the figure stood
Before him—mask'd, and from a hollow socket
Both spoke and saw; and, without courtesy giving,
Ask'd if the good old man, Dan Duffe, was living?

"Preserve's and guide us all, for ay and ever!"
Cried Dan, half petrified with fear and dread;
The perspiration running like a river,
As when a tub is emptied o'er one's head;
Pale as a patient with an unsound liver:
In short, a being less alive than dead.—
The reason was, all scepticism was lost,
And he was certain now it was a ghost.

The hollow voice—the dark and muffled face,
Which all the features of the living wanted;
The knowledge of his name, whence he could trace
A supernatural power, which made him daunted:
And then the time of night—and then the place,
Which might (for aught he knew) at times be haunted.
'Tis true, if any ghost is free of fetter,
And wants a birth, he could not choose a better.

But, on the other hand, when she did thwack
(For she was merely mortal, and a woman,)
Her hand with sudden effort on his back,
As if his *feeling* faculties to summon;
Although he started, yet he knew a smack
(Unless in instances by no means common)
Proves, in collision, properties material—
Ergo, it is no vision, but must be real.

"And dost thou know me, then?" quoth he; "why, verily,
I did mistake thee; and not even now
Can I divine who comes to me so airily,
With foreign garnitude and vision'd brow.
I take thy homely salutations merrily,
And beg to know (by favour) who art thou?
And whether thou hast heard about my fame,
As well as fortune, dignity, and name?"

"Know Maister Duffe! Why, all the people know him
From Aberdeen to Edinburgh; and wherefore?
Because he's famed for learning, taste, and poem,
Wit, and antiquities, and so forth: therefore,
As Genius of this place, I come to shew him
What I've endeavour'd quickly to prepare for
The comfort of a man of such degree;—
So, if you please, make haste, and come with me."

Sure our worn pilgrim was most glad at heart
For all this kind, disinterested trouble;
And, as a stranger play'd the friendly part,
The obligation, by that means, was double:
Especially when, in this age of art,
Friendship, if more than name, is but a bubble;
Save when it leaves a few marks on the body,
When friends rise up and fight o'er whisky toddy.

So, therefore, weighing well the serious prices
Of supper, bed, and breakfast at an inn;
Reflecting, also, prudently, how nice is
Lodging for nothing; with a grateful grin
He made the best of this important crisis,
And, in his awkward manner, did begin
To march:—the mask perceiving, led the way,
Which from the turnpike quickly went astray.

'Twas rather late, but yet it was not dark;
The moon (as I have said) was shining clear,
And, mingling with her radiance, they could mark
The ling'ring twilight of this time o' the year;
They heard the traveller's steed, the watch-dog's bark,
Good signs that other living things were near.
I state all this exactly, and the reason
Is, that Dan Duffe suspected still some treason;

Because, in various books it has been printed,
That women have laid many snares for men;
Newspapers also have obliquely hinted,
That thieves and robbers have their midnight den:
This fill'd his mind with terror, and he squinted
From right to left, but nought within his ken
Could he perceive that might confirm suspicion,
Even though he tried the help of the optician.

And so the mask tripp'd on with nimble feet,
While he (now jaded) tried to follow straight
Through fields and woods, suspecting still deceit,
Or some ill-manner'd hoax at any rate.
At length they reach the house of their retreat,
That is to say, they came nigh to the gate;
And such a gate it was as did not promise ill
(If in proportion) of the noble domicile.

At present, it is not just my intention,
To say what part of Angus they are in;
For names of things, at certain times to mention,
s rather thought a literary sin.

It was not such a house as he would then shun,
Judging by things without of things within:
Indeed so little of the place admonish'd,
When he first saw it he was quite astonish'd.

The mask and he together walk'd up stairs;
Led by a servant to a room more spacious
Than that which Mayor in his day prepares,
At corporation feast, for mouths voracious.
The carpet, mirrors, hangings, tables, chairs,
Made him hold up his hands, and cry, "Good gracious!"
All of the finest finish, shape, and quality,
And fit for Duke's or Baron's hospitality.

And then the pictures, with their gilded frames,
From Jove to Terminus, the Heathen deities;
And heroes, too, but I've forget their names;
No little inconvenience sav'd to me it is.
It seem'd the house had been, or was a dame's;
Because, in nature and in novels, she it is
(Woman I mean) that makes poor man believe
Oft by her deeds that she is not from Eve.)

It seem'd, indeed, the ancient Jewish style
To comfort thus the lone, wayfaring man,
And all his pains and troubles to beguile
In the true manner of the Eastern plan:
Only he wash'd no feet, and drank no oil,
But he had wine, and steaks done in a pan,
With choice of sandwiches, prepar'd with mustard,
And butter'd artichokes, and tarts, and custard.

Of these he took his share, and, after healing
The stomach's cravings from so long a fast,
And having prais'd the room from floor to ceiling,
And also lauded much the good repast,
He wish'd to give some utterance to his feeling,
By asking, first, how long the dream would last?
And then, what claim he had upon the donor,
For all this kindness, charity, and honour?

But, as he tried to speak, it came to pass,
That the good servant brought a brandy bottle;
The mask then pointed to a drinking-glass,
As much as saying, "Pray you, wash your throttle!"
Dan Duffe obey'd; though not of that low class
(As sung before) whose cups would make a sot ill;
He merely pledged his hostess in a bumper,
And then proceeded, cautiously, to pump her.

But still it was in vain, for now the lady
First rung the bell, and then, in haste, desir'd
The servant to get bed-room candles ready,
Because the pilgrim must be very tir'd:
And so Dan Duffe, with walk by no means steady,
Trudged to his bed, and soon became inspir'd
With dreams romantic, lofty, and Quixotic;
Perhaps the brandy was a good narcotic.

I take this opportunity to tell
Who is the heroine of this merry mummery;
And why she ask'd a stranger here to dwell,
Without reward, reciprocal or numinary:
I'm sensible that it will be as well
To be laconic; so I give the summary,
Which is enough to save all vague conjecture,
And building on false grounds your architecture.

The mask was Dan's own servant-maid! who being
Faithful and true, besides a near relation,
And, in the issue of his tour, foreseeing
Danger and dolor; for her lord's salvation,
She fix'd upon a plan; her heart agreeing,
She executed without hesitation:—
I say agreeing with her heart, for why?
She was in love—but that comes by and by.

So forth she travell'd, with a small portmanteau:
Her first step was to know which way he went;
And meeting with the man, who, in last Canto,
Drank with the pilgrim for his merriment;
"Whom do you seek?" quoth he.—
"Ah! Sir, I want to
Find a poor maniac! but I fear my scent
Is wrong directed," quoth she, nearly weeping;
"Alack the day that he broke from his keeping!"

After explaining some few circumstances,
He understood the thing, and set her right;

That "he had just now left him, and the chances
Were for his sleeping in the inn all night."
This fill'd her happy eye with sparkling glances;
And, having thank'd him with a grace polite,
She hasten'd onwards to an old friend's cottage—
Slept there, and breakfasted next morn on pottage.

Then, *summâ diligentiâ*, that's to say,
She, as a passenger upon the top
Of—yes, the Coburg stage-coach, rode away.
Until she came to where she meant to stop:
Then hasten'd on a-foot; by noon of day,
Arriv'd here safely; then anon did pop
Upon a quondam fellow, and did ask her aid
To dress her up for her intended masquerade.

The family being absent, (I suppose
Upon the continent, or drinking water
At Harrowgate, or Cheltenham, Heaven knows,
I could not ascertain, and 'tis no matter,)
High life below stairs, servants changed to beaux,
And maids to belles; and there was merry clatter,
And fun and frolic, when young Betty came,
That is, our heroine—Betty was her name.

Now Betty was a girl of wit and shrewdness,
(As you have seen) having a roguish eye,
Whose cunning glances look'd almost like lewdness,
But that you could some modest beams descry;
Yea, she was really in her heart all goodness,
Tho' in her actions somewhat wild and sly,
In seriousness could jest, and taunt, and trifle,
And laugh amid the sighs she could not stifle.

On John the groom she often broke her jest,
Though sometimes practical, there was no harm meant;
Some people are in this same way caress'd,
And then 'tis said there is an amorous charm in't;
Just as at masquerade a wag is drest,
For love's sake, in a merry-andrew's garment;
Or as we say, when such smart things are doing,
"Biting and scratching are the Scots folks' vooing."

To Tom the footman she had shewn more favour,
Although the wilder fellow of the two;
But that's so common, that I won't endeavour,
By moralizing on't, to bother you.
In fact, the incense of their hearts did savour
Of real love, devoted, firm, and true:
She, having once been in this house a servant,
Then lov'd him best, he being tall and fervent.

Both, therefore, plotted, upon this occasion,
To send John out o' the way, poor luckless lad—
An object which requir'd no small persuasion;
The seeming cause was, that our pilgrim had
Need of a servant; but, by some evasion,
John still objected; for he thought Dan mad,
Saying, 'twas as much as his life was worth
With such a fearful being to go forth.

"Forbid it!" cried she, while she slily hid her
Dissembling face; "forbid that that should be!
And if it should, consider, John, consider
What, what would be the lot of wretched me!
I think I'd give me to the first fair bidder,"
She added (crying), "if depriv'd of thee."
"You see," quoth Tom, "how much she values you;
She'll sigh when you're away; then go, man, do!"

He did. Supposing that the act would prove
The triumph of his love o'er fear of danger;
And, when he came again, to Betty's love
He might not be what he had been—a stranger.
So to the stable he began to move,
Rubb'd down the horses well, and fill'd the manger;
As (that he might get on a little faster)
Betty had ask'd a pony for her master.

It was resolv'd that Betty (mask'd) should wait
Next morn on Dan Duffe at the breakfast-table;
That John, by seven o'clock, or else by eight,
Or, if not then, as soon as he was able,
The *Gulloch* and his own horse to the gate
Should lead, in good condition, from the stable:

John having skill in stirrups, bits, and horses,
Would keep our pilgrim's pony from wrong courses.

This beast, the Gulloch, had a head and tail
Defying all ideas of proportion;
His legs mov'd something like a thrasher's flail,
And his whole body seem'd a mere abortion:
The children, when they met him, gave a "hail,"
And, laughing, cried out, "Bless us, what a horse yon!"
His height was scarcely ten hands and a half—
A creature not much bigger than a calf.

Ye reverend shades of Yorick and Don Quixote!
Ye skeletons of both their Rosinantes!
Fame is your own, as well as man could fix it
Upon the works of Sterne and great Cervantes.
I wish with all my soul that I could mix it
With Gulloch's memory, who as lean and gaunt is;
With them so much his shape and figure did agree,
He must be of the selfsame sorry pedigree.

I know, indeed, his origin is Spanish.
But then it is most difficult to trace;
For horses are by no means quite so clannish
As is the lineage of the human race:
Therefore their grannums from our memory vanish,
As oft before them does a fox in chace:
Except those happy steeds, of frothy fame,
Who on the Sporting Calendar have name.

His dam, I think, was of the Yorkshire breed,
Her name (if you would know it) *Bess the bony;*
And either she, or else some other steed,
At Pomfret races won a piece of money.
His grannum was a little thing indeed,
Whose sire was also small—a Shetland pony,
Brought southwards from those Hyperboræan islands,
Oh, marshy Lincolnshire! to some of thy lands.

Great-grannum was a jennet; and, I'm told,
Ran over fields and mountains with the harriers:
And after that, at several fairs was sold,
By turns, to farmers, millers, smugglers, carriers:
At length (like most of them) this horse grew old,
And caught diseases which defied the farriers:
Some said it was bad usage; but I dare say
'Twas nothing but an epidemic farcy.

His great-great-grannum was a half Barbarian,
That is to say, a half-bred Barb'ry mare;
And I'm assur'd, by a great antiquarian
Of Salamanca, that she still is there,
Hung in the shop of some veterinarian,
Of skin, and flesh, and ligament quite bare,
With bones wire-jointed, boil'd, and nicely shaven,
No more obnoxious to the bots or spavin.

Her dam was certainly a curious brute,
And very famous also in her day;
She walk'd a minuet to the Spanish lute,
Nay, some assert that she herself could play!
Of this I know not; and it does not suit
To talk thus more; the reader, too, may say,
Or think, that I'm a jockey—I 'm a poet;
And if I have not shewn it, I will shew it.

But let that pass; and let me follow after
My pilgrim with his servant, and their cares;
And let the poets of the fine horse grafter,
If they have deeds to tell, to sing of theirs:
I'm none of those who, for the mead of laughter,
Unveil a horse's or a man's affairs:—
And yet there are some secrets that I know of,
And, if well told, would make a glorious show off.

Upon the Gulloch's back our hero vaulted
On the fair morning of his purpos'd ride:
Now you must know, his horse the vicious fault had
Of dancing when the rider got astride:
He therefore rear'd when Dan Duffé was exalted,
(If there exalted) and befoul'd his side
In the horse-pond, and soil'd his spatterdashes,
For which he got a scolding, and some lashes.

John did bestride a somewhat higher
Which also had been finer in his day;
But having fagg'd for sixteen years at least,
In service of a brewer in his dray,
Somewhere about St Dunstan's in the East,
(In London) but what street I cannot say:
This much I know, he was a sturdy animal,
And when he ran with others, he outran 'em all.

He came to Scotland with a showman's booth,
Containing wax-dolls of our great nobility;
And being past the vigour of his youth,
He could not bear these burdens with facility:
John ask'd his price, examin'd well his tooth,
And bought him from his old to new servility:
Even then he knock'd the other horses all up,
Scarce fit now for the Canterbury gallop.

"Adieu!" cried Betty, as they took the road,
Which made John's lungs sigh like a pair of bellows;
Yet not one look behind him he bestow'd;
The fact is, John was more than fearful, jealous:
Betty was far too merry for his mode
Of simple love; he was the best of fellows.
Tom said, our hero seem'd, when thus caparison'd,
Colonel of mad dragoons, in Bedlam garrison'd!

Now on their destin'd way, they limp and stammer,
Dan Duffe before, his livery-man behind;
John's horse's feet thump'd like a forging hammer,
The Gulloch scarce with feet the ground could find:
No talk annoy'd the cavalcade's loud clamour,
As neither were to speech or word inclin'd:
For, while Dan Duffe was musing, John did watch him,
Prepar'd, if he ran off—to run and catch him!

For Prejudice has telescopic eyes,
Which on our imperfections stare and goggle,
Raising our faults into a monstrous size,
And making the beholder start and boggle:
This was the case with John, who did surmise
Symptoms of lunacy in every joggle
Of Dan Duffe or the Gulloch, till they came
Near to the town,—Montrose? the very same.

Half circled by her waters stands Montrose,
Upon a rising, but by no means high land;
The bason on the western side, where flows
The tide, which ebbing, leaves it nearly dry land;
A wooden bridge over the South Esk throws
Its length between the town and Rossie island;
The borough's noted for its situation,
And also for its liberal corporation.

'Tis worthy to be call'd the town of freemen:
Long may it keep the honour and the name!
'Tis also lauded much for pretty women,
And now and then for scandal (more's the shame.)
It has but little trade; some ships and seamen;
And those who osnaburgs and sail-cloth frame:
For, being airy, cheap, retir'd, and healthy,
'Tis fill'd with gentry—competent, not wealthy.

It has its bathing and promenading places,
Its new Academy, and Theatre-Royal,
Assembly-rooms, where ladies shew their faces,
And dedicate some time to mirth and joy all;
It also has its golf-clubs and its races,
And is, in short, gay, peaceable, and loyal;
This is a deal of praise, but really due
From me, for conscience' sake, because 'tis true.

Oh, had you seen the pilgrim, as he rode
Along the High Street, eagerly surveying
Its fine appearance, spacious, clean, and broad,
The while the Gulloch bore him, loudly neighing;
The windows groaning with the gazers' load,
The boys huzzaing, and the asses braying—
A scene which only made him stare, and cry "humph!"
Tho' not alone an entry—but a triumph!

So herrings, from that ocean call'd the Polar,
Swarm in their season to some other bay;
And so a lens collects the radiance solar
Into one brilliant, strong, and streaming ray:
So Æsop said (than whom I know few droller),
That once before, it happen'd, on a day,
Man, wife, and child, ran out with friend and neighbour,
To see (as now) the mountains in their labour.

I now dismiss this Canto; for I find,
In counting up the stanzas, that the number
Exceeds the average for the month design'd,
And too much, even of good things, may encumber:
Besides, the Muse herself is now inclin'd
To quench her midnight lamp, and go to slumber;
Meanwhile, I own I am the reader's debtor
For time, which he might have employ'd much better.

EBEN. ANDERSON'S LETTERS FROM FIFE.

Letter I.—February 1823.

When last I addressed you in your September Number, upon the subject of the King's visit, I was on my way from the metropolis "to the Kingdom,"—in plain terms, I was on my return, after having stared, and wondered, and admired for a season, along with some other associates in London,—to my own fireside, my wife and family, and to all the soothing endearments of what is called *home*. It is generally observed, that those travellers who make the tour of Europe return to their native land with an increased relish for its comforts and manifold advantages; and I can safely assert, from my own experience, that my summer trip to London has had a similar effect upon myself, in making me prize more than I formerly did, that far-famed "kingdom," as it is called, where I first drew breath, and with every corner and neuk of which I am intimately acquainted. Instead, therefore, of troubling you, for the present, at least, with a continuance of my London Journal, I shall, by way of variety, and to indulge, perhaps, a whim—to feed and humour my present home-sickness, offer you a specimen of those interesting objects of attention and reflection, of antiquity and moral sublimity, in which this county eminently abounds.

You will recollect, that when last I conducted you, amidst shouting multitudes, from the Pier of Leith to Edinburgh, the western breezes blew, the sun rose high, and the whole earth laboured, as it were, under a load of vegetation. Nothing was then talked off (the Royal subject always excepted) but corn fields, reaping-hooks, early crops, and a good conclusion to the harvest. But, as the Poet expresses it,

"Time holds his ceaseless course."

Now, again, amidst all the contrast of a winter season, unusually severe, whilst one universal deluge of snow lies deep and uniform over the face of the earth, and of this "kingdom" in particular, I am anxious to solicit your attention to a subject over which winter possesses no power of withering. It is quite evident, that waving fields of grain, the refreshing verdure of tree, and lea, and river-bank, under all the soft and downy embracing of Heaven, have now disappeared, and that the influence of an unsparing season has not suffered one single feature of summer glory to remain; but it is equally certain, that other very dissimilar objects have succeeded into peculiar notice and attraction. Amidst that boundless brightness, and polish, in which hill, and vale, and brink, and river margin, are now wrapt up, the monuments of former magnificence and power arise conspicuously into view. At this moment the sportsman, whilst he loads his fowling-piece by the brink of the yet-unfrozen mountain spring, directs a casual glance to the round tower, wondering how it came to escape his notice formerly. At this moment the shepherd, as he returns home by the Cleugh-Head, and round by the Warlock-Knowe, mutters to himself in expressions of surprise, at the apparently diminished distance betwixt him and the "Auld Place." At this moment the curler suspends his broom over the winning stone, to cast a look, not upon the neighbouring hall, or adjoining cottage, but upon the dark and mouldering ruin, which skirts the loch, and seems to preside in solemn authority over the place.

Truly, altogether independently of these contrasting recommendations, winter, as it now exists, in all the sublimity of its real character, has, and has ever had, charms of no ordinary kind. So far back as I can retrace my feelings, a bold and decided drift, dry, close, and suffocating, has been to me an agreeable object of contemplation. I have stood for hours, whilst a boy, viewing the gradual formation of the swelling and undulating heaps; and as I turned my eye upwards, and penetrated afar into the darkened and confused depths of air, I have traced a single flake from the utmost ken of vision, where it seemed, not to descend, but to grow out into percep-

tion, down through all its vibrations, and wheelings, and whirlings, till its final absorption in the accumulating mass below. Oh! to rise now, as I have risen in the year 1795, after the severe snow-storm, and to cast my eyes, as I then turned them, over all the arresting and exciting novelties around me! To see ridges and hills formed, where glens and deep ravines had formerly extended, and the whole aspect of a well-known landscape, modelled, as it were, in the very sportiveness of power, into figures and designs not less novel than beautiful! Oh! to wander forth, over the unstained purity of a crisped and glancing surface,—whilst the full moon looked small and round in her blue zenith, and all was still and breathless calm around! Oh! to gain the summit of a glassy eminence, from whence to descend, with unbroken and ever-encreasing velocity, "smooth sliding without step," flying, rather than imitating human movement, to the bottom!

> "Oh, to feel as I have felt,
> And be what I have been!"

when, upon the breaking up of the frost, and the sudden and rapid thawing away of the storm, I have seen the river work its obstructed course onwards, spouting out, every here and there, into jets of boiling impetuosity, rending the incumbent sheets of close and compacted ice asunder, grinding them in sudden explosion and horrid crash the one against the other, collecting them into one vast and growing dike of obstruction, and then, bursting at once every barrier, and sweeping, and hurling, and warring along, with a power which might not be resisted, and a depth and a breadth of devastation altogether sublime!

It is, however, an opinion pretty generally entertained, that preferable as a country may be to a town residence during the bland and blooming months of spring and summer, the reverse holds indisputably true, during the long solitary evenings, and bleak sulky days of winter. The imagination fixes upon all those features of dreariness and uniformity in which a country winter is supposed to be invested, and contrasts with this partial view one equally extreme, in which gay, social parties, literary intercourse, and public amusements, form the predominating objects of interest. Accordingly, we find a greater proportion of those whose fortunes admit of the expence, or whose rank in life seems to warrant or demand this annual indulgence, posting regularly into town with the return of the new-year, and escaping from the country as they would from an old superannuated friend, whose converse had become at once cold and unmeaning. There is one occasion, indeed, when this hybernal migration may be considered as not only desirable, but advantageous; and when a pertinaceous adherence to the "natale solum" of baronial hall and peat mosses might be prejudicial to the best family interests, as well as to society at large. There is a time well known and marked in the callendars of maternal and dowager observation, when peachy cheeks have blown and expanded into a more diffused freshness; when the slender and lengthy frame has rounded out into plumpness, and softness, and every feminine grace; and when the blythe and playful girl, who delighted in old and grassy avenues, clumps of chesnut and plane trees, with many an active gambol,—has brightened up into maturity and occasional thoughtfulness, and all the expression of a full-formed and conscious woman. On this critical occasion, to continue in the country is little better than being buried alive; it is, in fact, a sacrifice of life, of all that glowing intensity of interest, which, to young ladies, renders a winter in town so indispensable. It is an interesting, but somewhat of a melancholy subject, to contemplate the unwieldy baronial carriage, as, dragged on by four horses, it creaks, and rattles, and swings along, up hill and down dale, from stage to stage, and from inn to inn, till it stops at last at the long-talked-of furnished lodgings in town. Can female breast, under the influence of inexperience, innocence, and true and genuine nature, forbear beating, as John swings down the carriage-steps, and the little foot and neat ancle are dropt upon the pavement, under lamp-light, and amidst a circle of staring beaux and arrested passengers?

In this instance, indeed, with the necessary deduction of a few risks of bosom purity and peace, there is certainly motive and meaning in an annual migration, such as described, to the all-absorbing metropolis. But in by far the greater proportion of instances where "happiness," in all its undefined extent, is the object of pursuit, it is very questionable whether this end might not be attained without detriment to horse or harness, without the sale of one single rig of land, or the dismissal of one old and faithful servant. Of this, at least, I am certain, that, during the late storms, whilst the whole earth was shelled in Parian marble, I have spent my time more agreeably in the country, than ever I did amidst all the bustle and gaiety of a city.

A few mornings ago, when the frost was keen, and the air elastic, and the snow scarcely admitted of an impression from the foot, I sallied forth to visit "Struthers," the old family residence of the house of Lindsay and Craufurd, a name which, next to that of Stewart, has left perhaps the most indelible remembrance of former sway and magnificence, within the bosom of this kingdom. As I stood upon the eminence which looks down upon the "Urbis tricollis *" from the south, and cast my eye abroad over the Strath of Eden, the estuary of the Tay, the braes of Angus, and the still more remote range of Grampian magnificence, by which the horizon towards the north is bounded, I felt a corresponding expansion and amplification within me; I breathed freer and more assured, assimilating, as it were, to the character of that immensity which it was my delight to contemplate. But however much the soul is impressed and overpowered by such unbounded and indefinite objects of contemplation, the heart still recurs for the object of its deepest interest, to particulars and individuality; and I could not help participating in all the difficulties and dangers of his present situation, as I imaged out to myself the shepherd in his Highland sheiling, with the sad and lamentable accompaniment of ineffectual effort, fruitless anxiety, perishing flocks, and downright despair! In narrowing and circumscribing the field of my vision, my eye came at last to rest upon "the Mount" immediately before me, and lying at about a mile's distance towards the north-west from Cupar. This could not fail to suggest to my mind the image and the character of the father of Scottish song, and the champion of Scottish independence, "that famous and worthy knight, Sir David Lindsay, Lord Lyon, King at Arms;" "cujus," according to the expressive motto to his works, "vivit etiam post funera virtus."

"Into that park I saw appear,
An aged man that drew me near,
Whose beard was near three quarters lang;
His hair did o'er his shoulders hang;
The which, as ony snow was white,
Whom to behold I took delight."

And, truly, it was indeed delightful to image out this venerable "aged man," in those very habiliments in which the genius of the author had so imperishably embalmed him! And as I pursued, in my musings, the purposings which have so long been carried into effect, I could not forbear repeating these lines, which seem now to partake of the nature of a prophecy:

"Howbeit, that divers cunning clerks,
In Latin tongue have written sundry books;
Our unlearned knows little of their warks,
More than they do the croaking of the rooks;
Wherefore to Calliates, carriers, and to cooks,
To Jack and Tom my rhyme shall be directed:

and hence, in consequence of this popular and accommodating resolution, every old woman in Scotland, who never heard, in all likelihood, of Bede, or Duns Scotus, is yet quite familiar with "Davie Lindsay."

In the middle of the valley immediately beneath me, and embosomed in an extensive and suitable plantation of pines, the magnificent modern mansion of the present representative of the family of Lindsay and Craufurd arises. The taste and liberality which have been displayed in the erection of this Castle and Priory, to which the attention of every passenger on this road is naturally directed,

* Cupar-Fife.

are highly creditable to the proprietor, and cannot fail to perpetuate her memory.

Towards the east, and in the centre of a table-land, or elevated plain, about half a mile distant from the village of Ceres, the mansion-house (now altogether obliterated) of the famous Lindsay of Pitscottie was formerly situated. It was here that this historian of his native land lived, whilst he was employed in composing that work, which is well calculated to transmit his name to the latest ages. And last of all, in this enumeration of "Lindsay worthies," turn we, as originally proposed, towards the south, and there we shall perceive, betwixt us and the declining sun, the ragged and irregular outline of the ruins of "Struthers." Here, however, there is nothing either of decayed grandeur, or scarcely-obliterated magnificence, to reward our investigation or delay our visit. Upon approaching this venerable ruin from the north, I found the vestiges of a very princely avenue, and had the gratification, whilst scrambling over dilapidated walls, and under damp and low arches, to see a hen-wife feeding poultry, and an unseemly goat munching at kail-blades, where "the most noble of all the land" had been accustomed to call forth their merry men for the chace, or to caparison and marshal out their retainers for defence or attack. With the "emblem of the finally accursed *" I held, indeed, no intercourse; but my conversation with the woman led me to the adjoining village of Ceres, there to contemplate one of the most interesting sights which I have ever witnessed.

By the assistance of the Beadle, who, in the absence, or at the inconvenience of the minister, officiates in shewing the tomb, as a keeper would exhibit and describe his collection of wild beasts, I was introduced through the church-yard into the abode of the departed Lindsays. After looking about me for a little, on lead coffins, battered together into thin plates, illegible reminiscences of men whose very dust has perished, ("etiam periêre ruinae!") and upon all that unswept, neglected, squalid investment of floor, and wall, and roofing to which it behoves even the most princely and distinguished to come at last, I chanced to cast my eye upon a coffin which seemed of a more recent date; and upon the plate which is sunk into the crimson velvet covering, I read these words:

JOHN,
EARL OF CRAUFURD,
BORN
4th October 1702,
DIED
25th December 1749.

"And so," thought I, "this is all the memorial which *here* remains of a man, who at one time occupied so much of public attention, and whose life and actions have become a subject of national record and admiration! And this other coffin which lies alongside of him (and I lifted the lid as I spoke) contains—alas! it contains it no longer! for even the dust of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Athole has evaporated!" Here, however, my reflections were interrupted by the nasal twang and tremulous articulation of my guide, who was anxious to inform me respecting the causes of the total disappearance of the lady, whilst his Lordship, he informed me, "was still almost entire in his coffin." I could have knocked the fellow down, for he seemed to think of the dead as of a parcel of stale fish or damaged grain, the loss of which, by carelessness, or inadvertency, could occasion no uneasiness to any one. After returning from this winter excursion, I was at some pains to inform myself, from authentic sources, of the particulars of the history of this distinguished nobleman's life, which I shall now formally subjoin, in

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN, EARL OF CRAUFURD.

The earlier ages of chivalry have generally been regarded as those of high sentiment and unblemished honour,—of an implicit devotedness to the fair sex,—and of that wild yet imposing romance, which consists in deeds of self-denial, untainted faith, and undaunted courage; and it cannot be denied, that such are the lead-

* The goat, *vide* Christ's Day of Judgment.—*Bible.*

ing features which strike us most forcibly from a distance. But, upon a closer inspection, we find such an admixture of superstition, cruelty, and even injustice, combined with all this, as greatly to modify our admiration. The same high-spirited and chivalrous personage who will risk the cutting of his knightly "weasand" for a lady's scarf, will likewise, at the suggestion of female caprice, commit the most atrocious acts of bloodshed. He will not hesitate, on the score of property, propriety, or humanity, provided, with a few flourishes of sword and spear-work, he can possess himself, either of goods or lives, which lie betwixt him and the accomplishment of his mistress's bidding.

As we descend, however, towards more modern times, these harsher features of chivalry gradually disappear. The doughty hero of the Holy Land, to whom the possession of an amulet, a lock of his lady's hair, or even a paring of a sanctified toe or finger nail, were at once security against accident, and a reward of service, becomes, in later times, the "perfect gentleman of the old school," retaining as much of antiquity as to dignify and mark, whilst he acquires enough of mere ordinary feelings and manners to familiarize and soften his character. As society is at present constituted, that romance, which had made a thousand swords leap at once from their scabbards at a lady's signal, is indeed gone; but though the class has disappeared, the spirit still remains in a more diffused, indeed, and extended influence, imparting to European character a strength and a polish which it had not otherwise possessed.

It cannot be concealed, however, even from ourselves, that this diffused, and, as it were, diluted feeling, is dying rapidly out; and that when we wish to realize to our recollection or imagination instances of the genuine character, we are compelled to ascend to the period of our earliest impressions, or to derive from the last age those strong and interesting examples which the present cannot supply. Of this latter description, the subject of the present notices forms a most distinguished and memorable instance.

Without running up the genealogy of the venerable and truly Scottish House of Lindsay and Craufurd to the Saxon Heptarchy, the kingdom of Mercia, or the Norman Conquest, it is sufficient for my present object to state, that the families of Lindissi, or Lindsay and Craufurd, were united by marriage in 1156, and that after an accession of royal blood, in the person of Jane, daughter of King Robert the II., the succession devolved at last upon William Earl of Craufurd and Lindsay, Treasurer during the reign of King Charles the II., whose son John held a commission in the Guards under King William and Queen Ann, and to whom, in 1713, John, the subject of this sketch, succeeded.

He was born at Struthers, in the year 1702. Having become an orphan ere he had attained his eleventh year, he was placed, by Queen Ann, under the roof and protection of his own relation, the Duchess Dowager of Argyle, and resided for some years with her at Inverary Castle. Of this early period of his history we have few notices, except that, in spite of tutorage, and Dowager vigilance, he contrived to dedicate whole summer days, on the Highland hills, to the company and fellowship of a sweet girl, who watched her father's flocks. Of her, according to his own account, he was truly enamoured, and used, with all the address of a lover, to pull for her the blae-berries, and partake of her sweet-milk and oaten-cakes. He always continued to regard these as the happiest days of his life, when, following nature, and the dictates of his best and purest affections, he forgot his rank and his prospects in life, amidst those tender but engrossing avocations, which drew him, from morning till night-fall, to the brink of the mountain stream, and to the side of his beloved Highland Mary. A first love-attachment may indeed, in many cases, as well as in the one of which I am speaking, be marked with features of thoughtlessness and uncalculating rashness, on the score of what is termed suitableness in point of rank, birth, and education; but such a passion, where it exists in all its genuine force and simplicity, never fails to purify whilst it engrosses;

to expand and exalt, whilst it pervades and agitates the heart. To how many individuals am I now speaking intelligibly, when I recal to their recollection similar events in their own early history,—events which have nestled themselves deep and securely into their memory, and which no lapse of time, and no after occurrences of a like nature, have ever been able to obliterate! Were I, for my own part, about to select, as a friend, an individual with whom I was but partially acquainted, and had I no other means of ascertaining his capability of warm and generous affection for me, than the assurance of such an early and uncalculating attachment, I should consider this single fact as sufficient to give me the most prepossessing notion of his whole character; I should say at once, this is neither a sordid nor a selfish man,—at least, whatever influence the world and degrading society may have had upon him since, of this one thing I am sure, that he was once capable of disinterested and virtuous friendship!

Whatever may be the general opinion upon this, after all, somewhat questionable and delicate point, certain it is, that the Duchess of Argyle having come to the knowledge of this attachment, had her Ward immediately conveyed to Glasgow College, where, in a few months, he distinguished himself not less in the pursuits of taste and classical literature, than in the study of history, and of such passages and narratives, in particular, as are of a heroic or martial character. The commentaries of Cæsar, some portions of Livy's History, and, above all, the conquests of Alexander, as narrated by Quintus Curtius, were his particular favourites; nor did he fail to add to these, such notices of national story and independence, as are to be gathered from Blind Harry, Sir David Lindsay (his own kinsman), and the classic George Buchanan. Whilst his whole soul was thus shaping itself after the most finished and approved models of antiquity, his arm and his exertions were never awanting in behalf of any of his college acquaintances who happened to need them. On one occasion he chastised a petulant and impertinent officer publicly upon the streets of Glasgow; and on another, he extricated himself and his associate from the consequences of a rash and unwarrantable adventure, in the following manner:

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, from the extreme care with which he watched his orchard, and preserved his fruit, was designated, amongst the students, by the title of "Cerberus." Whilst frequent descents were effected upon orchards less vigilantly guarded, there was nobody found bold enough to attempt an attack upon his. Having been apprized of this circumstance, therefore, and having associated himself with a congenial spirit, an inroad was immediately planned, and was in the act of being carried into effect upon this gentleman's property, when his companion was caught in a snare. His cries instantly alarmed the watch-dog, which came running down upon its victim with open mouth. Lord Craufurd boldly kept his ground, and taking a sure aim, laid the assailant dead at his feet. The report of the gun alarmed the proprietor, who seeing his dog lying dead, and a young man standing by him very coolly re-loading his fowling-piece, immediately threatened to shoot him in his turn. But there were two at a bargain making, for Lord Craufurd had now re-loaded and presented, and the enraged and threatening proprietor was glad, of his own accord, to beat a parley. The result was, that through the intervention of this gentleman's son, then a student at the University, a recognizance of his Lordship, and an invitation, along with his entrapt companion, to dinner, and to every kind and friendly office, took place.

Of a character somewhat similar was his conduct, about four years after this, whilst resident at the French Court. Louis XV., then a boy in his thirteenth year, had just been proclaimed major, and Versailles was converted into a scene of gaiety, and even boyish amusement. Amongst other recreations, a fish-pond was ordered to be drawn in the royal presence, the nobility and courtiers attending in their robes on the person of the king. The crowding in upon his most Christian

Majesty was great, and Lord Craufurd being in the front of the press, happened to come somewhat closely into contact with the robed and bedizzened person of a French Marquis. This unavoidable offence was resented rudely, and Lord Craufurd, giving his walking cane to one of the bystanders, very coolly lifted the bundle of French nobility, and pitched it to a considerable distance into the pond. The young king was delighted with the exhibition; and learning that he had been indebted for the jest to a Scotch nobleman, who had conceived himself insulted, no more notice was taken of the affair.

The above anecdotes may serve to evince his Lordship's independence, and fearlessness of character. What I am about to relate bears at once upon his intrepidity, self-possession, and humanity.

In 1731, he set sail in a small vessel, with three attendants, from Campbeltown to the Port of Ayr. The weather became boisterous, and the wind dangerous during the night; and early next morning they were stranded on the coast, considerably to the north of Ayr harbour. In these circumstances, and whilst the sea was threatening every instant to tear the vessel to pieces, the sailors, who had taken to the boat, proffered to admit his Lordship, upon condition, however, that not one of his servants should accompany him. His Lordship's resolution was taken, and his determination expressed in an instant. "Go," said he, "and save your own lives, and I will share the fate of those you leave behind." The sailors shoved off immediately, and with great difficulty reached the harbour. In a little while afterwards, another boat made her appearance at the harbour-mouth, and seemed to shape her dangerous course towards the wreck. It was now evident to all on board what the benevolent intention of this experiment was, when all at once the boat heeled round, and after seeming to sink for an instant beneath the waves, re-appeared on its return towards the pier-head. This was indeed a trying circumstance; but even here Lord Craufurd's presence of mind and intrepidity did not desert him. He had halters fixed to the heads of some hunting-horses which were on board, and proposed, that after launching them into the breakers, each man should attach himself, by the body, to the further end of the rope, that thus, through the superior power of the horses, he might be assisted in swimming, or even dragged, alive to land. But, happily, whilst this plan was carrying into effect, the boat, which had only returned to replace a broken oar, re-appeared, and all were carried in safety, amidst shouting multitudes, ashore.

Enough has been related of his Lordship's early life to evince the rudiments of his military character; and it is to a very imperfect notice of the various campaigns in which he distinguished himself, that I now proceed. He served as a volunteer under Prince Eugene, in 1735, and conducted himself with distinguished bravery in the battle of Claussen, where his intimate friend, Count Nassau, was killed. In 1738, he served against the Turks, under Field-Marshal Munich, whose unfortunate fate, in his unjust and disgraceful banishment to Siberia, occasioned, at one time, a very considerable sensation throughout Europe: and on the 23d day of July 1739, he was wounded in the battle of Krotzka, in the neighbourhood of Belgrade, and under the following circumstances:

Lord Craufurd had advanced upon a position in the neighbourhood of Krotzka early in the morning; and whilst he was engaged in heading and encouraging some flying Russians, his favourite Spanish horse was shot under him. Having found and mounted another horse, he was immediately wounded from behind a hedge by a sharp-shooter, and was found, about an hour after, by his faithful servant Kopp, holding by the mane of his horse, bare-headed, and with a complexion pale as death. This faithful servant had him immediately conveyed to a little distance from the scene of action, where a surgeon examined his wounded limb hastily, and pronounced his case desperate. The battle, in the mean time, continued to rage; and as he was a conveying along, with great difficulty and pain, on horseback, still further from the bustle

and the danger of the field, he was rode down under a renewed charge; and but for the interposition of some officers with whom he was acquainted, must have expired on the spot. In a little while, a repulse having taken place, victors and vanquished were seen hurrying back in confusion upon his Lordship's exposed position. It was at this crisis that all was given up for lost. He took his watch and his purse from his pocket, and presenting them to his servant, said, "Take these, dear Kopp, and begone, and save your own life; mine is not now worth the saving; leave me here to die in peace." "No, my dear Lord," was the reply of this faithful and devoted menial; "no, I will never leave your Lordship. I have lived long and happily in your Lordship's service, and, please God, I will die in it too*." His Lordship grasped his hand, and faintly squeezed it, whilst both master and servant wept in silence. In the meantime, the balls were flying on all sides, and the wounded soldiers were conveying from the scene of bloodshed. A soldier, whose leg had been shot off, passed on the back of his comrade, smoking his pipe, as if nothing had happened. "I warrant that's a brave fellow," said his Lordship, "whilst that skulking friar is in more danger than he." At this instant, a friar who was employed near them, in confessing and absolving the dying, was shot through the body, and expired uttering most dismal groans. His Lordship's sleeping waggon, which had long been anxiously expected, having at last arrived, he was conveyed, not without infinite pain, to Belgrade. Here his wound was examined, and various most severe and excruciating operations were performed. Whilst he lay here for a considerable time, altogether incapable of motion, he had the satisfaction to find that he was appointed Colonel of the Black Watch, or Forty-second Regiment, long known by his name. From this, in the course of a few months, he sailed, in defiance of the most unprecedented obstacles, up the Danube, from Belgrade to Vienna, where, from the assistance of the best surgical advice, and of an indomitable spirit, he recovered, to a certain extent, of his wound.

He was afterwards engaged in the battle of Dettingen, in 1743. His address to the Highlanders, on that occasion, was at once short and suitable:—"Swords, my lads, and no pistol-work;" and accordingly they carried every thing before them, sword in hand. At the unfortunate and ill-conducted battle of Fontenoy, his Lordship was likewise present, and both by his counsel and courage contributed to lessen the calamities of the retreat. He brought up the rear-guard from the field, and his brave Highlanders, as he himself says, "fought like heroes, and acted each man with the skill and conduct of a general." An instance of a "ruse de guerre," adopted by a private in the Highland Watch, may serve to exemplify, in some measure, his Lordship's observation.

"About the time," says Lord Craufurd, "when we were reconnoitring, an advanced Highlander observed a grassin, or sharp-shooter, always firing at his post; whereupon he placed his bonnet upon the top of a stick, on the edge of a hollow road, and moving himself a little forward, took a sure aim, whilst the grassin was firing away at the decoy, and easily brought him down."

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1745, his Lordship, as major-general, and commander of a regiment of Hessians, secured and kept the important posts of Stirling and Perth, whilst the misguided and infatuated Highlanders were routed at Culloden. It was upon this occasion that he became acquainted with

* This affecting conversation has thus been exhibited by the Elegiac Muse:

"Aufuge, tum Craufurd, procul hinc, procul aufuge, dixit,
Et fuge crudeles, quas potes usque, manus;
Nil refert animam fugitivam hanc auferat hostis,
Hinc brevior mortis pars futura mea est.
Ingemit his dictis, et cum complexus Achates,
Si moreris, tecum sum moriturus, ait," &c.

Vid. Elegia in obitum Nascentis Herois Joannis Lindsay, ex comitibus de Craufurd.

a daughter of the Duke of Atholl, a lady of many personal and mental accomplishments, whom he afterwards married.

Having returned again to the Netherlands, he was present at the battle of Roloux, where he had an opportunity of exhibiting his military address and presence of mind in the following manner. In company with his cousin, Lord Viscount Garnosk, Captain John Wymess of Unthank*, and Lieutenant James Wymess of the Scotch Brigade, he went out to reconnoitre the enemy's posts, previous to the engagement. In consequence of one of those accidents, which, in such circumstances, are often unavoidable, he found himself, and his friends, ere he was aware of the mistake, within twenty yards of a strong French patrole. To retreat was impracticable, and to advance was manifestly to offer a surrender, for the soldiers stood with their muskets levelled, whilst the Captain was proceeding to challenge his Lordship, who had by this time rode smartly and undauntedly up in front of the line. "Ne tirez pas," said his Lordship, addressing the men; "nous sommes amis;" and immediately, without giving the officer time to recollect himself, he addressed him, "Fort bien, prenez bien garde à votre poste: Je m'en vais plus loin pour reconnoitre l'ennemi;" and so saying, the party rode smartly on, and escaped to their own lines.

In the year 1749, after having lost his amiable and attached wife at Aix-la-Chapelle, and having hastened to London to witness the decease of his step-mother, the Duchess of Atholl, his wound, which had never been completely cured, breaking out afresh, he died in London, under great bodily anguish, but with manly firmness and Christian resignation; and his body was afterwards conveyed, in compliance with his desire, to that position which it now occupies, alongside of his departed spouse, in the family vault at Ceres.

Thus, Sir, have I endeavoured to give you, by adducing characteristic particulars, a notion of the "GREAT JOHN, EARL OF CRAUFURD," a nobleman of the old school, and uniting, as I apprehend, in his history, more of the qualities which command respect, whilst they secure attachment, than usually fall to the lot of man. And if, by so doing, I have contributed, in any degree, to the revival of that almost extinct spirit of chivalry which is one of the proudest ornaments of society, and, in those days of levelling, in particular, one of its strongest bulwarks, I shall not have written in vain. In the meantime, whether in "the kingdom" or out of "the kingdom," at home or abroad, I always am, yours truly,

EBEN. ANDERSON.

Strath-Eden, 10th Feb. 1823.

The Wanderer.

From the German of Schmidt von Lubeck.

MIST wraps the vale, the wild waves foam,
From hills, from distant hills I come;
And wander on, in lonely care,
My heart's deep sigh still murmuring—*Where?*
Where art thou, land so sought around,
My lov'd, my dreamt of, never found!

The sun seems here so dim and cold?
And blood is pale, and life is old,
And speech falls heartless on mine ear,
Oh! am I not a stranger here?
Where art thou, land, so sought around?
My lov'd, my dreamt of, never found!

The land, the land, so greenly bright,
Where bloom my roses in the light,
And where my friends in sunshine move,
And where my dead in spirit rove,
And where they speak my native speech,
That lovely land—I may not reach!

I wander on, in lonely care,
My heart's deep sigh still murmuring—*Where?*
Where art thou, land, so sought around?
My lov'd, my dreamt of, never found!
—A breezy voice comes answering this;
"There, where thou art not, *there* is bliss!"

* The Ancestor of the present Colonel Wymess, of Wymess-hall, near Cupar.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SCHILLER.

Letter of Schiller to the Baron Heribert Von Dalberg *.

Your Excellency, by the high-toned and encouraging predictions of your flattering epistle, has, I fear, put the modesty and discretion of an author to a hazardous trial. The danger to me of such fair and seducing prospects, held up to my view by so distinguished a critic, would indeed be great, did I not feel assured I ought to consider them rather as the kind and invigorating incentives to future exertions, than as yet merited, in their full extent, by any production of my Muse. The deep impression I entertain of the limited and feeble extent of my powers, prevents me, in this, from thinking more encouragingly. If, however, the inspirations of my genius shall hereafter give birth to some noble and excellent production, the world and myself shall owe it to the influence of your kind and generous approbation. For several years I have had the happiness, through the public prints, of knowing, I may say, somewhat of your Excellency; during which time, the splendour and reputation of Manheim Theatre have engaged my warmest interest and attention. I may also ingenuously confess, that from the time I first felt within me the stirrings and impulse of a dramatic genius, I have delighted to indulge the fond hope of establishing, at some future period, my residence at Manheim, that cherished and favourite resort of this enchanting Muse; although, from my present more immediate and intimate connection with Wirtemberg, this ardent desire may, I fear, be of remote and difficult accomplishment.

The proposal which your Excellency, with so kind a condescension, suggests to me, in relation to my "Robbers," and the future dramatic works of which I meditate the execution, possesses, in my mind, the highest value and importance. I feel well aware how much may be added to the excellence and appropriate beauties of such compositions, by a more minute and extended knowledge of what pertains to the stage economy of your Excellency's Theatre, as the peculiar powers and capacities of the actors, and your ne plus ultra of scenic mechanism and device; to appreciate all which as I ought, would demand a course of actual observation, the important benefits of which I should in vain expect here to derive from my attendance on the Stutgardt Theatre, yet in its mere infancy. I regret to say, that considerations of economy debar me from being a frequent traveller. Were it otherwise, with what eager delight would I bend my steps towards Manheim! especially as I am willing to believe I at present cherish some thoughts and conceptions, which, in their dramatic development and expansion, may not be unworthy of the Theatre of your Excellency—I remain ever, &c. &c.

Schiller, to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Stutgardt, 5th Oct. 1781.

At length I send you my drama of the "Robbers," altered and adapted for the stage. I have, I must allow, exceeded the time within which I proposed to complete these changes; but I believe the slightest glance at what I have done will convince you of the number and importance of the alterations, and readily ensure me your kind forgiveness. To this I may add, that an epidemic flux, in the hospital of my regiment †, called me oftener aside, in the discharge of

* This letter is without a date, but appears to have been written some time previous to August 1781. During the period to which this correspondence relates, the Baron Von Dalberg superintended the management of the Theatre at Manheim.

† Schiller was educated at the Military Academy of Stutgardt, and, at the outset of his dramatic career, acted as Surgeon to a regiment.

my professional duty, "otiis poeticis," than, in my ardour, I could have wished. These changes and modifications of my dramatic work being now, however, completed, I may with truth affirm, that with much labour and effort of intellect, and assuredly, in the experience of a more constant and higher gratification, I would undertake to produce a piece wholly new,—even, I may venture to say, a master-piece, than again subject myself to the teasing and irksome labour from which I have now so gladly escaped. In the prosecution of this work of dramatic change, I was called upon to remove, or soften down, imperfections already intimately and closely interwoven with the original plan and conception of the piece. I was required to sacrifice to the peculiar demands and limits of the stage,—to the wavering caprice of the pit, to the ignorance of the gallery, or to certain prejudicial rules of convention, lineaments and features of character in themselves appropriate, and illustrative. And need I add, to one whose discrimination I so much respect as a critic, that it is with the stage as it is with nature; for one idea, one sentiment, there may be said to exist but one truly apposite and felicitous mode of expression, but one harmonious and impressive colouring. It has at times happened, that a change which I designed in some individual feature of a character, has, as it were, communicated a new aspect and a differing influence to the whole assemblage of its qualities, and, at the same time, materially affected the frame and structure of the piece, originally reared and supported, in part, upon such distinguishing traits of character and individual incident. This difficulty I have peculiarly experienced in the character of Hermann. But, farther; in the original state of the drama, the Robbers are drawn in bold and strong contrast with each other; and I believe I may safely affirm, that even to those of distinguished genius, it would have been found an arduous and perplexing effort of dramatic skill to bring into contact, and yet preserve, in clear and definite distinctness, the characters of four or five Robbers, without, in some one of them, offending against the delicacy and decorum of the stage. In my original conception of this drama, when I first devised its peculiar form and structure, I then entertained no thoughts of its future representation on the stage. From hence it arose, that Francis was designed a subtle and calculating villain; a character which, however it may satisfy the calmly meditative and dispassionate reader, would only, assuredly, in the representation prove irksome and oppressive to the spectator, who listens impatiently to cold and finely-weighed philosophizings, and can only be said to be fully alive to what passes, in animating and interesting action before him. In my altered state of the piece, I felt I could not renounce this distinguishing feature of his character, without most vitally and materially injuring the general texture and design of the whole. I feel, however, somewhat confidently assured, that the character of Francis, in the representation, will be thrown forth, in its qualities, in a different light from that in which it appears to the contemplative reader. For the impetuous and continued stream of the action may be said to hurry forward the wrapt and interested spectator, inattentive to many delicate and finely-discriminating shades of poetic character, and perhaps to deprive him of a third part of what is valuable and appropriate in the character of each dramatic personage. The Robber Moor, if he should find, as I feel well assured he will, a skilful and impressive representative among the actors of your Theatre, may, it is probable, create a new epoch on our stage. If we except some fanciful moralizing, which sheds the pleasing lustre of its significant and indispensable colours across the picture, the character of Moor may be said to be wholly put forth in action, and to be that of intuitive and stirring energy and life.

Spiegelberg, Schweitzer, Hermann, &c. seem to me characters in a peculiar and striking degree fitted for the stage; Amelia, and the Father of Moor, are, however, less happily devised for scenic effect.

I have been solicitous, in my dramatic work, of deriving additional light and guidance from the aids of criticism, whether gathered from con-

versation, or communicated to me in a written form, or emanating from the press. More, however, has been demanded of me than I have been able to realize; for I fear it is often only to the dramatic author himself, that, in the various changes and adaptations of his piece, the ne plus ultra of excellence seems, with certainty and clearness, to have been attained. The improvements I have made seem to me of high importance; several of the scenes are altogether of new introduction; and I may be permitted to say, perhaps without any ebullition of excessive vanity, that, as a whole, the drama may not be unworthy of being cherished in remembrance.

To these additional scenes belong the counterplot of Hermann, to undermine and frustrate the designs of Francis; and also the scene of their interview, which, in the original form of the drama, (as my Erfurth critic, with great justice, remarks,) had unfortunately been wholly overlooked. Yet he appears to have desiderated a different issue and result, from this interview, from that which I have deemed most suited, to the general interest and texture of the piece, to deduce from it. The scene of Francis with Amelia, in the garden, I have judged advisable to change to the preceding act; and if I may credit the assurances of the most discerning and intelligent of my friends, I could have selected, in the whole piece, no more suitable place for its introduction, and no time of more impressive effect, than a few moments previous to the interview of Moor with Amelia. Francis I have now drawn somewhat more nearly allied to human feelings, although the means by which they are called forth into operation are somewhat uncommon, and not often hazarded with success. The scene of his condemnation, in the fifth act, would, in my opinion, have been equally devoid of success, in the representation, with the sacrifice of Amelia by her lover. The catastrophe of the piece, in its now changed form, appears to me the suitable and impressive ornament and termination to the whole. Moor I have made fully to play out his part; and forgive me while I say, I feel some inward promptings and assurances, which tell me I trust not delusively that he shall not readily be effaced from the minds of any with the fall of the curtain. Should the piece be deemed too long, I leave it to your critical discernment, well skilled in the requisites of dramatic effect, to curtail those parts where the action may be said to pause amidst the reasonings of the characters; and here and there, with a tender hand, to prune away what may be withdrawn, without injury and blemish to the whole. But in committing it to the press, I must be allowed to protest against the slightest change or omission in its present form; for the composition and adjustment of the whole has been the fruit of much thought, and deliberate balancing of reasons; and assuredly my deference to the stage extends not so far as to permit the studied unity and connection of my scenes to be broken, or the features and attributes of my dramatic characters to be enfeebled or distorted, to gratify the caprice or supposed convenience of any actor.

With relation to the dress or costume most suitable to the piece, permit me, generally, to remark, that in nature, or real life, it may perhaps justly be regarded as a consideration of slight moment, but assuredly never with a view to the stage. What in this respect may appear most suited to the character and supposed turn of disposition of the Robber Moor, I should think it perhaps not difficult to hit. Yet I cannot disguise from you the interest and curiosity I shall feel, even on so inconsiderable a point, if I shall be so fortunate as to be present at the representation. In his hat there should be stuck a sprig, or slip, of a green bough, as allusion is expressly made to this, in that part of the piece where he yields up his command. I should also wish that he bore a staff. His garb should be noble, without studied ornament, and, in its graceful negligence, free from the traces of frivolity or caprice.

A young musical composer, of high eminence, is at present busily occupied on a symphony for my "Robbers;" I feel confident it will be a felicitous and masterly production.

When it is completed, I shall use the liberty of sending it for your acceptance.

Excuse, I beseech you, the numerous inaccuracies which I perceive have crept into the manuscript of my dramatic work. My eager impatience to dispatch it to you has prevented me from revising and correcting it with the care I ought. I regret, also, that my copyist, in his ignorance, has so pitiably mangled the orthography. I conclude, in commending myself, and my dramatic labour, to the indulgence of one whom I know to be among the most estimable and discerning of critics.—&c. &c.

Schiller, to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Stutgardt, 3d November, 1781.

Your critique upon my "Robbers," which I had looked for with the utmost avidity and impatience, safely reached me; and I unfeignedly lament, that any delay in its communication should have been occasioned by so serious a cause as the indisposition of your Excellency. I trust, however, that ere this you will have nearly perfectly recovered from its effects. What has appeared to you faulty and exceptionable, in my dramatic work, does not, I must candidly avow, appear to me in a similar light. This, it is possible, may arise from my ignorance of certain fitting and appropriate requisites of the stage, and perhaps, also, from still inseparably viewing the piece in too distinctive and distracting a nearness; and not in that more distant and diminishing perspective, desiderated by dramatic critics, in the mellowed and softening effect of which, many finer and more delicate shades of incident and character are confused indistinctly together, or wholly lost. It has appeared to me, I confess, singular, that, in the changed form of my drama, your Excellency should regret the absence of those more delicate and finely poetic graces and shadings, which, according to my conception, may, with increased power and effect to the whole, be dispensed with in the representation.

The favourable impression you entertain of that part of the piece which relates to the condemnation of Francis, is to me so much the more delightful, as I, in this, imagined myself less assured of your approbation than in the scene of the sacrifice of Amelia, and her situation with the Robbers, in the fourth act. In dramatic effect, I feel confident it will be found most striking and impressive. Your suggestion, that Amelia ought not to be stabbed, but rather shot, meets at once with my cordial acquiescence. In its effect, it must beget a higher surprise; and, besides, there seems to me in it a more characteristic agreement with the calling and occupation of a robber. As to any other changes which may be deemed essential, I leave it wholly to your discretion, and dramatic skill and discernment, to do, in this respect, whatever you may conceive fitted to render the piece most striking and effective in the representation. I may, however, add, that, in perusing your critical remarks, I felt it difficult, at times, to repress the desire of urging something in still farther exposition, and more clear illustration, of certain passages in my dramatic work.

As to the doubt you express, whether the action of the piece might not rather, with advantage, be laid in times more remote, I must be permitted, in general, to observe, that I assuredly disapprove of any alteration of this nature. My dramatic characters seem to me all so decisively and distinctively marked,—they are so determinately modern in their delineation,—that the general harmony and keeping of the whole connective parts of the drama would be irretrievably marred and lost, were so violent a change adopted. But perhaps even here my partiality misleads me; and I therefore still leave you, in this particular, unfettered by any bias or opinion of my own. There occurs to me nothing farther which I can add, to give to my dramatic work, in its modified and adopted form, the determinate stamp of legitimacy—at least nothing which I feel I could fully and satisfactorily develope within the narrow compass of a letter. I ought, perhaps, in my defence and exposition of certain passages, and peculiar

features of my piece, to have been more minute and explicit in the reasons which weighed with me in the changes I have made; because I still remember it was not without some occasional feeling of reluctance that I could persuade myself to relinquish the design of giving to them a different turn and import, and that I adopted the peculiar mode and manner of treatment which they now exhibit. I now, however, wholly resign my dramatic work to the judgment of critics; and I conclude, in entreating the continuance of your favour and regard, &c. &c.

ODE FROM THE ITALIAN OF FULVIO TESTI.

Testi is the Italian Horace, and, in point of expression and manner, the most classic of the Italian poets. Without very high powers of feeling or invention, he possesses a neatness and precision of thought, and a happiness of diction, which compensate the absence of other qualifications. The present Ode, which we have selected as highly characteristic of his manner, while it possesses, at the same time, the recommendation of brevity, is addressed to Raymond, Conte de Montecuculli, a friend of the author, and seems to have been called forth by the overbearing conduct of some former acquaintance. The translation is minutely literal.

"*Ruscelletto orgoglioso.*"

Thou Rill, whose waves so proudly glide,
Child of the low and nameless fountain,
Whose birth was by the barren side
And dusky glooms of some dark mountain;
Whose waters, feebly winding on,
Once humbly kiss'd each little stone.

Less fiercely let those waters rave—
Beat not th' opposing barriers so;—
Though May give fulness to thy wave,
'Tis but a temporary flow;
And August's burning breath of drought,
Full soon shall shrink thee into nought.

Calm to his ocean home of rest,
The kingly Po his current guides;
Yet, down his broad and silent breast
Full many a goodly galley glides;
Nor wintry snows, nor summer's suns,
Change the still course with which he runs.

Thou, with a river's lordly tone,
All foam and fierceness, hurriest by;
Brief lord of honours not thine own,
Thou rear'st awhile thy crest on high;
All is but borrow'd splendour, save
The noise and tumult of thy wave.

But clouds deform the brightest sky,—
The seasons change—the year glides past—
In sandy wastes and desarts dry,
Those stormy waves shall land at last;
And o'er thy shrunk and silent bed,
Shall I with foot unmoisten'd tread.

I know, my Raymond, that I use
Such language with the stream in vain,
But o'er her golden chords, the Muse
Thus loves to teach in secret strain;
And thus, in words of mystic guise,
High thoughts to veil from vulgar eyes.

Sprung from a lowly neighbouring source,
I too beheld a torrent roar,
That, in the fury of its course,
The firmly-rooted forests tore,
And seem'd, in foaming pride, to be
A short-liv'd rival of the sea.

Stunn'd by the torrent's deafening roar,
I sought the distant mountain's brow;
I mus'd upon its state of yore,
How humble then—how haughty now;
When, with a borrow'd wave, it bore
Destruction to its peaceful shore.

When, lo! with tresses brightly beaming,
All wreath'd with laurel and with light,
My guardian god, in heav'nly seeming,
Apollo stood before my sight,
And said, "To pride belong alone
A passing reign, a baseless throne.

"Fortune, inconstant as the moon,
Still changes all beneath the skies;
She gives but to resume the boon—
She comes and clasps—then loathes and flies;
Wisest is he, who, 'midst her wiles,
Nor fears her frowns nor courts her smiles.

"Wise is the skilful mariner
Who 'midst the wreck his vessel saves;
But wise alike is he who ne'er
Trusts to the smoothly smiling waves,
And shuns, with cautious sail, to sweep
O'er the broad bosom of the deep.

"Above each honour'd name of old,
The sage Agathocles I deem—
With the pure vein of Eastern gold,
He bade his royal table gleam;

But placed, amidst that golden glare,
His father's * humbler vessels there.

"The vileness of his mother earth
Typhœus vainly sought to hide;
Yet, heedless of his mortal birth,
Immortal gods to arms defied:
But soon in Ætna's burning womb
He found, before his death, a tomb.

"To emulate the might of Jove
In all the thunder of his ire,
With borrow'd clouds Salmoneus strove,
Pretended bolts and lying fire;
But, ah! too sadly *true*, he found
That bolt that stretch'd him on the ground."

While at the heav'nly flowing sound,
I sat in silent rapture there,
I turn'd my wond'ring gaze around,
And saw the stream's broad channel bare;
And where its brawling wave had flow'd,
The wand'ring herds insulting trode.

REMINISCENCES OF AULD LANGSYNE.

No. IV.

Time is the moth of Nature, and devours all beauty.
Shirley's Humorous Courtier.

My stay in the country had been protracted considerably beyond the period which I at first intended; for although forty years of my life had been spent in the metropolis, yet the hey-day of youth had passed in the country, and rural scenery still had many charms for me, but more particularly, that over which I now delighted to wander. I have already said, that the aspect of my native glen was much changed; but enough still remained to remind me of the past; of much that had once thrilled my heart with joy, and which it was still pleasant to contemplate in imagination. Blair, in his beautiful and original Poem of the Grave, says,

"Of joys departed never to return,
How painful the remembrance!"

This is perhaps generally true, while the privation is recent, and so long as we can think of nothing except that which we have lost for ever; but when sorrow has been mellowed by time, and our griefs forgotten amidst the cares of life and the bustle of business,—when youth has imperceptibly stole away, and mature age finds us engaged in amassing wealth, or prosecuting schemes of ambition,—then the recollections of departed friends, or of the days when every hour brought our sun of life nearer to his meridian, are no longer painful to the memory; they may more aptly be compared to what Ossian beautifully calls "the joy of grief;" a luxury which I have often enjoyed, and would not willingly forego: at this moment, my narration renews the pleasure I had in sitting on the gray rock, or lingering by the rippling streamlet; and were I to indulge my feelings, I could describe scenery and expand sentiments sufficient to fill a volume. But that I may not tire the reader's patience, by abortive attempts to excite a sympathy which he cannot exercise, or in describing moods of mind in which he cannot participate, I shall proceed to the relation of occurrences unconnected with every-day observation, and more remote from the regions of fancy and imagination.

One day, at dinner, my cousin addressed me, saying, "Have you any inclination to accompany me to Dundee Fair to-morrow? I shall be glad of your company; we can take the gig; if not, I shall ride my brown mare." In my younger days, I had attended the Fair at Dundee pretty regularly, and now promised myself some enjoyment from a repetition of the visit, and the opportunity of comparing past times with the present, and therefore frankly expressed my acquiescence to his proposal.

Your entertaining correspondent, Eben. Anderson, has already delighted your readers with a description of "Edmonton Fair," in a style of philosophical humour far beyond the pretensions of my humble pen; but as he and I tread very different

* Agathocles was the son of a potter.

ground, and may not view objects through the same medium, I trust I may be permitted to follow in his wake, without incurring the charge of plagiarism, or even of servile imitation, although, to avoid these, will shorten my narrative.

Thomas Wallace, one of the servants, was to have the charge of conducting some cattle, and meet his master at market; we were to proceed by a road different from that by which I had travelled, which would give me an opportunity of seeing still more of the country. We started early; the day was fine, and we had a most pleasant ride.

On approaching the scene, many pleasing recollections occurred to my memory: again I seemed to mingle in the crowd, at the juvenile sports of throwing the cudgel at a ginger-bread cake, pricking the garter, twirling the wheel of fortune, witnessing the delectable exhibition of Punch and his wife, or the still more astonishing feats of a juggler eating fire and vomiting ribbons, red, green, and blue, as if there had been a score of Coventry weavers at work in his belly. Such were my delights when I first attended this fair; some years later, they gave place to the more refined pleasure of escorting home some rural beauty; when, if the highway was foul or dusty, leading her by a cleaner, probably longer, but at any rate a more sequestered path; perhaps, at intervals, pressing a cheek, which glowed like the harvest moon, then rising in the east to light us along. These, and such like, appeared as the departed spirits of former enjoyments, again hovering around me, or dancing before my fancy, as I entered the Fair; and I loathed the realities which chased away these more pleasing phantoms.

I walked over the arena in every direction, and viewed, with that interest which generally attaches to novelty, scenes which were constantly shifting before me; while my eyes were unsated, my ears were equally untired; the loud intonations and broad accents of Angushire, reminded me of langsyne; and many provincialisms, to which my ears had long been strangers, were instantly recognised as old friends. I listened with attention to the loquacity of a country wife, describing the qualities of a cow which she exhibited for sale; till, after hearing the enumeration of the animal's properties, which the good woman had almost exalted into virtues, I wondered how she could think of parting with a creature approaching so nearly to perfection. Tired of listening to the chafferings of selfishness, and the verbosity of low cunning, which often overshot its own mark, I turned to the more artless groups of children crowding around the stalls of the hucksters; and remarked the longing look, and hopeless eye, of the pennyless, gaping youngster, fixed on the gilded gingerbread, party-coloured confectionaries, wooden-houses, horses, bellows-birds, and a countless variety of edibles and toys, spread out in tempting array before him; and felt inclined to address them and their venders in the language of Thomson,

"——Ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!"

There was for a time much amusement in the Babel medley of sights and sounds by which I was on all sides surrounded. The shrill *bawbee whistle*, the squeaking green and gilded penny trumpet, the monotonous and unmusical notes of the mimic flageolet, the twanging strum of a Jew's harp, or the worse than cat-call scraping on a sixpenny fiddle; such were the amusements of the tiny, restless, and squalling urchins. Then there was the loud and boisterous laugh of the youthful rustic; the call of the itinerant showman, with all the capital cities of Europe on his back; the whine of the blind beggar sounded like a bass to the fiddle of the Savoyard, scraping to his dancing-dogs, till both were drowned in the deep and hoarse tones of the hawker, bawling out an account of a most horrid and bloody murder, or the last speech, confession, and dying words of some victim to offended justice; the pauses of the sly and waggish auctioneer's "going—going—gone!" were filled up by the melancholy cadences of the female ballad-singer, or the rough and husky voice of a lam sailor, halting on a crutch, with an empty sleeve dangling at his jacket,

and trolling over the doggerel and dismal ditty of his misfortunes; mounted on a cart, the apple-dealer invited customers, by holding up a sample of his stock, and calling out, "Look at the bonny, red-cheeked, round and sound flower of Monorgan!" Last and loudest, came the dinling drum, "ear-piercing fife," and humming drone of the bagpipe.

Although never a soldier, there is something in martial music which always touches my heart; and one of my amusements at home is to lean from my window, on a fine evening, listening to the serenade from the Castle-hill. A recruiting party now approached, and I recollected, that in the days of langsyne, on the spot where I now stood, I had listened, with ravished ears, to a Highland serjeant haranguing the croud. His figure and attitude were still vividly stretched on my memory; I again saw his martial and veteran features, as he brandished the glancing sword with brawny arm; the gorgeous plume of feathers nodding in his cap, and the guineas glittering in the sun, as they danced on the drum-head, to the playful tattooing of the drum-boy, as a prelude to the address of the redoubtable warrior, who invited all whose hearts beat high for martial glory, and whose brows ached for laurels,—servants who had tyrannical masters,—disappointed lovers, jilted by their sweathearts,—henpecked husbands, plagued with scolding and jealous wives,—those whom Fortune had capriciously thrown to the bottom of her wheel,—to join that honourable, old and bold, often-tried, and never-beaten corps, the regiment, commanded by a nobleman, who made all his privates non-commissioned officers, his serjeants ensigns, and his standard-bearers captains; all, in short, who panted for fame, or sighed for liberty, were invited to follow Serjeant Mactrap to his quarters, where they would be regaled with a bowl of punch, competent to drown all their cares, were they as numerous as blackberries in the wood of Glentanner, and so capacious, that a grenadier might swim in it, sword in hand, without either touching side or bottom. Such were generally the leading features of the speeches with which the red-coated orators tickled the ears of their gaping auditors, sometimes with considerable power of pleasantry, and flashes of broad humour. On the present occasion, I almost unconsciously joined the crowd which followed the military hero, expecting that he would soon make a halt, and specchify after the manner of langsyne; but I was disappointed, that mode of crimping being now either abolished by orders from head-quarters, or having fallen into desuetude, by general consent. Hence there may be a decay in martial eloquence; but as the business of a soldier is to fight, not to make speeches, it is pleasant to reflect that the laurels of our heroes are in no degree tarnished.

After some longer stay on the muir, I made few further observations, except that the trade of *horse-couping* had apparently fallen into more respectable hands; for having sat for a considerable time in a tent, to which I had been conducted by my cousin as his rendezvous, and having attentively listened to what was going on around me, I flattered myself that there seemed less propensity to cheating; or, if it did exist in its former vigour, it was prosecuted with more address; at any rate, there was not so much boasting and gasconade, or, in plain English, lying, and far less profane swearing; although I could not avoid remarking, that they drank less ale, and more whisky, than formerly: I presume we have the Premier's budget and the malt-tax to thank for that.

The farmer now informed me that we were to dine in Dundee, at half-past four o'clock; but as it would still be some time before he could leave the muir, I might, if wearied, take the gig and drive to town. Finding that it still wanted more than two hours to the time, I told him that I would rather prefer walking, for that I should like once more to climb the Law-hill. "Well, there is no fool like an old fool; however, take your own mind," said he, "only meet me at Jemmy M'Cosh's, in the head of the Murray-gate, exactly at the hour." By a zigzag direction, and the assistance of my cane, I reached the summit of the hill, although in much longer time,

and more fatigued, than I had anticipated: panting, and breathless, I sat down, and felt, with something like regret, how different a man I now was, from what I once knew myself, in the days of langsyne. Alas! how great the change, when I looked from the past to the present! Once, this day was a holiday, pregnant with spirit-stirring fun, frolic, mirth, love, and rural happiness; now, in the short space of a few hours, I had felt it not only vapid and insipid, but wearisome and fatiguing. This I was convinced proceeded from my palled appetite and blunted feelings, now less susceptible of excitement; for, on thinking of the scene I had just left, I was obliged to own, that the cattle were as fat, the horses as sleek and handsome, and "the human face divine" as lovely as ever, although none had their wonted powers of attraction for me. I was now in a moralizing mood, produced by the fatigue I had undergone, and still felt; and my elevation above the surrounding scenery, the lowing of cattle, the neighing of horses, and other commingling sounds, all tended to promote my reverie.

In my early days, when rambling over the muirs, I had contracted a habit of raising the flat stones under which the ants or emmets burrow, in the dry hillocks on the heath; I had a strange pleasure in thus rudely uncovering their subterranean abodes, and disturbing their peaceful, and, for ought I know, happy hours; but my delight was to contemplate the alarm and confusion which I had thus suddenly produced; I began to remark their parental solicitude in their constant attention to their young, which were still in an embryo state; and I believe my experiments were repeated, that I might observe this propensity with greater accuracy. I have seen an ant drag along his burden till worn out with fatigue; it would then depart, pass through the crowd, as if in search of a friend, which, having found, they would return together, and, by their united efforts, effect what the solitary individual had been unable to accomplish.

I looked down upon the muir; the peopled scene I had just left now extended beneath my feet; and as I gazed upon the crowd of rational and irrational beings, huddled together in a narrow space, I could not help comparing the scene to an ant hill. It required only a little farther stretch of fancy, to imagine a being of superior order, who would look on the bustling concerns of men with the same indifference with which I had surveyed the busy insects; my imagination invested him with the qualities and powers of a Destroying Angel: and, instead of the handful of mortals in my view, fancy ranged to Pompeii and Herculaneum, where palaces and cottages, potentates and plebeians, were buried deep beneath a torrent of burning lava, or swallowed up in the convulsions of nature; and I felt convinced, that, compared with the universe, these scenes of desolation were only like the shaking or levelling of an ant-hill. In such musings did I sit till it was time to descend and join the farmer at his rendezvous.

On my arrival at Dundee, I found my cousin waiting, and immediately sat down with a few respectable farmers. A luxurious and most substantial dinner was followed by the usual appendage of whisky-punch. The state of the market, the merits of some brood mares, and other kindred topics, had been discussed, and were followed by a dispute whether we should have the bill or another bowl, when the landlord called my cousin out. We heard him instantly addressed in a voice which seemed to be a woman's, and evidently in distress. "What means this, Janet? come in and tell me what's the matter," cried the farmer, introducing a plain-looking girl, whom I had seen reaping on his fields: she appeared in great perturbation of spirits, and in a kind of hysterical tone, exclaimed, "O, Sir, Tam's listed,—staggering up and down the causey, wi' a cockade in his hat, an' a naked sword in his han'—I'm fley'd he'll gi'e somebody an uncanny straik, for he's no' himsel',—the've filled him fu', and then jappanned him,—an' Meg Lindsay's hingin' in his tail wi' the tae han', an' rivin' the hair out o' her head wi' the tither—O, Sir, will ye come an' try to get him aff, for I'm sure he's been jappanned, for he was ay

against sogerin'." The farmer replied, "I should hardly have thought your brother had time to get drunk since he came to town; however, he is a good ploughman, and a faithful servant; I must see what can be done —where are they?" "I left them at the corse,—but, hark! they're comin' this way; I hear the drum!" We went down stairs, and were just in time to see Tam strutting behind the serjeant, brandishing a drawn sword, and heeling like a ship in a storm. Meg Lindsay was still keeping alongside, with tears streaming down her cheeks. The farmer walked up to the serjeant, desiring him to halt, as he wished to speak to his servant. Turning round to Thomas, he mildly said, "Ay, Tam, that's a bit bonny steel you've got—let me look at it." Tam staggering to one side, cried, "Ah, gudeman, is this you?" but shewed no inclination to part with his weapon. The farmer, walking close up to him, wrested it from him, calling out, "Wha taks charge o' that?—fools shouldna' ha'e chappin' sticks!" After a stare of surprise, Tam stammered out, "Saul! you're no' blate, after a'; however, I winna' lift my han' against my auld master, but I wadna' allowed the provost o' Dundee to tak' my sword, —but ye're a fine fallow, farmer, an' I've eaten your bannock this seven year,—come awa', an' I'll gi'e ye a bowl o' punch afore we sinder," and he slapped his master's shoulder with great familiarity. "O Tam! how can ye speak that way to your master?" cried Meg Lindsay. "Master! he's nae master o' mine,—I've nae master but King George the Fourth, God save him! an' bless the British grandydeers,—hurra!" As he still kept his place, with the exception of some zig-zag deviations, Meg, emboldened by the farmer's presence, took his arm, crying, "Come awa' out among that menzie, Tam!" He attempted to throw his arm around her neck, saying, or rather chanting out, "Dinna greet to grieve me, lassie,—come, gi'e me a kiss, Meg, my bonny muir-hen,—I'm gaun to Injey, my dear, to gather diamonts, to busk my bonny Meg, an' I'm comin' back, ye little dear, dawtit thing, to mak' ye a captain's lady!" As the girl drew back from his boisterous freedoms, the farmer desired the females to retire, as he would manage the business better in their absence; he then addressed his servant in a tone of authority, saying, "Come, Sir, we have had quite enough of this folly; go and put the harness on my horse." "He is no longer your servant, Sir," said the serjeant. "Is he really so fairly enlisted?" inquired the farmer. "Yes," was the reply. "Was it before he was drunk?" "Drunk! he is not drunk!" said the serjeant. Tom was a smart, fine-looking young fellow, and the crimp felt great reluctance to quit his prize. "Come, come, serjeant, it wont do —I must have my servant." "He is his Majesty's recruit, Sir, and I'll keep him!" "Ay, that's it, serjeant! stand up for your King an' my right!" cried Tam; "I'm a hero already—wha kens what I may be, by the time I come back frae boxing the blackeys in Injey? 'How happy's the soldier who lives on his pay!' row-de-dow, tantoo, hurra!" cried Tam, tossing his hat in the air; and stepping up to his master, he took his hand, saying, "Gang awa' hame, gudeman—farewell, and God bless you! I'll come back an' see you when I'm a captain!" "You see, Sir, the man is resolved," said the serjeant. "I see a drunken fool, Sir! and to be plain, I also see the man who first deprived him of his senses, and then of his liberty!" "What, Sir! do you call British soldiers slaves?" "I have no time to dispute with you, and no inclination to be bullied—do you give me back my servant?" "No." "Very well, Sir; you cannot attest him till he is sober—but of that there is little chance while he continues in your company; I shall therefore take both him and you before a magistrate—give bail for his appearance—and, when come to his senses, if he says he was fairly enlisted, he is yours; but your conduct shall be strictly investigated." The serjeant finding whom he had to deal with, yielded the contest, faced about, and returned to the High-Street, leaving Tom with his friends. The ploughman's thirst for military glory was not yet quenched, and pricking up his ears at the distant sound of the drum, he took the opportunity of running up the Murray-

gate at full speed, while the farmer was talking to an acquaintance. His motion, although swift, was rather irregular, and his powers of vision not very distinct: from one or other of these causes, or probably from a combination of both, when opposite to the Dog-well, he run foul of a tall, broad-shouldered, and brawny Irishman, with a board on his head, on which stood all the members of the Holy Alliance, in stucco-work. The sudden contact of the two bodies moving in opposite directions, produced a concussion, which proved fatal to mimic royalty; down came the platform which supported the regulators of the world; the sacred contract was dissolved in a moment; and the decapitation of crowned heads would have delighted the most sanguine *sans culottes*, or ferocious *poissardes*, with which France was ever disgraced. The Irishman kept upon his legs; but Tom, from the greater velocity of his motion, and being now the lighter body, fell in the repulsion he had experienced, and lay grappling at the Hibernian's legs, in futile attempts to recover his perpendicular position. The well was within a few feet of the fatal spot, and a couple of servant girls had just filled a large washing-tub with water. The Milesian cast a dejected look on the mighty ruins scattered around his feet; but being, like most of his countrymen, a fellow of some humour, he lifted the ploughman, by neck and heels, from his recumbent posture, and, with Herculean arm, pitched him into the washing-tub head foremost. We arrived just in time to see the quondam hero assisted from his cold-bath, and placed, like a drowned rat, in the centre of a crowd, still accumulating. The shock and sudden change of element had completely annihilated the few senses which he had previously possessed, and his speech became both unintelligible and incoherent. He was conducted to our quarters, followed by the mob; and being assisted up stairs, a smart fit of sickness, and its usual concomitants after intoxication, recalled his scattered senses, and he soon became sober, blushing for his folly. Under the escort of some acquaintances, who had witnessed his disgrace, he went out by a back way, and left town, accompanied by his sister and sweetheart.

We arrived at home very late; next morning, after breakfast, upon walking out, I met my old friend Saunders Mitchell. After a pause, and a snuff from his crooked-horn, I inquired whether he could take a walk with me? "Ay, Sir, it will gi'e me pleasure; but whare are we to gang?" "I wish to have another look, most probably the last, at the site of my old residence, which, although I could have wished to have seen still standing, I am far better pleased to find, as it were, blotted out, than to have seen its roofless and ruined walls, a melancholy picture of desolation."

We proceeded, and upon entering the Park-gate, Saunders, pointing to two pollards planted as gate-posts, said, "Could ye claim ony acquaintance wi' thae sticks, Sir?" "I do not recognize them." "Weel, Sir, thae are the twa meikle trees that grew in the kail-yard, whare the pyets bigget their nests for many years: and see! there's the twa jaumbs of your grandfather's ben-chimley, set up to keep the carts off them." Passing forward, we both, as it were, instinctively stood still. "Here," said I, "is the spot where once was the seat of domestic happiness—the scene of rural and innocent delight: all is now still and silent as the tomb!" "Ay, Sir, and the day's now near at hand, when, by the course of nature, we maun lie as still and silent as the scene around us." Right before us was a small stream, creeping, or rather stagnating in the grass. "There," said I, "is the pure stream, where I delighted to dip my infant feet, and, in after years, found a still keener pleasure in romping on its banks with your Mary, on a summer evening, as she lightly skipped, bare-footed, gathering her washing from the daisied green: alas! the stream is no longer clear, but polluted by the feet of beasts." "Ay, and look at the fountain, surrounded with the flag-stanes that paved your grandfather's chamber floor; they now serve as a fence to keep the cattle frae breaking down the grass." This was too much, and I turned aside my head. Saunders stepped forward to the corner of the park,

while I followed at a slight distance. "Come awa,' Sir," said he; "d' ye see the remains of an auld acquaintance here?" and he pointed to a cluster of shoots of the mountain-ash, from an old stock. "Ken ye ony thing about thae, Sir?" "Why, I recollect of planting a mountain-ash in the corner of the garden, when a very young boy; it grew luxuriantly, and, before I left the country, its scarlet berries were glowing in the autumnal sun; but I had forgotten the circumstance; can these be scions from its stem?" "Even so, Sir: it was named your tree, for several years after you left us. It was ance a bonny stick, wi' a braid green head spread out to the dews of heaven; but its fine bunches of scarlet berries tempted the callans, and no content wi' pu'ing the fruit, they brake down the tree, till scarcely a flowering branch was left, and dang down the dykes, climbing to get at it, till at last your cousin cut it down. Did ye ken Effie Thornton? I doubt ye'll no mind o' her; she wad be only a haflin cummer when ye left the parish. Ye'll ferly how I should think or speak about her just now, and sae abruptly; but thae rowan-tree shoots fetch her to my mind ilka time I see them. Ye'll mind brawlie o' her father, Archy Thornton, the jutling, weirdless body, wha staid at Mossknow; and ye maybe kent his idle, clashing wife, Effie Lundie; they were twa worthless beings, no wordy o' sic a bairn; and a' body wha kent her, thought it a pity to see sic a fine bit lassie left to their guiding; for no ane o' them had sense enough to gi'e her a good advice, and good example was still farer out o' the question: but the cummer grew up a stately, handsome lass, wi' a face o' sic sweet simplicity and guileless innocence, as should ha'e been her protection frae a' evil. Indeed we might have applied to her that wild, but beautifully romantic verse of Burns, had it then been written, the idea of which, I have nae doubt, he took frae Milton's description of Satan's feelings, upon first seeing Eve in the garden of Eden:

'The de'il he couldna skaith thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, I canna wrang thee!'

Such, Sir, was Effie Thornton's face langsyne; but the cultivation of her mind was early neglected. She was flattered and courted by mair than ane aboon her ain station—and ye may guess what happened; yet, to me, the wonder wasna that she fell, but that she had sae lang resisted temptation. Many ane, wha cared for neither her father nor mither, were sair concerned for the poor lassie; for, after her mistake, she never looked out of her father's door, but sat at her wheel wi' the tear in her e'e, rocking her untimely cradle; and some had fears that the poor thing wad gang demented, she laid her sin and shame sae meikle to heart.

It happened ae simmer gloaming, I had been sent for to mend the stile opposite to us; the job was just finished, when I saw Effie coming down the park, wi' her bairnie in her arms. It was a bonny quiet night, and the clouds in the west, like deep purple curtains, bordered wi' burning gowd; but I thought na of them, for a' my attention was ta'en up about the poor lassie before me. Knowing that she thought shame to be seen, I sat down upon a hillock, where she couldna see me, wi' my e'e at a hole in the dyke, to watch her motions, which were strange enough; for sometimes she walked very fast, and at ithers stood stane-still; I wasna athegither easy about her, and resolved to see the upshot. Your tree was then standing, but sair denuded of its branches, hardly a bunch o' flowers to be seen on what was left. Weel, Sir, Effie comes up close to the tree, casts a sad and dowie look at its torn head, and then sighing as if her heart had been ready to burst, said, in a lamentable tone, and loud enough for me to hear, 'Ah! hapless tree! your fate has been like mine; our beauty has proved our ruin; the hand of the spoiler has passed over us, and our loveliness is blasted for ever!' Here the poor thing sobbed aloud, leaning against the tree, and wiping the tears which trickled down her bloodless cheeks. She stept back a few paces, and wi' her bairn on her left arm, laid her right hand upon her heart, and heaving a deep sigh, uttered the publican's prayer in the gospel, saying, 'O God, be merciful to me, a sinner;

grant me grace to repent, and to forgive the author of my disgrace!' So saying, she walked slowly up the park, clasping her infant closer to her bosom." "But what became of her? and who was her seducer?" "She is langsyne laid where the wicked cease from troubling. Her seducer was one of our dashing young farmers, who had made proposals of marriage to her, but afterwards refused to fulfil his engagement, although it was generally believed that he really liked the girl; but gowd, and greed of gear, sindered them. Her health and spirits declined daily after her disgrace; when her baby was weaned, and when ilka ane wha saw her said she was hastening to the grave, the farmer, moved by compassion, or stung by remorse, visited her, and made offer of his hand in marriage; she cast a languid and half-reproachful look at him, and merely said, 'It is now too late!' her delicate and susceptible mind doubtless feeling a sentiment similar to that so beautifully and tenderly expressed by Shenstone's Jessy—

'Nor could it heal my grief, nor share my shame,
That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.'

She drooped like a delicate flower wi' a worm at the root, and died in less than a towmont after she had refused the hand of her seducer." "And what became of him?" "O Sir, he got the wissle of his groat, as we say; he married a farmer's dochter, for the sake o' her tocher, for there was naething else to be liked about her: she was ignorant, proud, selfish, and overbearing; and he still lives a dull, hen-pecked snool!" "And the child, what of it?" "After the mother's death, the farmer took home his son; but when he married, the bairn became an eyesore in the new wife's sight: for the sake of peace he was put away: however, he grew up, went to sea, and was drowned: so that the childless father now passes his dreary days wi' a barren and jealous wife." "Ay, he has met retributive justice, and is now reaping the fruits of his early crimes," said I, and we passed on in silence for a minute or two. "I think this tale of langsyne has made you melancholy," said Saunders; "we must start some ither subject. You mentioned retributive justice; do you recollect any instance in which it visited you?" "Not at present?" "So you have forgot how, on a Saturday afternoon, when we left school, you and Charlie Smith tied your granny's twa cats thegither by the hind heels, wi' a string about an ell atween them, and flang them o'er a cupple bawk in the barn, when ilka ane o' the poor animals, ignorantly supposing that its fellow was the cause of its sufferings, they began to tear and worry at each other, wi' a din, compared to which the sharping of a score of saws, or ringing the noses of as many pigs, would have been music and harmony. When your hearts were satiated wi' this barbarous sport, or, I believe, rather afraid of being catched and punished, you baith wished to part the angry combatants, but kent na how; for any attempt to loose the string exposed you to the attack of ane or baith o' them. It was at last agreed that you should climb up, creep along the cupple bawk, and cut the string—this you effected; but lost your balance, fell wi' a dirdum on the floor, disjointed your wrist, and went about for an owk or twa, like a lame sailor, wi' your shank in a sling—Wasna that retributive justice? It was a practical lesson o' humanity, which ye were na likely to forget in a hurry. D'ye mind o' your prank at the Witch-pool, when Andrew Peter was sitting upon the brae, in the jouk of a thorn-buss, wi' Meg Blair in his oxter, on a simmer gloaming, and you creepit sleely in behind them, and fired a pistol o'er their heads? Ye'll no ha'e forgotten what followed." "Yes; I recollect that Andrew was at my heels in a twinkling, and having threatened to break every bane in my skin, carried me back to Meg, laid me at her feet, then rolled me down the brae, and flang me into the pool." "Weel, you got retributive justice there again, and full measure; but you were aye a pawky youngster, and got yoursel' into many a scrape, for the sake o' diversion." "I believe it is very true, Saunders—but that joke did not end there; Meg was a servant of my grandfather's, and my

bed-maker: next night, she contrived to sprinkle my sheets with a substance which as effectually prevented sleep, as if I had been laid on a bed of green nettles; for although less painful, they were innumerable, and incessant in their operation; Meg and another maid slept in a room which was divided from mine by a wooden partition, and I heard their smothered laugh at my teasing situation, as I tossed, tumbled, and fidgetted. Fretted and wearied out, I left my bed, went to the barn-yard, threw myself on some straw, in the shade of a hay stack, and soon fell soundly asleep. According to the fashion of the day, I had long hair; something tickled my nose; I awoke, and the rising sun shone right in my face; on attempting to lift my head, I found that, like Gulliver in Lilliput, it was fastened to the ground, and, with some difficulty, I discovered that my hair was knotted to the steps of a ladder behind me. Long, laborious, and abortive, were my efforts to untie the knots, as I struggled and kicked my feet with vexation. At last, a loud laugh burst out at the corner of the stack, and instantly Meg and her companion stood before me; they had been witnesses of my distress, and enjoying my ludicrous grimaces. Meg, although she had thus teased me, was a good-natured girl, but, like myself, delighted in what she thought innocent fun. She now came up to me laughing, and said, 'Weel, callan, ye spoiled my sport last gloamin'—I've sticket your sleep for ae night, and we're now clear; sae, if you like, we'll kiss and be friends.' I could neither refuse nor be angry, for I was in her power, and her face was the index of good humour. She kneeled down beside me, and patting my head as if I had been a child, in Allan Ramsay's style, 'kissed me frae lug to lug.' 'Now, are we friends?' said she, smiling. 'Yes,' replied I. 'Weel, then, I'll let you up; you've paid dear enough for your joke, but Andrew will make an apology to you for flinging you into the pool, although I could na lose my sport; but we're a' friends again. I'm thinking I've gotten your mither's kiss; if sae, ye maun promise to keep mine till ye get a beard, and have been thrice shaven; syne come to me, and if I ha'e yours, ye'll get it back again; though I've some dread it will be awa' before that time; but yese be welcome to the best I ha'e!' Such was the issue of that prank, and such is a specimen of the rustic frolics and guileless merriment of langsyne."

We continued to wander round the park, moralizing on the lapse of time, and the mutability of all earthly objects; topics which have furnished themes for preachers, poets, and philosophers, from the days of Job even till now. As we again passed the spring-well, Saunders observed me casting an indignant look at the purpose to which the stones from the floor of my grandfather's chamber had been applied. "I see ye're no pleased wi' your cousin's wark there," said he; "your displeasure is the result of good feeling, but not of sound sense; when the pitcher is broken, it is seldom that the fragments are put to any use. Your dust and mine may yet come to be much farther degraded than these sclate stanes. It may cover, or even mingle, wi' that of some, whom, if we had kent, we would have despised to have sent wi' the dogs of our flocks; or, still mair humiliating to our pride, it may be destined to feed the soil, and raise corn for the posterity of our bitterest enemy; and in that case, the assertion of Gray, that 'even in our ashes live our wonted fires,' will fail; for wrath, hatred, envy, and every malignant passion, will have no influence upon the grain that springs from our dust; it will prove both nutritive and salutary. It's no many years ago since we had nae little ado, in our parish, about the minister's kye pasturing in the kirk-yard; the milk, butter, and cheese, at the Manse, were pronounced poisonous, and it was reckoned a species of cannibalism to eat them. They who reasoned this way thought na of the hen devouring the worms that have preyed upon our progenitors, or the bee that collects her store frae the wild-flowers on our fathers' graves; the eggs and honey are eaten without scruple or squeamishness. I insisted that the minister's kye should na gang there, because I thought it uncomely for the turf that covered our friends, and

the earth which had been carefully gathered o'er them, to be trodden down by the feet o' cattle ; but that was a very different objection." We had now finished our walk, and Saunders said, " Are you no to step up by, and spier for Mary ?" " Not to-day, Saunders,—I shall be waited for to dinner before I get in ; but I intend seeing her again before my departure." We parted, as I now do with the reader, expecting soon to meet again ; meantime, I am, very respectfully, yours,

SENEX.

LINES ON THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF A FEMALE CHILD.

SHE's gone from hall—she's gone from bower,
As flits the viewless wind,
That breathes the sweets of every flower,
And leaves no trace behind !
E'en as a shadow at noonday—
A moment seen, then fled away—
She pass'd—unheard her last farewell—
But where—nor earth nor ocean tell !

They miss'd her when the evening dew
Was wept o'er lawn and lea,
They miss'd her when the twilight drew
Its veil o'er earth and sea !—
But every voice of her is mute—
No traces of her little foot,
So light, the flowers might scarcely feel
Her path—her parting steps reveal !

They sought her in the valley lone—
They sought her in the wood,—
They sought her where the stream steals on
In silence to the flood ;—
They sought her by the dizzy height
Where ocean climbs the rock of might—
They saw but blackening sea and sky—
They heard but wild-bird's moaning cry !

Could heart and hand all ruthless be
To harm so fair a thing ?
To pluck the blossom from the tree
And keep it withering ?
In woe and wandering lives she still ?
The voices of the rock and hill,
Grove, glen, and cavern of the main,
Have call'd on her—but call'd in vain !

A mother's tears ne'er pass away,
Her sorrows ne'er depart ;
Her dream by night—her thought by day
This lost one of her heart !
No balm can soothe the deep despair
That dwells like deadly night-shade there,
Till from her burning brain at last
Shall death or madness blot the past.

Sonnet,

From the Spanish of Francisco de Quevedo.

" Buscas en Roma a Roma, o Peregrino
Y en Roma misma a Roma no la hallas."

PILGRIM ! in Rome itself thou seek'st for Rome,
And Rome, in Rome itself, thou seek'st in vain ;
Her mighty carcase moulders on the plain ;
The Aventine becomes its own sad tomb ;
Low lies the Palatine ; and doubt and gloom
Hang o'er those mouldering trophies that remain,
Once the proud prize that valour strove to gain,
Now, stern memorials of the hand of Doom.
Unchanged alone her Tyber rolls his tide,
Whose waters, as they bathed her in her pride,
Now wail above her tomb with funeral moan.
O Rome ! of all thy proud and fair array,
All that was form'd to last hath pass'd away,
The ever-flying wave remains alone.

VIEW OF MR SCORESBY'S DISCOVERIES IN WEST GREENLAND*

THE intelligence and enterprise of Mr Scoresby have now justly established him in the foremost rank of modern navigators. The phenomena of the Arctic world, so striking, so different from those of our more favoured climates, have been delineated by him with the utmost degree of scientific and picturesque precision. On this subject, his former work includes a vast mass of novel and important information; and the present volume, the result of his last summer's voyage, makes a very important addition. Mr S. has here made an accurate survey of a coast about eight hundred miles in length, which has hitherto been traced by a merely conjectural, and very erroneous line, on our modern maps. In some of the points supposed to be known, an error of not less than twelve or fourteen degrees had been committed; and a navigator proceeding upon these delineations, might have supposed himself half-way back to Faroe, when, in fact, he was only in the latitude of the northern coast of Iceland. The survey of this coast, moreover, derives a historical and almost romantic interest, from the civilized and Christian colonies, which early tradition reports as having been established upon the most southern part of it. They are described as having been formed into a hundred and ninety hamlets, constituting twelve parishes, over which a bishop presided. Mystery still hangs over the cause which, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, cut off all communication between these colonies and the rest of the civilized world. The most gloomy impressions have prevailed in Europe as to their fate. Some have supposed them exterminated by that dreadful pestilence, called the black death, which, in the middle of the fourteenth century, spread generally over Europe. This does not appear to us very probable. Greenland was too distant, and was not a climate where a malady of that nature was likely to take root. There seems more room for ascribing it to the sudden setting down of the Polar ice, which at present generally incloses this part of the Eastern coast and Cape Farewell, its most southerly point. That the colony might then be insulated, and cut off from intercourse with the civilized world, seems, indeed, highly probable; but it may be a very rash inference, that the colonies, in consequence, perished. Bleak as these shores are, they afford, even to the rudest savages, the means of clothing and subsistence, without any foreign supplies. Although, therefore, they have never been reached, it may by no means follow that they are not in existence. Some faint rumours and notices, to a contrary effect, have even been received. It is true, that Eggers, a late Danish writer, has composed a treatise, in which he endeavours to prove, that all the ancient colonies were really on the West coast, and that part of them were called *East*, merely because they were a little farther east than the other. Being, unluckily, not able to read the Danish treatise, we can form our judgment only from the brief analyses of Malte Brun. We certainly do not see on what ground Mr Scoresby can consider the course, first south-west, and then north-west, as conclusive against this hypothesis; on the contrary, it seems, as the Danes urge, decidedly to favour it. Notwithstanding this circumstance, however, we incline to think that these writers are mistaken. The period employed in the voyage seems too short to be accounted for by any supposition of favourable currents. If we may trust to the old sailing-directions, which Purchas got translated out of the Norse language, East Greenland must have been the coast opposite to Iceland. He says, that, mid-way between Iceland and Greenland, you

* Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale-fishery; including Researches and Discoveries on the Eastern coast of West Greenland, made in the summer of 1822, in the ship Baffin of Liverpool. By William Scoresby, Junior, F.R.S.E, M.W.S., &c. &c. Commander. Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robison, & Co. Cheapside, London. 1823.

see a high mountain in both; that on the Greenland side, which he calls Whitsarke, forming the point from which the navigator steers directly north-west upon Erick's Haven. He says, besides, that the course is chiefly due west, and that the north-west line is merely a *detour*, made to avoid the ice. We are persuaded, therefore, that the colonies in question were situated upon the Eastern coast, probably upon a deep bay or inlet, similar to that which Mr Scorseby has discovered in the course of the present voyage.

The great breaking up of the ice on the Eastern coast of Greenland, which appears to have taken place within these few years, afforded hopes that the site of these long-lost colonies might at length be explored. No one, however, has yet made any approach to this discovery. Even Mr Scoresby has not reached the precise line of coast, though he has gone over a great extent to the north of it. Having discovered, however, in this still more unfavourable quarter, traces of extensive inhabitation, he has completely refuted the assertion, that the whole of this Eastern coast is bound in perpetual ice, and incapable of affording shelter to a human inhabitant. He has also given every reason to suppose, that the coast would have been open to his research, had not humbler, but more necessary avocations, compelled him to withdraw from it.

We shall now take a general view of the additions made by Mr Scoresby to our geographical knowledge.

The coast now surveyed by this enterprising navigator extends from the 69th to the 75th degrees of north latitude, terminating, to the north, in a point discovered by the Dutch, and called by them *Gale Hamke's* Land. The first thing that drew attention, was the enormous error committed in the common charts, to which the whale-fishers have as yet implicitly trusted. The latitude is, indeed, correct; but the longitude is nearly fourteen degrees too far east, the real longitude being 18°50′. In fact, that rapid trending to the west, which our geographers give to the whole of this coast, does not exist to any great extent in the part of it surveyed by Captain Scoresby. His most southerly point, Cape Barclay, is not more than five degrees west of his most northerly point; the general direction of the coast is thus south, with only a slight declination to the west.

The next important new feature in the coast is, that, instead of forming that unbroken line which our charts represent, it is penetrated and indented in so extraordinary a manner, by sounds and inlets, to which no termination could be discovered, as powerfully to impress the belief, that all the extensive coasts of East and West Greenland, instead of one huge entire continent, belong to a vast Archipelago of islands. One large portion, called here the Liverpool Coast, about a hundred miles from north to south, was clearly ascertained to be insulated on the west side by Hurry's Inlet, separating it from the interior range of Jameson's Land, which, itself being encompassed by sounds stretching indefinitely in every direction, will probably prove to be likewise insular. The largest inlet, to which Mr Scoresby gave the name of his father, corresponded so nearly to another, called Jacob's Bight, traced on the Northern coast by Sir Charles Giesecké, and found by him to stretch Eastward into an extensive sea, as strongly to countenance the supposition that there is here a communication between Baffin's Bay and the ocean. The phenomena of the currents also forcibly impressed the same belief. As coasts, however, are susceptible of every various degrees of indentation, it must still remain uncertain, and perhaps not very probable, that there should not be some great mass of continent connecting together the extensive shores of East and West Greenland.

The coasts are high, rocky, whitened with perpetual snows, and exposed to the rolling of continual avalanches. Such, at least, is the character of all that which faces the ocean; for the interior coast, called Jameson's Land, has a flat shore, and becomes mountainous only at some distance inland. These ranges are not excessively high, usually not exceeding 3000 feet; though there was one mountain, in what was called Davy's Sound, which appeared to have 6000 feet of elevation. Their aspect, in general, is dark and sterile in the extreme, dis-

playing an almost unequalled degree of bold and rugged grandeur. They rise precipitously from the sea, and present a continued succession of elevated peaks, cones, or pyramids, with the most rugged assemblage of sharp rocks jutting from their sides. In one part of the coast, they are usually surmounted by ranges of vertical pinnacles, so uniform and parallel, as to resemble ranks of soldiers. The sharpness of the summits, and the steepness of the sides of these rocks, prevented the snow from being lodged to the same extent as in other quarters.

The mountains along the Northern shores of Scoresby's Inlet present the same general aspect as on the coasts fronting the ocean. Certain peculiarities in their structure, however, give them a highly picturesque aspect. They are broken by numerous parallel horizontal strata, or beds, forming ledges not unlike steps, on a gigantic scale, and distinguished from the rest of the dark precipitous surfaces, by lines of snow, which give the whole a very beautiful appearance. This coast is a perpetual source of icebergs, which are formed in the numerous valleys and ravines by which the mountains are intersected. Hence the sea, to an extent of thirty or forty miles, is covered with these floating bergs, often a mile in circumference, and 1000 feet thick. The general aspect of the coast, when not covered with snow, is a bistre brown, and the rocks consist generally of secondary, or floetz-trap, though there is a mixture of those of the primitive formation.

Traill Island, near the Northern extremity of the range, presents cliffs of a very remarkable aspect. Besides being very lofty, abrupt, and rising into acute pinnacles, they present a singular variety of colours. The prevailing tint, which is slate-blue, or blueish grey, is variegated by zig-zag strata of bright blue and red. On a more minute examination, it appeared that the slate clay, of which these rocks principally consist, forms, in its vertical arrangement, lanceolate pinnacles, and is repeatedly intersected in waving lines, running horizontally with yellow and red-stained porphyry; so that the pinnacles behind, as they progressively attain a greater elevation, and become visible one over another, present numerous serpentine bands of various colours, running parallel to each other. These colours, which are remarkably bright, were traced to the decomposition of iron pyrites. The yellow bands, or veins, were found to consist of whitish porphyry, containing many embedded grains and crystals of pyrites, whose decomposition produced the yellow incrustation; while the red bands were either porphyry, or slate clay, coloured also by the decomposed pyrites, in a different state of oxidation. The Northern termination of these cliffs at Cape Moorsom, consists of an acute ridge, the summit of which is formed by a series of elevated pinnacles, so extremely slender, so full of rents, and so devoid of support, unless from a narrow base, that it seems surprising how they retain their position; and indeed the foot of the ridge is covered with vast masses of rock, apparently the ruins of the pinnacled summit.

We were interested by Mr Scoresby's account of his ascent of one of these formidable steeps:

I landed under Vandyke Cliffs, near Cape Moorsom, on a steep slope, formed by the debris of the rocks above. After one unsuccessful attempt to ascend, I entered upon a slope included between two precipitous rocks, and with much labour accomplished about 500 feet, above which, the cliff rising vertically, prevented farther progress in that direction; but, after skirting the brow of another precipice below me, where the inclination was at least 50°, and the surface entirely composed of loose sharp stones, I reached the bottom of a chasm between two prodigious pinnacles, and again proceeded upward. This attempt, which I was induced to undertake for the purpose of collecting specimens of the rocks and plants, eventually assumed such a hazardous aspect, that I would gladly have relinquished it, could I have conveniently returned. The rocks of the pinnacles bounding the chasm, distant about twenty feet from each other, were vertical on both sides. One of these rocks, which was greatly decomposed and broken, so as to afford by no means a firm hold, I was obliged to grasp with my left hand, and to thrust my right hand among the loose stones, while every step was accomplished; and it frequently

required considerable exuberation before a second step could be attempted. A slip of the foot here might have been fatal, as the bottom of the chasm opened on a precipice of 400 or 500 feet, over which, whenever I moved, a large shower of the loose stones about me were immediately precipitated. At the top, I expected to find at least some portion of flat surface, that I hoped would repay me, by its productions, for the hazardous exploit into which my anxiety for specimens of minerals, plants, and animals, had unexpectedly betrayed me. But, to my surprise, the top proved to be a ridge (with the sea on both sides) narrower and sharper than the top of the highest pitched roof. Here I rested for a few minutes, seated on the ridge, with a leg over each side, pointed to the water, under two terrific vertical pinnacles, between two and three hundred feet in elevation. These actually vibrated with the force of the wind, and appeared altogether so shattered and unstable, that it was astonishing how they remained erect. I was far from being at ease in such a threatening situation, and therefore made a hasty retreat, by sliding down the side opposite to that by which I had ascended, a good deal rejoiced to find that this, being less steep, and not so dangerously interrupted by precipices, afforded a much safer descent than the other.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact, that through every part of this coast, notwithstanding its high latitude, and the bleakness of its aspect, wherever, at the foot of the most awful cliffs, the smallest portion of beach was left, there were found traces of inhabitation, as numerous as the situation admitted. Where the space was sufficient, the houses were clustered together in small hamlets, of from eight to ten. It is equally remarkable, that no actual view of any human being was ever obtained. Every hamlet and cottage which they entered was empty. At the same time, the dwellings could not be considered as belonging to an ancient race, now extinguished or departed. The marks of occupation were recent; it being in many cases impossible, that the time elapsed since the departure of the people could have exceeded two or three months. One conjecture was, that they had all fled at sight of the ships; but this is not very usual, or probable, even in the case of the most savage tribes. Besides, there was in no instance any proof of the inhabitation being very recent; and often the contrary was evident, for the houses were unroofed; a circumstance not proving ruin, because, being of wood, a substance peculiarly rare and valuable, they were probably carried along with them; but it proved at least temporary desertion. The most reasonable supposition seemed, therefore, to be, that they had removed to some other point of the coast or country, where the animals on which they subsisted might be found in greater plenty. We should think it not improbable, though the conjecture is not mentioned by Captain Scoresby, that they might, at this mid-summer season, be hunting on the interior of the lands, to return, as winter approached, to their fishing-stations and sheltered cottages.

Mr Scoresby has given a description of these winter huts, differing in some respects from the idea which we had formed of them, and of some circumstances strikingly illustrative of the superstitions of the natives.

Traces of inhabitation, some of them recent, occurred all over the plain at the foot of Neill's Cliffs. The most considerable and striking consisted of the remains of a hamlet composed of nine or ten huts in close combination, besides many others scattered about the margin of the flat. This place, indeed, afforded the most admirable site that could have been selected, for the structures used by the Esquimaux for their winter's residences; being elevated about 50 feet above the beach, perfectly dry, and presenting a rapid slope towards the river that limits the plain on the south side, and towards the beach which forms the eastern boundary. The roofs of all the huts had either been removed or had fallen in; what remained, consisted of an excavation in the ground at the brow of the bank, about 4 feet in depth, 15 in length, and 6 to 9 in width. The sides of each hut were sustained by a wall of rough stones, and the bottom appeared to be gravel, clay, and moss. The access to these huts, after the manner of the Esquimaux, was a horizontal tunnel perforating the ground, about 15 feet in length, opening at one extremity on the side of the bank, into the external air, and, at the other, communicating with the interior of the hut. This tunnel was so low, that a person must creep on his hands and knees to get into the dwelling: it was roofed with slabs of stone and sods.

This kind of hut being deeply sunk in the earth, and being accessible only by a subterranean passage, is generally considered as formed altogether under ground. As, indeed, it rises very little above the surface, and as the roof, when entire, is generally covered with sods, and clothed with moss or grass, it partakes so much of the appearance of the rest of the ground, that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. I was much struck by its admirable adaptation to the nature of the climate and the circumstances of the inhabitants. The uncivilized Esquimaux, using no fires in these habitations, but only lamps, which serve both for light and for warming their victuals, require, in the severities of winter, to economise, with the greatest care, such artificial warmth as they are able to produce in their huts. For this purpose, an under-ground dwelling, defended from the penetration of the frost by a roof of moss and earth, with an additional coating of a bed of snow, and preserved from the entrance of the piercing wind, by a long subterranean tunnel, without the possibility of being annoyed by any draught of air, but what is voluntarily admitted,—forms one of the best contrivances which, considering the limited resources, and the unenlightened state of these people, could possibly have been adopted. The plan of the tunnel is ingenious. It always has its opening directed to the southward, both that the meridian rays of the spring and autumn sun may pierce it with their genial warmth, and that the north, east, and west winds, whose severity must be most intense, may blow past without penetrating. In some cases, the bottom of the tunnel is on a level with the floor of the hut; but, in others, (when there is, perhaps unwittingly, a practical application of a scientific principle,) the tunnel is so much below the hut, that the roof of the former coincides with the floor of the latter. On this plan, the cold air, which creeps along the tunnel, being denser than the air in the hut, can have no tendency to rise into it, but the contrary, unless a circulation were intentionally encouraged, by allowing the escape of the warm air from the windows or roof. In general, it appears, that the interchange of air must be effected by the slow and almost imperceptible currents passing and repassing in the contracted tunnel.

In the hamlet now described, six of the huts were in a row, and very near together, on the southern bank of the plain, with openings or tunnels pointing to the southward: the easternmost of these was at the corner of the bank, where it began to trend to the northward; and, near this, were three others, on the eastern bank, with their entrances obliquely directed towards the south or south-east.

Adjoining the huts, there were numerous excavations in the ground, that had apparently been employed for stores, and other offices. There were also several tumuli, and a considerable number of graves scattered about the hamlet. Many of the graves were immediately behind the huts; others were among them, or in front; and two or three were found in the floors of some of the older-looking huts, which had probably become the burying-places of the last of the occupiers. These graves, in general, contained human bones. A very perfect skull was taken out of one of them, which, containing a fine set of teeth, with the dentes sapientes just protruding, and being of a small size, was supposed to have been a female of about twenty years of age. Many of the graves contained, in addition to the human bones, fragments of the implements used by the natives in their fishing and hunting. Among these, were a few pieces of "unicorn's horn," (the tooth of the narwal); some branches of rein-deers' horn; and several bits of wood that had undergone a rude sort of fabrication. These deposits of useful utensils was an additional characteristic of the habits of the Esquimaux. This people, it is well known, in their natural and totally uncultivated state, are of opinion, that they shall require their implements for their maintenance after death. The highest virtue, in the opinion of many Esquimaux, consisting in a dexterous, successful, and industrious application to the business of hunting, &c.—and the best of their enjoyments, in connection with the support of life, being derived from the produce of their sealing and hunting,—they rest their title to happiness, in another state of existence, to the greatness of their exploits, or to the hardships they may have suffered; and they make the enjoyments of their Elysium to consist in a perpetual day and endless summer; and, above all, in "an exuberance of fowls, fishes, rein-deer, and their beloved seals," which are to be caught without toil. Some, indeed, believe that these animals will be provided, and cooked for them, without any care of their own; but others, less sanguine in their expectations, consider that they shall require their spears and darts to kill them (which are, therefore, buried along with them, when they die), but that they will be in such abundance as to render the capture of them rather an occupation of pleasure than of labour.

The animal kingdom, as already observed, was not found to be numerous. The species consisted, at sea, of the seal, the walrus, the whale, the narwal; on land, of the bear, the dog, the rein-deer, the white hare, and a species of mouse peculiar to Greenland; in the air, of eider-ducks, brent-geese, partridges, plovers, and the aquatic birds usual in the Arctic circle, though in small numbers. The atmosphere contained also flying insects, different species of the butterfly, the gnat, the bee. On the shore were found crabs, shrimps, star-fish, and various species of sea-blubber.

The deficiency of vegetation arose rather from the soil than the climate; nay, plants, in some situations, are withered by the too intense heat of the sun. Jameson's Land, which affords often a considerable depth and extent of soil, presents spots which verify the usually inapplicable name of Greenland. The neighbourhood of a hamlet was found richly clothed with grass a foot in height; and some small inland tracts were discovered of as fine meadow-land as any in England. About forty species of plants and flowers were collected, many of them of considerable beauty, though chiefly of the dwarf kind.

Mr Scoresby has been careful to give the events and incidents of his Whale-fishery, perhaps in greater detail than the curiosity of the public on the subject might have called for. The following narrative, however, so strikingly illustrates the perils of this "dreadful trade," that we cannot forbear presenting it to our readers. A number of boats had been dispatched after whales seen at a little distance; and, after some anxiety, occasioned by the length of their absence, they were at length seen "pulling towards the ship."

On their approach, we were a little surprised by some unusual appearances, particularly by the obvious want of their proper complement of oars, and the solemn countenances of the rowers; but a deficiency in the number of men was neither observed nor suspected. As soon as they came within hail, my anxiety induced me to call out, and enquire what had happened. "A bad misfortune indeed," replied the officer commanding the first boat; "*we have lost Carr!*" This awful intelligence, for which we were altogether unprepared, shocked me exceedingly; and it was some time before I was able to enquire into the particulars of the accident, which had deprived us of one of our shipmates. As far as could be collected from the confused accounts of the crew of the boat, of which he went out in charge, the circumstances were as follow: The two boats that had been so long absent, had, on the outset, separated from their companions; and allured by the chace of a whale, and the fineness of the weather, they proceeded until they were far out of sight of the ship. The whale they pursued led them into a vast shoal of the species; they were, indeed, so numerous, that their "blowing" was incessant; and they believed they could not have seen less than a hundred. Fearful of alarming them, without striking any, they remained for some time motionless, watching for a favourable opportunity to commence an attack. One of them at length arose so near the boat of which William Carr was harpooner, that he ventured to pull towards it, though it was meeting him, and afforded, but an indifferent chance of success. He, however, fatally for himself, succeeded in harpooning it. The boat and fish passing each other with great rapidity after the stroke, the line was jerked out of its place, and, instead of "running" over the stem, was thrown over the gunwale; its pressure in this unfavourable position so careened the boat, that the side sank below the water, and it began to fill. In this emergency the harpooner, who was a fine active fellow, seized the bight of the line, and attempted to relieve the boat, by restoring it to its place; but by some singular circumstance, which could not be accounted for, a turn of the line flew over his arm, in an instant dragged him overboard, and plunged him under water, to rise no more! So sudden was the accident, that only one man, who had his eye upon him at the time, was aware of what had happened; so that when the boat righted, which it immediately did, though half full of water, they all at once, on looking round at an exclamation from the man who had seen him launched overboard, enquired what had become of Carr! It is scarcely possible to imagine a death more awfully sudden and unexpected. The murderous bullet, when it makes its way through the air with a velocity that renders it invisible, and seems not to require a moment for its flight, rarely produces so instantaneous destruction. The velocity of the whale, on its first descent, is usually (as I have proved by experi-

ment) about 8 or 9 miles *per* hour, or 13 to 15 feet *per* second. Now, as this unfortunate man was occupied in adjusting the line at the very water's edge, when it must have been perfectly tight, in consequence of the obstruction to its running out of the boat, the interval between the fastening of the line about him and his disappearance could not have exceeded the third-part of a second of time; for in one second only he must have been dragged to the depth of 10 or 12 feet! The accident was, indeed, so instantaneous, that he had not time for the least exclamation; and the person who witnessed his extraordinary removal observed, that it was so exceedingly quick, that although his eye was upon him at the instant, he could scarcely distinguish the object as it disappeared.

In consequence of the extensive track thus discovered and surveyed, Mr Scoresby had a vast variety of coasts, capes, islands, sounds, and seas, to which, by established navigation-laws, he was entitled to give names. In executing this task, which by many has very miserably been bungled, he has proceeded in a singularly meritorious and scientific manner. He has, by it, acknowledged the merit of the most eminent men of science in Paris, London, and Edinburgh, who have received from this eminent navigator a "local habitation and a name" in this frozen extremity of the earth. Several respectable clergymen, from whose instructions he had derived benefit and edification, have also received the honour of a cape or an island. He has also made a very fair use of his privilege, in giving corners to the most respected of his private friends. On these principles we have, beginning with the North, *Capes* Bright, Beaufoy, Clark, Woollaston, (foreland) Herschell, Brisbane, Brinkley, Arundel, Holland, Giesecké, Franklin, Humboldt, Russel, Laplace, Leitch, Freycinet, Parry, Young, Moorsom, Simpson, Biot, Rossilly, Brown, Seaforth, Carnegie, Wardlaw, Allen, Fletcher, Kruscnstern, Buch, Greville, Wood, Macknight, Constable, Gladstone, Hewitt, Topham, Smith, Tattershall, Jones, Ruddicom, Greig, Hodgson, Lister, Swainson, Tobin, Hope, Stewart, Hooker, Stevenson, Leslie, Ross, Brewster, Russel, Pillans, Dalton, Ewart, Barclay.

Islands—Jackson, Craig, Traill, Smith, Canning, Murray, Reynolds, Rathbone, Raffles, Manby, Turner, Henry, *Jameson's Land*, Milne Land.

Bays, *Sounds*, and *Inlets*—Kater, Young, Scott, Mackenzie, Mountnorris, Davy, Fleming, Hurry, Hall, Knighton.

Werner *Mountains*, Hill Cliffs.

The name of Scoresby is given to the largest Sound, which he mentions to be after his father, and he has the extreme modesty to make an apology for bestowing it. We conceive, on the contrary, that to have given the name, in his own person, to the whole range of coast, would have been perfectly lawful, and would have met with the immediate sanction of the public.

After so interesting a train of discovery has been thus happily opened, it would surely be a disgrace to Britain, if it were allowed to pause till the whole of this vast track of Polar land had been thoroughly explored. Is it not a blot on the character of the first naval power in the world, that the country nearest to it, out of Europe, and to which twenty or thirty of its ships go every year, should be almost a complete *Terra Incognita*? If Government do not undertake such an expedition, which we think they should, surely there are enough of opulent persons interested in the subject, to raise, without difficulty, the moderate sum that would be required. Mr Scoresby, and Mr Scoresby only, should be the person employed. There might have been some hesitation in sending him to find out a Polar passage, which he had predicted could not be found; but for any other Polar purpose, it seems impossible to name an individual that could come into competition with him.

Stanzas to Scio.

SWEET Isle! thy hearths are cold, thy
walls are bare,
Thy bowers are broken, and thy dwellers
gone:
O'er thee hath Ruin pass'd her burning
share;
And where soft Music breath'd her sweet-
est tone,
Through blacken'd walls is heard the
hollow moan
Of the lorn breeze; man's tread hath died
away,
Save when perchance some mourner steals
alone
Through thy mute dwellings, at decline of
day,
When evening's curtain falls o'er earth
and ocean gray.

Deserted is thy hallow'd, haunted shore,
Where heaves the hero's solitary mound,—
Where Ocean sings his dirge for evermore,
And cypress waves and weeps o'er sacred
ground,
That wraps his slumbers, dreamless,
dark, and sound—
Where o'er the lonely place of his repose,
The moon, through veil of vapours float-
ing round,
Sheds a dim halo, which all feebly glows,
As doth the light that Fame through
mists of Time bestows.

When day had set along the distant sea,
There lovers hied, and hail'd the blessed
hour,
When to the evening star, from shady tree,
The bird of music 'plains in her green
bower,
When dew drops are the guests of leaf
and flower;
Through waveless woods when dying
breezes sigh,
When melts the heart beneath the blended
power
Of sound and silence, and the melody
Of nature soaring sweet into the dark blue
sky.

Methinks I see them, seated side by side;
A few brief suns shall see their fates made
one:
So hearts will dream, though one short
hour may hide
A gulf to yawn—a headlong tide to run
Between fond bosoms: snowdrops in the
sun
Not faster melt than fairest hopes decay,
Like April gleams—a moment seen and
gone!
Eve found them happy—ere another day
Waned o'er the wave, they too had pass'd
away!

More blest their lot, who bloom'd to wi-
ther there—
Who in their birth-place found an early
grave,
And linger'd not that worst of woes to
share,
Felt by the young, the beautiful and brave,
Who liv'd the captives of the Moslem slave,
When of their own lov'd Isle each sound
and sight
Wax'd faint and far; and tomb'd be-
neath the wave
Was its sweet shore—the scene of past
delight,
And all was one dark waste of ocean, sky,
and night.

From that sad hour they ne'er were heard
of more;
The tears that fall for them must fall in
vain,
For they were wafted to the Paynim shore,
Whence they shall never be restor'd
again;
Dragg'd to the distant clime and desart
plain!
To friends—as years of sorrow wander
by—
Shall Fancy paint the youth in slavery's
chain,
Doom'd in a weary land to droop and
die,—
Oh! for oblivion's drop, to quench dark
memory!

And thy fair daughters, Scio! where are
they?
Say, dwells in Tyrants' domes their deep
despair,
Where, when the blooming charms of
youth decay,
The sack and sea await the fading fair?
So black a dream the bosom may not bear,
And can but hope, when they were torn
away,
The heart with links that twined around
it were,
Must needs have broken, and the lovely lay
Like flowers some ruthless hand hath
strew'd on the cold clay!

Ye moaning echoes of the mouldering wall!
Ye faded garlands of the ruined land!
Are ye not felt, e'en now, a sacred call
To fire the patriot's heart—to arm his
hand
With red Extermination's blade and brand?
Does not the howling wilderness reveal
The deeds of murder?—can the heart
withstand,
Each wordless, but all-eloquent appeal,
That doth its burning core to tenfold
vengeance steel?

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

MR EDITOR, No. IV.

"LANG look'd for come at last," is an exclamation that never passed the lips of man in higher glee than it cleared mine yesterday afternoon. Mrs Vandervrow having got the better o' her kettle-o'-fish accident, resolved upon going a-shopping, and requested my arm to Crambonella, a favour that I really could not find in my heart to deny, because of her Platonic loving-kindness, which hath hauled me from the Slough of Despond oftener than once. We accordingly put on our walking-dresses, and set off a little before three o'clock P. M., to inspect that grand emporium of fashionable garbs; but just as we opened the little parterre gate in front of our mansion, Sally Diggles, who, I am happy to say, is also in a state of convalescence, pattered at the kitchen window with her fingers, threw up the sash, and cried out, "For Heaven's sake come here! I have drawn the turkey, and a fine fellow he is, but O, mem! such a sight was never seen! Three pearl necklaces in his crop, and a pair of diamond bracelets in his gizzard, besides one, two, three, four, five garnet ear-rings,—three gold picktooths, and a silver thimble! Good gracious me! where in all the world has the creature been, feeding!" Neither Mrs V. nor I being tinctured in the smallest degree with Sally's vulgar amazement, because we read the *Morning Post*, and other fashionable town prints, our surprise of course by no means corresponded with her expectations; and notwithstanding the girl displayed her jewellery, and other precious wares, with uplifted eyes and outstretched hands, my landlady smiled at her simplicity, and even chid Sally for being so very childish. "Bless the girl," said Mrs Vandervrow, "what in the name of wonder is she making such a fuss about! Deary me, Sally Diggles, don't you know, that finding precious stones in the crops and gizzards of fowls is become quite common now-a-days. Let me see, Sam, had we not better take a rough inventory of Sally's jewellery, and insert it in the *Post* without delay. No doubt, the righteous owner is a gentlewoman, and of course takes in that fashionable Morning Print." "With all my heart," said I, and Mrs Vandervrow incontinently withdrew her arm, and hastened to the kitchen window, whilst her obsequious Squire leaned him against the parterre gate, and smoothed his hat-crown with his coat-sleeve *. In this manner were the parties engaged, Mrs V. inspecting Sally's valuables, and I, the aforesaid Squire, bettering the appearance of my chapeau, or *castor*, as the *Fancy*, in their wisdom, are pleased to call it, when a pair of spirited *greys*, with a barouche at their heels full of ladies, entered the street at a visiting trot, and drew up in front of our dwelling. "Pray, your honour," quoth Jehu, touching the brim of his hat, "is there ever a Scotch gemman, of the name of Killigrew, lodges in that

* The good people of Scotland are most humbly beseeched not to *turn up their een* at the riches of Sally Diggles' turkey, because, though Northern fowls are not in the habit of feeding on pearls, it is not from thence to be inferred that their Southern friends are so badly off. A few days ago, when Mrs D—— of Aldermanbury was cutting up a *duck*, her carving-knife being obstructed in the execution of its duty, by certain hard substances, she laid the creature's secret parts open, and discovered a hoard of British diamonds, that is to say, precious stones, such as are found in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Her lapidary, being an ingenious fellow, was sent for without delay, and he in due time presented Mrs D—— of Aldermanbury with an elegant pair of bracelets, ear-rings, and shoe-buckles, set with genuine British diamonds, excavated from the intestines of a genuine British duck. This very curious circumstance having appeared in a most respectable London newspaper, there can be no doubt of the fact. Now, it is well known that turkies are much more nice and delicate in the choice of their food than either geese or ducks, and hence it is, I presume, that Sally's bird preferred Oriental gems to Bristol quartz; as for the thimble and picktooths, I really have not leisure to account for them. S KILLIGREW.

there house?" "Indeed, my good fellow," said I, "there liveth a lad of that name, in this here mansion, and what is equally true, he stands confessed in the person of my identical self." Hereupon the youngest of my fair visitants, and a bewitching girl she was, unclasped her reticule, and handed me the prettiest folded packet, I do believe, that ever man took possession of. "Lang look'd for come at last," was the very emphatic exclamation in which my heart found utterance, when I perused these lines:

SAMUEL KILLIGREW, ESQ.
FROM
A Tea-party of his Townswomen,
convened at Mrs M'Culloch's,
Mill-barn Brig,
DUMFRIES.

"O leddies, leddies," continued I, "ye're far owre gude. Never on this side o' time will I be enabled to muster a sufficient portion o' acknowledgments for the trouble ye ha'e ta'en; but here's a heart, and there's a hand, that would willingly mak' ye a' Duchesses, sae ye maun just tak' the will for the deed." At the conclusion of this address, I naturally enough expected that some one of my fair benefactresses would have favoured me with a few words in return; but, no,—they sat like a party of Anabaptists witnessing a ducking-match, without so much as moving a muscle. "Bless me, leddies!" quoth I, "are ye weel enough? Step out o' the cauld carriage, I beseech ye, and sit down a blink in our parlour. What! can nane o' ye speak? Five tongueless women! never did I forgather wi' sic a ferlie!" But the stifled laugh which all of them felt some difficulty in smothering, convinced me that they were only *make-believe* dumbies; and before I had time to frame a joke worthy of their ladyships' acceptance, she who presented the parcel arose, made the prettiest courtsey I ever witnessed, clapt her fair hands, and Jehu whipt about his vehicle like a whirligig,—ance gane, and ay gane—I never saw mair o' them. The sudden and very unexpected departure of my young townswomen, with whom I fully expected to have enjoyed a most agreeable afternoon, hath lowered my spirits to *zero*, notwithstanding the valuable present they made me.

That they were Dumfries lasses, fresh from the breezy Nith, I hesitate not to say, because their agreeable features, and lady-like complexions, and tell-tale eyes, "charmed my soul, I ken na' how!" O, Burns! Burns! the recollection of thy minstrel presence among *our barley* will never forsake my heart. The Public, Mr Editor, administer to my wants with too much delicacy. I am no literary pauper, Sir. "My keg it is low, I confess;" but there is not a more independent fellow snuffs the caller air; and in place of taking themselves off, as heretofore, without exchanging a syllable, it would be much more agreeable to me were my friends less squeamish. In this little back parlour, where I now sit, boxing my intellectual compass, they would find pot-luck, and hearty welcome; but I presume it will be my wisest plan to make a virtue of necessity, and suffer them to wear their belts their ain gate. The inclosed donation will, no doubt, be received most graciously, and dealt with according to its merits. I had some thoughts of recommending extra-superfine demy, and types cast expressly on purpose, in order that our fair countrywomen might perceive how highly we value their mental present; but your known urbanity will of course suggest what is meet and proper. With best love to all inquiring friends, both known and unknown, particularly the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, of our own right honourable corps, I beg leave to remain, as usual,

My Dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours,
SAM. KILLIGREW.

London, 1823.

SKIPPER SLOGAN.

Our town-council having brought forth a mouse, notwithstanding all that hath been noised abroad of the mighty succour about to be forwarded, by post and waggon, for the relief of poor Sam. Killigrew, certain ladies

were of opinion, that their tender-heartedness would be called in question, unless something was done by the sisterhood at large for that unfortunate gentleman. This feeling having become general throughout the borough, meetings of the sex took place in almost every street, resolutions were agreed to, and delegates appointed to carry them into effect, over a cup of tea at Mrs M'Culloch's; the which intelligence no sooner reached the ear of that good lady, than she put her parlour in order, and dispatched Jenny M'Clauchrie to St Allan's Well, with a kettle of no mean capacity. Now, in all well-regulated families, the space of time allowed to fetch water from St Allan's is always stipulated and agreed upon between mistress and maid, before the latter receives one farthing of *erls;* and as Mrs M'Culloch's mansion is at no great distance from that celebrated spring, Jenny M'Clauchrie had no business to be away with her kettle one moment more than five and thirty minutes, that is to say, two and a half going, and two and a half returning, the odd thirty being allowed for gossiping and other business, which in all conscience is little enough; though some ladies, owing to the pressure of the times, have lately curtailed their maid-servants in that very essential indulgence,—a curtailment that every spirited girl shakes her head at, because it is neither right nor reasonable, and many respectable matrons are precisely of the same opinion. "How is it possible," as Mrs Baxter very justly observed, "for a house-maid to go through her in-door work cleverly, without a little out-door relaxation? and now that the indulgence hath become, as it were, a matter of right, where can she sport her figure to better advantage than at St Allan's Well, where so many young men are daily on the look-out for wherewithal to make themselves perfect? You understand me, ladies; I speak feelingly, because it was at St Allan's, and I care not who knows it, that thae twa een o' mine bewitched Andrew Baxter." Now, Mrs B. being a discreet, sensible woman, all of us were delighted with her doctrine, because one and all of us were of her opinion. Jenny M'Clauchrie departed with her kettle twenty-five minutes past four o'clock precisely, and Mrs M'Culloch set about making the necessary arrangements. She unpapered her new hearth broom, dusted her sattinwood tea-caddie, and brought forth her best porcelain, which is allowed by judges to be extremely handsome; and the moment every implement was in its proper place, that moment the clock struck five. "Bless me," quoth Mrs M'Culloch, after pausing a few seconds, "what can be come o' our Jenny? She never playt me sic a trick before; but really the poor thing's sae carry't about that barber lad Charlie Jeazy, that she kens na whether her head or her heels are uppermost. I wish he was far enough." Most likely Mrs M'Culloch would have said a few words on the impropriety of servant-girls tarrying too long at St Allan's; but a well-known rap called her to the door, and presently crazy *Bell,* arrayed in her very best and gaudiest habiliments, honoured us with a visit. "Haith, leddies, ye're a wheen sly sluts," was her salutation; "but I have found you out. When sae monie ribbons fluttered on the Mill Brae, there's something asteer," quo' Bella. "Whase cap, now, are ye gaun to criticise, and whase character ha'e ye selected for the evening's lecture, and whase knave-bairn will ye kirsen first? Wattie Halliday's, the spunkie laird o' Lochinkitt, thrice cried on Sunday, and married on Monday, ye ken, or Tam Twyneholm's, the Minnygaff drover? I saw him yestreen, handing his leddy out o' the chaise, and a spruce queen she is. 'Ha, ha, Katey,' quoth I, 'what news frae Gretna?' But we manna ca' her Kate Glendinning now. My truly, she has fa'en on her feet. Tam's a match for the best madam in Nithsdale, wi' the exception o'——" Here Miss Bell courtseyed to our ladyships, adjusted her well-feathered beaver, and tossed her head in the most girlish manner imaginable. "Poor old creature!" quo' Miss M'Clellan, in a low whisper, to her Ecclefechan aunt; "she's turn'd three score, and fondly believes that she is still in her teens. But though this notion is her favourite hobby, no young man dares to take liberties with poor Bell. The

lads, she says, are baith fat and fair to see, but nane o' them a' like *Sandy Fleming.*" "Her faithless lover, I presume," said the stranger lady, in a more audible tone. "O, mem, he's no faithless, if ye mean Sandy Fleming," quo' Bell; "a faithfu'er lad never stepped in black-leather shoon, and a better never broke warld's bread. His very sangs are fu' o' gudeness, and his love-lilts wou'd purify the lips o' angels—hark!

'Twas when the weary reaper kneels
Wi' gratefu' heart, at gloamin fa',
Owre bughting style, and bloomy knowe,
To Bella's hame I hied awa'.
Frae humble cot and hamely ha'
Arose the holy psalmodie,
And met mine ear amang the birks,
The breezy birks o' *Gouldielee.*'

"It's a sweet, sweet place, mem, and monie a sweet tale has been tauld amang the birks—I left my heart there when our folk gaed to live at Saturness. But as I was gaun to tell ye, my Sandy said to me, 'It's owre soon to marry yet. Ye'll be seventeen at Yule, and I'll be twa-and-twenty at Beltan. We'll e'en let anither simmer gae bye.' This was on the Monday when we parted at Kirkbean-burn, and a dreadfu' parting it was to me. O how this poor heart was stung when he gaed whistling awa'! I said to mysel' 'he's an altered lad—we never parted sae before;' and grat like a bairn a' the gate hame, for every living thing seemed to ken what was passing in my distressed breast. The cowrin' linnet sang frae the bough 'It's owre soon to marry yet;' and robin whistled frae the hedge 'He's owre the moor to Maggie.' Never more may the forebodings that annoyed my peace distract the mind o' woman! But on Wednesday night, when Willie Newall came frae the town wi' a letter in his hand—an' a kind, kind ane, it was, for my Sandy's unco warm-hearted—O, woman, I grat for joy, and read it and owre again read it. He said, I might expect to see him on the Friday afternoon, because he had ta'en the rue, and thought we were auld enough, and wou'd ha'e me, right or wrang, before the Rood Fair. Blessings on the heart that indited sic a dear letter to me, and health to the hand that wrote it! And then he said, that his sister Maud, and his sister Harriet, and her wee son, Davy Lumley, and himsel', wou'd come thegither in Willie Sommerville's covered cart, and bide a' night. Never was a lassie sae uplifted; for Maud and Harriet ha'e been intimates o' mine ever since we were at the sewing-school thegither. But I ha'ena telled ye a' yet. There was a swatch o' the bridal gown inclosed; because Sandy and me had made it up, ye maun ken, that he was to ha'e the choosing o' my braws, and I was to ha'e the choosing o' his. Now, I'll just shaw ye the choice he has made." Bell put her hand in her bosom, and brought out a small parcel, wrapt in a bit of silk that had once been green, opened her Sandy's letter, and produced a gown-pattern that was much in vogue some forty or fifty years ago. "There's finery for ye, leddies!" exclaimed Bella, in a transport of delight. "What d'ye think o' my Sandy now? He'll be twa-and-twenty at Beltan, and I'll be seventeen at Yule. O how cantily we'll tak' the street on Rood Fair-day. 'That's Sandy Fleming's young wife,' the folk will be saying. 'What a dressy body she is! My truely, the gown on her back wou'd become Provost Maxwell's leddy at an Assembly.'" "Indeed, Miss Bella," said the Ecclefechan lady, "it's a pretty thing, and says a great deal for Mr Fleming's good taste. I presume he's a fashionable young man, and lives in a fashionable part of the town—perhaps Buccleugh-street." "O dear no, mem," quo' Bella, "he dwalls i' the Auld Kirk-yard, and a greener grave than Sandy Fleming's ye wadna wish to see in a simmer day. Maud lies on his left hand, because she is the youngest sister, Harriet on his right, and wee Davie sleeps in mamma's bosom. I gaed there yestreen when the moon raise, and met them at the kirk-style. They were a' clad i' their dead-claes, as usual, and never looked better i' their lives, for my Sandy says that Immortality's unchangeable, from everlasting even unto everlasting. We sat down on a martyr's stane, and had a lang crack about the life to come. Sandy led the discourse, and Maud helped him on; Harriet put

in a word now and then, and wee Davie playt himsel' among the new-made graves. O that kirk-yard's a heartsome place when the moon's up. I promised him a posey, poor wee fallow, if he wou'd come and sit in my lap, just when gray day-light was brightening the kirk wa' ; but he wasna permitted.

> ' Wae betide the fause grey cock,
> The foumart lay his crawin' !'

sae aff gaed I to Gouldielee, and pou'd a bunch o' snaw-draps."

Bell's language is far from being rich, but there is much pathos in her delivery, and the eloquence of her eye is altogether irresistible. Their peculiarities freshen, and give a newness to her piteous tale, every time it is told, that few would believe; and notwithstanding all of us, with the exception of Miss M'Clellan's aunt, knew it well, yet did we listen with profound attention to her introductory recitation, and longed to hear the sequel. " Miss Bella," said the stranger lady, " will you be kind enough to tell me what befel Mr Fleming and his sisters, and the dear little child? Did they close their eyes on a bed of sickness, or were they laid in untimely graves?" " O aye, mem," quo' Bella, " that I will, and thankfu' to do't, for the very telling o' what happened slokens, for a season, the living fire that burns here, (clapping her head with both hands). I should be obliging, because every body's kind and obliging to me, except *Skipper Slogan*, and he looks down, when I gae bye, and turns his head awa' without sae muckle as muttering, ' cat, or dog, are ye there?' But he's an auld man now, and downa' be fash'd wi' young folk. Weel, mem, on Friday morning I raise wi' the cock, and a bonnier morning never dawned. O ! it was pleasant to see the green hills becoming visible, and delightfu' to hear the laverock, and heartsome to look along the road for Willie Sommerville's covered cart, though I kenn'd it wadna leave Dumfries before eleven o'clock ; but my heart was fuddled wi' joy, and my head giddy wi' delight. Illusive felicity ! visionary happiness ! Towards the afternoon, I began to tine a' hopes o' seein' Sandy that day, for the clouds gathered themsel's thegither, and the Solway became troubled, the black pellocks jumped frae wave to wave, the sea-fowl screamed ominously, and the auld fishermen shook their heads. ' Sit down to your wheel, Bella, my woman,' quo' aunty Martha ; ' they'll no be here the day !' and I thought sae mysel', when the wind blew, and the rain pour'd, and the lightning flashed. O, it turned out a frightfu' afternoon! But Sandy Fleming never mistrysted me in his life. Night came on, and darkness shadowed the land ! We were a' sittin' round the fire, weaving stockings, clouting shoon, spinning tow, and croonin' sangs, little dreamin' that Sandy, and his sisters, and wee Davie Lumley, were perishing before the door ! But so it was ordered to be ! James Lithgow, the tide-waiter, a next-door-neighbour o' ours, cam' to the window-brod, and pattered violently. We a' started up—' For Gudeness' sake,' quo' he, ' put a candle i' the lanthorn, and come awa'—there's dreadfu' cries o' distress on the beach !' We a' ran out, and followed him to the sea-side. O, what a dreadfu' night it was ! The lightning gleamed, the waters roar'd, and the wind whistled ! hark to the death shrieks !—I hear them yet,—' Help ! help ! merciful God ! spare my bairn, spare my bairn !' That's Harriet Lumley's voice, quo' I, and Sandy's no' far aff ! Will nane o' ye venture to save them ? I'm a frail woman, and the raging sea dauntons every heart but mine ! They're drowning, they're drowning! let me gae this moment, James Lithgow, or I'll mak' ye meat for the ravens !" Poor Bella became so exceedingly agitated, that she was unable to proceed any farther in an intelligible manner ; and Mrs Baxter, at the request of our Ecclefechan visitor, furnished the conclusion with her customary brevity. " I remember o' hearing my mother say," quo' Mrs B., " and she was at the saut water when Mr Fleming, and his sisters, and Davie Lumley, were drowned, that a plashing was heard i' the sea, like that o' hastily-plied oars, when the death-cries died away; and John Burgess, an elder o' the kirk, thought he saw a boat, wi' a man in't, scudding across the firth. Thae circumstances, coupled wi' ithers

that came to light when the bodies were found, created a suspicion that violence had been used, for Sandy's pocket-book and silver shoe-buckles were gane, his gold watch-chain torn awa' frae the swivel, the ladies' necklaces and ither valuables missing, and the child's hat wi' its gould band." "O, aye, mem," exclaimed Bella, "it was a gold band sure enough, for I bought it for him in Jamie Blair's shop on Candlemas Fair-day, and a crouse wee fallow he was,—but hat and band drifted awa', and the deep swallowed them up! He has ay worn his dead-cap since syne!" Mrs Baxter thanked poor Bella for the information she afforded, and continued her narrative. "Added to thae suspicious appearances, poor Mr Fleming's head and arms were dreadfully mangled, and the ladies, particularly their hands, bruised in a shocking manner, owing, as some imagined, to their being dashed against the rocks in a tempestuous night, though many declared that the murderer's hand was visible; but what is most remarkable, not so much as an oar was missing next morning on a' the firth; nor has it been ascertained to this gude hour in whase boat they embarked, though strict inquiry was made at the time, and for several years thereafter. In fine, the dreadful catastrophe is still wrapt in a mysterious cloak. Poor Sandy, it appears, was disappointed in procuring Sommerville's caravan, and the morning being extremely fine, he and his party unhappily took a boat, but from what place no man can tell; and to whom belonging, the wit of man hath not been able to discover." Such is the picture of a most distressing event, that clothed many respectable families with mourning.

Young Fleming and his sisters were much lamented, and poor Mr Lumley never held up his head more. He died a few years after his wife and child lost their lives, and was laid in the same grave. As for Bella, perhaps it would have been as well had she followed her lover to his place of rest; but melancholy succeeded the raging fever in which she swam for her life, and delirium seized her brain. The unhappy woman has been deranged ever since, and roams from place to place without restraint. Her exquisite sensibility, when touched on the right key, and wild, though perfectly harmless conversation, make her welcome, go where she will, and her misfortunes still more so.

After listening to such a tale, it may well be supposed that all present were affected, more or less, and that the gentle charities found a dwelling-place in every bosom; which really was the case, for when Jenny M'Clauchrie's foot was heard on the stair, Mrs M'Culloch arose and left the parlour, to expostulate with her maid-servant in these words, "O, Jenny, my woman, ye ha'e been an unco time awa'. It's now on the stroke o' six, and before the kettle boils, we'll be a' sitting on nettles. Really this sort o' behaviour's very improper; but dinna do the like again, and we'll say nae mair about it. Saw ye ought o' Charlie?" but on entering the kitchen, she espied Jenny M'Clauchrie seated on a stool, with the bellows in her lap, blowing the fire, and wiping her face alternately, whilst the hasty manner in which she respired, plainly indicated that her feet had not been idle, which naturally enough induced Mrs Mac, as we commonly call her, to dismiss the premeditated salutation. "O, Jenny, my woman, ye ha'e been an unco time awa'," and substitute, "Preserve us, lassie, where ha'e ye been?" in lieu thereof. "'Deed, mem," quo' Jenny, "I can scarcely tell ye. Never did poor thing rin sic race. Up the Soutergate-brae, alang the Backbarn-raws, down the Lochmaben-gate, round the Auld Flesh-market, up the Rattan-raw, and down the Rattan-raw. God only knows what's forthcoming; but O mem, the sight that I ha'e seen down the gate's neither gude nor cannie." "And what ha'e ye seen down the gate?" exclaimed Mrs M'Culloch; "it's weel kend that neither the foul thief, nor ane o' his imps, dare venture within a bowshot o' St Allan's at the mirk hour, and braid day-light's out of the question. But something mair than ordinary's the matter, that's certain. Dearsake, lassie, ye look for a' the warld like a living creature new fa'en frae the gleds." "Troth, mem," quo' Jenny, "ye may weel say't; but what I ha'e

seen and heard wou'd daunton stouter hearts than mine. We were a' standing about the well, giggling at this, and ferleying at that, when Souter Kellock's wife came to the house-end and cried out, 'For Gudesake, lasses, rin and seek crazy Bell! Fetch her whether she will or no; and some o' the stoutest o' you come here. Auld Skipper Slogan's ta'en suddenly ill, and raving like a distracted man. Half-a-dizzen o' us canna keep him i' the bed.' Wi' that, Tibby M'Guffock, and Peg Hiddlestane, the Convener's lass, Mall M'Lauchlin, Bet Mitchell, and mysel', set off to see what was the matter wi' him, and do the best we cou'd; but O, mem, the scene was frightfu' beyond compare. I never witnessed the like o't. He lay on the braed o' his back i' the dead-thraw, warsling wi' he kend na what, and crying, like a man out o' his judgment, 'See to the ceiling—mercy on the merciless! it's raining blood! Oh, that hand, that cauld, cauld hand—will nane o' ye lift it aff my bosom? Bella Swinton, Bella Swinton, bring Bella Swinton to me!' I grew frightened for him, and left the house to seek Bell; but waes me, poor thing, I might just as weel chace a flae in a woo' creel—she's here, and there, and every where."

Mrs M'Culloch having satisfied herself as to the probability of the old man's speedy dissolution, returned to the parlour without delay, and acquainted Bella that Skipper Slogan was on his death-bed, and wished very much to see her. "Ha, ha," quo' Bell, (her usual notes of exclamation,) "I thought he wou'd come to before Jamie Doutail, the Beddle's Tailor, took his measure. We ha'e na exchanged a word since the last time Sandy Fleming and me were on the Kingholm thegither. He was just pushing off the boat when we got down to the beach, and my Sandy said, 'Here's a young lass has fa'en in love wi' your tarry breeks, Caleb; will ye ha'e the goodness to let her try them on?' 'Aye, aye, Mr Fleming,' quo' the Skipper; 'there's a certain gentleman o' my acquaintance has gotten a better pair than mine, and she'll try them on belyve. I'se warrant her.' 'That she will,' quoth I, 'and wear them too.' O, sirs, how daftly us young folk will haiver! But we maun be gaen. I wadna miss shaking hands wi' Skipper Slogan, before he's ta'en to the kirk-yard, for a forfit o' minted gould."

Without more ado we put on our cloaks and bonnets, and set off in a body down the gate. *Caleb Harris*, alias Skipper Slogan, a bye-name given him by our townsfolk, because he was a sea-faring man, and spoke somewhat boisterously, had been a smuggler in his youth, and sailed his own lugger, the *Morgan Rattler*, with success, until that far-famed vessel, in which he had unluckily embarked his *all*, was taken by two Revenue cutters, after a desperate scuffle, and carried into Maryport. Caleb, and his surviving crew, for lives were lost on both sides, having escaped in the boat, were outlawed, and a price set on their heads. But time disarms vengeance, and years soften the law's rigour. Caleb returned to his residence on the Nith, a few miles below Dumfries, and meeting with no molestation, he procured a couple of boats, nets, lines, and other requisites, and became a fisherman.

In this very humble condition, the unheeded outlaw not only contrived to support himself and family, consisting of an amiable wife and two children, boy and girl, creditably enough, but, in the course of a few years, amassed a pretty decent sum, the which, with a few unexpected payments, or windfalls, the drift-wreck of his former smuggling transactions, enabled him to purchase a house and garden, not a stone's-throw from St Allan's Well, where he closed his eyes. On coming to reside in that very respectable neighbourhood, Caleb fitted up one of his boats for pleasure-parties, and succeeded tolerably well, though he still continued to exercise his calling as a fisherman; but removing so far from the Solway was much against him, and accompanying gentlemen in their aquatic excursions tended much to alienate his mind from profitable pursuits. Being a man who had seen a great deal of many-coloured life, and having a turn for conviviality, such as it was, his company was much sought after by the bloods

of the day, who delighted in rough wit, gross humour, and boisterous merriment, time-killing qualities that no man possessed in greater variety than Caleb Harris. But this heartiness of soul, as he termed it, being too frequently called into action, tended much to relax his industry, and narrow his circumstances, for they were by no means equal to what is called *company-keeping*, the rock on which it now appears he unhappily split. Mrs Harris, though called to a better world many years ago, is still remembered in the neighbourhood where she resided, and spoken of by the old people with much affection. Her comely person and gentle manners are standard topics of female conversation to this good hour. But Caleb, though dotingly fond of his wife, lent a deaf ear to her counsel, when levelled at any of his favourite aberrations; and though she partly succeeded in humanizing his general demeanour, and shameing a few of his grosser habits, the natural man was not to be tamed. That baneful propensity, acquired in his youth, for loose and disorderly enjoyment, waxed stronger and stronger every day, until the miseries attending on wilful waste stared him in the face; and when his hapless mate could no longer stem the torrent, she became thoughtful, lost all relish for society, and seldom stirred across her own threshold. This happened shortly after the lamented catastrophe at Saturness, and many people attributed her dejected state of mind in a great measure to that event, for she and Mr Lumley were distantly related by the mother's side, and the Flemings, with whom she was intimately acquainted, stood high in her good opinion. But more severe trials awaited poor Mrs Harris. That very day twelvemonth after the *great burying*, as it is still called, her only son, a promising youth of eighteen, was seized with a cramp when bathing in the quarry-pool, and drowned before his companions knew what had befallen him; and, what is equally distressing to relate, his sister Winifred, gored and trampled upon by an over-drove beast on the sands, was brought home in a dying state, when the neighbours were laying out her brother's corpse. These dispensations being too much for a diseased heart, Mrs Harris was released from all her worldly troubles a few weeks thereafter, and left a character in the neighbourhood that endears her memory to every individual who knew her worth. Men of coarse minds and debauched morals, who have led dissolute lives, and gratified every turbulent desire, when stung by conscience, or overtaken by affliction, often flee for solace to that religion whose tenets they reviled, and not unfrequently become more rigidly attentive to every Christian duty than he whose heart was never debased by licentious gratification. But Caleb Harris renounced the venal sensualities of this world in a very different manner, when affliction preyed on his spirit, and conscience goaded his heart. He interred his children and their excellent mother with becoming decency, collected his outstanding debts, disposed of his fishing utensils, and settled with every individual who had a claim against him; then walked deliberately to the market cross, and formally bid this world farewell. On returning to his home, Caleb dismissed the nurse that attended Mrs Harris during her illness, and never more associated with mankind, notwithstanding his best friends did all that in them lay to soothe his mind, and reconcile him to life. This very extraordinary resolution, on the part of a hale, robust, and hitherto gay-hearted man, naturally became the topic of general conversation, and excited much sympathy; but like unto all other extraordinaries, it gave way to others; and in process of time, Caleb Harris was neither heeded nor inquired after. Thus secluded from all social intercourse, did the unhappy man contrive to exist, partly on the produce of his little garden, and partly on the trifle that remained, after settling his worldly affairs; for he has been seen of an evening, muffled in his old boat-cloak, strolling about the remote suburbs like a dejected spectre, and purchasing the coarsest fare he could lay his hands on, without entering any farther into conversation than was absolutely necessary to make known his wants. We could furnish anecdotes of this

ill-fated man in abundance, and delineate features in his character that would both amuse and instruct, particularly the lenient and very singular manner in which he dealt with rude children, who annoyed him in his solitary walks; but it will better suit our present purpose to state generally, that Skipper Slogan, the once jolly-hearted fisherman, led a most severely recluse and inoffensive life, and died at the advanced age of *fourscore*.

Having thus briefly sketched an outline of his history, we now proceed to draw the likeness of a scene that stirred the hair of many creditable witnesses. On arriving at Caleb's house, we felt some difficulty in gaining admittance, because of the concourse of people assembled from all quarters, to explore the interior, and satisfy themselves as to the condition of furniture, grates, fire-irons, and household utensils, that report said had not been touched by the fingers of woman for nearly fifty years; but our motives being of a very different description, we hastened to the chamber where he lay, and beheld him, as Jenny M'Clauchrie well expressed it, struggling with he knew not what, and working with his convulsed arms like unto a man endeavouring to ward off an adversary; whilst the united efforts of two men and three women were barely sufficient to restrain him from committing violence. That hands invisible to us were lifted up against him, we hesitate not to say, and that he beheld shadowy semblances of the dead, is equally certain, for his face was the picture of terror, and his expressions, though wild and incoherent, left no doubt in our minds that he witnessed what none of us were permitted to see. What other conclusion can we draw from exclamations such as these: "He comes! he comes! the avenger o' blood—but there's neither hiding place nor city o' refuge for me. Spirits o' the dead, be mercifu'! Ye've watched my bed-side ever since that dismal night when the murderer's arm was strong, and ha'e seen this wretched face flooded wi' sorrow, aftener than ye can count gray hairs on my guilty head; but och, och, the mental agony and the bodily suffering that I ha'e endured—what are they? feathers and dust! My blood boils, and my brain reels! Withdraw the chilling hand that has lain on my bosom sae lang, for it turns caulder and caulder—Oh, Bella Swinton, will ye no come to me?" "Stand out o' my gate, Mrs Ferlie," quo' Bell, who had fallen behind her friends, "and let me in to the Skipper, I beseech ye. Poor auld man, he can neither die nor lye doun i' the kirk-yard in peace, without shaking hands wi' Miss Bella, and making some atonement for slighting auld acquaintance. How's a' wi' ye, Skipper? frail and feckless, and wearying, nae doubt, for the blessed hereafter. Oh, Sirs, what a dreadfu' conflict's here!" (laying her hand on his bosom;) "life and death striving for the mastery; but waes me, the faught's against him, and he'll soon be a cauld corse. The grave yawns, and the worm gapes for his flesh." Having spoken these words, she lifted her hand from the most appalling picture of misery we ever beheld, and said, with a smile that belonged not to this world, "Preserve us, Sirs! what wind has blaun ye a' here, smiling like angels o' light, and fresher than new-blaun roses? Hark to the dead-watch!"—then fixed her eyes apparently on empty space, and listened a few minutes to what fell on her ear, and her's alone, while all of us remained mute and motionless, conscious that we stood in supernatural presence. Not a whisper was heard, though Bella Swinton continued to listen, evidently in great mental distress. At length she burst into tears, fell on the old man's neck, and kissed him with a sincerity that betokened unequivocal forgiveness; then humbled herself at his death-bedside, and beseeched the Parent of Good to receive his departing spirit in mercy. The effect of her pious fervour was instantaneous. Horror forsook the murderer's face, and blissful delight undulated every feature. He clapped his hands in a delirium of joy, stretched him on his miserable lair, and expired without a struggle.

Such was the end of Caleb Harris. On removing the body, Mrs Fleming's pocket-book, containing bank-notes and bills to a considerable

amount, his gold watch-chain, silver-buckles, and indeed every other valuable appertaining to the unfortunate sufferers, were discovered under the pillow, tied up in an old silk handkerchief, together with many hundred slips of paper whereon the deceased had recorded, in strong language, his unspeakable agony of mind, reflections on the foul deed he had done, and other matters therewith connected, from which we gathered many distressing particulars. The shock Mrs Harris experienced on discovering his guilt, and her premature dissolution, seems to have affected him very much. On one of the confession-slips, if we may so call them, after eulogizing his wife's virtues, and bewailing her loss in the most tender and emphatic language, he thus expressed himself: "Her bones repose under a hallowed turf, and her spirit dwells in the habitation of perfect blessedness—felicity that awaits not me;

No holy ground will hold my bones,
Nor place of rest my spirit find;
An outcast Demon of the night,
Dark, howling on the raving wind."

THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

MR EDITOR,

PRESUMING that, in common with a great majority of the more enlightened portion of your fellow-citizens, you take an interest in the fate of the project now pending for the erection of an additional Classical School in some part of the New Town; and that your readers may not be displeased to learn the opinions of an individual, who has no selfish purpose to serve, and no feelings to gratify, on a subject of peculiar importance to the inhabitants of this city and neighbourhood, I have thrown together the following remarks, which have been principally suggested by a Pamphlet published a few days ago, and which, from its general tenor, I take to be a Memorial in behalf of the Masters of the *present* High School, from whom, as I opine, it obviously emanates.

Some time ago a plan was, it seems, formed for erecting, by subscription, a Classical Academy in a central part of the New Town; and the grounds upon which this scheme was recommended to the support of the inhabitants of the Neapolis were, that, from the rapid encrease of the capital, both in wealth and population, the establishment of the present school had become too narrow, and inadequate to accomplish fully the objects of the institution; that the numbers attending it were too great to be efficiently and thoroughly drilled in the principles of classical learning; and that, by the extension of the city, to the northward, the situation had become too remote and inconvenient. Without pronouncing any opinion on the validity of these pleas, I nevertheless take the liberty to hold, that the erection of a Subscription Academy was a fair and legitimate object, and that no one had a *right* to take exception to the scheme; while, at the same time, I cannot help thinking, that, had it been carried into effect, it would have been productive of manifold advantages to the public at large. I am quite prepared to admit, that the present school has been conducted with considerable ability, and that the Masters have discharged their duty with the most conscientious industry; but I am no friend to monopolies of any description, and, as far as my individual experience extends, I have seen much good, and no evil, arise from a little salutary competition. It is evident, that such an establishment as that which was originally contemplated, had the plan been carried into effect, could only have maintained itself by the union of distinguished ability, with indefatigable industry, on the part of the individuals appointed to superintend the education of the youth in it; while it is no less clear, that the present school would have entered the lists against it, with the marked advantage of an established reputation. But our civic rulers became alarmed at the proposed innovation, or, which is more probable, descried an occasion, in embryo, for extending their own patronage. A compromise, accordingly took place, or at least is

understood to have taken place, between them and the subscribers; the latter relinquishing their original scheme, on the Council giving them an assurance that a *new* High School would be erected in the New Town, for the accommodation of the Neapolitans. Unexpected difficulties have, however, sprung up, to obstruct the fulfilment of this intention.

It appears to me clear as noonday, that, in entering into this engagement with the subscribers to the Academy, the Magistrates had never given themselves the trouble of reflecting for a moment on the consequences in which it might involve them; but with that precipitate and left-handed sort of wisdom for which such bodies are proverbial, they first made the agreement, and then set themselves to consider whether it was possible or practicable to fulfil it. It is certainly possible and practicable to build and endow a new school; but the question is: What effects are likely to result from this proceeding? In the first place, we shall have *two* schools under the patronage of *one* body; and how is it possible for that body to act, with even-handed justice, to both, especially when one of them is to be placed in the fashionable part of the town, and when, from the proposed terms of admission, it must inevitably become a school for the upper, or, at least, the wealthier classes of society? In the second place, we shall have a patrician and plebeian school; to attend the one, will be the ostensible criterion of wealth; to attend the other, that of poverty. Those artificial lines of demarcation, which produce so much mischief to society, when they appear so prominently as to create a separation of castes, will thus be drawn in the minds of youth at a period when the most enduring impressions of our nature are communicated; and from the moment of his entering the patrician school, the son of the wealthy citizen will, even unconsciously, imbibe a feeling of contempt for his equal in years, and perhaps his superior in understanding, whom the *res angusta domi* has compelled to study the rudiments of a republican literature in the plebeian seminary. In the last place, the establishment of two schools would unquestionably lead to the degradation of one of them; as no man of talents and learning, even if the pecuniary recompence could be equalized to a farthing, would be content to sacrifice his grade in society, by becoming a teacher in a school, the name of which had become associated with meanness, poverty, and vulgarity: there would be a scramble, and a contest, and a canvassing, for the genteel school-preferments: smug divines and starched pedants would turn up their noses at the situations which have been adorned by the industry of an Adams, and the learning and genius of a Pillans: the very odour of the *old* High School would stink in their nostrils, like that of the Charity Workhouse: and the poor Patrons would be driven, as a dernier resort, to the Hospital of Incurables, for the Nimmos, or Nemos, to conjugate "*hic, haec, hoc,*" and read wonderful lectures on the ablative of "*amo.*"

But I shall perhaps be told, that objections equally strong present themselves to the original scheme of the subscribers, viz. that of a Classical Academy. This, however, is a mistake. *It* would, to all intents and purposes, be a *private* school, and according as it was conducted, would act as a foil, or a rival, to the existing establishment. Experience, moreover, demonstrates, that such erections are very salutary things. They exist in almost every town and parish, and constitute an admirable stimulant to counteract the narcotic influence more or less inherent in all establishments. But where the regular teachers are men of talents and industry, they have never withdrawn from them pupils to any extent; their effect has rather been to gather together those who had been dispersed among private, and, very often, incompetent teachers, and, by consequence, to elevate the general tone of instruction. Besides, they want that hold on opinion, which patronage somehow confers; and to subsist for a month, or even a week, they must be efficient. But, in the present instance, and assuming that the existing High School is taught with the unrivalled ability, and never-relaxing vigilance, so loudly claimed for it by the author of the

Pamphlet above alluded to; what could it possibly have to fear from such an institution, while it enjoyed a monopoly of public patronage, and while the ability and exertions of the Masters continued at a maximum? People are not such fools as to send their children to an inferior school, merely to save them a few minutes' walk. But this is not all. On the data furnished by the Pamphlet in question, and which, believing it to issue from the quarter above indicated, I assume to be correct, it may be shown, that a Subscription Academy in the New Town could not, upon any supposition, materially injure the High School, but would, in all probability, draw nine-tenths of its numbers from the private teachers; which, so far from considering an evil, I should regard as one of its main advantages; convinced as I am, by a pretty extensive acquaintance with such matters, both here and elsewhere, that Latin and Greek are never taught so well as at regular institutions. The gross number of boys learning Latin in Edinburgh is stated at 1000; and, of these, 700 are said to belong to the New, and 300 to the Old Town. Since October last, 683 have been enrolled in the High School, of which number, about 400 are from the New Town, and its immediate vicinity. Now, from this statement, it appears, that of the gross number, 300, allotted to the Old Town, 283 attend the High School, leaving only 17 for private teachers; while of the gross number, 700, allotted to the New Town, 400 attend the High School, leaving 300 for private teachers. To what are we to ascribe this great disproportion in the numbers attending private instructors, between the New Town and the Old? Surely to nothing else but the proximity in the one case, and the distance in the other, of the *place* of instruction. At present, the New Town is the arena of private teachers; "where the carcase is, there will the vultures be gathered together;" but I, for one, should be happy to see this state of things changed. What guarantee have the public for the competency of private teachers? Every man who chuses may open a school, and he has the right to do so; but his competency is seldom certified by any adequate judge, and he must find his way as he best can, by arts, and manœuvres, which I shall spare myself the trouble of characterizing. Now, as I would confine private teaching to its legitimate province, namely, preparing and drilling boys in the tasks prescribed by the masters of the regular seminary, I do think that the above numbers plainly show, that there is ample scope in the New Town for such an institution as that originally proposed, without injury to the present High School, and with great probable benefit to the community at large.

But it seems our worthy rulers have had their eyes opened to the difficulties in which they have involved themselves, and that, as a sort of compromise, it has been proposed to erect a great Central School for the whole city, on such a site as can be agreed on. This proposal certainly obviates many of the objections that present themselves to the scheme so rashly entertained for establishing two, as was pretended, co-ordinate schools. The patrons will escape the disgrace of depriving the Masters of the present school of those emoluments, not by any means too great, upon the faith of which they accepted their present situations, and the subscribers to the Academy will gain one of the principal objects they had in view, namely, the establishment of a school in the New Town; for the very idea of a Central School, as collected from the whole drift of the proposition, implies that it shall be in the New Town. But it does not seem to have occurred to the originators of this intermediate, and, upon the whole, judicious project, that, in their zeal to accommodate the New Town, they are neglecting the Old, and that were the Central School, as it is called, once erected, it would place the latter in the very predicament in which the former now stands, and give it as valid a title to subscribe for the erection of a Classical Academy, to save the delicate youth of Auld Reekie from the unspeakable perils of two diurnal transits along the North Bridge. And may not the worthy plebeians of the Palaeopolis tell our sage archons, "You have thought proper to sacrifice our convenience, and that of our children,

to which Time has given us a prescriptive title, in order to oblige the upstarts of the New Town, who are but of yesterday, and have so warmly feathered their nests with the *spolia opima* of the City of Smoke; you make us as nothing in the reckoning, provided your men of figures, dates, duplicates, and sasines, are accommodated; you, in fact, treat us with the most supercilious contempt,—and we will return it with interest. As to the pretended advantages you talk of, we'll none of them: we may be a *ville boutiquière*; but we are the "sovereign people," and we'll have an Academy of our own, as well as our betters." There is no joke in all this; the tables may be turned; and though the inhabitants of the New Town may argue in their own favour upon the *a fortiori* principle, in reference to numbers, the embarrassment of the Patrons may not be greatly lessened on that account. At the same time, there can be no question that, on every view of the case, the Central School is infinitely preferable to two schools, in the relative circumstances proposed, and will not tend to draw any odious and revolting lines of circumvallation around one class of the community, and to imbue the minds of youth with the aristocratic principle, before they have explored their way through the intricacies of the third declension. God knows, we have enough of the aristocracy of wealth already, and surely we ought not to poison society at the fountain-head. In a school, it should ever be—mind against mind, and not the purse of one urchin's father, or relatives, against that of another's. The age of feudalism has gone by, and the nonsense about Corinthian capitals, and so forth, safely and snugly embalmed in the Quixotic rhetoric of Burke. It is one of the blessed effects of the present political insignificance of Scotland, that the lingering vestiges of this ridiculous spirit are still to be traced amongst us, notwithstanding our much-boasted refinement and liberality.

As to the objection which has been urged against a Central School, that the numbers which would, in that case, be collected under one roof, could not be efficiently taught, I must say, that it betrays either great ignorance, or great obtuseness in those by whom it has been brought forward. It is certainly difficult, as the author of the Pamphlet remarks, "to fix the precise number that may be taught successfully by a single person," because that must vary with the skill and industry of the teacher; but if we are to judge from experience, the number commonly allotted to an individual is hardly one-half of that which, by a judicious system, and an improved method, may be efficiently instructed by him. But if the number of scholars be augmented, increase the number of teachers, by allotting one or more ushers, if necessary, in a given department. Nothing can be easier than this, and it is sure to answer the purpose. Encreased numbers will furnish the additional expence, and the usher may be as able and skilful as your liberality chuses to make him. But take care you render his situation respectable, and, as far as possible, independent. Don't, I beseech you, make him the bond-slave of the Master in whose department he labours; for, of all tyrants, from Dionysius (who, by the bye, became a schoolmaster at last) down to Napoleon Buonaparte, a dominie, "with a little brief authority," is the most intolerable.

My object being with the principle, I shall no farther concern myself with the sites that have been proposed, than merely to state my opinion, that the *Excise Office*, if it could be procured, is beyond all comparison the best. The author of the Pamphlet hesitates between that and the situation in the North Loch, east of the Mound: and a writer in the Weekly Chronicle not only declares in favour of the latter, but sneers very wickedly at some poor wight, who had the presumption to give it as his opinion, that, in that ravine, the atmosphere was somewhat "hazy." There have been greater heresies than this since the era of Nestorius. It was fortunate, however, for the man clothed with authority, that he did not stumble on the common slaughter-house: "hazy intellects" are a joke to a butcher's knife; and, in general, a man would consent to part with a grain or two of intellect, to keep his throat scaith-

less. I have not been able to find out, however, that a slaughter-house is either very pleasant to the eye, or grateful to the smell; and, as but a limited number of patricians can be brought up to the trade of killing, it would be quite as well that they acquired their relish for it elsewhere. The preservation of health is a main point, and I am not able to perceive that the effluvia exhaled from putrid animal substances have ever been considered salubrious; yet I think I hear this gentleman, or lady, it matters not which, exclaiming in the words of Timon,

> "Oh, blessing-breeding sun! draw from the earth
> Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb
> Infect the air!"

To the situation in St Andrew's Square no such objections can be urged. It is spacious, healthy, and commodious, and, were it fixed on and obtained, (which I have little doubt it may be,) would unite almost all suffrages.

I cannot close these desultory remarks without a word or two to the author of the Pamplet, once and again referred to, anent his absurd and unqualified puffing of the High School. No human being can be more willing than myself to do justice to the zeal and industry displayed in that establishment; but that "the interests of classical education would receive a deadly blow," whichever way our sage archons may decide, is laughably ridiculous. What! is the "classical education" of Scotland confined to the Edinburgh High School? Oh, but "the High School of Edinburgh is a name consecrated by ages!" 'Tis true, that this school was founded in the year 1578, which is certainly a great while ago; but it is, nevertheless, matter of fact, that Dr Adam was the first man who gave it any celebrity as a classical seminary, and that, when he died, he left his own class more numerous than all the classes put together, when he succeeded Matheson in 1768. Prior to that period, I leave its fame to the secure custody of the Pamphleteer. The very best thing that can be said for it is, that its reputation is *rising;* and it will not, I presume, be denied, that the first great and efficient impulse was given by Professor Pillans. It is not well, however, to challenge too close and curious an examination. Nothing but a happy union of ignorance and national vanity can shut our eyes to the fact, that the similar institutions of the sister island are at least a century before us, and that, even with our best exertions, and with all that industry and perseverance for which we give ourselves credit, a great while must elapse before we can venture to think of rivalship. We have no doubt many Porsons, Parrs, and Bloomfields in embryo; but they do not grow up in a night, like Jonah's gourd; to the Pamphleteer, therefore, I would say, *Tu longè sequere, et limina semper adora.* In this metaphysical land, classical literature has too long been neglected; but it has of late begun to revive, to strike its roots deeper into the soil, and to give promise that the era of the Buchanans, the Johnsons, and the Pitcairns, may yet be restored. In the meantime, let us not feed a ridiculous and pernicious vanity with blarney and rhodomontade. We have much to do—that is certain; let us boldly look our deficiences in the face, and gird up ourselves for the struggle. In fine, I would say, using the words of Cicero, in one of the lately-recovered fragments of his Treatise *De Republicâ*: "AUDIAMUS COMMUNIS QUASI DOCTORES ERUDITORUM HOMINUM, QUI TANQUAM OCULIS ILLA VIDERUNT, QUAE NOS VIX AUDIENDO COGNOSCIMUS."

I remain,

Mr EDITOR,

Your obedient Servant,

ANGLO-SCOTUS.

Edinburgh, 5th April 1823.

BOWRING'S RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

Part II.

Mr Bowring is already known to the public as the translator of the first part of the Russian Anthology, and, more lately, as having been the subject of arrest by the French Government. The reception of his former volume, we believe, was generally favourable, and though the novelty of the experiment might have contributed, in some measure, to its success, the work, on its own merits, deserved to be popular. We have read the Second Part with much pleasure, and we only do justice to Mr Bowring when we say, that it seems, to us at least, equal to the first.

Before proceeding to notice the translations themselves, however, we have a word to say to the author on his Introduction, which appears to us a very strange production. We are disposed to make every allowance for Mr Bowring's situation at the time, and by no means expect that his "prison thoughts" should be flowing with milk and honey. A man who finds himself shut up, for two months, merely for playing the courier once in his life, can hardly be expected to talk of that affair with the temper of a stoic, or the good sense of a spectator. A little excitement, in such circumstances, is excusable. We only smile, therefore, at the strong painting of his own unconquerable energies, and "exciting indignation," and his apprehensions of "every thing that injustice, cruelty, and violence might assemble, for" his "humiliation, or destruction." We recollect that poor Dennis the critic, who had written a foolish pamphlet against the French King, entertained similar apprehensions; he thought the whole world in arms against him, and actually applied to have a guarantee for his own safety introduced into the treaty of peace between France and England. But it is rather too much to make a publication, professedly poetical, the vehicle of the author's sentiments on Despotism and free Governments; in short, a mere political confession of faith. The reader of Mr Bowring's Russian Anthology finds himself as awkwardly situated, as the politician who takes up an article in a newspaper, entitled "Foreign Intelligence," and is landed, all at once, in the centre of a lottery puff, or an éloge on Warren's blacking. What is worse, Mr Bowring's opinions on the subject have no novelty whatever. They are absolutely venerable and hoary; old acquaintances, whom we have been in the habit of meeting in every possible garb, from the court-suit of Godwin's Political Justice, down to the dirty undress of Cobbett's Political Register.

There is one other observation in this Introduction, which, we must crave leave to say, is not a little puerile and misplaced. The author, it seems, is a pacific personage, who "does violence to his feelings, by translating many of the military and warlike productions of the Russian Poets," and thinks it necessary to apologize for their introduction, on the ground that they may be rendered moral lessons, showing how that "love of outrage, called martial spirit," is excited, and, of course, how it may be palliated or suppressed. The admirers of the doctrine of the perfectibility of the species may perhaps see nothing improbable in all this; but surely no man, in his senses, dreams that mankind will ever be different from what they are; or that the proscription of all the martial poets, from Tyrtœus downwards, would diminish the number of those wars, and rumours of wars, which, we are told, are to be the heralds of the last day. We do not doubt that Mr Bowring is in earnest, and therefore we pity his morbid delicacy of feeling; but we think that from another person such opinions would sound very like cant, and that they would be absurd, withal, in the mouth of Solomon himself.

We have now discharged the unpleasant part of our task, and we should be sorry, if, in doing so, we have said any thing offensive to Mr Bowring. We certainly do not admire his taste in the introduction of

irrelevant topics, nor his judgment in their management; but his intentions, we doubt not, are good, and his feelings amiable; and in his legitimate department of translation, he possesses very considerable merit.

We suspect the appearance of Mr Bowring's first volume surprised the public a little. For our own part, we must confess we were quite mistaken in our calculations of the nature of its contents. We felt as much disconcerted as we should have done on entering a room, where we expected to be introduced to some demi-civilized savage, and being received, by a smart little man, with a profound bow, and a profusion of civilities. Instead of that rude vividness of feeling, and those strong traces of nationality, which we had anticipated, we found nothing in Mr Bowring's translations but neatness, polish, and elegance of versification. There was nothing hyperborean about them—nothing, save the occasional occurrence of some stumbling-block of a proper name, to distinguish them from the effusions of our own minor poets. A little consideration, however, convinced us that all this was very easily accounted for. The infant literature of Russia was singularly placed. The efforts of one wonderful barbarian had produced an electric change in the national character, and raised Russia to an important rank among the States of Europe; and its literature had sprung into existence, only when those of other countries had attained their maturity, or were verging towards their decline. When a nation, in the formation of its poetical character, finds its neighbours similarly situated with itself, or but little farther advanced in the career of knowledge and refinement, though it may borrow some hints from them, it is still driven back upon its own resources, and its own energies. Its literature acquires a distinctive and independent character. But the sudden discovery of the treasures of other countries, the collected wealth of ages, has a deadening and discouraging effect on the imagination. The inertia of the mind disposes it slavishly to imitate what it fears it can never surpass; and thus the impress of national character either disappears entirely, or is confined to the popular compositions, and the humble literature of the peasantry.

Such seemed to us to be the state of Russian Poetry, and such the causes by which it had been influenced; and though this tendency to imitation was a matter not, perhaps, to be regretted, yet we certainly did not, and do not enter into the enthusiastic views of the translator, or conceive that Russia has as yet any claim to the possession of a poetical literature. At the same time, we readily admit, that these volumes contain many very pretty compositions, and some few strains, "of a higher mood," and that Mr Bowring has performed his task with great elegance and ability. He possesses no inconsiderable share of poetical feeling and spirit, a great command of diction, and a harmonious and fluent versification; and many of the translations are executed in a style of dignity and strength, which, we suspect, they scarcely possess in the original. Their principal fault is one which, we fear, is almost inseparable from his undertaking. One man can scarcely be expected so "to multiply himself unto mankind," as to transfuse, into one volume of translations, the peculiarities of twenty. Accordingly we find a remarkable sameness of manner pervading the whole. Though the instruments are different, the performer is evidently the same: and whether he handle the pealing organ of Derzhavin, the "spirit-stirring drum" and trumpet of Zhukovsky, the lute of Bathiushkor, or the Anacreontic pipe of Bogdanoritch, the air and manner of Mr Bowring are still too obviously perceptible;

> "Et tous d'un même ton semblent psalmodier."

To this cause we are partly inclined to attribute the very confused recollection which we entertain of these denizens of the Russian Parnassus. In the course of a month, after reading the first volume of the Anthology, we could scarcely have said whether any given poet was good, bad, or indifferent; and long before the appearance of the second, their unmelodious names, never very familiar in

our mouths, had entirely faded from our memories.

We are sure our readers would not thank us for entering into any critique on the individual compositions in this Second Part, which, unlike most after-thoughts, seems to us rather superior, in point of execution, to the First. We only regret that our limits will prevent us from doing more than merely referring to a few of the most interesting. The poem of Zhukovsky, in particular, entitled, "The Minstrel in the Russian Camp," though unfortunately too long for insertion, abounds with feeling and poetry. The ballad entitled "Catherine," by the same author, the hint of which seems to have been taken from Lenore, is also very striking and animated. We should think more highly of Petror's Ode on the Victory over the Turkish fleet, if we did not recollect Herrera's on the Battle of Lepanto, and Campbell's Battle of the Baltic. In the religious and didactic style, there are several pieces by Lomonossor and Merslakor, of considerable merit. With one of these, by Lomonossor, who is considered as the patriarch of Russian poetry, we shall conclude. It is translated with much ability, but we really wish Mr Bowring would substitute some other of his titles for the moon instead of "Luna," which, if we may judge by its frequent recurrence, seems a favourite with him. "This is affectation," as Sir Hugh Evans says.

O MAN! whose weakness dares rebel
Against the Almighty's strength, draw nigh
And listen, for my tongue shall tell
His message from the clouded sky.
'Midst rain, and storm, and hail, he spoke,
Around the piercing thunder broke;
At his proud word the clouds disperse,
And thus he shakes the universe:
"Come forth, then, in thy pride and power—
Come answer me, thou son of earth!
Where wert thou in that distant hour
When first I gave creation birth—
When all the mountain's heights were rear'd,
When all the heav'nly hosts appear'd,
My wisdom and my strength's display?
Man! let thy tow'ring wisdom say!

"Where wert thou when the stars, new born,
Sprung into light at my command,
And fill'd the bounds of eve and morn,
And sung the intelligence that plann'd
Their course sublime? When first the sun
On wings of glory had begun
His race, and oceans of pure light
Wafted mild Luna through the night.

"Who bid the ascending mountains rise?
Who fix'd the boundary of the sea?
Who, when the waves attack'd the skies,
Confin'd their furious revelry?
The caverns hid in darkness I
Unveil'd—my breath of majesty
Dispers'd the gath'ring mists—my hand
Divided ocean from the land.

"Say, can'st thou bid the morning dawn
At earlier hour than I have given,—
Or water the rain-thirsty lawn
When I have shut the gates of heav'n?
Canst thou a favouring breeze prepare
To waft the anxious mariner;
Or guide this earthly ball—to crush
The vile—and the tumultuous hush?

"Say, hast thou scaled the mountain's height,
Or sounded ocean's vast abyss;
Or measur'd all that infinite
Immensity that o'er thee is?
Or couldst thou ever penetrate
Those clouds so dark, so desolate,
That round death's midnight-portal dwell,
Or dive into the depth of hell?

"Couldst thou with tempests fill the cloud,
The glory of the sun to hide;
And in yon bright cerulean shroud
The lightning and the watery tide:
With swiftly-gath'ring fiery flash,
And with the mountain-shaking crash,
Tear earth's foundations up, and show
What dust is thy poor world below?

"Tell me, thou scrutinizing mind,
Who leads the eagle's flight sublime?
His pinions are the mighty wind,
His path beyond or earth or time;
Far o'er the sea, on some tall rock,
He looks upon the surge's shock.
Who could his craving wants supply?
Who gave him that sun-dazzling eye?

"Look at the awful behemoth—
Read there, vain man! my power's display:
Go! see him trample, in his wrath,
The thorny forests in his way.
His veins are hard as cables—try
With him thy arm of potency!
His ribs are brass—his giant horn
Puts all thy boastful strength to scorn.

"Go! hook the huge leviathan,
And draw him subject to the shore;
The ocean is his kingdom—man!
His course, the boundless waters o'er:

The scales upon his sides are bright
As silver shields in Luna's light:
He sees, in mock'ry, frowning lord!
Thy threat'ning spear and sharpen'd
sword.

" A millstone is his heart—his row
Of teeth like sickles, threat'ning still:
Who shall attack him—hero! who?
He waits the strife with ready will.
He basks him in the sunny beam
On the sharp rock—'tis smooth to him—
His strong impenetrable mass
Sleeps, as it were, on sand or grass.

" When he prepares him for the fray,
The ocean like a furnace gleams;
The thund'ring surges mark his way,
His anger like a caldron steams;
His eyes with burning fury roll,
As in a forge the scarlet coal.
All fly before him—' Who shall stand
Before my frown, when I command?'

" When my high will creation's plan
And self-supported wisdom drew,
Did I consult thee, feeble man!
To tell me what my hand should do?
Why didst thou not my purpose check,
Thou who wert then an atom speck,
And say when I was framing thee,
' Why art thou thus creating me?' "

Insolent mortal!—bow thy head;
God's wisdom and God's goodness trace;
In the safe path He marks thee—tread—
'Tis He who fix'd thy earthly place;
And joy and grief alike are given
To lead thee on thy way to heaven:
Then hope and bear—in patience bear—
And throw on him thy woe, thy care.

On the whole, we are happy to recommend this volume to our readers; and we have only to repeat our advice to Mr Bowring, to confine himself to poetry, and to eschew political discussion. In his legitimate department of translation he is always respectable; frequently animated and eloquent; seldom, if ever, offensive:—in the other,—but we need not pursue the parallel. We have heard that he is at present engaged in some translations from the Literature of the South; and we shall be happy to meet him in a field more suited to his labours—as superior to the present in extent, as in variety of produce, and richness of cultivation.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

To the Editor.

SIR,

"WHETHER the extension of learning tends to increase the happiness of the lower orders of society," is a question that has often been agitated, and by men of eminent talents and known philanthropy. It is not my intention to state my own opinion upon the subject; nor, indeed, have I come to a decided opinion, though it has often engaged my serious consideration: but as I think the inclosed letters are not foreign to the purpose in point of view, I send them to you, that, if you think proper, you may give them a place in your valuable and widely-circulated Magazine. They were written by a young man of humble birth, known only to a few; but by the few who did know him, most cordially beloved, and now most deeply regretted. That they were written without the most distant prospect of publication, you may believe; nor, had he been now alive, would they have fallen into my hands. Being lately on a visit in the country, I happened to be at the house of the person to whom they were written, and we were talking of the loss we had sustained in the death of our much-lamented friend, when Mr —— informed me that he had several letters, which he had at various times received from him, and that he often read them over with considerable pleasure, as he thought they exhibited the character of our late friend in a very amiable light; and likewise displayed considerable marks of a genius, which wanted but the fostering hand of a kinder fate to have done honour to the possessor. I requested a sight of these letters, and upon looking into them, was so much pleased with the perusal, that I obtained leave of my friend to take them with me, in order to enjoy them more at leisure. Perhaps my friendship for the author may cause me think more highly of them than they deserve: if so, I shall only have the additional grief of reflecting, that these, the only remaining memorials of one so dear, are doomed, like him,

to sink unknown to the land of forgetfulness. Should you, on the contrary, give them a place in your pages, it will be happily gratifying to a few, and may perhaps be not unpleasing to many of your readers. I have several more of his letters, which shall be sent you if you think, from the inclosed specimen, that they merit a place in your Miscellany.

I have not made any variation of the matter, or manner of expression, in any of these letters, except in occasionally suppressing a few sentences of a private nature, and the names of individuals. I have also arranged them, as much as possible, in the order in which they were written, though there are considerable intervals, in which it appears, either that none were written, or that they have been lost. It is not my intention to trouble you with any remarks upon these letters, or any farther account of the writer of them. In the course of the letters, the writer states enough concerning himself to satisfy any uninterested person; and I leave his papers to stand or fall by their own deserts. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A. M.

To Mr W.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *March* 1818.

You have so often desired and commanded me to write to you, when I had any leisure, that I cannot help believing you really wish me to do so; and with the sound of your last injunction, "write often, and tell me every thing," still sounding, as it were, in my ears, I feel it to be both my duty and pleasure to take the earliest possible opportunity of obeying you. I do this the more willingly, because, in my opinion, the pleasure of writing to a friend is next to that of receiving a letter from him; and because I am allowed to hope, that my letter to you will be the means of procuring me the pleasure of an answer. But a truce to prefacing. I shall just write you "a' the uncos that I hear or see!" and, first, a plain account of the incidents of my journey. After I parted with you, I went to my father's, and stopped there two days. I had intended to go away next day, but some of my clothes were not ready, and one of my sisters was not at home, but expected next day; and, to tell the truth, I felt very easily satisfied with any excuse to keep me a day longer among them. I went a score of times into my father's little yard,—sat upon my own sod-seat,—counted the gooseberry-bushes,—went and cleared out my little spring-well,—and did I know not how many little odd jobs, hardly considering what I was doing. In the evening we were all at home, and appeared all merry; but though we told merry tales, and laughed at them, there was something melancholy even in our attempts at mirth. Often I gazed at my parents, and my brother and sisters, and caught myself in the beginning of a deep, unconscious sigh, while I traced every feature, one by one, as if to fix them more firmly in my memory; and often did I observe my mother's eyes fixed on me with a long and tender gaze, which yet she seemed anxious to conceal. We were all, I cannot tell how, anxious to appear happy and at ease, yet unable to prevent a kind of sadness which pervaded every look, word, and action. I wished to appear unconcerned about my journey, and they wished to appear little disturbed by it, lest their sorrow should distress *me*; but we were little skilled in dissimulation. We retired late to rest, and slept little. Early in the morning, my father came to my bedside, and told me that the morning was favourable, and that it was best to begin my journey betimes, as the weather was not much to be depended upon in that season of the year. There was a solemnity in my father's manner that at once overpowered me; and, with scarce any answer, I arose, and prepared for the road. My sisters were all up except the youngest, —my mother had every thing prepared, and I was soon in readiness. I set out, accompanied by the whole family, to the top of that sweet green field you have heard me often mention as the scene of almost all my boyish days and sports; and it appeared to me more beautiful than it had ever done, though I durst scarcely look around me. My sisters then stopped—I turned to take leave of them; we gazed on each other; two of them wept in silence,—the

youngest cried aloud. Tears are infectious. My father busied himself in opening the gate to let my mother through ;—she stooped to tie her shoe ;—I could not speak to my sisters ;—we shook hands, and parted without a word. In a few moments I turned to take another look; there stood my three fond sisters, gazing after me through their tears, and giving free vent to "a grief, not loud, but deep." It was the first separation that had ever taken place in our family; and I felt that I was the first to bring grief upon my dear, dear parents, and into the circle of our hitherto happy family: my heart sickened, and I would gladly have turned and gone home, never to leave it; but sensible that such must happen at some time, I wound up my resolution, and went on. My parents accompanied me a little farther: my mother spoke little, being apparently occupied in mental prayer, oftener casting her eyes to Heaven than on me. My father gave me a few comprehensive advices, relative to the regulation of my conduct in the world. At length they stopped—they grasped my hands—and even now I seem to hear my father's voice, deep, faltering, and subdued with grief, as he uttered these parting words, "Farewell! God Almighty bless you, Willie!" Never, no, though I should live a longer life than is allowed to man, never can the events of that morning fade from my memory ; every slightest word, look, or action, is there indelibly impressed.

Scarcely conscious of whither I was going, I passed on through the town of ———, and on gaining the summit of the heights beyond it, I turned to take another long farewell-gaze at my dear native hills; and when my eyes rested upon C——'s cloud-crowned head, towering in gigantic majesty far into the sky, I tell you, I could willingly have changed my being, to have become one among the fleecy flocks, feeding at ease, and roaming unconcerned and unafflicted around it.

You have never wandered far, nor dwelt at a distance from your native home, therefore you can scarcely sympathize with me, and may perhaps think that I exaggerate in my statements; but I assure you, my words convey indeed but a feeble representation of my feelings. I have left all my relations and acquaintances, dearly and long beloved; all the pleasant scenes of my happy, thoughtless, youthful days; and now, here, friendless, in a strange place,—but I must not tell you where, nor how I am, until I have related all my adventures on the way hither.

While I stood looking thoughtfully towards C——, and its neighbouring hills, my attention was attracted by a dark, heavy, lowering cloud, that came slowly round the south side of the mountain up the Solway Firth, with a most threatening aspect; the sunbeams that streamed along its side were of a pale watery hue; the sea below assumed a deep muddy yellow; and the wind began that low, melancholy moan, which is the sure forerunner of a storm. I turned, and hastened on my way, fearful of being overtaken by the approaching blast, before I should be able to reach the nearest village. Forward I hurried, with all the speed in my power, turning, occasionally, to observe the progress of the cloud, which was now rapidly covering the sky, and " thickening and blackening round my devoted head." Suddenly, a stronger gust of wind, like a whirlwind, descended the heights, and swept over me, while broad flakes of snow floated around in wavering whirls, like the withered leaves in autumn. Before me lay the village of E——, at about the distance of a mile: I cast some wistful looks towards it, and mended my pace. I perceived, a few yards before me, the little assembly of a private school burst out from a gate on the road-side, and run with all speed for the village. One little girl was soon left behind; and though she continued to run as fast as she was able, I overtook her in a short time. She turned to me with such a pitiable look, that my heart was interested in her at once; she was about the size of my own youngest sister, and, I imagined, like her in features. I immediately took my little bundle under my arm, carrying my umbrella in the same hand, that I might have one hand at liberty for her, as without that help she could not have kept up with me. She understood my

meaning, came close to my side, laying her little hand in mine, and kept running along with me under the shelter of my umbrella; and nothing embarrassed with my being quite a stranger to her, she immediately began to tell me all her innocent little tales. I asked her how she happened to come so far to school without any one to take care of her? "O," said she, "we have a very gude maister, an' my aunt thinks we come better on wi' him than wi' ony ither; an' a' folk think that too, an' we like him very weel oursel's. He was talking about gaun awa', no lang syne, but he's no gaun yet, an' we're a' very glad, for the folk say we couldna' get a better ane, nor ane that wad tak' mair pains wi' us. An' I wish he manyna gang awa', for I learn far better wi' him nor I did wi' the auld maister. An' forby a' that, my aunt says that the auld maister didna learn us right; and that if we gaed till anither school we wad be to learn a' o'er again." "But," said I, "how can your aunt venture to send you sae far your lane? for the rest rin off an' leave ye, I see." "I wadna care for them leaving me," said she, "for I can gang hame mysel' weel eneuch; but they whiles lick me too. They durstna do that when Jean was living. Ye may be dinna ken that my sister Jean died about a fortnight syne. Jean an' me cam' here about Martinmas, to gang to the school; an' Jean was to help my aunt; she sews, ye ken; an' Jean took care o' me gaun to the school, an' comin' hame. She turned no weel, a gude while syne; an' then she grew better, an' after a wee she turned waur again. My aunt didna send to my mither, for she aye thought she wad soon mend; an' Jean hersel' didna want to vex my mither: but at last, when she turned very ill, my aunt sent word hame. My mither didna get word till late, an' so she couldna come that day, for its maist twenty mile awa', and when she cam' next day, Jean was dead; an' my mither was like to gang distracted, because she hadna seen her before she died. My aunt was very vexed too, for my mither blamed her sair for no lettin' her ken in time. I wish it had been me that had died an' no Jean, an' then my mither wadna been half sae sorry; for Jean was maist fit to do for hersel', an' to help the lave o' us, for my mither has never been very weel since my father died. She'll maybe no live lang neither, but my aunt says she'll tak' care o' me till I can work for mysel'." While she was thus giving me her interesting little history, she appeared suddenly to recollect herself, looked around her, and quitting my hand, darted into a neat little cottage upon the road-side. I assure you I felt an awakening of my own grief, a sudden blank, and a deeper sense of loneliness, when this helpless orphan forsook my hand. Such, or nearly such, as I have related it, was her story; but had you looked, as I did, upon the pretty innocent face, wrought, at times, into a deeper emotion than I thought such a child could have displayed, and heard her silver voice faltering, as she told of her sister's death, and her mother's sorrow, you could not have smiled at the deep impression wihch this small incident has made upon me. Being now arrived at the entrance of the village, I went into the first inn that I saw, and took up a comfortable station by the fire-side, where I awaited the termination of the blast. While I remained there, I looked about for something to amuse me, and assist me to while away the time a little, as I did not care to mingle in the conversation going on amongst the people of various descriptions in the house. I cast my eye by chance upon some torn leaves of an old song-book lying in the window, and found among them some songs of considerable merit, (at least to my fancy). One of them took my attention so much, that I used the freedom to take the leaf containing it with me, and I here send you a copy of it, if by this means I make some amends for the dull prose of this wearisome epistle.

Oh, sad was the time when my dear laddie left me,
To brave a' the storms o' the wide rolling sea;
Now nought can delight me, a' joyless an' dowie
I sit an' think on him wi' tears in my e'e:

Swift wing'd seem'd the days since he spak o' his way-gate,
Though laden wi' woe, yet o'er fast did they flee;
An' dull raise the Sun through the sky-dark air gloomy,
That lang dreaded morning that tore him frae me.

When he took the last look o' his dear native dwelling,
Where the blythe morn o' youth had pass'd o'er him wi' glee,
The heart-rending sigh in his bosom was swelling,
An' the big tear o' grief dimm'd his bonny dark e'e.
But the last parting moment of anguish unmingled,
While I live can I ever forget it? Ah, no!
Still, still, o'er my memory, darkly and sadly,
It hangs, and renews the deep source of my woe.

He turn'd, an' a lang parting look he took o' me,
The rose left his cheek, an' the diamond his e'e;
He silently gazed, then he tore himsel' frae me,—
My heart was sae sair I maist wished I could die.
But, oh! if my fond eyes again might behold him
Return'd safe frae danger an' distance to me;
Ance mair to my heart, if my arms might enfold him,
Contented in death I could close my glad e'e!

THE AGE OF BRONZE, OR, CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS. JOHN HUNT, LONDON, 1823.

In spite of many indications of carelessness and haste, "The Age of Bronze" is stamped with some of the most prominent characteristics of Lord Byron's original and sublime genius. The sentiments are occasionally lofty and magnificent; the thoughts vigorous and impressive; the language condensed and energetic; the satire generally keen, sometimes terrible. There is, to be sure, not a little hardness and abruptness in the versification, and several limping lines might be easily picked out by a captious critic: but these defects are more than compensated by the conscious power which it displays, and by the unmeasured contempt poured upon tyranny, folly, selfishness, stupidity, and wickedness. In truth, his Lordship wields the lash with the most edifying and exemplary impartiality; although the Congress of Verona, the Jews, and the Country Gentlemen of England, come in for the most potent and cutting application.

At the same time, we could have wished, that, in one instance, he had spared the dead. If the modern Prometheus chained to his rock, with the vulture of misfortune gnawing at his vitals, did, in some cases, shew that he felt the petty, irritating, and never-ceasing annoyances of the shard-born insects sent to torment him, something ought to have been allowed for the infirmity of even a master-spirit, impatient of control, because habituated to command, and impelled by the best sentiments of the heart, to watch over the comforts of those who had given him a noble proof of their devotion, by sharing his exile and his punishment, for believing in the magnanimity of England. The passage to which we allude is this:

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
Yes! where is he, the Champion and the Child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;

Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things—
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs—
A Surgeon's statement and an Earl's harangues!
A bust delay'd, a book refus'd, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
Is this indeed the Tamer of the Great,
Now slave of all could teaze or irritate—
The paltry jailor and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?
Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great;
How low, how little was this middle state,
Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear!
Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still:
Vain was his sickness,—never was a clime
So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime;
And the stiff Surgeon, who maintain'd his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause.
But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art;
Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long aw'd and awes mankind;—
Smile—for the fetter'd Eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.

What follows, however, is peculiarly splendid and redeeming:

How, if that soaring Spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The little that he was and sought to be!
What though his name a wider empire found
Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted empire's blessings and its curse;
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape;
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
What though his jailor, dutcous to the last,
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,
Refusing one poor line along the lid
To date the birth and death of all it hid,
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore:
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast;
When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desart's skies,
The rocky isle that holds or held his dust
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
And mighty Nature o'er his obsequies
Do more than niggard Envy still denies.
But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust?
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists,
Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists:
Alike the better-seeing Shade will smile
On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
As if his ashes found their latest home
In Rome's pantheon, or Gaul's mimic dome.
He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though so scant;
Her honour, fame, and faith, demand his bones,
To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
Or carried onward in the battle's van
To form, like Guesclin's * dust, her talisman.
But be it as it is, the time may come
His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.

Then comes a rapid and vigorous sketch of Napoleon's triumphs and reverses: we shall only give the description of the burning of Moscow, the last six lines of which strike us as peculiarly sublime.

* "Guesclin died during the siege of a city; it surrendered, and the keys were brought and laid upon his bier, so that the place might appear rendered to his ashes."

Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain—*he* saw thee—how? with spire
And palace fuel to one common fire.
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall—and, Moscow was no more!
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;
Vesuvius shews his blaze, an usual sight
For gaping tourists, from his hacknied height:
Thou stand'st alone unrivalled, till the fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire.

We now turn to what Mr Brougham calls "The three *Gentlemen* of Verona,"—the Congress,—the Holy Alliance,—the Conservators of Despotism,—the Conspirators against Liberty,—the political Trinity in Unity, worshipped by all the "*ne plus ultra* Ultras," in every Christian kingdom of Europe. But Lord Byron must describe these *soi-disant* vicegerents of God: he alone is fully competent to the task,—and he has performed it admirably.

But lo! a Congress! What! that hallow'd name
Which freed the Atlantic? May we hope the same
For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
The prophets of young Freedom, summon'd far
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;
And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this Senate of the few
That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest Alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly Trinity! which wears the shape
Of heav'n's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one—
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
But these, more hungry, must have something more,
The pow'r to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
Than we! for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow,
All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee;
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets;"
Thy Scaligers—for what was "Dog the Great,"
"Can Grande" (which I venture to translate)
To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
And Dante's exile, shelter'd by the gate;
Thy good old man, whose world was all within
Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in:
Would that the royal guests it girds about
Were so far like, as never to get out!
Aye, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
To tell Oppression that the world is tame!
Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
The comedy is not upon the stage;
The show is rich in ribbonry and stars,
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free!

This is followed by a full-length portrait of the "magnanimous Alexander," as our Treasury prints were wont, in days of yore, to describe the Muscovite Czar. We never were so fortunate, however, as to discover in what this "magnanimity" consisted. Father Paul was strangled, and son Alexander, who, of course was *not*

privy to the deed, reaped the benefit of the crime, and became Autocrat of all the Russias, white and red. The burning of Moscow and the frost suddenly placed this same "magnanimous" Alexander in the very unlooked-for position of a conqueror; when, recollecting that he had enjoyed the benefit of a republican tutor, and particularly that, for the time being, the co-operation of the people could not be dispensed with, he all at once professed *liberal* opinions, and talked a good deal *en philosophe*. The trick succeeded to his wish: the people, always credulous, believed him: his turn was served,—his enemy overthrown,—and the "magnanimous" Alexander, who had fawned on and crouched to Napoleon, when his star was lord of the ascendant, was elevated into a sort of imperial Dictator among the Nations. Then came first one Congress, next another,—the crusade against Naples,—and all the strange doings, and stranger doctrines, which have since astonished Europe and the world: and we are now told, that we shall not dare to pluck a single feather from the wing of Legitimacy, unless we have a mind to a visitation from some two millions and a half Muscovites, Cossacks, Calmucs, Samoieds, and other Barbarians of the steppes and wilds of Scythia. Leaving Alexander the son of Philip to Quintus Curtius and Plutarch, we must now, however, show off Alexander the son of Paul, on the canvass of Lord Byron.

Resplendant sight! behold the coxcomb Czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back whene'er the morning's raw:
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the Imperial Dandy prates of peace!
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain!
How royally shew off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the South long hid!
A blessing cheaply purchas'd, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of Great Philip's son!
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on;
And that which Scythia was to him of yore,
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth;
Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
Many an old woman, but no Catherine.
Spain too hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—
The bear may rush into the lion's toils.
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields?
Better reclaim thy desarts, turn thy swords
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure;
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe;
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun:
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the Cynic shall be free;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopé:
Still will he hold his lanthorn up to scan
The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

But we must now turn our eyes homewards. The following was no doubt intended as a *bonne bouche* for the country gentlemen. As they seem incapable of listening to, or comprehending, sense and reason, when delivered in plain prose, we are not without hopes that the following mild expostulation in verse may meet with better success. For a brief and

convincing exposition of the doctrine of *Rent*, we would recommend to our readers, not the Pamphlets, or works of Malthus or Ricardo, but—the following quotation from "the Age of Bronze:"

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now uncountry gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall—
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus; his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices;
He amplified to every lord's content
The grand Agrarian Alchymy hight *Rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.
But where is now the goodly audit ale?
The purse-proud tenant never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;
The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
Up! up again! ye rents, exalt your notes,
Or else the Ministry will lose their votes,
And Patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;
For, ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
Are gone—their oven clos'd, their ocean dry,
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Excepting to grow moderate and content.
They who are not so, *had* their turn—and turn
About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepar'd.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, Dictators of the farm!
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for Rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for Rent!
They roar'd, they din'd, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England—why then live? for Rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was Rent!
Their love of country, millions all misspent,
How reconcile? by reconciling Rent.
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with Rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—Rent, Rent, Rent!
Thou soldst thy birthright, Esau! for a mess:
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;
Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlords! was your appetite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar!
What, would they spread their earthquake even o'er Cash?
And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hospital?
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, Tithes;

The Prelates go to—where their saints
have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one;
Church, state, and faction, wrestle in the
dark,
Toss'd by the Deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her Bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars—But Britain ends.
And why? to pamper the self-seeking
wants,
And prop the hill of these Agrarian ants.
"Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be
wise;"
Admire their patience through each sa-
crifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain
deny
The debt of nations:—pray, *who made
it high?*

This, however, is only a bye-blow. His Lordship returns to the Congress, and after a glance at Metternich, Chateaubriand, and Wellington, presents us with a picture of *another* description, which, for very obvious reasons, we give without remark:

Enough of this—a sight more mournful
woos
The averted eye of the reluctant Muse.
The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
The young Astyanax of modern Troy;
The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath
seen;
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and the wreck of
power.
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria
spare
A daughter? What did France's widow
there?
Her fitter place was by St Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
But, no,—she still must hold a petty reign,
Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain;
The martial Argus, whose not hundred
eyes
Must watch her through these paltry
pageantries.
What though she share no more and
shar'd in vain
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
Which swept from Moscow to the South-
ern seas,
Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of
cheese,
Where Parma views the traveller resort
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and
mourn—
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime;
(If ere those awful ashes can grow cold;—
But no,—their embers soon will burst the
mould)
She comes!—the Andromache (but not
Racine's,
Nor Homer's) Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm the
leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre
through,
Is offer'd and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new
grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward
strife,
And the *Ex*-Empress grows as *Ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings, when their own
are jests?

From the specimens we have now given, our readers will be enabled to judge for themselves of the production before us. In our opinion, it unites great power, with a singular acuteness of observation, and a wonderful knowledge of men, and demonstrates that, notwithstanding the "devilry" in which the noble author has lately been engaged, and which we hope he has abandoned for ever, the wings of his genius are still unclipped, and that nothing is wanting but the choice of a subject, worthy of his unrivalled powers to record his name in the same roll with those of Shakespeare and Milton, and thus to form the most illustrious triumvirate of which any nation, ancient or modern, can boast.

Before we close this article, we beg to notice a circumstance which struck our attention. In p. 11, are the following lines:

Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs
arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyses thundering in their car;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous
flood.

The line in Italics is borrowed, nearly word for word, from Napoleon's address to the Army of Egypt, before the battle of the Pyramids.

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, 3d March.

I AM sorry that my last letters did not arrive in time for your Number for February. The fact is, I waited and waited day after day, or rather night after night, for the production of something new at either of our theatres, until it seems it was too late for my communications to be of any service that month. The loss, however, Mr Editor, was the loss of the readers of the *Edinburgh Magazine;* and the fault was the fault of the Managers of our play-houses. I take no blame to myself in this matter; *Ed ognun le sue colpe si perdona.* The managers and proprietors too were the sufferers by it; for thinner houses have rarely been known, than some that occurred in the beginning of February.

On turning back to my memoranda for the last two months, I find that since *Simpson & Co.*, brought out on the 4th January, only two novelties have been presented at either of our winter houses. The earliest of these was a sort of opera, or comedy, with songs, made up from one of the novels of the "Great Unknown," under the title of "Nigel." It was understood to be from the pen of Mr Horace Twiss, and it is no other, in fact, than the production which I long ago announced he was preparing for the stage. It is very true, that, in the London newspapers, his authorship was contradicted; but I reckon that this goes for nothing; for as the performance was unsuccessful, (I do not mean that it was not acted for three or four nights,) he must be anxious to disclaim all connection with it. Besides, the contradiction was a little ambiguous and artful, not direct and positive: as the comedy, opera, or whatever it might be called, had not met with the general approbation of the public, it was but fair to presume that Mr H. Twiss was not the writer of it. It reminds one of the reply of Finlayson to one of the charges of O'Meara: "As Mr Finlayson was never authorised by his superiors to promise Mr O'Meara a surgeonship of Greenwich Hospital, it is but fair to presume that he never did promise it." In neither case was any such presumption warranted. Doubtless, Mr Finlayson did offer the surgeonship; and, doubtless, Mr H. Twiss was the writer of the play of "Nigel." Indeed, the circumstance, that, after a few wearisome representations, it was damned, instead of being a proof to the contrary, may be looked upon by some as "a confirmation strong." I wonder what injudicious friend drew up the qualified contradiction containing such an unqualified panegyric: it surely could not come from the pen of Mr H. Twiss himself. If "Nigel" had been written by Mr Moncrief, such a mode of getting out of the scrape might not have been inconsistent with the very exalted notion that "gallymaufry-grinder" entertains of his own abilities; for he goes about London, avowing, "that though he does not think himself equal to Shakespeare as a poet, yet sure he is, that he possesses an *extempore* talent, which there is no proof that Shakespeare ever possessed; that Shakespeare was content to confine his plays to one house, the Globe, whereas he (Mr Moncrief) has had pieces acted successfully at four or five different theatres, on the same night;—nay, more, that it has several times happened that his productions have made up the whole amusement of the audience; the comedy, interlude, and farce, being all three from his sole and unassisted pen." What French author is it that asserts,

> "*L' ignorance toujours est prête à s'admirer?*"

I do not say that the line applies, in its full extent and force, to Mr Moncrief; neither do I say that he has not a considerable share of cleverness in his way, one of his main qualifications being that of adapting other men's labours to his own purposes. Let me do him the justice, however, of stating, that his "Rochester," played by Elliston at the Olympic, before he became "sole lessee and proprietor of Drury-Lane Theatre," is quite as good as anything Mr H. Twiss has ever done, not excepting even his speeches in Parliament.

Upon his "Nigel," it is not my purpose to waste many words: though it took him so long to prepare it for the stage, it was not nearly so good as the hasty sketch Mr C. Dibdin (who has a knack in this line) drew up for the Surrey Theatre, within a week after the novel made its appearance. It is very clear that Mr Twiss did not understand what he was about, and forgot that most important fact, that scenes telling exceedingly well in narrative, lose a vast deal of their effect on the stage. Mr Twiss mistakes his talent: he is a barrister, and a politician, and it would answer his purpose much better, because he is much better qualified for it, if, like Mr Holt, (the author of the two pamphlets on "The State of the Nation,") he would confine himself to law and statistics, and abandon poetry altogether. Had Lord Sidmouth and Bexley remained in office, Mr Holt would certainly have obtained some legal preferment: as it is, he stands a good chance of success. Mr Twiss has lost his best patron, Lord Londonderry; but he is in a situation, in which, by prudence, and taking the right course, he may be sure of obtaining others. There exists, however, one obstacle, and it is, that Mr Secretary Peel regards him with some degree of envy and jealousy, and it is very certain that this statesman, (as we must call him, at least in courtesy,) possesses no such talents as place him above those petty passions.

However, I am wandering from plays to politics; though, indeed, as far as tragedy and farce are concerned, they have more connection than might be supposed.

A new Afterpiece, with a more rational title than some produced of late, and with more claims to success, has also been brought out at Covent Garden: it is called "The Duel, or the two Nephews." It pretends to nothing more than to the rank of a Farce; not, like "Simpson & Co.," to be "a Comedy" in two acts. By the bye, I find that I and the newspapers were mistaken in attributing this last to Mr Dibdin; but it is an error of no great importance. The plot of "the Duel" is simple, the characters well contrasted, the dialogue generally spirited, and the incidents judiciously managed. There is rather too much of boxing and "the fancy" in it, and the equivoques, though pleasant, and not forced, are somewhat too long; this species of dialogue being rather a substitute for humour, than humorous. The acting was admirable, and the farce deserved the success it obtained, which is more than I can say of "Simpson & Co.," which is still played when a third piece is wanted to fill up the usual time which the audience expects to be occupied.

Mystery hangs over a forthcoming tragedy, by Miss Mitford. It was announced in the Morning Chronicle some days ago, that "T. N. Talfourd, Esq. barrister at law," had read in the Green-room of Covent-Garden Theatre, a new Tragedy by Miss Mitford, which was greatly admired. Very soon afterwards, almost in the next publication of the newspaper, it was mentioned that this Tragedy, (I forget what name was given to it,) had been withdrawn; for what reason, was not stated. This was followed by a third paragraph, informing the public that a *second* Tragedy, by Miss Mitford, was in course of rehearsal; but still no explanation was afforded why the first had been so suddenly suppressed, although it was noticed distinctly that they were different performances. Miss Mitford has not offered any thing to the world of late, and perhaps she may have a stock of new Tragedies by her. I recollect that a tailor (not Mr P—— of Charing-Cross, he writes only political treatises—*petit hic plus temporis atque olei plus*) once asked me to read over a sentimental Comedy he had written: he was not my tailor, you may be sure. I complied, and gave him what encouragement I could. He was overjoyed at my opinion, and added, with much self-satisfaction, that if that succeeded, he had four more ready. It may be the same with Miss Mitford's Tragedies; but, as I said, the mystery yet remains to be cleared up. It would not tell much in favour of Mr Talfourd's skill in reading, if it should appear that the first Tragedy noticed, in the paragraph, to have been "greatly admired," had, in fact, been withdrawn in consequence.

Having thus touched upon all the novelties I recollect, in the way of Plays and Afterpieces, offered to the public within about the last six weeks, I will advert, in my next, to such new actors and actresses as have appeared, and to our old favourites, who have just come forward again, after an absence of some months in the country.

London, 8th March.

"What has become of Miss F. H. Kelly?" was a question, about three weeks ago, in the mouths of most persons who take an interest in theatrical matters; but now people are tired of asking it, and of receiving no satisfactory answer: at present it may be said, in the words of the old song,

"Where she's gone, and how she fares,
Nobody knows,—and nobody cares."

Two months ago, I gave it as my opinion, and was laughed at for it, that her popularity, as far as she ever had any, would not be of long duration, and it has turned out accordingly. I know not what sort of influence was used with the London newspapers, regarding this young lady, but that some influence or other was used is quite clear, for they all joined in a chorus of praise of that acting which almost every body is now ready to admit was undeserving of half the applause it obtained. This is one more proof of the degree of reliance that is to be placed upon our metropolitan diurnal criticisms. How the poor natives of Dublin, too, were laughed at for having long allowed this blossom to "waste its sweetness on the desert air" of empty benches! This is the second time, within two years, that their taste has been unjustly reviled: they were called all sorts of hard names for not being sensible of the merits of Miss Wilson, whom all the world acknowledges now to have been, in her way, an impostor upon the taste of London audiences. Miss F. H. Kelly was a *protegée* (we use the word in no improper sense) of Mr Shiel, "the great Irish tragic poet," as he has been called: how he contrived to put her off upon the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre we can easily guess; but how he contrived to put her off, even as long as he did, upon the public, is yet matter of mere speculation. Be it as it may, it is pretty evident, that this young lady, who might perhaps have been both useful and respectable in any other line, has now found her level; and if she ever appear on the stage again, unless greatly altered, it must be in an inferior rank to that she was induced to claim. Let those who think me harsh and ungallant, recollect how much gallantry, in this, and some other cases, has contributed to mislead in the formation of a true estimate. As I once before remarked, I do not know what gallantry has to do with theatrical criticism. Mr Shiel's motive is quite plain: he wanted to supply the place of Miss O'Neil in his tragedies; he saw nobody competent on our London boards, and he therefore thought he would import an adventure of his own, which would at least have novelty to recommend it.

This mention of Miss F. H. Kelly leads me to inquire in what part of the United Kingdom Miss Kelly, late of Drury-Lane, and the English Opera-House, is performing, or whether indeed she be performing at all? A single line from her lips was worth all, and more, than Miss F. H. Kelly had to say in the last Tragedy by Mr Shiel. I recollect an epigram (they called them so at that date, 1598) upon old George Chapman, the first translator of Homer, and author of a number of dramatic works, of which the following were four lines:

"Thy plays are not so much like plays as life,
And truth and fiction—these are both at strife;
As if thou'dst cut a piece from out existence,
Only compressing things till then at distance."

The same, or nearly the same, may be said of Miss Kelly's performance: it is not so much like life, as life itself; and I consider it a great imputation upon our London play-goers, that they will endure her absence, who, for so many seasons, contributed so much to their delight. In this particular, Managers ought to be under greater control than at present: they engage and discharge, just as

suits their pleasures or their pockets, never taking the wishes of the public at all into consideration. In the summer, I suppose, of course, we shall see her again at the English Opera-house. Mr Arnold was her first patron, when she was wholly unknown in London, and to her fidelity to him, and to her anxiety to promote his interests, she owes her dismissal from Drury-Lane Theatre.

Rumours are afloat respecting disputes between Charles Kemble and Macready: they were to be expected, from the mode in which the former began his career as Manager of Covent-Garden; it is therefore probable that some differences have arisen. The cast of parts is always a fruitful subject of theatrical quarrels. We have seen the success of C. Kemble's attempt, while Macready was in Italy, to go through his brother John Kemble's series of characters: he has not tried any one of them since his melancholy failure in Hamlet. Whether it be owing to him and his influence, I know not, but Macready has come comparatively very little before the public this season; and it is generally understood, that he complains of being thus kept in the back-ground. If Charles Kemble had also forced himself forward, there might be more reason for dissatisfaction. As Manager, however, he has many ways of keeping himself alive in the public recollection; but an actor only, has merely to trust to the number of times he appears, and the applause he obtains. Macready, with all his talent, would soon die in the public recollection, if he were not now and then to make what is technically called *a hit*. He has not done so once this season yet; for he has had no opportunity but in Mr Shiel's defunct Tragedy of "the Hugueonot." What Moliere says of old age, that it *devoit ne songer qu'à mourir*, is true of an actor. It was Garrick's complaint, that an actor, however eminent, lived no longer than his life; but if Macready is kept back, as has been the case lately, he will die a very premature death indeed. I am not sure, that, in this respect, much blame is imputable either to him or to C. Kemble.

The taste of this season has unquestionably been musical and operatic, and it has of course essentially interfered both with the performance of Tragedy and Comedy. Kean himself has appeared but seldom, and hardly at all, since the return of Liston and Miss Stephens to London. Young, after ending his short engagement at Drury, has retired to Bath, and hence, it is very plain, that the "sole manager and lessee" did not think it worth while to retain him. Nevertheless, he deserves credit for engaging Liston, and still more for securing Miss Stephens. I had intended to speak more at large in my present letter, of their joint re-appearance on the rival boards of Drury-Lane, but I am obliged to defer it till I write next.

London, 9th March.

I was interrupted, yesterday evening, by a friend, who called in to give me the news, just arrived, of the death of John Philip Kemble: he expired at Lausanne, on the 26th of last month, of a paralytic attack, and, by all the accounts, he appears to have suffered little or no pain. To the public, he died several years ago, when he quitted the stage, so that they will not now have to lament his loss, any more than the decease of any other respectable gentleman: all their recollections of what he was will still remain; all their gratitude (if the public ever feel it) for the pleasure, the delight he afforded, during a long and brilliant career. I am not going to be either biographical or critical regarding him. Mr Jones' book will supply all the main particulars of his life, and I do not think that any opinions of mine, or of any other man, are wanting, at this time of day, to lead to a correct estimate of John Philip Kemble's genius as a tragic actor. As he was born in 1757, he was 66 years old when he died. It is some satisfaction to me to recollect, that Macbeth was the first play I ever saw, and that Kemble and his sister sustained the principal characters; this, too, at a time when they were both in their zenith.

It is, I believe, not generally known, that when playing, very early in life, at York, Kemble published a volume of Juvenile Poems, under the title of "Fugitive Pieces," putting his name to them. But he soon became dissatisfied with them,

and (as Lord Byron has since attempted to do with his "Poems by George, Lord Byron, a minor,") endeavoured to suppress them. His printer told me, when I was at York, fourteen years ago, that Kemble had burnt 250 copies in his presence. However, some few had previously got into circulation, and they have now and then been sold at auctions: several copies were bought at high prices, from one, to four or five pounds, for Kemble himself. I never saw the volume, which is, of course, extremely scarce; but a friend of mine extracted for me one or two specimens, which I have preserved by way of curiosity, and with one of which I will now present the readers of the Edinburgh Magazine. I would quote others, but they would be too long for this place, and if I offered them to the Editor, to be inserted elsewhere, he seems so much in arrear with his correspondents, that I doubt if he could find room for them. It is to be recollected, that John Kemble was a Roman Catholic, and the subsequent epigram had probably a reference to one of his acquaintances.

On a Young and Beautiful Catholic who purposed to take the Veil.

"If Anna e'er should take the veil,
For others' sins alone to wail
The noisy world she flies;
And with the tenderest pity fill'd
To pray for those her beauty kill'd,
The Archer in her eyes!"

This is not much amiss, but I have seen something like it before. It is only a playful trifle; but the chief part of the collection consists of serious and sentimental poems.

I noticed in a former letter, that Macready had been kept in the background, and that Kean had lately played but seldom. I perceive that they are both advertised for to-morrow night: Macready is to play King John; Constance by Mrs Ogilvie, a lady whose name I have before omitted to mention, and who has recently come forward to take the first line in tragedy. She is unequal to it, although I allow her no small share of cleverness. Lady Constance was Mrs Siddons's part; but it is not one that ever called for the full exercise and display of her powers: for this reason, Mrs Ogilvie may be more successful in it than she has shown herself in characters of higher reach and more varied passion. Kean performs King Lear, and there is no play I would not rather see him in than in this: he reduces the old monarch down almost to the level of a drivelling work-house pauper.

Miss Stephens and Braham in various operas, but chiefly in "Guy Mannering," "Artaxerxes," and the "Beggars' Opera," have been drawing overflowing houses to Drury-Lane; while Liston, in "Love, Law, and Physic," "Killing no Murder," &c. has been making the audience laugh till they roared again with pleasure and pain. I expected to see some of the fat citizens go off like Margutta, in Pulce's 19th Canto, where he bursts himself with laughing at an ape;

E' parve che gli uscisse una bombarda,
Tanto fu grande de lo scoppio il tuono, &c.
(St. 119.)

London, 11th March.

I am sorry that I did not send my last letter off on Monday, without waiting to see King John, and adding this postscript, for nothing I saw was worth the delay: however, as I did go to Govent-Garden, I will say a few words about the performance. In the first place, I did not like Macready's King John as well as I expected, and it is not a part that will add a jot to his reputation: therefore, the sooner he drops it the better. He was most successful in the interview with Hubert,—"Come hither, gentle Hubert," &c.; but here he was laboriously studied, and, throughout, art was far too paramount. This is rather a growing fault with Macready, and of itself would indicate a want of real genius. Mrs Ogilvie exactly came up to my expectation in Lady Constance—neither better nor worse: she failed, in my opinion, in that celebrated passage, "Here I and Sorrow sit," &c. In consequence of the death of his brother, Mr C. Kemble could not play Falconbridge, and who, will it be conjectured, supplied his place? Mr Connor—the same gentleman who performs the "Irish Tutor," and indeed all the low Irish parts at this house! This was a little too much, and so the audience

felt it. To say that Abbot would have done it far better, is to say nothing, because nobody could have done it worse. The whole play went off as heavily as possible, and unless for Mrs Ogilvie, it is difficult to guess why it was represented.

In a former letter, I mentioned, that, excepting Miss Mitford's production, no novelties were spoken of; but to my surprise, at the bottom of the bills of yesterday, at Covent-Garder, I see a new Tragedy and a new Comedy both advertised. The Tragedy is called *Julian*, and I take it for granted that it is the old Spanish story of the Renegade in the time of Roderick the last of the Goths, told by Mariana in his history, and which has been made the subject of many poems, dramatic and otherwise, in Spain *. A few years ago, Walter Savage Landor published, anonymously, a play, under the same title: he is the author of that mad poem "The Ghebir;" but it is probable the Tragedy now about to be acted is not his. It may be Miss Mitford's, though, had it been, we should probably have seen some new puff of it in the Morning Chronicle. Of the new Comedy, the title is not given, and it is likely that it will not be brought out until after the Tragedy.

London, 5th April.

I am the more sorry for the "fatality" (as you call it, Mr Editor, in your Notices to Correspondents,) attending the last Theatrical Article, because it, in particular, contained some matter of general, though of temporary interest. Where the delay arose, or what was its cause, I know not; but I am very sure that no blame was imputable to me, as I was particularly desirous that what I sent should appear without fail. I expect it still, and, on this account, my communications this month shall be shorter. I think that my last letter was dated only on the 10th March—it ought to have reached you in Edinburgh on the 12th, and to have been inserted as a matter of course. Had it been printed, as it ought to have been, I should this month have sent you one or two further specimens of the poetry of the late John Philip Kemble, by way of curiosities, and not intended in any way to counteract the high reputation he has justly acquired as a performer. I presume, from what you say, that no fault is attributable to you; and the only amends you can make for the postponement, both to the reader and to me, is to continue the correspondence in the present Number as if there had been no interruption.

"Julian," regarding which I was bold enough to hazard some conjectures, and which, by the bye, have turned out to be false, as conjectures will do sometimes, has been brought out at Covent-Garden Theatre, and it has met with tolerable success. The story is not Spanish, but Sicilian, and the author is not Mr Walter Savage Landor, but Miss Mitford, a young lady, who, some years ago, (I understand, for I have not seen it,) published a poem under the title of "Christina, or the Maid of the South Seas." If, however, that poem be no better than its title, I hope it may never come under my observation, especially as its incidents are taken from the adventures of the half-methodist mutineers in Pitcairn's Island. With respect to the Tragedy of "Julian," I shall not attempt to enter into the story, which is full of improbabilities, nor into the poetry, which is full of common-places and scraps, picked up here and there, and appropriated. I must admit, nevertheless, that some of the scenes are very judiciously managed, and that a good deal of art is displayed in a few of the situations; but, as a whole, it is bad, and cannot possibly have a long existence. I saw it for the second time, on the 6th night of its representation, and the house was not more than half filled. The opening of the piece is by far the best part of it; but here is an obvious imitation, not to say translation, from the Greek, for it is given out that Miss Mitford,

——— *alia parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum,*

or at least is competent to do so. She is not to be blamed for having availed herself of the assistance of Æschylus or Sophocles, only it would have been as well if she had acknowledged it. The catastrophe deserves

* One of the most distinguished is by Louis de Leon, who atributes all the calities of Spain to this Renegade.

no other epithet than ludicrous: the banished hero climbs up a tower where the heroine is confined, knowing that she is there, by a diamond cross which she hangs from the window. While they are together, enter three or four mercenaries to slay Julian; but, by a clumsy accident, they kill the lady and Julian, who, throughout, is a fellow of no heart or energy, and dies of mere grief and exhaustion, upon the body of his mistress. This is not merely absurd, but laughable, and the more so, because it would have been so easy to have altered the conclusion. The interest is not very ill sustained, and the characters, though without novelty, are well contrasted. The whole fabric is built upon an improbability of the grossest kind.

The acting, in general, was good, but not so good as one would be led to suppose, from reading the criticisms in the newspapers: I refer here to the parts sustained by Miss Lacy and Macready, who play the heroine and the hero. The former is fast improving in characters of tenderness and pathos, though, from defect of face and voice, she never will be equal to the part in which she originally appeared in London—Belvidera. Her Annabella, in the Tragedy of "Julian" is a part of the same cast, but not of the same compass, and she makes it interesting. Julian is her husband, a whining sort of gentleman, with occasional fits of passion, who is placed in difficult circumstances, being the only witness of an attempt, on the part of his own father, to commit murder. Macready very much changed his style of acting this character, between the first and sixth night of representation, and, in my opinion, it was an improvement, though he did not rant quite so violently, nor resort so constantly to the trick of trapping applause, by sudden transitions from the top to the bottom of his voice. This has been a growing error with him for some time, and it is a good sign that he has become sensible of it himself.

London, 9th April.

If I were not afraid that your readers would think me one of those pedants, whose dinner, according to the witty Italian, ought to consist of nothing but *tongues*, cut into the smallest possible pieces, I should be inclined to begin my present communication with a quotation from Cicero, which, strange as it may seem, is certainly very applicable to the two After-pieces, brought out this Easter at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres. Yet why should one be afraid of such a charge, if, indeed, it amount to any? And where is the objection to a quotation "from the great Roman," as Mr Martin calls him, even in a theatrical article? However, as there is nothing more offensive than to appear too learned, and make a show of school-boy erudition, I will forego it. In both these new productions there is a great deal to be heard, but very little to be understood, and nothing that can be listened to with any degree of interest. The answer to this objection is very easy, and very decisive—viz. that the Manager never meant that there should be. They were intended as mere vehicles for scenery, and the purpose has been accomplished: never was there a more gorgeous exhibition of colours and gilding, than in "the Vision of the Sun" at Covent-Garden, and in "the Chinese Sorcerer" at Drury-Lane.

The story of "the Vision of the Sun" is this—No, I will not give it. Shall Miss Mitford have it to say of me, that I omitted to tell the fable of her Tragedy, and yet did not scruple to detail that of a *Spectacle*? Besides, it might be just as reasonable to give the story of a Pantomime, for there literally is little or no difference between "the Vision of the Sun" and a Christmas Pantomime, excepting the very unfair omission of Harlequin and Columbine. We have necromancers, fairies, clowns, lovers, ladies, heroical adventures, and magic changes of scenery, with, above all, an abundant supply of devils and imps, of divers shapes, sizes, and colours. In short, there was no deficiency, except the absence of the motley hero and tawdry heroine, usually, nay, until now invariably, belonging to these accompaniments.

But for the scenery, the After-piece is as stupid as can well be imagined but the eye is no sooner sated with one splendid view, than it is gratified

by another, with, at the same time, a due admixture and alternation of gloomy caverns and groves, for the purpose of setting off the painful glitter of the rest. The Vision itself is a very magnificent display—perfectly sight-acting, and, at the same time, taste and ingenuity have not been absent. The landscape scenes are perhaps inferior to those in some other pieces of the same cast, yet in these Mr Grieve usually excels.

There is a rage at present for seeing actresses in breeches: Miss Tree seldom appears now in any thing else, and Miss Stephens is out of favour with the Managers, because she thus far insists upon maintaining the natural modesty of her sex. As I have said in a previous letter, I like her the better for it; and lovely as I think Miss Foote, I should have thought her more so, if she had never shewn me the proportions above her knee, in a tight pantaloon. In "Julian" she also wears male attire: in short, I shall very soon expect, that things will come to such a pass, that no actress, comic, or tragic, will be engaged, unless she will consent to exhibit her person in this manner. The Hero in "the Vision of the Sun" might have been performed by any young actor, or old one either, for that matter; but it was supposed that the public would like to see Mrs Vining's legs, and, as they are very pretty ones, perhaps it was imagined, also, that she would not much object to displaying them. She certainly struts about the stage in a petticoat, considerably shorter than Sir W. Curtis's kilt, when the King was in Scotland, with all imaginary confidence, and plays her part with much spirit.

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit a sexu?

I do not pretend that my moral sense is greatly shocked or offended by this sort of indelicacy; but it does not argue much for plays, or playhouses, when they are obliged to resort to such expedients. If Northbrook, Stubbs, Prynn, and the other Puritans, objected so strenuously to men wearing female attire on the stage, what would they say to the degeneracy of our day, when a piece is seldom brought out that has not one or more women in breeches? I have not seen Miss Love's legs yet, but I understand they are visible with Miss Foote's, in "the Two Pages."

As a great deal of what has been remarked of "the Vision of the Sun" is applicable to "the Chinese Sorcerer," only, perhaps, on some points, (especially that of unintelligibility,) in a stronger degree, I shall only say, that Drury-Lane, for the first time since its last erection, has in this instance been able to enter into a competition with her rival, as far as scenery is concerned. The music to "the Chinese Sorcerer," is better than that to "the Vision of the Sun." The latter is by Ware, but by whom the former is composed I have forgotten: I think it is by Mr Cooke and Mr Horne.

Braham and Miss Stephens play Prince Orlando and Floretto, in the Cabinet, to-morrow. Liston has gone through his first engagement at Drury-Lane, but he will return soon.

Mrs Ogilvie performed Lady Macbeth on Monday night, much better than I should have expected. She bids fair to be a very useful actress, and she has many requisites of excellence. It will be long, perhaps, before the higher female tragic characters on our stage are adequately filled. In the banquet scene, Mrs Ogilvie was particularly successful. Macready played Macbeth but poorly, excepting in the dagger-scene, which he rendered dreadfully effective.

The new Comedy mentioned in my last as forthcoming, is attributed to a fresh canditate for the "clapper-clawings of the vulgar."

Mr Haynes, author of the Bridal Night, has a new Tragedy accepted "by the sole Manager and lessee of Drury-Lane." By the bye, Elliston has been repeating his Rover, which he declares in the bill, was received with acclamations of delight, by a brilliant and overflowing audience. He seems to keep this part to himself, by not allowing any body else to appear in it: Harbetter, and Wrench, could perform it inimitably. But Wrench is not to be engaged at either of our Winter Theatres—I should like to know the secret why.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Speedily will be published, in three volumes, under the title of Nature Displayed, one hundred Lectures on the most striking objects in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and on celestial and terrestrial phenomena in general, by Simeon Shaw, L.L.D.

Captain Franklin's Narrative of his perilous and disastrous Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay to the Mouth of the Copper-mine River, will be published soon.

Mr Ensor is preparing a work on the Poor, and their Relief. It is elaborate, and contains all the learning, ancient and modern, on the subject.

Owing to the illness of Mr Mitchell, the editor, the second or Chemical Volume of the Methodical Cyclopedia, cannot appear till about the middle of April.

R. P. Knight, Esq. has a new poem in the press, entitled Alfred, which will appear next month in an octavo volume.

The Author of "Sketches of India" has nearly ready for publication, in an octavo volume, Recollections of the Peninsula, containing remarks on the manners and character of the Spanish nation.

Mr Henry Phillips, F.H.S. author of the "History of Fruits known in Great Britain," "Cultivated Vegetables," &c. is now engaged upon Sylva Florifera (the Shrubbery), containing an historical and botanical account of the flowering shrubs and trees which now ornament the shrubbery, the park, and rural scenes in general.

The new edition of the Saxon Chronicle, edited by the Rev. Mr Ingram, may be expected to appear in a few days.

W. Marsden, Esq. F.R.S. &c. has just completed the first portion of his Numismata Orientalia Illustrata. The Oriental coins, ancient and modern, of his collection, are described and historically illustrated: it forms a handsome quarto volume, and contains numerous plates, from drawings made under the author's inspection.

Mr Sharon Turner's valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons is under revision, and the fourth edition will be published shortly.

Memoirs of the late William Haley, Esq. written by himself during his long retirement from public observation, are preparing for the press, under the superintendance of the Rev. Dr Johnson.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication a Memoir of her Father, the late John Aikin, M.D. together with a selection of his critical essays and miscellaneous pieces, not before printed in a collected form. Improved editions of several of the most popular of Dr Aikin's works are also preparing under the care of his family.

Mr James, author of the "Naval History of Great Britain," has in the press the second part of that work, completing his original design. In it will be given an accurate plan of the battle of Trafalgar.

A new botanical work is commenced, called the Naturalist's Repository, or Monthly Miscellany of Exotic Natural History, consisting of elegantly-coloured plates, with appropriate scientific and general descriptions of the most curious, scarce, and beautiful productions of nature, that have been recently discovered in various parts of the world; by E. Donovan, F.L.S.

Shortly will appear, in imperial octavo, with twenty plates by Heath, the Life of a Soldier.

Mr Meger has nearly ready for publication, a fine Engraving in the line and chalk manner, from the greatly-admired painting, by Kid, of the Stolen Kiss.

Sketches of Youth are in the press, by the author of "Dangerous Errors."

Mr. Bicheno, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, has in the press a second edition of an Enquiry into the Poor Laws, chiefly with a view to examine them as a system of national benevolence, and to show the evils of indiscriminate relief, with some remarks upon the schemes which have been submitted to Parliament.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelists, Vol. XII. containing the Romance of the Forest, by Mrs Radcliffe, will be published in April.

The Cambridge Tart, intended as a companion to the "Oxford Sausage," is in the press, consisting of epigrammatic and satiric poetical effusions, &c. dainty morsels served up by Cantabs on various occasions: dedicated to the members of the University of Cambridge, by Socius.

Shortly will be published, by subscription, an Original and Comprehensive System of Celestial Philosophy, or Genethliacal Astronomy, in twenty numbers, octavo. The primitive elements of calculating nativities, and the true method of delivering judgment, will be proved, in the calculations of thirty remarkable modern nativities, never before published: by John Worsdale, sen. astronomer.

Mr John Gale Jones announces "a Vindication of the Press against the false

and scurrilous aspersions of William Cobbett," including a retrospect of his political life and opinions, with notes critical and explanatory.

Mr Bird, author of the "Vale of Slaughter," &c. has a volume in the press, entitled Poetical Memoirs.

Mr G. Milner, jun. of Derby, author of "Stanzas written on a Summer's Evening, and other Poems," will have ready for publication in a few days, a small volume of Essays and Sketches in prose.

Dr Meyrick's Treatise on Ancient Armour, a book calculated greatly to facilitate a right understanding of the early historians, and to throw much light on the manners of our ancestors, is expected to appear in the course of next month. The Chronological arrangement of the whole, the illuminated capitals illustrative of the subject, and the most picturesque representations of the armour of different periods, will render this publication unlike any that has preceded it.

A new novel, entitled Willoughby, in two volumes, will appear in a few days.

The Rev. Dr Rudge's Lectures on Genesis are nearly ready for publication.

Shortly will be published, Sabbaths at Home, or Devotional Exercises, founded on Psalms xlii. and xliii. intended for the use of pious persons, when prevented from attending the public worship of God; by Henry March.

An Appeal for Religion to the best Sentiments and Interests of Mankind, is in the press. 1st, Four Orations for the Oracles of God. 2d, Judgment to Come, an argument in five discourses. 3d, Messiah's Arrival, a series of lectures: by the Rev. Edward Irving, A.M. minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden.

Messrs Caravita and Cichelti, Professors of Italian in the Royal Academy of Music, will shortly publish in Italian, with an English translation, a work entitled, L'Ultie Opouscolo, containing moral maxims, &c.—Also, by M. Caravita, Thirty Original Letters, with Answers, on various subjects of criticism and amusement.

Points of Humour, illustrated in a series of plates, drawn and engraved by George Cruickshank, are in the press.

A reprint is preparing of Southwell's Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears for the Death of our Saviour.—

Mr James Boaden is preparing for publication, a Life of the late John Philip Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage from the Death of Garrick to the present Time. Having enjoyed the intimate and uninterrupted friendship of that eminent person for nearly thirty years, he has entered with some confidence on the task of composing this tribute to his memory. It will contain a faithful record of his personal history and of his professional career, illustrated with characteristic Anecdotes, extracts from a carefully-preserved Correspondence, and a variety of information derived from genuine and unexceptionable sources. In tracing the growth and development of his talents as an actor, and in detailing the judicious and tasteful improvements introduced by him into all the details of histrionic representation, the opportunity will be taken of giving a general view of theatrical affairs for the last forty years, accompanied with Biographical and Critical Notices of the principal Writers and Performers, and thus serving as a compendium of dramatic History during the time of our great Tragedian. Fully appreciating the value of his abundant materials, the author, however, would not willingly overlook the chance of even the minutest accession to them; and he will gladly avail himself of any authenticated communication, through his publishers, Messrs Longman and Co., relating either to his illustrious Friend, or to the Stage, of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

EDINBURGH.

QUENTIN DURWARD, by the Author of "Waverley," "Peveril of the Peak," &c. is nearly ready for publication, in 3 vols. Post 8vo.

A Series of Lithographic Sketches of Scenery in Inverness-shire. Painted from Nature, and drawn on Stone. By J. G. Hamilton, Esq.

*** It is intended that this work shall extend to three or four Numbers, comprehending some of the finest portions of Highland Scenery,—each Number to contain Six Views.

Ringan Gilhaize, or the Covenanters. 3 vols. 12mo. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish."

Petticoat Tales. Vols. I. and II.; containing, 1st, Constantia, a Roman Story; 2d, Dora; 3d, Flirtations of a Fortnight in August; 4th, Confessions of a Punch-Bowl; 5th, The Miller of Calder.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for the years 1821 and 1822. 2 vols. 8vo.

A New Edition of the late Allan Burns' Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck, with an additional Plate, and Corrections; in one vol. 8vo.

Nearly ready for publication, Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader, one of the Covenanters, compiled chiefly from a Life written by himself, while a prisoner on

the Bass, and from various other private records. By A. Crichton. Mr Blackader, at the Restoration, was minister of Traqueer, near Dumfries. In his expulsion, he became an indefatigable field-preacher, and died in the Bass after several years confinement.

These Memoirs, besides giving a concise Sketch of the Episcopal Persecution, and illustrating some of the most prominent events of that memorable period, contain accounts of the most noted Conventicles, various particulars of the Bass Prison, &c. In the Appendix will be found some account of that remarkable Rock, a list and short notices of the Prisoners, &c. Embellished with a neat Engraving, by Lizars, from an original Drawing; giving a correct Representation of that Fortress while a State Prison.

UNITED STATES.

A work will soon be published by Mr John D. Hunter, of New-York, under the title of "Manners and Customs of several Indian Tribes located west of the Mississippi; including some Account of the Soil, Climate, and Vegetable Productions, and the Indian Materia Medica; with the History of the Author's life during a residence of fourteen or fifteen years among them."

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

An Account of some recent Discoveries, Hieroglyphical Literature, and Egyptian Antiquities, &c. By Thomas Young, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Cyclopædia of Antiquities. Parts II. and III. 4to. 5s. each.

Parts I. II. and III. of a Series of Views of the most interesting Remains of Ancient Castles. 4s. each.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Setchell's Catalogue of Pamphlets for 1823. 1s.

Supplement to John Cuthell's Catalogue of Old Books. 2s. 6d.

Part II. of Isaac Wilson's Catalogue of Books, new and second hand. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren. By James Elmes, Architect. 4to. £.3 3s.

Count Las Casas' Journal. Parts III. and IV. £.1 1s.

BOTANY.

The British Flower Garden. No I. 3s.

The Botanical Register: the designs from Living Plants. By Sydenham Edwards, F.L.S. £.2 9s.

Geranaceæ: or a History of the Beautiful Family of Geraniums. By R. Sweet, F.L.S. Vol. I. £.3 16s.

Treatise on Bulbous Roots. By the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, coloured plates. 5s.

CHRONOLOGY.

An Epitome of Chronology, from the Creation to the Present Period. By E. Maydwell. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Sophocles, in English Prose, literally from the Text of Brunck, with Notes. Vol. I. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Shakspeare's Plays, with Notes, by Chalmers. 8 vols. 8vo. £.3 12s.: ten pocket vols. £.1 10s.; or the same on royal paper, in 10 vols. £.2.

The Cause of the Greeks, a Play in Five Acts. By George Burgess, A.M. 6s.

The Earl of Ross, a Tragedy in Five Acts. 3s. 6d.

Julian, a Tragedy. By Miss M. R. Mitford. 8vo. 5s.

EDUCATION.

History and Manual of Mutual Instruction and Moral Discipline, or Instructions for conducting Schools through the Agency of the Scholars themselves. By the Rev. Andrew Bell, D.D.

Lives of Learned and Eminent Men, adapted to the use of Children. 2 vol. 5s.

FINE ARTS.

A Portrait of Washington Irving, with Ten Plates to illustrate the Sketch Book, and Knickerbocker's New York. 8vo. £.1 11 6d.

Paris and its Environs. By F. Nash. 2 vols. 4to. £.8.

A Cabinet of Portraits, consisting of Distinguished Characters, British and Foreign: accompanied with a brief Memoir of each Person. Comprising 64 Portraits, engraved in a superior manner. 8vo. 16s. boards.

HISTORY.

Burnett's History of his Own Times, new edit. 6 vols. 8vo. £.2 11s.

The Naval History of Great Britain, from 1783 to 1822. By E. P. Brenton, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 11s.

LAW.

An Essay on Criminal Laws. By Andrew Green, L.L.B. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

MATHEMATICS.

A System of Algebraic Geometry. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner. Vol. I. 8vo. 18s.

Elements of Practical Mechanics. By Guiseppe Venturoli. 8vo. 8s.

MEDICINE.

A Letter to Lord Liverpool on the Present State of Vaccination. By Thomas Brown, surgeon. 8vo. 4s.

Practical Observations on Fever, Dysentery, and Liver Complaints; with an Essay on Syphilis. By George Ballinghall, M.D. 8vo. 9s.

Reply to Annotations on Dr Macintosh's Treatise on Puerperal Fever, by Mr Moir, surgeon; and to Letters by Dr James Hamilton, jun. By John Macintosh, M.D. 8vo. 2s.

MISCELLANIES.

A Series of Groups, illustrating the Physiognomy, Manners, and Character of the People of France and Germany. By G. Lewis. 8vo. £.3 3s.; Medium 4to. £.3 15s.; or proofs, on royal 4to. £.4 14 6d.

Bases for the Formation of Literary Societies. 12mo. 1s.

Major's Edition of Walton and Cotton's Angler. Foolscap 8vo. 18s.

The Inquirer. No. III. 8vo. 4s.

Frugal and Economical Cookery. 1s. 6d. sewed, or 2s. boards.

A Letter to the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on the New London Bridge. 1s.

The First Sitting of the Committee on the proposed Monument to Shakspeare. 2s. 6d.

Somatopsychonoologia, being an Examination of the Controversy concerning Life, carried on by Laurence, Abernethy, Rennell, and others. 8vo.

Details of the Arrest, Imprisonment, and Liberation, of Mr Bowring, by the Bourbon Government. 8vo. 5s.

Henderson's Observations on the Warehousing Bill. 8vo. 2s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Linnean System of Conchology, with 36 plates. By John Mawe. £.1 1s. plain, or £.2 12 6d. coloured.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Anecdotes of the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions. By Count Pecchio. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Other Times, or the Monks of Leadenhall. A Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1s.

Logan, a Family History. 4 vols. 12mo. £1 4s.

The Pioneers, or the Sources of Susquehanna. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelists, vols. IX. X. and XI.; containing Tom Jones, by Fielding. 9s.

The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground. By Mr Cooper. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Ada Reis, a Tale. 3 vols. Foolscap 8vo. 15s.

The Pleasures of Friendship. A Tale. 12mo. 5s.

Rassela Principe d'Abissinia, tradotto dall Inglese del Signor Dottor Johnson. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

German Popular Stories: second edit. with 12 plates, drawn and engraved by G. Cruikshank. 7s.

Isabel de Bersus, a Tradition of the Twelfth Century. 3 vols. 18s.

Modes of Life, or Town and Country. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

A Sketch of her own Circle. By Miss Russel. 4 vols. 12mo. £.1 4s.

The Spirit of Anecdote and Wit. By John Seward, Esq. 4 vols. 18mo. 16s.

An Alpin Tale, suggested by some circumstances which occurred at the close of the last Century, with numerous Notes, illustrative and characterstic. 2 vols. 12mo.

Christmas Stories: containing John Wildgoose, the Poacher; the Smuggler; and Good Nature, or Parish Matters. 12mo. 3s.

The Two Broken Hearts, a Tale.

Shere Afkuse, the first Husband of Nourmahal, a Legend of Hindoostan. By T. R. Plouché.

POETRY.

The Fudge Family in England. 7s.

Natura Rerum; or the Nature of Things. By A. Dunderpate.

Sacred Leisure; or Poems on Religious Subjects. By the Rev. F. Hodgson. Foolscap 8vo. 6s.

The Maid's Revenge, and other Poems. By Cheviot Tichebura. 8vo.

Specimens of the Russian Poets. By John Bowring, Esq. Vol. II. 12mo. 8s.

An Elegy to the Memory of the late Rev. Henry Martyn, with smaller pieces. By John Lawson, missionary at Calcutta, author of Orients Harping, and Women in India. Foolscap 8vo.

Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse. By J. Merry. 12mo. 4s.

The Golden Age, or England in 1822-23, in an Epistle to a Friend Abroad. 8vo.

The Voice of the Vandois, or the Maniac of the Vallies. 8vo.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

An Historical Sketch of the International Policy of Modern Europe. By the Hon. F. Eden. 8vo. 15s.

A Letter to the Freeholders of Surrey on the Agricultural Distress. By P. Maugles. 1s. 6d.

Outlines of a System of Political Economy. By T. Joplin. 8vo. 12s.

Errors in our Funding System, with the Mode of Reviewing them. By John Brickwood. 1s.

Observations on the Effect produced by the Expenditure of Government during the Restriction of Cash Payments. By W. Blake, Esq. F. R. S. 8vo. 4s.

A Letter to Lord Archibald Hamilton, on Alterations in the Value of Money. 8vo.

The Orange System exposed, and the Orange Societies proved to be unconstitutional and illegal. 3s. 6d.

Impartial and Philosophical Strictures on Parliamentary Reform, &c. 8vo. 3s.

Some Considerations on the Present Distressed State of the British West India Colonies. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Remonstrance, addressed to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. By one of the "Working Clergy." 8vo. 2s.

Some Observations upon a Pamphlet, entitled, "Remarks on the Consumption of Public Wealth, by the Clergy of every Christian Nation," &c. By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, M.A. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The Domestic Policy of the British Empire, viewed in connexion with its Foreign Interests. 8vo. 9s.

Reflections on the State of Ireland in the 19th Century. 8vo. 7s.

Substance of Mr Brougham's Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 4, 1823, upon the War with Spain. 1s. 6d.

The Holy Alliance versus Spain, containing the several Notes and Declarations of the Allied Powers, with the firm, spirited, and dignified Replies of the Spanish Cortes. 1s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Protestant Dissenter's Catechism; 17th edition, with a Preface. By W. Newman, D.D. 12mo. 1s.

Lectures on the Pleasures of Religion. By the Rev. H. J. Burder, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Genius and Object of the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian Dispensations. By the Rev. G. S. Faber. 8 vols. 8vo. £.1 11s.

Lectures on Scripture Comparison. By the Rev. W. B. Collyer. 8vo. 14s.

Sermons by the late Rev. W. Hawkes, edited by the Rev. W. Shepherd. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 4s.

Devotional Exercises extracted from Bishop Patrick. By Miss Hawkins. 3s.

Clarke's History of Intolerance. Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Knowles's Sermons. Vols. II. and III. 8vo. 11s. The same in 3 vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d.

Atkins's Discourses on the King's Proclamation, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Sermon preached at Glasgow at the Annual Meeting of the Scottish Unitarian Association. By James Yates, M.A. 18mo. 2s.

Lloyd's Horæ Theologicæ; or a Series of Essays on Physic, Morals, and Theology. 10s. 6d.

The Words of the Lord Jesus; or the Doctrines and Duties of the Christian Religion. By John Read. 12mo. 4s.

A Vindication of the Church and Clergy of England, from the Misrepresentations of the Edinburgh Review. By a Beneficed Clergyman. 8vo. 2s.

Sermons delivered at Salters' Hall, between the years 1800 and 1810. By the late Rev. Hugh Worthington. Second Edition. 12s.

A Vindication of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, from the Animadversions of a Writer in the Edinburgh Review. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Reflections on the Claims of Protestant and Popish Dissenters, especially of the latter, to an Equality in Civil Privileges, with the Members of the Established Church. By Robert Morres, M.A. Wilts. 8vo. 2s.

Lightfoot's Works. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Pitman. Vol. VIII. 12s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Neale's Historical Description of Blenheim, with six Views. 8vo. 6s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Colombia; being a Geographical, Statistical, Agricultural, Commercial, and Political, Account of that Country. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 16s.

The Belgian Traveller, being a Complete Guide through the United Netherlands, or kingdom of Belgium and Holland. By Edmund Boyce, with Maps and Views. Fourth edit. 8s. bound.

The Traveller's Guide down the Rhine. By A. Schreiber; with a Map. New edition. 18mo. 8s.

Narrative of a Journey in the Morea. By Sir William Gell. 8vo. 15s.

The Pyrenees and the South of France, in November and December last. 8vo.

Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mount Blanc, in 1822. By T. Clissold, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. (No. LXXV.) Feb. 1823. 6s.

Volume VI. Part I. Supplement to the Fourth and Fifth Editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica, illustrated by Engravings. £.1 1s.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Vol. XIX. Part II. *Sixth Edition*, revised, corrected, and improved. Illustrated by nearly six hundred Engravings. 16s.

Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery: including Researches and Discoveries on the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, made in the Summer of 1822, in the ship Baffin of Liverpool. By William Scoresby, Jun. F.R.S.E, M.W.S. &c. &c. Commander. With a Map and Engravings. 16s. boards.

Observations on the Present State of the Country, as affected by the Return to Cash Payments, Unequal Taxation, &c. 1s.

The Popular Supesrtitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland. By W. Grant Stewart. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Tables of Interest at Four per Cent., from 1 to 365 Days, and from £.1 to £10,000, with Equalizing Tables, shewing the corresponding Interest at various other Rates: To which are added, Tables of Compound Interest, Annuities, Commission, and Values of Stocks: also Tables of Exchange betwixt Britain and the Principal Trading-Places in the World; and of the Values of the Principal Gold and Silver Coins of all Countries. By James Marshall, Accountant in Edinburgh. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Cardinal Beaton; A Drama; in five Acts. By William Tennant, Author of Anster Fair, &c. &c. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library. Vol. V. containing the novels of Sterne, Goldsmith, Dr Johnson, Mackenzie, Horace Walpole, and Clara Reeve. To which are prefixed, Memoirs of the Lives of the Authors. Royal 8vo. double columns. £.1 8s. boards.

A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool, on the Present State of the Nation. By James Fordal, A.M. 3s.

A Letter to Lord Holland, on the Review of "Napoleon in Exile," in the Fifty-fifth number of the Quarterly Review. 2s.

An Essay on Baptism; being an inquiry into the Meaning, Form, and Extent of the Administration of that Ordinance. By Greville Ewing, Minister of the Gospel, Glasgow. 3s. 6d. boards.

No. IV. of the Sabbath School Magazine for Scotland. Published Monthly, 6d. each Number.

A Popular Inquiry into the Doctrine of Scriptural Types, being the Substance of the Wednesday Evening Lectures delivered in the Parish Church, by the Rev. John Wilson, A.M., Minister of Irvine. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

A Practical Essay on the Manner of Studying and Teaching in Short-hand, or a Guide to Students at the University, to Parish Schoolmasters, and Family Tutors. 1 vol. 5s. boards.

Report of the Trial by Jury, Armstrong *v.* Vair and Alston, for sending a Challenge to fight a Duel, with an Appendix of Letters, and other Documents.

A Guide to Elocution; by William Roberts, Teacher of Elocution, Edinburgh, 8vo. 7s. boards.

The Orlando Innamorato, translated into Prose from the Italian of Francesco Berni, and interspersed with Extracts in the same Stanza as the Original. By Wm. S. Rose. Crown 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.

Life of the Admirable Crichton. Second Edition, with Portrait. Foolscap 8vo. 9s.

An Essay on the Objects of Taste. In three parts. Part 1st, Principles. Part 2d, Illustration of Principles. Part 3d. Analogy with and Support from Scripture. 12mo. 5s. boards.

The Sextuple Alliance: consisting of Odes and other Poems, on the Exile and Death of Napoleon Buonaparte. By a Circle of Friends. Elegantly printed in Post Quarto. 3s. 6d.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Vol. IX. Part II. 4to. with 16 Plates. £.1 5s. boards.

Interest Tables at Four per Cent. By James Boaz and William Jeffrey, Accountants, Glasgow. 12s. boards.

Report of the Trial by Jury of the Action of Damages for a Libel in the Scotsman Newspaper, William Aiton M.D. against John Ramsay M'Culloch of Auchengaul, and Alex. Abernethy and James Walker, Printers in Edinburgh. 2s.

Advices to the Young at the Outset of Life. With an Appendix, containing some interesting Anecdotes illustrative of the utility and advantages of Sabbath Schools. 12mo. boards, 2s. 6d. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

A Collection of Latin Maxims and Rules in Law and Equity, from the most eminent Authors on the Civil, Canon, Feudal, English, and Scots Law, with an English Translation and an Appendix of reference to the Authorities from which the Maxims and Rules are selected. By Peter Halkerston, L.L.D. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

Isabel St Albe: or Vice and Virtue, a Novel. 3 vols. 18s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The first decisively hostile movement, on the part of France, has at length been made. The army of the Pyrenees broke up from its cantonments on the 7th April, and immediately crossed the Bidassoa. This intelligence was announced by telegraph to the French government, and the latest news from Paris contain no accounts of the subsequent movements of the army. The Duke D' Angouleme left Paris on the 15th ult. to take the command of the invading army; and, previous to entering Spain, addressed the following Proclamation to the people of that country, dated from his head-quarters at Bayonne, on the 2d instant:

"The King of France, by recalling his Ambassador from Madrid, hoped that the Spanish Government, warned of its dangers, would return to more moderate sentiments, and would cease to be deaf to the counsels of benevolence and reason. Two months and a half have passed away, and His Majesty has in vain expected the establishment in Spain of an order of things compatible with the safety of neighbouring States.

"The French Government has for two entire years endured, with a forbearance without example, the most unmerited provocations; the revolutionary faction, which has destroyed the royal authority in your country—which holds your King captive—which calls for his dethronement—which menaces his life and that of his family, has carried beyond your frontiers its guilty efforts. It has tried all means to corrupt the army of His Most Christian Majesty, and to excite troubles in France, in the same manner as it had succeeded, by the contagion of its doctrines and of its example, to produce the insurrection of Naples and Piedmont. Deceived in its expectations, it has invited traitors, condemned by our tribunals, to consummate, under the protection of triumphant rebellion, the plots which they had formed against their country. It is time to put a stop to the anarchy which tears Spain in pieces, which takes from it the power of settling its colonial disputes, which separates it from Europe, which has broken all its relations with the august Sovereigns whom the same intentions and the same views unite with His Most Christian Majesty, and which compromises the repose and the interests of France.

"Spaniards! France is not at war with your country. Sprung from the same blood as your kings, I can have no wish but for your independence, your happiness, your glory. I am going to cross the Pyrenees at the head of 100,000 Frenchmen; but it is in order to unite myself to the Spaniards, friends of order and of the laws, to assist them in setting free their captive King, in raising again the altar and the throne, in rescuing priests from exile, men of property from spoliation, and the whole people from the domination of an ambitious few, who, while they proclaim liberty, are preparing only the slavery and ruin of Spain.

"Spaniards! Every thing will be done for you and with you. The French are not, and wish not to be, any thing but your auxiliaries. Your standard alone shall float over your cities; the provinces traversed by our soldiers shall be administered in the name of Ferdinand by Spanish authorities; the severest discipline shall be observed; every thing necessary for the service of the army shall be paid for with scrupulous punctuality: we do not pretend either to impose laws on you, or to occupy your country; we wish nothing but your deliverance; as soon as we have obtained it, we will return to our country, happy to have preserved a generous people from the miseries produced by revolution, and which experience has taught us but too well to appreciate."

The Duke of Belluno, the French minister of war, is also with the invading army. He left Paris, it appears, in consequence of reported disaffection among the troops, and the discovery of a conspiracy against the Government, in which one of the Aides-du-camp of Gen. Guilleminot, chief of the staff to the Duke D'Angouleme, was implicated, and has been brought to Paris in custody. A number of other individuals have also been arrested, in consequence of this discovery. The last French papers state that the Duke of Belluno was to cross the Bidassoa with the troops; that he would afterwards inspect the *corps d'armee* assembled at Perpignan, and then proceed to Paris to resume his functions in the war department.

SPAIN.—The ordinary Cortes of Spain assembled on the 1st March. The King was absent from indisposition, and his speech was in consequence read by the President. It agrees in its spirit with all

the other proceedings of the Spanish Government; and expresses the strongest determination to resist all foreign interference. The King of Spain set out from Madrid for Seville on the 20th, as had previously been arranged. He was escorted by 6000 troops, under the command of the Count D'Abisbal, and it was said that there were 22,000 stationed at different places on the road, for the protection of the Royal Family against the army of the Faith. A great crowd of the citizens of Madrid was collected at the gate of Toledo, with a view of seeing the royal cavalcade pass; but they were disappointed, the King, Queen, &c. going in sedan chairs by a private road out of the city, to their carriages, which were stationed a short distance beyond the gate. They were in their carriages at eight o'clock, and the crowd were not aware that they were gone till nine, when the guards were withdrawn from the gate. No disturbance appears to have taken place in consequence of the departure of the Royal Family. The Cortes were to close the session as soon as it was ascertained that the King had passed Oceana, when they would adjourn to the 16th of April, the day on which they are to hold their first sitting in Seville.

PORTUGAL.—An insurrection against the Constitutional Government has broken out in this country, headed by the Conde D'Amarante; and although it was at first represented as a trifling movement, it seems from subsequent accounts to be so formidable as to occupy the attention of a great part of the regular troops, and may thereby prevent the Spaniards from deriving much benefit from the generous resolutions of their brethren of Portugal.

SWEDEN.—By recent accounts from Hamburgh, it appears that a plot has been detected in Sweden, of which the object was a change of dynasty, embracing the assassination of the King—the means, a military revolt. Fictitious orders, with the forged signature of a General Officer holding a high official situation, were addressed to the Commanders of several corps, in which the assassination of the King and Crown Prince was announced as an event ready to be put into execution. A reward of 10,000 Banco dollars, which has been offered for the discovery of the author, speaks the importance attached to the plot, which, however, is too ambiguously described to be clearly understood, until farther explanation.

ITALY.—Extract of a letter from Naples, dated 11th March. "We regret to state that a severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Palermo, on the evening of the 5th. A number of houses and churches were destroyed—21 persons killed and 125 wounded." The writer had that morning received a private note from his brother, dated the 8th, and of which the following is an extract:—"We are still all in a state of the greatest confusion. I find the damage done in the city alone will require upwards of £50,000 to repair it.—Another letter on the same subject, dated Palermo, 7th March—"We are still in great confusion, owing to a severe earthquake on the 5th. The house next to us suffered considerably, and one or two houses in the same square are nearly, if not quite destroyed. About fifteen lives have been lost, and twice as many wounded. The supposed damage is about £.100,000, but nothing precise is ascertained, nor do we hear that any other part of the island has suffered."

GREECE.—The news from Greece is in the highest degree satisfactory. The capture of the citadel of Patras, the Akrocorinthos, by the Christians, is communicated through so many channels, that it is impossible to entertain any doubt of its truth. This is the most important fortress in Greece, and the key of the Morea; and its acquisition by the Greeks is no less gratifying, as a proof of the weakness of the infidel Tyrant, than as a vast addition to the strength of the Patriots.

ASIA.

CHINA.—*Fire at Canton.*—A dreadful fire broke out in Canton on the night of the 1st of Nov. last, which reduced one-third of the city to ashes, and destroyed the whole of the East India Company's Factories there. The number of houses destroyed was calculated at 18,700, though the Chinese calculate the number of 16,000. This extensive devastation was in some measure attributable to the Chinese, who, with that narrow policy which prevented the adoption of a similar plan proposed by Evelyn in the great fire of London in 1666, not only refused to assist in pulling down the houses, but even prevented the Europeans from resorting to this means of stopping the ravages of the devouring element. The British seamen, belonging to the East India Company's ships, exerted themselves to the utmost to save the Factories, but in vain. The conflagration was most awful: "Never," says a gentleman, whose letter is dated the 10th of November, "did I see so terrific, and (if we could divest it of the idea of the calamities which it must necessarily entail on thousands), so sublime a spectacle as Canton presented on the 2d instant.

The devouring element, after swallowing up whole streets, and temples, which had stood the shock of earthquakes and the ravages of time for ages, seemed still insatiable, and it was feared that the whole city would fall a prey to the flames." The loss to the Company, which had been estimated at nearly a million sterling, will not, it is believed, exceed £.450,000. The value of woollen goods consumed is upwards of £. 300,000, exclusive of 13,000 chests of tea, of the estimated value of £. 60,000; and the Factory, with its furniture, &c., which is valued at £.60,000.

AMERICA.

SPANISH MAIN.—The American papers contain advices from the Spanish Main, brought by the Hippomenes from Curacoa, whence she sailed on the 11th of February, which state that the Spanish General Morales was entirely hemmed in and powerless. General Paez had sent back from San Carlos 1500 men, stating to General Soublette, that he had no use for them, having General Morales completely in his power. A large army marched from Rio Hache to co-operate with the squadron blockading Maracaibo, consisting of 20 sail. The Spanish frigate Ligera was totally lost at St Jago de Cuba on the 21st December last, and the naval force of Morales is reduced to one brig.

CHILI.—Accounts of a dreadful earthquake in Chili are contained in letters written from Santiago de Chili, and dated 28th November. This lamentable occurrence took place on the 14th November. The principal shock, which lasted four minutes, was felt in Valparaiso, which place, with the exception of a few houses, has been entirely destroyed. The lives lost did not exceed 200; and among the sufferers, we regret to state, were a few Englishmen. In Santiago, the capital, the injury has been less severe; but the churches have been left in a very unsafe state. Many of the inhabitants were living in tents, not trusting to the tottering state of their houses, and fearful of another shock.

MEXICO.—By accounts from Vera Cruz of the 3d February, it appears that the resistance to Iturbide's government in Mexico has been successful, and that his short-lived reign is at an end. On the preceding day, a convention was signed between the leaders of the Imperialist and Republican troops, for establishing the form of government best adapted to the country. A clause in the convention secures the Ex-emperor against personal molestation; and some letters state that he has determined to retire to a private station.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*March* 19.—The Earl of Liverpool, in reply to a question by the Marquis of Lansdowne, denied that the preservation of the peace of Europe was absolutely hopeless, though he admitted that the probability of averting a war between France and Spain was greatly diminished. The noble Earl repeated Mr Canning's declaration, that Ministers were most willing to lay before Parliament a full explanation of the part which they had taken in the late negotiations on the Continent of Europe; and assured the House, that his motives for postponing the explanation until after the recess, were very distinct from any desire to consult the personal convenience of himself or his colleagues.—On the second reading of the King's Property Bill, Lord Ellenborough suggested a doubt whether, as the late King died without a will, his library did not descend to his present Majesty as a *jus regale*, and whether, in consequence, it was not inalienable. The Lord Chancellor hesitated to answer the question in that form. The Earl of Liverpool said he had no doubt of the King's right to dispose of the library. Earl Grey, observing upon the apparent discrepancy between the opinions of two of the King's Ministers upon this point, took occasion to allude to more serious differences, which, as he said, were generally understood to exist in the Cabinet; but the Lord Chancellor positively denied the existence of any such differences.

March 24.—The Earl of Liverpool, in reply to an observation made by the Earl of Darnley, explained, that the late increase in the strength of the navy ought not to be taken as an indication of any apprehension on the part of the Government that this country is in danger of being involved in the war impending on the Continent. The increase in question was, he said, to be treated as a measure of the ordinary policy, which directs, that, when other countries are likely to be engaged in hostilities, this country should not be unprepared for any event.

A conversation followed upon the third reading of the National Debt Reduction Bill, in the course of which, the Marquis of Lansdowne repeated all the arguments

used by himself, and in the House of Commons, to prove that the fund arising from the sale of the dead charge annuities ought not to be treated as a part of the surplus income; and that the appropriation of this fund to the reduction of the debt partakes of the delusive character of the old Sinking Fund. The Noble Marquis moved an amendment, fixing the sum to be applied to the liquidation of the debt at £.3,000,000. After a few words from the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Bexley, and the Earl of Darnley, the amendment was rejected without a division. On the third reading of the King's Property Bill, Lord Ellenborough took occasion again to demand the Lord Chancellor's opinion as to the power possessed by the King to dispose of the personal chattels of the Crown. The Lord Chancellor declared his conviction, that, even before the act 39th of the late King, empowering the King to bequeath his property by will, the King had the power of alienating the personal chattels of the Crown during life. His lordship rested his opinion upon the oldest authorities, including Bracton and Fleta. The Lord Chancellor explained, that his inability to give an unqualified answer to this question upon a former evening did not arise from any doubt of the power of the King to give the library of his late Majesty to any definite donee, whether an individual or a corporation; but from a doubt whether the British nation, which could not be regarded as such a definited one, could receive the gift. Lord Ellenborough expressed himself as by no means satisfied with this answer; and made some allusions to the concurrence, in point of time, of the King's Property Bill with the gift of the library. The Earl of Liverpool repelled, with some indignation, the hint that these objects had any connexion; and called upon the Lord Chancellor, who vouched for the perfect sincerity and disinterested generosity of the gift of the library.

March 26. — The Earl of Liverpool gave notice, that, on the 14th of next month, he would lay on the table Papers connected with the late negotiations upon the quarrel between France and Spain. Earl Grey expressed his sorrow at the proof, that all hope of accommodation was at an end, afforded by the Earl of Liverpool's notice; and put the same question put in the other House by Lord J. Russel, as to the existence of any guarantee of the Bourbon Dynasty on the part of this country. The Earl of Liverpool, in reply, observed, that there was no secret article contravening the terms of the Treaties before the public. The only guarantee given by this country was an interdict of the Crown of France to the family of the late usurper. After a few words from the Earl of Darnley and Lord Melville, the House adjourned to the 10th of April.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*March* 3.—Lord A. Hamilton presented a petition from two persons of the name of Young, complaining of certain conduct of the Magistrates of Inverness. His Lordship gave notice, that, on the 24th of March, he would submit a motion respecting Scots Juries.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then proposed a series of resolutions recognizing the advantages of a Sinking Fund. The Right Hon. Gentleman and Mr Baring repeated nearly their former arguments in defence of a Sinking Fund; and Messrs Hume, Grey Bennet, and other Members, reiterated their attack. Mr Hume moved an amendment, that taxes be remitted to the amount of the surplus revenue, which was negatived by a majority of 110 to 39; the resolutions were afterwards agreed to.

March 4.—Mr Hume brought forward his important motion respecting the Church Establishment, Church Property, and Tithes of Ireland. In a lengthened speech, the Hon. Member endeavoured to prove that these were national property, and could therefore be disposed of by a vote in Parliament. The motion was warmly opposed by Mr Plunkett, by Mr Goulburn, the Secretary for Ireland, and by Mr Peel; and supported by Mr M. Fitzgerald (the Knight of Kerry,) by Mr Denman, and Mr Monck. On a division, the second of his resolutions was lost by a majority of 167 to 62; the others were negatived without a division.—The same evening, the subject of the West India Piracies was brought forward by Mr Marryatt, when it was satisfactorily shown by Sir G. Cockburn, that the security of the British Commerce had been the anxious care, not only of the Admiralty, but of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who had to conduct a negotiation with the Government of a friendly State, previously to the adoption of measures more efficacious for the protection of commerce than a naval force alone could have been.

March 5.—Mr Abercrombie moved an Address to his Majesty, calling his attention to the existence of Orange Societies in Ireland, founded upon secret oaths; and assuring his Majesty that the House would co-operate most cordially in any effort to enforce the due administration of the law in that country. He did not mean to call upon the Government to put down those Associations; but he did say, that if the Government was itself united

in opinion upon the subject, they would soon have the Orangemen as good and loyal subjects to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as any other portion of the community.—Mr. Goulburn opposed the motion, and justified the conduct and principles of the Orange Societies. Had the Hon. Gent. put off his motion for some weeks, he would have found that the Lord Lieutenant had recommended an assimilation of the law of Ireland to that of England, on the subject of secret Societies. He should therefore move the previous question, as the motion could confer no benefit, and was calculated to convey a censure on the Irish Government. *(Cheering.)*—Sir J. Newport condemned all secret political Societies, as tending to embarrass the Government, and obstruct the free execution of the laws; and Mr. Dawson, in a speech of considerable energy, defended the Orange Societies, and said that they were established for loyal and constitutional purposes.—M. Canning admitted, that unanimity of opinion did not exist in the Cabinet with respect to recent proceedings in Ireland, and the grand question of the Catholic claims; but he assured the House, that no Government could be more inclined to administer the affairs of Ireland with an equal hand, or more united in the determination to support that Government in Ireland, under whose influence the principle had been already admitted.—Upon this, Mr Abercrombie said, that every object he had in view would be effectually attained by the course which Government had stated their intention of adopting, and consequently withdrew his motion.

March 6.—After some miscellaneous business had been disposed of, Mr Goulburn explained the nature and tendency of the measure (or rather measures, for there are two of them) which he proposes to introduce for the amelioration of the Irish Tithe system. His first Bill was to be (he said) but temporary and provisional. It was intended to give by the advantages of a composition to the tithe payer, by a triennial valuation, to be made by two valuators, to be respectively appointed by the Parish and the Clergyman; and to the Clergyman the advantage of a satisfactory and peaceful payment through the hands of the Parish Officers. The other Bill, which was to be permanent in its operation, was intended to effect a commutation of tithe for land. The tithes of each parish were to be valued; and as soon as a full equivalent in land could be purchased within the parish, the land was to be purchased by the Government for the Church. The tithes to be from thence levied by the Officers of the Crown, until the State should be reimbursed the cost of the purchase.

March 7.—Lord Palmerston brought forward the Army Estimates, when the resolutions were all agreed to; some objections were made by Mr Hume, Mr Creevey, and other Gentlemen, to various items of expense, but nothing occurred in the course of the discussion worthy of particular attention.

March 10.—The principal topic this evening was the Army Estimates' Report. The resolutions of the Committee were read *seriatim*, and each of them was met by some objection, from Mr Hume, Colonel Davies, or Mr Grey Bennet.—On the House going into a Committee on the Assessed Taxes, Mr Curwen proposed, as an instruction to the Committee, to repeal the window tax upon all houses paying £5, or under, of annual rent. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the proposition, on the ground that such cases of hardship under the tax are already sufficiently provided for. The motion was rejected by a majority of 87 to 34. Some modifications of the tax, suggested by Mr Curwen, were, however, promised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

March 11.—On the House going into a Committee upon the National Debt Reduction Bill, Mr Grenfell gave a long detail of the mischievous operation of the old system of the Sinking Fund, by which the country acted in the double capacity of lender and borrower. By a reference to the negotiation of the loan in 1819, he showed that, by not borrowing from the Sinking Fund Commissioners directly, the Government sustained a loss of 6, or 7, or 8 per cent.—a loss which, upon the aggregate of years, he estimated as high as 50 millions. He declared himself, however, as friendly to a *bona fide* Sinking Fund as he was hostile to a fictitious one, and ridiculed Mr Ricardo's scheme for the reduction of the National Debt by a contribution from property. Mr J. Smith applauded the conduct of Mr Vansittart in the transaction of 1819. Sir Henry Parnell declared that his objection to a Sinking Fund rested upon the power of misapplying it which Ministers possessed. He thought, however, that it was possible to overcome that objection, and support public credit by a different arrangement, namely, by employing the surplus revenue, to convert the *interminable* 3 per cent. annuities into *terminable* annuities at 4 per cent. Mr Ricardo concurred in Sir H. Parnell's plan, and defended his own proposition from the attack made upon it by Mr Grenfell; however difficult, he said, it might be to obtain an equitable contribution of property to the amount of the na-

tional debt in a month or two, spread over a long track of time, such a contribution would not be unattainable. Mr T. Martin denied that the Sinking Fund was at the mercy of Ministers. Mr Hume affirmed, that the habitual compliance of the House of Commons placed the Sinking Fund absolutely at the pleasure of the Government; and in proof of his assertion, affirmed that Ministers had, from time to time, taken 32½ millions from that fund. A conversation followed, in which the former speakers, Mr Monck, Mr Huskisson, &c. took part; and at length, Mr Hume moved an amendment, restricting the Sinking Fund in terms to the actual surplus-revenue.—The amendment was rejected by a majority of 55 to 7.

March 13.—Lord Cranborne moved for a Committee on the Game Laws. He enforced the necessity of his motion by stating, that, in the course of the last year, 1467 persons had been committed for offences against these laws, and in the last month of that year 372. Sir John Sebright seconded the motion. He spoke at some length upon the demoralizing effect of those laws, observing, that they annually threw into prison a great number of persons in the vigour of life, who, with whatever feelings they entered their prisons, emerged from thence confirmed villains. Sir John Shelley opposed the motion. He attributed the increase of poaching to the want of employment among rustic labourers, which necessarily resulted from the depressed state of agriculture. The motion was carried unanimously.—Mr Huskisson introduced a measure for the regulation of apprentices at sea. It adjusts the number of apprentices to the tonnage of vessels, according to a certain and reasonable scale; and proposes to protect apprentices from impressment up to the 21st year, the present age of protection being only to the 17th. The measure appeared to give general satisfaction to the gentlemen who represent the shipping interest in the House of Commons.

March 14.—On a motion for going into a committee on the Mutiny Bill, Colonel Davies went into a long exposition of the harsh operation of the power of summary dismissal of officers, without trial, exercised by the Crown. He concluded by moving as an amendment, that a clause should be inserted in the Bill "to prevent the dismission of officers from the army, without trial by Courts Martial; and to prevent the punishment of any officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier, who shall have been previously tried and sentenced by a Court Martial, from being carried beyond the extent and import of such sentence. Lord Palmerston defended the prerogative complained of as necessary to maintaining the discipline of the army—without such a power vested in the Crown, the army, he said, would be changed into a corps of Mamelukes, which would very soon overthrow the laws, and annihilate all power but their own. Mr C. Hutchinson supported the amendment, using Sir R. Wilson's case as an illustration of the mischievous consequences of leaving with the Crown an absolute control over the army. Mr Hume also supported the amendment. He contended that the assumed right of cashiering was contrary to the spirit of the Act. Mr C. Wynn opposed the amendment; and ridiculed Mr Hume's notion, that the Crown did not possess the right of dismissal, because such a right was not specifically recognised in the Mutiny Act. A conversation followed, in which Lord Palmerston, Mr Hume, and Mr Creevey, took part; and Colonel Davies' motion was rejected without a division.

March 17.—The House went into a Committee on the Estimates. A great number of objections were offered against particular items by Mr Hume, who also called for some divisions, but in all cases without success. Mr Hume, among other things, complained that, by manufacturing the cuirasses used by the Blues and the Life Guards in the Ordnance works, instead of purchasing them at Birmingham, a loss of £.4,000 had been occasioned to the public: to which Mr Ward replied, that the whole cost of the articles in question was within £.3,000.

March 18.—Mr Canning having resumed his place in the House, presented the additional articles lately ratified respecting the Slave Trade, which gave Sir James Mackintosh an opportunity to put two questions to the Right Hon. Secretary, viz. "Whether Ministers thought that any reasonable hope still existed of their being able to prevent the aggressions of France against Spain? If not, when it was the intention of Government to lay the papers concerning these negotiations before the House?" Mr Canning (after acknowledging the wise policy of the Opposition while the negotiations were pending, and stating that the conduct of Government, on this momentous and extremely difficult occasion, should be judged upon principles which recognised the sacred independence of Englishmen, having reference always to the faith of treaties, and bearing in view the interest, honour, and station of this country,) frankly acknowledged, that he should be deceiving the House if he did not say, that the hopes upon which this country had acted in the

negotiations to prevent the impending war between France and Spain, were, if he did not say totally extinguished, at least so far extinguished, as to leave hardly any expectation of the possibility of a favourable result. The papers referred to, he said, would be laid before the House on the first convenient day after the recess, when he should make a statement of the principles and policy by which the Government had been directed in those important negotiations. The Right Hon. Secretary, in conclusion, said, he thought it fair to add, "that, however we might despond with respect to the unfortunate crisis between France and Spain, he did not see any thing which should of necessity involve this country in the contest." This explanation was followed by loud cheers.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in submitting a motion with respect to the King's gift of his late Majesty's library, explained, that the King's wish was, the library should be placed in the British Museum, but in a separate apartment from the Museum Library; and that it should be made as easily accessible as possible, to all persons whatever, subject only to such restrictions as might be necessary to its safe keeping. Sir C. Long mentioned, that, with the addition of the late King's library, which had been for the most part collected under the superintendance of Doctor Johnson, the British Museum would contain the first collection in the world. Mr Maberly next brought forward his resolutions for the sale of the land tax, and the reduction of the whole of Assessed Taxes. The Hon. Member, in a long speech, endeavoured to prove the facility of his proposed sale, and the pernicious operation of the Assessed Taxes. Mr Herries shortly opposed the motion, on the grounds that the reduction of the Assessed Taxes would endanger public credit, and that the complaints of public distress were greatly exaggerated.

The resolutions were rejected by a majority of 90 to 46.

March 19.—A great number of petitions against the proposed measure for the equalization of the Sugar Duties were presented from the West India Islands, and different bodies interested in the trade of those Islands. The prayer of these petitions was supported by Gen. Montgomery, Mr Manning, Sir W. de Crespigny, Sir I. Coffin, Mr Ellis, and Mr Whitmore.—Mr J. Smith asked whether it was intended to establish, by packets to Corunna, an intercourse with Spain, as that which now existed was likely to be interrupted? Mr Canning was not aware of any such intention at present.—Mr Wilberforce presented a petition from the society of Friends, on the subject of the slave trade. The Hon. Member enforced the prayer of the petition in a long and eloquent speech.—Mr F. Buxton gave notice of a motion for the appointment of a Committee to take into consideration the state of slavery in the West Indies.—Mr Hume moved for returns of all the prosecutions instituted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the Constitutional Association. The motion was agreed to.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Supply upon the Army Extraordinaries, when Mr Hume called the attention of the Committee to the case of Mr Gourlay, who was some time ago deported from Upper Canada for an alleged turbulence; and last summer, without being obliged to do so, amused himself with breaking stones as a parish pauper in Wiltshire—merely, as he confessed, to produce a political effect. Mr Hume also arraigned the Government of the Ionian Islands of oppression, cruelty, &c. &c., pronouncing a smart invective against Sir T. Maitland. He then proceeded to New South Wales, by the way of Heligoland, New Brunswick, the Cape, the Mauritius, and Ceylon, animadverting upon various abuses in those Colonies as he went along. Mr Wilmot replied specifically to all Mr Hume's charges, and the Committee proceeded with the Extraordinaries, almost every one of which gave rise to some objection.

March 21.—The House went into a Committee upon Mr Wallace's Warehousing Bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Bright, Mr Marryat, and several others of the Gentlemen who are supposed to represent the commercial interest, supported the Bill, which was opposed by Messrs Stuart Wortley, Grattan, and D. Browne. On a division, the House decided on going into a Committee by a majority of 82 to 8.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving the House to go into a Committee on the Beer Bills, gave an outline of his proposed measure for the retail of Beer. It is to license the sale of Beer, not exceeding in price 27s. the barrel (at about 2½d. the quart,) in all houses not licensed as public houses; the beer not to be consumed at the place of sale. Alderman Wood and Mr Buxton said a few words against the principle of the measure; but it seemed to meet with very general approbation from the House. This measure is calculated to increase the comforts, and improve the habits of the poor, and, at the same time, to promote the consumption of agricultural produce.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MARCH.

5.—*Commutation of sentence.*—A notice was received yesterday at the Calton-hill jail, from the Crown Agent, that the sentence of death against M'Laren, M'Ewan, and Grierson, has been commuted to transportation to New South Wales for life.

6.—*Clerical Appeal Case.*—In the House of Lords, of this date, an appeal case of some importance was decided, in which the Rev. Robert Scott, minister of Glenbucket, was appellant, and Charles M'Donald, manufacturer in Huntly, and others, respondents. The Rev. Mr Scott, the appellant, holds one of those small livings which receive an augmentation from the Parliamentary grant of the 50th of the King. His stipend being only £.33 6 8d. besides his glebe, he became entitled to an allowance to make up the sum of £.150. Having entered into engagements to the extent of £.2847, for a brother who became bankrupt, and fled the country, he was incarcerated; and after remaining in prison one month, he brought a process of *cessio bonorum*, and obtained his liberation, upon condition of conveying to his creditors £.75 a-year, or one half of his income, during his incumbency. This was in February and March 1817. In the appeal to the House of Peers, the appellant maintained, on certain authorities, first, that a minister's stipend could not be attached by arrestment; and, secondly, that if the stipend, properly so called, was attachable, the allowance made from the Parliamentary bounty, being strictly alimentary, could not be arrested, or taken from him in a *cessio*. After hearing Mr Warren and Mr Oliphant for the appellant, (the respondents not having appeared by counsel) the Lord Chancellor said, he saw nothing in the law of Scotland to teach him that the stipend of a minister was not so liable; and, being satisfied with the interlocutors complained of, in other respects, they were, upon his Lordship's motion, affirmed.

24.—*Bank of England.*—At a quarterly meeting, on the 20th, of the proprietors of the Bank of England Stock, in London, the chairman proposed that the half yearly dividend should be reduced from 5 to 4 per cent, when it was opposed by a proprietor of the name of Goundry, who moved an amendment, which was lost by 43 to 62. This reduction created an immediate panic among the holders, and bank stock fell from 237 to 210. It afterwards recovered to 215. On Friday, however, it again fell, and is now quoted at 206.

31.—*National Monument of Scotland.* We are authorised to state, for the information of the public and of the contributors, that the site of the monument on the Calton-hill has been adjusted, to the mutual satisfaction of the Astronomical Institution and Royal Association, and that the foundation-stone, as laid by the King's High Commission, will lie within the area of the National Edifice.

Ireland.—The most alarming and melancholy details of insubordination, violence, and outrage, are furnished to us, by the provincial papers of the south. In the county Cork, a greater manifestation, in the commission of diabolical and burglarious acts, seem to operate, and outvie the late atrocities of a neighbouring county, Limerick. A demoniac infernal spirit seems to pervade the minds of a large proportion of the southern peasantry,—destroying man and beast, and the produce of the earth. The most vigilant, speedy, and coercive means ought to be adopted, to lay prostrate those lawless ruffians—to subjugate, if not into the paths of peace and loyalty, at least to repress the frequent and nightly commission of those horrifying deeds which demoralize this unhappy, ill-fated country.—*Dublin Journal, March* 21.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—On the 12th instant, James Curley was found guilty, on his own confession, of uttering forged notes of the Bank of Scotland, and sentenced to transportation for life.—On the 13th, John Wright and James Nicol were tried for breaking into Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh. Nicol was found guilty on his own confession, and sentence of transportation for life was pronounced against him. Wright was, after a short trial, also convicted, and was sentenced to be publicly executed on the 16th April. He has since been respited during the pleasure of the Crown, and his sentence will no doubt be commuted to transportation for life.

Trial of Mary M'Kinnon for Murder.—On the morning of the 14th, Mary M'Kinnon, well known in Edinburgh as the keeper of a house of bad fame, was put to the bar, accused of the murder of William Howat, lately clerk to Mr Thomas Johnston, writer in Edinburgh, in her own house, on the South Bridge, on the 8th of February last, by stabbing him in the side or breast with a table knife, or other sharp instrument, of which wound he died in the Royal Infirmary on the

20th of the same month. M'Kinnon pleaded not guilty.

From the evidence of the principal witness, Henry Kerr, land-surveyor in Edinburgh, it appeared that the witness and deceased dined together, along with three other acquaintances, in their lodgings in Broughton-Street, on the day of the fatal accident. One of the party was an old man, a countryman, named James Johnstone. They left Broughton-Street about ten o'clock, to convey one of the party home to Bristo-Street; and on the way, it was proposed among them to have some diversion with Johnstone, by taking him to a house of bad fame, to which they knew he had great aversion. Under pretence of its being a respectable house, where they were to have a parting glass, they conducted him to M'Kinnon's, where they were shown into a room, and were soon joined by several of the girls of the house. They got a small quantity of liquor, for which they paid, and having effected their object, in getting Johnstone into the house, and as some of the party had already drank very freely, they wished to go away. Their departure was opposed by the women, who abused them for drinking so little, and refused to let them go till they should call for more liquor. One of the women, Elizabeth M'Donald, collared the witness, and swore he should not go. Considerable altercation took place, in the course of which, Johnstone made his escape out of the house, and did not return. M'Donald struck one of the party, and they got scattered between the room and the passage, and the deceased, Howat, went into the kitchen. In the middle of the tumult, a girl went out for M'Kinnon, who was in a neighbouring shop, and who entered the house shortly after. At this time, both Howat and Kerr were in the kitchen; the former was considerably intoxicated. M'Kinnon, on entering, exclaimed, "Stand back; let me get a knife, and I'll soon settle the b——s." She then went to a drawer, or knife-box, from which she took a sharp-pointed knife, and made a stroke at witness, who warded off the blow, and the other women interfered to prevent mischief. Kerr went for an instant to the passage, to some of his companions, and on his return, saw M'Kinnon and Howat confronting each other, the one brandishing the knife, and the other holding up his arm, as if in defence. Before witness could get forward, M'Kinnon plunged the knife into Howat's left breast, who fell down on a chair, supported by witness. The whole parties in the house were immediately apprehended. Howat was carried to the Infirmary, where he died on the 20th, having previously identified M'Kinnon as the person who stabbed him; and emitted a declaration, which fully confirmed Kerr's testimony as to how the wound was given. The other parts of his evidence were corroborated by the other men of the party; and the Infirmary Surgeons declared that the wound was the cause of death. Elizabeth M'Donald, and three others of the women, were examined; but their evidence was contradictory. The former prevaricated so grossly, that she was several times admonished and threatened by the Court. The Jury retired about four o'clock on the following morning, and in half an hour after returned with a verdict, finding, by a plurality of voices, the prisoner guilty; and she was sentenced to be executed in Edinburgh on the 16th April, and her body delivered for dissection.

Till towards the close of the trial, the prisoner behaved with great composure, but became, latterly, much agitated; and while the clerk was recording the verdict, and before it was communicated to her, she fainted. While the Lord Justice Clerk was addressing her, on pronouncing sentence, she again fainted, and was carried into an adjoining room.

The Jury accompanied their verdict by a verbal recommendatien to mercy, in which a majority of them also agreed. The Court expressed astonishment at this recommendation; and while the Judge promised that it should be forwarded to the proper quarter, he at the same time warned the prisoner not to indulge any hope from that circumstance.

The trial excited an extraordinary degree of interest; and during its continuance, both the Court and the passages leading to it were crowded with people. The prisoner was offered refreshment twice in the course of the trial, but refused, and would only accept of water.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

March 13.—William George, Earl of Errol, to be one of the Lords of his Majesty's Bed-chamber.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

March 1.—Rev. Lewis Balfour presented by the Earl of Lauderdale to the Church and Parish of Colington.

6.—Rev. Archibald Bennie ordained Assistant and Successor to the Rev. John M'Leod, chapel of Ease, North Albion-Street, Glasgow.

— Mr John Newlands called by the United Associate Congregation of Largs.

11.—Mr Francis Muir called by the forming Relief Congregation of Leith.

20.—Rev. Robert Balfour Graham admitted minister of North Berwick.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Mercer, Royal Art. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819.
Capt. Clibborne, do. 19 July 1821.

7 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Bennett, Capt. by purch. vice Davis, ret. 20 Feb. 1823.
Cornet Pennefather, Lieut. by purch. do.
C. Cochran, Cornet by purch. do.

4 Dr. Surg. Tod, from 85 F. Surg. vice O'Donnel, dead do.

17 Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Hall, from 1 Life Gds. Lieut. by purch. vice Graham, prom. 27 do.

Coldst. G. Lieut. and Capt. Walton, Capt. and Lieut.-Col. by purch. vice Gore, ret. 20 do.
Ens. and Lieut. Hon. W. Forbes, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Hon. H. St. C. Erskine, from 85 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. do.

7. F. Lieut. Fraser, from h. p. 26 F. Lieut. vice Bloomfield, 11 F. 27 do.

11 Lieut. Bloomfield, from 7 F. Lieut. vice Amyatt, h. p. 26 F. do.

16 Lieut.-Gen. W. C. Lord Beresford, G.C.B & G.C.H. from 69 F. Col. vice Lieut.-Gen. H. M. Gordon, dead 15 March.

27 Ens. Rundle, Lieut. by purch. vice Cradock, 93 F. 13 Feb.
M. C. Johnstone, Ens. by purch. 27 do.

30 Supern. Surg. Assist. J. Campbell, Assist. Surg. vice Piper, 85 F. do.

53 Ens. Byrne, Lieut. vice Fraser, Adj. 24 May 1822.

60 Lieut. Cornwall, from Cape Corps, Lieut. vice Stopford, 2 W. I. R. 27 Feb. 1823.

69 Lieut. Gen. Sir J. Hamilton, Bt. of late 2 Ceylon Reg. Col. vice Lord Beresford, 16 F. 15 March.
Ens. Moore, Lieut. vice Peppard, dead 27 Feb.

82 Serj. Kyle, Quart. Mast. vice Gow, dead 13 Aug. 1822.

83 Lieut.-Gen. Hodgson, of late 3 Gar. Bn. Col. vice Gen. J. Balfour, dead 20 March 1823.
Assist. Surg. Piper, from 30 F. Surg. vice Tod, 4 Dr. 20 Feb.

85 Lieut. Forster, Capt. by purch. vice Johnston, 93 F. 13 do.
Ens. Cole, Lieut. by purch. do.
Hon. C. F. Berkeley, Ens. by purch. do.
P. Maitland, Ens. by purch. vice Erskine, Coldst. Gds. 20 do.

87 Lieut. Mountgarret, Capt. vice Cavenagh, dead 19 May 1822.
Ens. Cates, Lieut. do.

91 Lieut. Marshall, Capt. vice M'Lauchlan, dead 20 Feb. 1823.
Ens. Duke, Lieut. do.
—— Campbell, from h. p. 91 F. Ens. do.

1 W. I. R. Ens. Montgomery, Lieut. 19 Dec. 1822.
A. Macintire, Ens. 27 Feb. 1823.
Lieut. Delomel, Adj. vice Placket, dead 19 Dec. 1822.

2 —— Stopford, from 69 F. Lieut. vice Adams, Cape Corps 27 Feb. 1823.

Cape C. —— Adams, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Cornwall, 60 F. do.

1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Campbell, from h. p. New Bruns. Fenc. Capt. vice Carter, ret. list. 13 do.
—— Macleod, from h. p. Royal Art. Capt. vice Ross, ret. list. 14 do.
Lieut. Sargent, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Munro, ret. list. 20 do.

2 Ens. Bunbury, from h. p. 37 F. Ens. vice Macphail, ret. list. 13 Feb.
—— Crombie, Quart. Mast. vice Gallie, ret. list. do.
—— Daly, from h. p. 96 F. Ens. vice Crombie 20 do.

Garrison.

Gen. Sir R. Brownrigg, Bt. G.C.B. Gov. Landguard Fort, vice Gen. Lister, dead 21 Feb. 1823.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Capt. J. Grant, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Marlow, h. p. 24 Feb. 1823.
—— Gordon, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Walsh, h. p. do.
1st Assist. Surg. Cooke, Surg. 27 Dec. 1822.
2d Assist. Surg. Venables, 1st Assist. Surg. do.
Surg. Simpson, from h. p. Surg. 15 March 1823.
1st Assist. Surg. Inglis, from h. p. 1st Assist. Surg. do.
2d Assist. Whitelaw, from h. p. 2d Assist. Surg. do.

R. Eng. 2d Lieut. Radcliff, from h. p. 2d Lieut. vice Bruyeres, h. p. 28 Feb.

Staff.

Bt. Maj. Harris, h. p. 1 Dr Gds. Insp. Field Officer Mil. Nova Scotia, with Rank of Lieut.-Col. in the Army, vice Russel, res. 13 Feb. 1823.

Hospital Staff.

Hosp. Assist. Fergusson, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. to the Forces 13 Feb. 1823.

Assist. Surg. Lawder, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. to the Forces, vice Hosp. Assist. Gow, res. 20 do.

Exchanges.

Major Carmichael, from 1 W. I. R. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Allan, h. p. 94 F.

Capt. Jarvis, from 2d Life Gds. rec. diff. between full pay Capt. Life Gds. and Capt. Dr. with Capt. Lord J. Bentick, h. p. 7 Dr.

—— Prosser, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Swinburne, h. p. Gren. Gds.

—— Hon. W. R. Rous, from Coldst. Gds. with Capt. Bowen, 55 F.

—— Bunney, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hogg, h. p. 27 F.

Lieut. Sutherland, from 30 F. with Lieut. Thompson, 65 F.

—— Higgins, from 46 F. with Lieut. Grey, h. p. York Chass.

—— Younge, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fergusson, h. p. 17 F.

—— Hardwicke, from 2d Life Gds. rec. diff. between Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Life Gds. and Cornet Dr. with Cornet Lord Muncaster, 10 Dr.

—— Hardwicke, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Battier, h. p. 18 Dr.

Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Lord F. L. Gower, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Ensign Ryner, h. p. 17 F.

Ensign Suckling, from 13 F. with Ensign Slacke, 32 F.

—— Moorsom, from 69 F. with Ensign Johnstone, 79 F.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar. 1	M.29	29.597	M.37	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 36	.426	A. 39		dull day.
2	M.34½	.350	M.43	W.	Dull, with
	A. 43	.116	A. 38		showers.
3	M.34	28.961	M.44	W.	Fair foren.
	A. 43	.565	A. 45		h. rain after.
4	M.30	.402	M.42	NW.	Dull, and
	A. 40	.845	A. 40		very cold.
5	M.30½	.999	M.38	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 38	29.628	A. 38		dull day.
6	M.24	.505	M.35	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 35	.388	A. 37		sunsh. day.
7	M.25	28.939	M.35	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 32	.766	A. 35		dull day.
8	M.25	.651	M.35	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 32	.656	A. 35		day sh. snow.
9	M.21	.939	M.34	SW.	Heavy shrs.
	A. 30	29.23.	A. 33		snow.
10	M.26	.155	M.34	Cble.	Frost foren.
	A. 35	28.969	A. 34		snow aftern.
11	M.31	.998	M.37	NW.	Fair, with
	A. 37	29.550	A. 38		sunshine.
12	M.31	.650	M.39	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.835	A. 39		fair day.
13	M.39½	.675	M.46	SW.	Fair foren.
	A. 46	.675	A. 44		shrs. aftern.
14	M.34	.976	M.45	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 41	30.134	A. 41		day dull.
15	M.30	.242	M.46	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 41	.262	A. 47		sunsh. day.
16	M.33	29.931	M.42	W.	Fair, but
	A. 43	.716	A. 42		dull.
Mar. 17	M.32½	29.776	M.40	W.	Dull, and
	A. 41	.568	A. 37		very cold.
18	M.32	.412	M.38	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 38	.372	A. 37		day sh. hail.
19	M.23	.467	M.41	N.	Keen frost,
	A. 30	.572	A. 41		with sunsh.
20	M.30	.102	M.37	Cblc.	Morn snow,
	A. 35	28.925	A. 41		day dull.
21	M.33	.660	M.41	Cble.	Foren. rain,
	A. 42	.538	A. 46		aftern. fair.
22	M.37	.480	M.45	SW.	Cold, with
	A. 44	.992	A. 42		sh. rain.
23	M.27	29.345	M.41	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 35	.521	A. 45		sunshine.
24	M.28	.738	M.42	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.810	A. 40		
25	M.34	.906	M.47	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 45	.875	A. 44		
26	M.33	.846	M.48	S.	Frost morn.
	A. 44	.846	A. 48		sunsh. day.
27	M.33½	.731	M.46	S.	Morn. dull,
	A. 41	.751	A. 49		foren. sunsh.
28	M.36	.766	M.47	E.	Dull morn.
	A. 42	.780	A. 47		sunsh. day.
29	M.36	.756	M.48	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 45	.608	A. 47		
30	M.37	.525	M.47	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 46	.508	A. 47		showers.
31	M.36	.629	M.48	W.	Foren. fair,
	A. 40	.585	A. 47		even. rain.

Average of Rain, .528 Inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mean temperature, for the last four weeks, by daily observations at ten morning and evening, was 40° Fahrenheit: the depth of rain little more than half an inch. Vegetation has accordingly made little progress, and the soil is now sufficiently dry for a seed-bed. Field labour met with some interruption on the 19th March, by a severe frost, accompanied with a slight fall of snow. Since that period, the weather has been dry, but frosty nights, followed by clear sunshine throughout the day, have been frequent; and, on soft lands, wheat has been partially uprooted. In our last, we mentioned that wheat had "a blanched and sickly appearance, where it had been deeply covered with snow," in many instances it now appears the plants are completely destroyed; and, on light lands, considerable breadths will have to be cropped with barley, where the wheat has failed. In low carse lands, the appearance of wheat is still favourable, except where the ground had been flooded in the winter months. Young grass, on light soils, has suffered partially by the late nightly frosts, and vegetation is at this period at least ten days later than on an average of seasons. In the early districts, sowing of beans commenced about the middle, and of oats about the end of March. Towards the northern parts of the county, few oats have yet been sown. The long-protracted storm placed labour considerably in arrears, and the past month has been one of diligent and busy application in farm labour. The price of wheat and barley has almost continued stationary since the date of our last. Oats being now found deficient in quantity, have advanced in price, and are still looking up. Seed oats, of the best quality, brought from 20s. to 23s. per boll: but as far as farmers were concerned, a high price for seed was only "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Wheat, best, brings from 24s. to 26s.; barley, 19s. to 21s.; oats, 15s. to 18s.; beans, and pease, 14s. to 15s. per boll.

Perthshire, 12th April 1823.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat. Bls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck	1823.	Oatmeal. Bls.	Oatmeal. Peck.	B. & P. Meal. Bls.	B. & P. Meal. Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
Mar. 19	610	19 6 21 0	26 3	25 6 29 0	18 0 25 6	14 6 18 6	8	8	Mar. 18	400	1 4	65	1 0
26	377	21 0 30 0	25 8	21 0 28 0	20 0 25 0	17 0 19 0	8	8	25	371	1 3	59	1 0
April 2	489	21 0 28 6	25 10	23 0 28 0	20 0 25 6	17 0 19 0	8	8	April 1	291	1 3	49	1 0
9	603	21 0 29 6	25 9	28 0 31 0	17 0 21 0	17 0 18 0	8	8	8	321	1 3	53	1 0

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs. Dantzic.	Wheat, 240 lbs. For. red.	Wheat, 240 lbs. British.	Oats, 264 lbs. Irish.	Oats, 264 lbs. British.	Barley, 320 lbs. English.	Barley, 320 lbs. Scots.	Bns. & Pse. Sturl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.
Mar. 20	— —	— —	25 0 30 0	17 0 20 6	19 0 22 0	30 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	20 0 24 0	18 8 20 0	42 44
27	— —	— —	25 0 30 0	17 0 20 6	19 0 22 6	30 0 31 0	26 0 30 0	20 0 24 0	18 8 20 0	42 44
April 4	30 —	— —	25 6 30 0	17 0 20 0	19 0 22 0	30 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	20 0 25 0	18 0 20 0	42 44
10	— —	— —	25 0 29 0	16 0 20 0	18 0 22 0	30 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	19 6 25 0	17 0 19 0	40 42

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat. Bolls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
Mar. 21	754	20 0 29 0	24 2	20 26 0	16 23 0	13 17 6	13 17 6
28	431	20 0 26 6	24 7	23 29 0	17 22 0	14 18 0	14 18 6
April 4	467	20 6 28 6	25 0	25 33 0	17 21 6	12 17 0	12 17 0
11	693	21 6 27 0	25 1	26 33 0	15 19 6	11 15 6	11 16 3

Dalkeith.

1823.	Oatmeal. Per Boll.		Pr. Peck
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Mar. 17	17 0	18 6	1 2
24	16 6	17 6	1 2
31	17 0	18 0	1 2
April 7	16 6	17 6	1 2

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. Fd & Pol	Oats. Potat.	Beans. Pigeon.	Beans. Tick.	Pease. Boiling.	Pease. Grey.	Flour, 280 lb. Fine.	Flour, 280 lb. 2d.	Quar. Loaf.
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Mar. 17	35 57	24 28	28 38	17 24	21 27	28 34	24 29	36 40	30 35	45 50	38 44	— 9
24	35 57	25 30	26 38	17 24	21 27	28 34	24 29	38 42	30 35	45 50	38 44	— 9
31	35 57	25 30	26 38	17 24	21 27	28 34	24 29	38 42	30 35	45 50	38 44	— 9
April 7	35 57	25 30	26 38	18 25	22 26	28 34	24 29	36 40	30 35	45 50	38 44	— 9

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour. Eng. 240 lb.	Flour. Irish.	Flour. Amer. 196 lb.	Oatm. 210 lb. Eng.	Oatm. 210 lb. Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Mar. 18	6 0 8 2	2 10 3 3	4 0 5 3	— —	28 35	25 40	34 36	34 37	28 34	24 27	22 25
25	5 9 8 2	2 10 3 3	4 0 5 3	— —	28 35	25 40	34 36	34 37	28 34	24 27	22 25
April 1	5 6 8 3	2 10 3 3	4 0 5 3	— —	28 35	25 40	34 37	35 36	28 34	24 27	22 25
8	5 6 8 3	2 10 3 2	4 0 5 3	27 29	28 35	25 40	33 36	32 35	28 34	24 27	22 25

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
March 8	43 2	25 6	30 0	19 8	26 2	31 8	—
15	47 2	26 4	32 5	20 7	27 5	32 5	—
22	50 9	30 1	33 8	21 3	29 0	32 10	—
29	50 4	30 4	33 1	21 5	29 8	33 3	—

Course of Exchange, London, April 11.——Amsterdam, 12 : 8. Ditto at sight, 12 : 5. Rotterdam, 12 : 9. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburgh, 38 : 1. Altona, 38 : 2. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 90. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 159. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 36¼. Gibraltar, 30½. Genoa, 42½. Leghorn, 46¼. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 52. Rio Janciro, 44. Dublin, 9⅛ ℔ cent. Cork, 9⅛ ℔ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ℔ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 ⁊ 17 ⁊ 6d. New Doubloons, £.3 ⁊ 15s. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11¼d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast, 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s. *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. to 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 19*th March to* 9*th April* 1823.

	March 19.	March 26.	April 2.	April 9.
Bank Stock	—	—	—	204¾
3 ℔ cent. reduced	—	—	—	73⅝
3 ℔ cent. consols	74⅛	74⅜	74⅜	74⅜
3½ ℔ cent. do.	—	—	—	85⅞
4 ℔ cent. do.	—	—	—	92⅛
Ditto New	94⅜	94½	94½	94⅜
India Stock	—	—	—	—
—— Bonds	21 pr.	21 pr.	26 pr.	30 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	10 12 pr.	8 10 pr.	10 11 pr.	12 15 pr.
Consols for account	74⅜	74⅜	74⅜	74⅛
French 5 ℔ cents.	78 fr. —	78 fr. 50 c.	78 fr. —	79 fr. —

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th February and the 20th March 1823; extracted from the London Gazette.

Adams, J. and J. A. Southampton, toy-sellers.
Agrew, A. Great Yarmouth, draper.
Aldersey, J. Liverpool, grocer.
Atkins, J. Great Portland-street, chemist and druggist.
Banting, J. late of Cumberland-street, carpenter.
Barlow, J. Merton, Surrey, millwright.
Barrow, R. and T. Liverpool, corn-merchants.
Bell, H. Bourn, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant.
Bennett, A Fountain-court, Minories, packing-case maker.
Blatchford, R. J. Lombard-street, sword-cutler.
Boyden, S. Chapel-street, Pentonville, beast-salesman.
Browning, J. and R. A. Belvidere-wharf, Waterloo-bridge, timber-merchants.
Budd, W. H. Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, coach-master.
Butler, E. Alcester, fellmonger.
Byers, J. Blackbourn, Lancaster, chapman.
Cave, S. Gloucester, jeweller.
Chambers, J. Wolverhampton, agricultural machine-maker.
Chapman, E. Bridgewater-square, leather-seller.
Charlesworth, T. Clare-street, grocer.
Cleghorn, W. Ratcliffe-highway, cheesemonger.
Cook, W. and G. Canterbury, wine-merchants.
Cuzner, J. Lullington, Somerset, fuller.
Davies, W. King-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper.
Draper, R. J. Fleet-market, earthenwareman.
Ealand, R. Stourbridge, hatter.
Eicke, C. Cornhill, dealer and chapman.
Fentiman, W. Peterborough, linen-draper.
Fletcher, J. Plumland, Cumberland, lime-burner.
Ford, C. Regent-street, linen-draper.
Franklin, W. Ladydown, Wilts, fuller.
Garle, W. S. Warner, and T. Garle, Dowgate-docks, merchants.
Glasier, W. R. Park-street, Westminster, money-scrivener.
Godfrey, J. Leicester, plumber and glazier.
Greig, W. City-road, upholsterer.
Griffith, T. Liverpool, merchant.
Halle, M. Cheltenham, victualler.
Haviland, W. Plymouth, printer.
Hamilton, W. J. and F. G. and J. Ridsale, Leeds, merchants.
Hebbron, S. Cleveland, Yorkshire, butcher.
Hiscocks, J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
Hitchen, C. and T. Wostenholme, Sheffield, hair-seating manufacturers.
Holms, B. Thrum-hall, Halifax, merchant.
Hull, T. Poulton, Lancashire, money-scrivener.
Humberstone, J. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, victualler.
Johnson, B. Samborn, Warwickshire, farmer.
Keast, W. St. Erny, Cornwall, lime-burner.
Knibb, A. Barnwell, St. Andrew, Northamptonshire, miller.
Lamb, J. A. Highgate, coal-merchant.
Lambert, R. Manchester, manufacturer.
Lee, W. Charles-street, Covent-garden, theatrical dress-maker.
Littlewood, J. Rochdale, stationer.
Martin, F. Tewkesbury, wine-merchant.
Mathias, J. Haverfordwest, upholsterer.
Meredith, T. sen. Bishopsgate-street without, leather-seller.
Mingay, A. G. Silver street, Golden-square, builder.
Newman, G. Box, Wiltshire, victualler.
Oldfield, J. Edgeware-road, coach-maker.
Park, J. Tower-royal, merchant.
Parker, T. Powlett, Somerset, coal-merchant.
Pearson, R. Droitwich, Worcestershire, glover.
Pepper, H. F. Kingston-upon-Thames, stone-mason.
Pool, J. Madron, Cornwall, miller.
Read, C. Downe's-wharf, East Smithfield, coal-merchant.
Riley, J. Sheffield, chinaman.
Round, G. Reading, silk-weaver.
Scott, D. Uxbridge, brewer.
Scudamore, J. King's Bench Walk, Temple, dealer.
Simons, W. Birmingham, brush-maker.
Slade, J. Narrow-street, Limehouse, butcher.
Steel, S. Rotherham, Yorkshire, linen-draper.
Sweet, T. Frith-street, Soho, carver and gilder.
Tait, T. and J. Dover-road, Southwark, brewers.
Tee, J. Hemsworth, Yorkshire, shopkeeper.
Thompson, L. Hull, miller.
Thorpe, S. and R. Marshall, Nottingham, coal-dealers.
Tratt, R. J. King-street, Bloomsbury, butcher.

Turquand, W. Shorters-court, Throgmorton-street, broker.
Viera, A. J. L. and A. M. Braga, Tokenhouse-yard, merchants.
Walker, J. Great Smith-street, Westminster, carpenter.
Wainman, J. E. Dark-house-lane, Lower Thames-street, fishmonger.
Wells, W. Brightwell, Berks, farmer.
Welsh, T. Great Tower-street, wine-merchant.
Westwood, J. Leominster, farmer.
Welchman, J. Rathbone-place, feather-maker.
White, G. Cherrygarden-street, Bermondsey, shipwright.
Wight, T. Duke-street, St James's, tailor.
Wilson, J. Norland-hall, Yorkshire, farmer.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies and Dividends, announced March 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Boyd, Robert & Andrew, manufacturers in Innerleithen.
Brydson, William, merchant in Glasgow.
Christie, John, spirit-dealer in Edinburgh.
Clerk, Robert & Adam, cattle dealers, Whiteside, parish of Dunscore.
Cumming, John, merchant, agent, wharfinger, and ship-owner in Leith.
Ewart, George, saddler & ironmonger, Dunse.
Forrest, John, merchant in Edinburgh.
Hannah, Anthony, & Co. merchants in Ayr.
Johnston, William, merchant in Glasgow.
Kedslie, Andrew, corn-chandler, Canonmills, near Edinburgh.
King, William, grain-dealer, Miltown-of-Dalziel, Lanarkshire.
Levick, John, ironmonger in Wick.
Montgomery, Duncan, distiller at Poyntzfield, Cromartyshire.
Steel, Archibald, hardware-merchant in Ayr.
Weir, Charles, miller & grain-dealer, Newmill, Hamilton.
Wright, Hume, & Co. merchants in Glasgow.
Wright, James, jun. cloth-merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Herbertson, Thomas & James, wrights & builders in Lauriston, Glasgow; by J. Mackintosh, accountant there.
Landales & Calder, fish-curers in Helmsdale: by J. Low, at Rhives.
Petrie, John, merchant in Arbroath; by Alex. Mann, merchant there.

Obituary.

THE LATE LORD KEITH.

Viscount Keith, Knight of the Bath, Admiral of the Red, &c. who died on the 10th of this month of March, at his seat of Tulliallan, was born on the 12th January, 1746, at Elphinstone. He was the youngest son of Charles, the tenth Lord Elphinstone, and Lady Clementina Fleming, only child, and heiress of the estates of John, Earl of Wigton. Lord Keith showed an early propensity to the service in which he passed his life, and in which he rose to the highest distinction. He entered the navy, during the seven years war, as a Midshipman, under Lord St Vincent, then Captain Jervis. After the peace of 1765, he made a voyage to the East Indies, with his brother, Mr Elphinstone, who then commanded an Indiaman. In this service he could not continue, on account of the climate disagreeing with his health. Notwithstanding this, however, he did not hesitate to go again to the East Indies, with Sir John Lindsay, in 1767, when he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the navy.

Some time before the breaking out of the American war, he obtained the rank of Commander. In the spring of 1775 he was made Post-Captain, and soon after he obtained, first the command of the Pearl, and then of the Perseus frigate. This was the first ship in our service that was sheathed with copper. In this excellent frigate he made a conspicuous figure, as an active and intrepid cruizer, upon the coast of America. He was likewise often engaged in those services in that country where land and sea forces were jointly employed, and his exertions always gave great satisfaction to the officers with whom he acted. The experience which he then acquired was of great service to him long afterwards, when he had a more prominent and distinguished part to perform.

In 1780, Lord Keith returned from America, and was elected Member of Parliament for Dumbartonshire. At this period he was appointed to the Warwick of 50 guns, and soon after captured the Rotterdam, a Dutch man-of-war of 54 guns, when he is said to have distinguished himself by the manner in which he attacked a ship of superior force, and compelled her to strike. Soon after this he went to America in the Warwick, where, among other services, having first driven La Gloire on shore in the Delaware, he captured L'Aigle, a French man-of-war. He continued in active service until the peace of 1783. About this time his present Majesty appointed him for life to be Secretary and Chamberlain to the Principality of Scotland.

In April 1787 he married Miss Mercer, eldest daughter and heiress of Mr Mercer of Aldie. She died in 1789, leaving an only child, a daughter, now married to Count Flahault. The British barony of Keith descends to her and to the heirs male of her body.

In 1793, at the commencement of the war with France, he was appointed Captain of the Robust, and went to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood. When Toulon was surrendered to our forces, by the French deputies, he was appointed by Lord Hood to command the seamen and marines. With them he occupied the fort of La Malgue, which commands that town and harbour. He continued in command of La Malgue as long as we possessed Toulon, and repeatedly distinguished himself in land rencounters with the enemy. When we retired from Toulon, he commanded the force which covered the embarkation, and in order to secure our retiring in safety, and to be assured that the rear-guard of the army got off without injury, Lord Keith was the last person who left the shore, and his ship, the Robust, was the last to leave the harbour. For these services he was made Knight of the Bath, and soon after raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral. He next served in the Channel-fleet, under Lord Howe. In 1795 he went chief in command of the sea forces against the Cape of Good Hope. As soon as the Cape surrendered, he proceeded to India, and after the surrender of Ceylon and other important places, he returned to the Cape. On this occasion the Dutch squadron, with troops on board, took refuge in Saldanna Bay, where four sail of the line, two large frigates, and several other vessels, in all nine ships of war, surrendered to him by capitulation. For these services he was made a Peer of Ireland. In 1796 he was chosen Member for the county of Stirling. After a short service in the Channel, under Lord Bridport, he was, in 1798, sent to be second in command to Lord St Vincent, in the Mediterranean. At this time he particularly distinguished himself by preventing the French fleet from getting into Cadiz to unite with the fleet of Spain. The force under Lord Keith was inferior both to the fleet of France at sea, and to the fleet of Spain in harbour. The French Admiral had 19 ships of the line, Spanish 22. Lord Keith, having 15 ships of the line, was determined to give them battle rather than to permit them to join; but without this necessity, his efforts in the management of his fleet frustrated their intentions; and Lord St Vincent has often characterised the conduct of Lord Keith on this occasion as equal,

is not superior, both in point of decision and of seamanship, to any thing performed during the war. The French fleet returned to the Mediterranean, when Lord Keith followed them, and had an opportunity of displaying his great judgment and ability in pursuit of that fleet; and again, after their junction with the fleet of Spain, this greatly superior force fled before him, and would not risk an action. The pursuit was ended by his ultimately pursuing the French fleet into the harbour of Brest.

About this time Lord St Vincent retired, and Lord Keith obtained the chief command in the Mediterranean, in which he distinguished himself by the ability which he displayed before Genoa, and which was the cause of its surrender, and, finally, by his operations in the reduction of Egypt, where his efforts were united with those of his illustrious friend, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who expired of his wounds on board Lord Keith's ship. In reward for these services Lord Keith was made a Peer of Great Britain. When the war broke out in 1803, he was appointed to the command of the North Sea fleet, including the naval force in the Straits of Dover. In this command he continued till 1807.

In January 1808 he married the eldest daughter of Henry Thrale, Esq. M.P. for Southwark; of this second marriage there is only one child, a daughter.

He was appointed to the command of the Channel fleet in February 1812. While in that station it fell to his lot to superintend the embarkation of Napoleon Bonaparte for St Helena. In this most delicate service he was directed by the sure guides of good sense and right feeling, and performed it without offending the individual with whom he had to deal, and without compromising the honour of the nation which he represented. He was about this time created a Viscount, and peace being restored, his command ceased. From that time he has lived in retirement, in the bosom of his family, and in the society of numerous friends. Latterly he has resided on his estate of Tullialan, where he erected a mansion-house suited to his rank and fortune. There also he has expended large sums in works of permanent utility, and has united with constant acts of voluntary bounty the encouragement of industrious pursuit and useful occupation, those sure sources of comfort to a surrounding population.

The strength of his natural understanding enabled him to derive the utmost benefit from all that he had occasion to see or to contemplate. A most tenacious memory and great readiness enabled him to bring all his information effectually into action when the occasion called for it. Such powers, united to a fertility of mind which has been rarely excelled, rendered him a most distinguished character in all that regarded his profession. In social intercourse, his kindly nature was constantly predominant; he was entirely free of affectation in conversation, and he dealt out the facts and anecdotes, with which his memory was stored, in a most interesting and amusing manner. Lord Keith was invariably influenced by the kindest feelings for all who were connected with him, and, without solicitation on their part, he was uniformly alive to whatever could promote their interest: but this did not limit the extent of his usefulness to others; on the contrary, being always open to approach, he was zealous in forwarding, to the utmost of his power, the objects of deserving men. Accordingly it may safely be said of him, that he could reckon as great a number of meritorious officers, of all ranks and descriptions, who have been placed in their proper station by his efforts, as any man of his rank in the service.

THE LATE SIR ILAY CAMPBELL, BART.

This venerable person, who ended his long and active life on the 28th of March, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, was born on the 25d of August, 1734. He was the eldest son of Archibald Campbell of Succoth, and his mother was the daughter and representative of Wallace of Ellersly, a branch of the family of Sir William Wallace. He came to the bar in 1757, was made Solicitor-General in 1783, Lord Advocate in 1784, and was soon after chosen Member for the Glasgow District of Boroughs, which he continued to represent in Parliament, taking an active share in all the important transactions of the time, until he was raised to the Chair of President of the Court of Session in 1789. In 1794 he was placed at the head of the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, issued at that disturbed period for the trial of those accused of High Treason in Scotland, and the manner in which he acquitted himself on that occasion was highly commended by the English lawyers of the day. He continued to hold the situation of President of the Court of Session for upwards of nineteen years, and resigned his high office in autumn 1808, after having discharged its arduous duties with the utmost ability, integrity, and zeal. But the faculties of his mind remaining entire, he was afterwards chosen to preside over the two different Commissions for inquiring into the state of the Courts of Law in Scotland, which business he conducted with his accustomed industry and talent.

For many years before his elevation to the Bench, he had the most extensive practice of his time, and indeed there was scarcely any cause or business of importance in which he was not engaged or consulted. He was particularly remarkable for the excellence of his written pleadings. Many of them are perfect models of perspicuity, force, and elegance. The best criterion of his judicial eminence during the long period when he presided on the Bench, is the high estimation in which his recorded opinions are now held by all Scots lawyers. In politics he was a warm admirer of the principles of Mr Pitt; and he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of many eminent public men, particularly of Lord Chancellor Thurlow and the late Lord Melville, with both of whom he was in habits of frequent correspondence.

The anxiety he felt to discharge the duties entrusted to him fully and faithfully, made him desirous to quit public life before age had in any degree impaired the powers of his mind; and therefore he resigned the President's chair, while yet in the full possession of that profound and active understanding which had been exerted in the unremitting discharge of his professional and public duties for nearly half a century.

After his retirement from the Bench, he resided principally on his paternal estate of Garscube, where the vigour of his mind remained unabated, and, being freed from the fatigues of public life, the amiable traits of his character became more extensively displayed, and increased the admiration of those who had been spectators of his former career. Until within a few weeks of his death, he was constantly occupied with pursuits of various kinds. He took a principal share in the business of the county of Dumbarton, and was much consulted by the Magistracy of the neighbourhood, particularly in the late perilous times. He spent much of his time in reading, and in the study of general literature; amused himself with agriculture, and received the visits of those numerous persons in England and Scotland with whom he had been connected in public and private life.

In these occupations, and in the exercise of that benevolence which was a remarkable trait of his character; possessing, until his last short illness, perfect good health, and a mind as acute as it had been in the vigour of his manhood; loved and respected by every one, and surrounded by his numerous descendants, whom he delighted to assemble under his patriarchal roof, he enjoyed a period of retirement from public life, which, in point of happiness and length of duration, seldom falls to the lot of public characters, and which was the deserved reward of those laborious services that will be recollected as long as the law of Scotland exists.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. Jan. 5. At Sympheropole, Sultana Katte Ghery Krim Ghery, a son.

Feb. 14. At Manse of Alvie, Mrs Macdonald, a daughter.

21. At Manse of Johnston, Mrs Dr Colvin, a son.

24. At Laurieston, the Lady of Captain Brown, late Superintendant of Police, a son.

27. At Balgownie, Mrs Forbes, a daughter.

March 2. At Stranraer, the Lady of Major-Gen. Macnair, a son.

3. At Oxgang, the Lady of Captain Stirling, a daughter.

— At Mauld, Strathglass, the Lady of Dr Chisholm, late of the Royal regiment of artillery, a daughter.

4. At Leith Links, the Lady of Major Jameson, a daughter.

— At Leith, Mrs Dr Macaulay, a son.

6. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Capt. W. Gowan, a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Borthwick, Esq. a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of George Sligo, Esq. of Auldhame, a daughter.

— At St Andrew's, the Lady of Capt. W. Playfair, H. E. C. Bengal Establishment, a daughter.

— At Montpelier Park, Burrowmuirhead, Edinburgh, the wife of R. Scott, Esq. a daughter.

10. At Fort William, the Lady of Captain D. M'Dougall, a son.

— At Boharm Manse, Mrs Forbes, a son.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Macdougall, of Soroba, a daughter.

11. At Castlehead, in the county of Westmoreland, Mrs William Legh, a son and heir.

12. At Edinburgh, the Lady of James Greig, Esq. of Eccles, a son and heir.

— In St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Wauchope, a daughter.

— At Shelburne Bank, Newhaven, Mrs Benjamin Oliver, a daughter.

— At the house of Mrs Admiral Deans, Ann-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Deans, royal navy, a daughter.

— At Broomtown, Mrs Gollan, of Gollanfield, a daughter.

13. At London, the Lady of Capt. John Drummond, of the Coldstream Guards, a daughter.

— At 61, York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Andrew Tawse, a daughter.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs John Tawse, a son.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Moir of Leckie, a still-born daughter.

— At Buttevant Castle, county of Cork, the Lady of Sir James Anderson, Bart. a son and heir.

17. At London, the Duchess of Richmond, a daughter.

18. At Dunfermline, Mrs George Spence, a son.

19. At Berwick-upon-Tweed, the Lady of Capt. R. F. Romer, Royal regiment of artillery, a son.

20. Mrs Burnet, Queen-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

21. At Brightmony, Mrs Mackintosh, of Nairn, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Charles Tawse, a son.

— At Arbuthnot House, the Viscountess of Arbuthnot, a son.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dundas, of Arniston, a son and heir.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Crosbie, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Barclay, a son.

26. At Anniston, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Letitia Cruickshank, a son.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Kerr, of Chatto, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1822. July 12. At Government House, Calcutta, Charles M'Sween, Esq. Chief Judge of Agra, to Margaret, daughter of Olaus M'Leod, Esq. Skye.—The parties are first cousins of the Marchioness of Hastings.

Oct. 1. At Calcutta, Alexander, eldest son of Stephen Yates, Esq. of Springfield Bower, Warwickshire, to Ann Semple Colquhoun, daughter of A. Colquhoun. Esq. Calcutta.

1823. Jan. 1. At Philadelphia, Mr Geo. Schetky, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Stephen Paterson, Esq. merchant there.

Feb. 17. At Kirkcudbright, Andrew Murray, Esq. writer there, to Miss Lamont.

18. At Upper Deal, Capt. Bowen, 77th regiment, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward Igglulden, Esq. of Glenfall, Gloucestershire.

24. At Raby Castle, Lieut.-Colonel Meyrick, of the Third Guards, to the Hon. Lady Louisa Vane, daughter of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Darlington.

25. At Yonderton, the Rev. William Scott Hay, Burntshields, to Janet, eldest daughter of John Barr, Esq.

March 3. At Bervie, Mr Alex. Guthrie, manufacturer there, to Miss Christian Hudson, eldest daughter of the late George Hudson, Esq. provost of that burgh.

— At Glasgow, John Bannatyne, Esq. R. N. to Margaret, only daughter of the late Robt. Burns, Esq. of Rockbank.

— At Glasgow, Robert Hardy, Esq. of South Shields, to Marion Macdonald, youngest daughter of the deceased John Macdonald, Esq. of Upper Bornish, South Uist.

— At Newton, Mid-Lothian, Thomas Somerville, Esq. to Martha, youngest daughter of William Hope, Esq.

4. At Edinburgh, John Stigant, Esq. of Portsea, county of Hants, purser, Royal Navy, to Isabella Watt, daughter of the late John Watt, Esq.

8. At Edinburgh, Adam Gib Ellis, Esq. W. S. to Catharine, third daughter of the deceased Major David Robertson, Assistant Barrack-master-General, N. B.

12. At Teviot Grove, Alex. Pott, Esq. Burnfoot, to Apalina, youngest daughter of the late Robert Hogarth, Esq. Carfrae.

14. At Inverness, Margaret Grant, third daughter of the late David Shireff, Esq. Kinmylies, to Captain Duncan Macpherson, h. p. 11th foot.

17. At Claywhat, Perthshire, Matthew Weir, Esq. W.S. to Janet, eldest daughter of William Spottswoode, Esq.

18. At Glasgow, Mr Thos. H. Slater, merchant there, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas Jackson, Esq. of Coats.

— At Rankeilour House, George Govan, Esq. M.D. in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Charles Maitland, Esq. younger of Rankeilour.

— At Ellieston House, Francis Hunter, Esq. of the 1st regiment Madras native cavalry, to Elizabeth Christina, third daughter of the late Thomas Tulloh, Esq. of Ellieston.

— At Edinburgh, Adam Hay, Esq. banker in Edinburgh, to Harriet Callender, eldest daughter of the late William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

19. At Dunbar House, John Warrender, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir Patrick Warrender, Bart. of Lochend, to the Right Hon. Lady Julian Jane Maitland, youngest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

20. At Glasgow, Mr Robert Cochran, writer, Paisley, to Miss Christian Wilson, daughter of the late Peter Wilson, Esq. of the Royal Navy.

22. Henry Robert Ferguson, Esq. Captain in the 9th lancers, to Miss Davie, sister of the present and daughter of the late Sir John Davie, Bart.

24. At Leith, George Mill, Esq. of Blair, to Matilda, daughter of Archibald Miller, Esq. merchant, Leith.

25. At Jessfield, Mr James Wishart, merchant, Leith, to Martha, second daughter of the late Mr William Strachan, writer in Leith.

26. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Dunsany, to the Hon. Eliza Kinnaird, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Lord Kinnaird.

— At Edinburgh, James Keith, Esq. M.D., to Miss Christian Grahame Maitland, daughter of the late Col. Charles Maitland of Maitlandfield.

Lately, At London, Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. to Lady Leigh.

— The Duke of Norfolk, to Lady Mary Ann Gage, widow of Sir Thomas Gage.

— The Duke of St Alban's to Mrs Cuthbert.

— Lord Petre to Miss Howard.

DEATHS.

1822. Aug. 4. At Jubbulpoor, East Indies, aged 31, John Lowther Irving, Esq. assistant surgeon, 26th native infantry, and surgeon to the political agent at Bun Ilecund. He was the eldest son of Baillie Gavin Irving, of Annan.

5. At Patna, Mr Charles Dempster, surgeon, East India Company's service, eldest son of Cathcart Dempster, Esq. St Andrew's.

29. At Benares, Captain James Macharg, of the 6th regiment, native infantry, Bengal army.

Sept. 4. At Surat, Brevet-Captain and Lieutenant A. W. Burn, Adjutant 2d battalion 4th regiment Bombay native infantry.

10. At the new cantonment of the Nagpore subsidiary force, of a fever, Lieut. R. H. Cumming, of the Bengal horse artillery.

Oct. 7. At Mirzapore, Hugh Hope, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service.

12. At Calcutta, James Hay, Esq. of Callipriest.

20. At Nassau, New Providence, in the prime of life, Mr John Mackay.—Mr Mackay was the second son of Kenneth Mackay, Esq. of Torboll, Convener of the county of Sutherland, and died in the 23d year of his age, having survived his elder brother, George Mackay, but a short time, who died at Montreal in summer 1820, in his 20th year.

Dec. 17. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Captain Maclachlan, 91st regiment.

1823. Jan. 2. At New Orleans, General F. Humbert, formerly of the army of the French republic, but who resided at New Orleans for the last nine years, and who, in 1798, landed in the west of Ireland, at the head of 1100 men, who were taken prisoners by Marquis Cornwallis.

14. At Berbice, John Smith, Esq. surgeon there.

Extract of a letter from St Christopher's, dated the 14th of January:—"An event has occurred on the island, which has produced the deepest sorrow and gloom; the death of Mrs Maxwell, the wife of our excellent Governor. She was the only daughter of Colonel Douglas, of Annan, and first cousin to the Marquis of Queensberry; she was but 2o years of age. It has but seldom fallen to the lot of any individual to be more deservedly beloved and respected, and to none to be more sincerely lamented; kind and benevolent to all, she was the friend of the friendless. One trait, among many, will shew the bias of her mind; anticipating the possible termination of her confinement, she desired that, instead of an expensive funeral, a sum of money might be given to the poor; a bequest which her husband most religiously carried into execution. The ladies of the island have determined to erect a monument to the memory of one who was among the brightest ornaments of their society."

16. At Stoketon-house, Cornwall, the Hon. Michael De Courcy (brother of the late Lord Kinsale), Admiral of the Blue.

29. At Demerara, Mrs M'Laurin, relict of Euan M'Laurin, Esq. of Charlestown, America, and sister to the late Bain Whyt, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh.

Feb. 2. At Perth, James Stewart, Esq. late of Jamaica.

4. At Cree Bridge, Lieut. John Matthew, late of the 55d reigment of foot, in the 64th year of his age.

7. At Burntisland, James Farnie, Esq. shipbuilder there, aged 65.

10. At Grantham, Miss Fairlie Cunninghame, daughter of the late Sir William Cunninghame Fairlie, of Robertland and Fairlie, Bart.

10. At Montrose, Mr John Strachan, Principal Clerk at Mr Maberly's works in that town.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Hunter, daughter of the late Robert Hunter, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

— At manse of Drymen, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs Anne Allan, widow of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlan, late minister of Drymen, Stirlingshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Angus M'Diarmid, innkeeper, Pleasance.

— At Dalmgburn, Greenock, Alexander Campbell, late Comptroller of the Customs there.

— At Southampton, of apoplexy, Mrs Young, aged 70, widow of John Young, Esq. late Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.

— At Milne's Court, Edinburgh, Miss Helen Murray, daughter of the deceased Gideon Murray, Esq. of Sundhope, aged 86.

11. William Playfair, aged 64, brother of the late Professor Playfair at Edinburgh.

Feb. 11. At Edinburgh, Margaret Agnes Patricia, only daughter of Adam Fergusson, Esq. of Woodhill.

12. At Dumfries, Mrs M'Intosh of Dalmigavie, in the 77th year of her age.

— At Dumbryden, in her 74th year, Margaret, Steuart, wife of John Steuart, Esq. formerly of Portnacroch.

15. At Barbuie, parish of Glenarm, after a protracted and very painful illness, Thomas Moffat, Esq. of Barbuie.

— At his house, 55, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, William Gordon, Esq. of Hallmyre.

14. At Montrose, John Halket, mason, in the 86th year of his age. He was born upon the 15th May, 1737, and notwithstanding his great age, he retained all his faculties unimpaired, almost to the last. He celebrated the anniversary of St John along with the brethren 65 times up to last St John's day, without having been absent a single time. The striking resemblance which he bore to his late Majesty has often been noticed. He was one of six boys who were publicly whipt, by order of the Magistrates, for erecting a bonfire upon the Pretender's birth-day, their parents being compelled to lead them through the streets.—This anecdote he was wont to relate with great good humour.

— At Quebec, Thomas Scott, Esq. paymaster to the 70th regiment, and second surviving son of the late Mr Walter Scott, W. S.

— At Caroline Park, Miss Margaret Cockburn, sister of the late Archibald Cockburn, Esq. one of the Barons of Exchequer for Scotland.

15. At Middleby-Street, Newington, in the 6th year of her age, Margaret Isabella, only daughter of Mr David Murray, Deputy Comptroller of Excise.

— At Fiarshall, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, the Right Hon. Lord Ashburton.

— At Balmaclellan Manse, in the 25th year of her age, Miss Margaret, third daughter of the Rev. James Thomson, minister of that parish; and on the 19th ultimo, in the 29th year of her age, Miss Mary Thomson, his eldest daughter.

— At Weymouth, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. of Sledmere-house, and of Settrington, in the county of York.

— At Inverness, Miss Ann Fraser, eldest daughter of the late Hugh Fraser, Esq of Dunballach.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Michie Gleig, student of law, aged 22 years, youngest son of the Rev. George Gleig, of Arbroath. He was possessed of amiable dispositions, and excellent abilities; and his death is much lamented by his relations and all is acquaintances.

17. At 68, George-Street, Mrs Susan Hasswell, wife of Mr Robert Hogg, baker.

— At Annan, Mrs Waugh, relict of the late John Waugh, Esq. late Bailie of Annan.

— At Ardbraccan House, in the county of Meath, the Right Honourable Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, D. D. Bishop of that diocese. His Lordship was consecrated Bishop of Ossory in 1795, was translated to the Bishopric of Meath in 1799, and was in his 83d year.

— At Glasgow, Thomas Millar, Esq. late of Charlestown.

— At Rosyth, North Queensferry, John Macarthur, Esq. aged 78.

— At Inverness, Miss Fraser, senior, of Newton.

— At Linlithgow, Thomas Spens, Esq. Collector of Excise.

18. At Abbey Hill, Edinburgh, in the 76th year of her age, Mrs Jean Sanderson, wife of Mr Robert Hogg, late brewer there.

— At Sorby village, near Wigtown, Alexander M'Creadie, in the 109th year of his age. He was born (to use his own words,) on the 10th day of winter, auld style, 1714.—His father died in his 102d year, and his son, who accompanied his remains to the grave, is in his 73d. He always maintained a fair and upright character, and detested a lie. He used to express himself with great indignation at what he termed the "hooks and crooks of the law." During his long life, he never was engaged in a law-suit but once, which he lost, although, as he said, "he considered himself to ha'e had the best en' o' the string." His countenance glowed with great self-complacency and satisfaction, when recounting the manners and transactions of the "olden times." "I hae kend mony a guid bargain made, (said he,) to the extent o' a

hunner pund, whan the water o' Bladnoch row'd atween the parties, every ane standing on his ain side." He seemed to think that "a verbal bargain" then, was as valid as a bill or bond now, though couched in all the phraseology of the law. Until very lately he was an early riser, and was remarkably abstemious in his habits. He has often told that he never was in a state of intoxication but twice; once when a boy, leading peats to the Old Place of Sorby, which at that time was inhabited by a collateral branch of the Galloway family. It was customary in those days for the tenantry to meet on a certain day, and lead the peats to the family, and in return they were regaled with plenty of victuals, spirits, and strong ale; and the subject of this short memoir had, after the fatigues of the day, sacrificed too freely to the "jolly god," which so incapacitated him, that "he kend nought where he was till far owr i' the afternoon o' the neist day." The second and last time, he was sent to Wigtown for a bottle of rum and another of brandy, to comfort a few gossips who were attending his first wife, then in the neuk. However, on his return with the stimulating draught, he unfortunately dropt the brandy bottle on the road; luckily the contents fell into a hole or track, and to turn the loss to some negative advantage, he down upon his knees, and lapped up as much of the Frenchman as did his business, for it was "wi' a great faught that he could stotter hame." The rum, however, would prove doubly delicious to the howdy and neighbour wives, being (like the left leg of a goose) the only one left.—He recollected when there was not a "glass winnock" in all the parish of Kirkinner, except in Baldoon House and the Manse, and when there was not a spinning wheel betwixt the "Brigen' o' Dumfries and the braes o' Glennapp;" the spinning being then completed by a tedious process; "the spindle and horl." In his young days there was not a school in the county except in Wigtown, and that sometimes only in summer; but he seemed to think, that although the people then were not so learned, yet they were as pious. In every house the inmates regularly, by prayer, offered up their morning and their evening sacrifice to their great Creator and Preserver; and family worship was a duty in which all were engaged, and in which all seemed delighted. It is in contemplation to erect, by subscription, a small monument over the remains of this aged patriarch, in the church-yard of Kirkinner, his native parish.

19. At Laurencekirk, in the 98th year of her age, Mrs Andrew, widow of the late Mr James Andrew, for many years landlord of the well-frequented inn at Bridge of Lippie.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Sibby Vert, relict of the late Rev. William Hall, Bathgate, in the 76th year of her age, and 52d of her widowhood.

— At Albany Place, near Dumfries, David Blount, Esq.

— At Prestonpans, Mrs Jean Bowie, widow of the late Eben. Gardner, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Sanderson, merchant.

— At Swinton House, while on a visit to her sister, Mrs Margaret Thomson, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hepburne, Esq. of Clarkington.

20. At Hook, near Kingston, Surrey, Robert Blair, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Howat, writer in Edinburgh, son of Mr Robert Howat, Dumfries.

21. At 30, Albany-Street, Euphemia Meyne, aged 15, eldest daughter of Edward Alexander, Esq. of Powis.

— At Buskinburn, near Coldingham, Alexander Home, Esq. retired Commander in the Royal Navy, aged 82. He considered himself the male representative of the ancient family of Home of Wedderburn, and was claimant to the title of Earl of Marchmont. He sailed with Captain Cook, on his third voyage of discovery round the world, and was probably the last survivor of the followers of that celebrated navigator.

— At Borrowstouness, Mr Henry Watson, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Howkerse, James Crawford, Esq. of Howkerse, in the 85th year of his age.

21. At Edinburgh, Archibald Millar, Esq. W. S.

22. At Bath, Mrs Brisbane of Brisbane.

— At Balcarras, the Hon. Mrs Lindsay.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Christian Somervell of Hamilton Farm, spouse of Nicol Brown, Esq. of Waterhaughs.

— At Glasgow, Miss Agnes Morris, daughter of the late Andrew Morris, M. D.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Macallister, late merchant in Greenock.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Warmouth, Mavisbush.

— At Edinburgh, Archibald Hamilton, Esq. late surgeon, 92d regiment of foot.

24. At Colinsburgh, Mary, daughter of the late James Walker, Esq. of Fawfield.

— In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mary, fourth daughter of Alex. Allan, Esq. of Hillside.

— At Edinburgh, in the 44th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Tennant, wife of Mr John Carfrae, bookseller.

— Aged 78, Robert Simpson, Esq. Rankeillor-Street, Edinburgh, late one of the Magistrates of Portsburgh.

25. At sea, on board the Hon. Company's ship Berwickshire, Dr George Grant, aged 23, fourth son of Mr Nathaniel Grant, S. S. C.

— At Glasgow, Mr William Gibson, merchant there, aged 65.

26. At Maybole, Alex. M'Adam, Esq. of Grimmet.

— At Annan, Mrs Ewart, wife of James Ewart, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late John Forrest, Esq. of Oaklands.

— At London, Margaret, daughter of John Kirkland, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

27. Archibald Nisbett, Esq. of East Sornhill, in the 78th year of his age, one of the most accomplished Scottish gentleman of the day.

— At London, Archibald Crawford, Esq. of Balliol College, Oxford, youngest son of the late Hugh Crawford, Esq. merchant in Greenock.

— At South Coates, Edinburgh, Chas. Stewart, Esq. printer to the University.

28. At Edinburgh, at an advanced age, Miss Janet Clapperton, daughter of the deceased Wm. Clapperton, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sir Arthur Forbes, of Craigievar, Bart.

— At Dumfries, Thomas Goldie, Esq. of Craigmue.

— At Edinburgh, A. Brebner, Esq. of Learney.

March 1. At the Manse of St Quivox, the Rev. Dr M'Quahae, minister of that parish.

— At his seat at Belan, county of Kildare, the Right Hon. John Stratford, Earl of Aldborough.

— Mary, wife of Stephen Maberly, Esq. Reading, Berks, aged 78.

— At Perth, Miss Barbara Keay.

2. At Edinburgh, Pringle Home Douglas, eldest daughter of Mr Alex. Douglas, W. S.

— In the 64th year of his age, Charles Drummond, Esq. banker, Charing-Cross, London.

3. At Altamount, Chas. Grahame, Esq. aged 72.

— At London, Mrs Craufurd, widow of Major General Cutlin Craufurd.

5. At Manse of St Fergus, the Rev. William Anderson, minister of that parish, in the 77th year of his age, and 49th of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Selkrig, Esq. late of Demerara.

13. At his country-seat at Rochetts, near Brentwood, Earl St Vincent, G. C. B. His Lordship, who was in the 89th year of his age, was made a Post Captain, April 19, 1756; Rear-Admiral of the Blue, December 3, 1790; Vice-Admiral, April 12, 1794; Admiral, February 14, 1799; and Admiral of the Fleet, July 19, 1821. His Lordship was also appointed General of the Royal Marines, May 7, 1814. When on gaining the victory from which he derived his title, it was proposed to raise Admiral Sir John Jervis to the Peerage, he wished to have the title of Earl of Plymouth; but he was told that it was thought a more honourable distinction would be to give him the name where he had gained his greatest triumph. "Well," said the gallant Admiral, "I cannot object to this; but the title of St Vincent belongs to every officer and man in the fleet, as well as myself." His Lordship is succeeded in the title by his relative, Edw Ricketts, Esq. Barrister at Law.

J. Ruthven & Son, Printers, Edinburgh.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MAY 1823.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Notices to Correspondents.	
To the Writer of the Article entitled "The Opposition," in No. LV. of the Quarterly Review—*Letter I.*..	521
Quentin Durward. By the Author of "Waverley," "Peveril of the Peak," &c.	529
Spain—the Holy Alliance—the Policy of Great Britain	537
Journal of the Count de Las Cases..	545
Joseph Dale, the Ploughman; a Tale of the Scottish Border	555
Idealities	562
Weeds and Flowers—*No. III.—The Village*	567
The Vagrants	578
Anonymous Literature.—*No. V.*	582
The Battle of Benvarroch	584
Memoirs of an Artist—*(Continued)*	590
Song of the Spaniard	601
Bower's Letter to the Lord Provost on the Violation of the Sepulchres of the Dead	602
Clergy of Scotland—Mr Hume's Motion—Principal Nicol's Circular	606
Note on "The Liberal.—No. III."	614
On Gravity	616
London Theatrical Correspondence..	622
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Works preparing for Publication	625
Monthly List of New Publications..	626
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Foreign Intelligence	630
Proceedings in Parliament	632
British Chronicle	636
Appointments, Promotions, &c.	639
Fiars of Scotland for Crop 1822	641
Meteorological Table	643
Agricultural Report	ib.
Markets	644
Course of Exchange—Bankrupts	645
Births and Marriages	646
Deaths	647

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. June 1823.	Morn. H.	Morn. M.	Even. H.	Even. M.	Days. June 1823.	Morn. H.	Morn. M.	Even. H.	Even. M.
Su. 1	6	53	7	17	M. 16	8	5	8	34
M. 2	7	48	8	17	Tu. 17	9	6	9	40
Tu. 3	8	47	9	20	W. 18	10	13	10	46
W. 4	9	55	10	27	Th. 19	11	17	11	46
Th. 5	10	59	11	30	Fr. 20	—	—	0	13
Fr. 6	—	—	0	0	Sa. 21	0	39	1	3
Sa. 7	0	29	0	56	Su. 22	1	22	1	43
Su. 8	1	24	1	51	M. 23	2	3	2	22
M. 9	2	18	2	44	Tu. 24	2	38	2	55
Tu. 10	3	10	3	34	W. 25	3	12	3	29
W. 11	3	58	4	24	Th. 26	3	47	4	4
Th. 12	4	47	5	12	Fr. 27	4	22	4	39
Fr. 13	5	35	5	58	Sa. 28	4	59	5	16
Sa. 14	6	23	6	47	Su. 29	5	35	5	58
Su. 15	7	12	7	38	M. 30	6	17	6	39

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.	
Last Quart...	Mo. 2.	6	past 1	morn.
New Moon,..	Su. 8.	33	— 11	after.
First Quart...	Su. 15.	10	— 3	after.
Full Moon,..	Mo. 23.	52	— 11	morn.

TERMS, &c.

June

5. Duke of Cumberland born. (1771.)

22. Longest Day.

*** The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MAY 1823.

TO THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ENTITLED "THE OPPOSITION," IN NO. LV. OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Letter I.

SIR,

You will be pleased to excuse any slight degree of discourtesy, with which I may happen to express myself, in the course of the following observations. The familiarity with which I venture to address you, arises entirely, I assure you, from my thorough contempt, both for your opinions and your talents. Had you come forward, indeed, supported only by your own pretensions, I, for one, should certainly not have thought of attempting to disturb you, in your *facilis descensus* to oblivion. Your nonsense would, in that case, have been printed, and perished, without doing much mischief, either to yourself or to any one else. The few readers who might have been so unfortunate as to encounter your lucubrations, would have probably found you too weak to be angry with, as well as too dull to be laughed at; and you would have gone to the pastry-cook, in the due course of nature, very little contaminated indeed by your brief intercourse with this wicked world. But although the name of the Quarterly Review is certainly not the most imposing in the catalogue of our National Literature, there is that above it, undoubtedly, which may give, even to such a shallow scribbler as yourself, a consequence, and a claim upon our attention, of which your own demerits and deficiences may not be able entirely to deprive you. If that Journal does not rank very high as a literary work, it possesses, at least, from its understood connection with Ministry, a species of authority, as a political expositor, which gives a considerable degree of importance to its political speculations. It is on this account only I think it worth while to notice the article in No. LV., entitled "The Opposition." Both the manner and the matter of that paper, if considered by themselves, are too contemptible even to deserve exposure. But the doctrines which it advocates, if understood to constitute the creed of any influential men connected with the Government of the country, lose, in some degree, the insignificance and harmlessness which naturally belong to them; and a little animadversion upon their temper and tendency will be regarded as neither ridiculous nor useless. In this, and another letter, therefore, I propose to examine them with that attentive consideration of their merits, which is demanded by the high patronage under which they are delivered to us, but, at the same time, with that perfect freedom with which absurdity and calumny, protected by whatever authority, ought to be refuted and exposed.

Before proceeding to the main argument of your discourse, you will permit me to express my dissent from a few of your preliminary statements. With the picture you draw of our military glories, flaring and overcharged as it is, I have nothing to do.

I do not quarrel with you on the score of your eloquence; you may continue to manufacture fustian, and call it sublimity, for any thing that I care, as long as there is enough of bad taste remaining among the booksellers to take it off your hands. The dullest dunce that drivels, however, may do mischief enough, if allowed to take the same liberty with facts as with phrases; and although I certainly do not mean, either to compliment you with that title, or to insinuate that your assertions in general are absolutely as false as your grammar,—there are, nevertheless, one or two statements occurring in this part of your effusion, which, now that I am engaged with you, I cannot permit to escape without question. I should like exceedingly, in the first place, to understand in what sense of the word it is that you would have us to believe ourselves to have come *rich* out of the war. If you merely mean to assert, that the war has not absolutely ruined us,—that, in spite of the losses it has occasioned us, we still continue, upon the whole, a wealthy population, and have even, perhaps, a larger quantity of capital circulating amongst us now, when it is done, than we had when it commenced,—the sentiment may be a very correct one; but your manner of expressing it is not exactly the most felicitous that might have been adopted. Your argument, interpreted upon this principle, amounts to very much the same thing, as if a man, after having entered upon a particular speculation, with fifty thousand pounds in his pocket, and come out of it with only twenty, should take it into his head to contend that the business in which he had been engaged, besides making him a great deal wiser, and a great deal more notorious than he was before, had also made him a great deal richer; and should refer, either to the portion of his original fortune he had contrived to save, or to certain accessions to it, arising from sources with which the speculation in question had nothing to do, as the substantial proofs of his absurd and incredible assertion. You manifestly would have us consider ourselves, not only as rich, but as indebted to the war for our riches. You might just as well attempt to maintain, that a man of fortune, who surrounds himself with an extravagant number of attendants, is indebted to his superfluous grooms and lackeys for his annual resources. The real operation of the war upon the wealth of the country is, unfortunately, too palpably felt in the mass of debt, and consequent taxation, which it has accumulated in all directions, in the way of our industry. This is a measure of the cost of military glory, for which we pay very dear; and we must not be deprived of the only real service it is fitted to render us: we must not be persuaded to forget the truths it presents to us by the rhetoric of any Government pamphlet-monger, who may have some flimsy theory of his own to expatiate about, with which they will not harmonize. While the interest of six hundred millions sterling is yearly demanded from us, on account of this war, in addition to all our other burdens, it would require a seducing pen indeed to dupe us into the conviction that we have got rich by means of it, whatever other benefits, real or imaginary, it has brought to console us for all our sacrifices and sufferings.

I do not stop to comment upon your assertion about the faith of England remaining, at the close of this war, "untarnished," although I cannot help wondering at the simplicity which could venture upon such an expression in the peculiar circumstances of the case—the treatment of Norway and Genoa, together with other anecdotes of the same unpleasant and perplexing nature, being still remembered, and on record; nor shall I examine at present, whether or no it be true, that we fough[illegible] along throughout its course, "[illegible]o other weapons than those whi[illegible]ere offered by honour and honesty." But I cannot forbear detaining you a moment, while I call your attention to the strange affirmation in which you sum up the result of this mighty contest. It terminated, you state, in re-establishing those feelings and principles which dispense prosperity and happiness to individuals and nations! We know too well the true nature of these precious principles; and it is worth while to devote a sentence or two to

a brief delineation of the new philosophy which has been founded on them. I pay no attention to any proclamations, or circulars, or manifestoes,—those sybilline utterances, which, lighter than the rags on which they are inscribed, are so generally blown away in the hurry of the storm—*rapidis ludibria ventis*—and seldom or never thought of, even by their authors, after they have served the ephemeral purposes of their promulgation; but I appeal to the actual state of Europe, and the actual conduct of its soi-disant liberators, for the creed of which I charge them as being the patrons and apostles.

And when I turn me to such infallible authorities as these, for the true nature of those feelings and principles, the establishment of which you point to as the world's glorious compensation for all the treasure and the blood that were for so many years wasted, like water, to effect it, the sight that meets my eye is indeed shocking, and sickening for an Englishman to look upon. Prosperity and happiness to nations! Where is the nation that has been rendered either prosperous or happy by this new monarchical morality, for which Europe has, with so many throes, and so much suffering, cast the slough of her old domestic and international politics? Is Italy happy, torn limb from limb as she has been, and given away to the despotism of foreigners and barbarians, or parcelled out, in still more dishonourable bondage, among their feeble and rapacious vassals, as if to make her expiate, under the bitterest of all restrictions, the glories of those bygone times, when she, too, had her Prætors and her Provinces, and tributary kings were wont to pour the produce of the world into her proud and lordly capital? Is Germany happy, with her proscribed name, and her gagged press, and her insulted sufferings, and her extinguished hopes? Where are the blessings for which distracted Spain has to breathe her gratitude to these boasted principles? Was it not this upstart philosophy that overturned her Constitution, and brought back her bondage, and drenched her scaffolds with the blood of her senators and her patriots? And is it not, at this very hour, urging on the armies of France to her metropolis, insulting her soil with a second violation, and menacing her recovered liberties with yet another and more thorough extinction? And France herself—is she happy or prosperous, scourged and ridden as she is by a weak, worthless, anti-national faction, placed, and kept in power, by Russian bayonets,—without popularity, without numbers, without one innate and inherent element of physical or moral soundness,—hated, and worthy of a perfect hatred,—despised, and deserving to be despised,—a curse at home,—a jest abroad,—a nuisance every where,—exhibiting in their conduct at once the most adventurous profligacy and the most pitiful infatuation,—tempting, apparently, their own destruction, at the very moment while they are threatening that of others, and only leaving us to doubt, whether we should wonder most vehemently at their wickedness or their folly? Where are the individuals, except the Members of the Holy Alliance themselves and perhaps the serfs and titled barbarians of Russia, to whom the spread of this Royal Religion, effected, as it has been, by fire and sword, has brought, or promises to bring, any thing but the loss of their rights, the ruin of their prosperity, the desolation of their possessions, the slaughter of their families, the dishonour of their very names, and shame, and suffering, in all their other most abhorred and repulsive forms? It is impossible that it should be otherwise. Its creed is, from beginning to end, a piece of outrageous blasphemy against humanity. Its first article asserts, that the people of every country of the earth are born, and ought to continue, slaves. Its second declares, that the power of all Monarchs is, or ought to be, absolute and indefeasible, and that no tyrant is justly punishable for his tyranny. And after having thus twice denied the rights of man, it goes on, in the third place, to deny the justice and impartiality of God; for its next article maintains, that God doth not judge his creatures according to their deeds, and without respect of persons; but that he pardons or ap-

proves in Kings, what he condemns or avenges in their subjects; and accounts actions to be venial or virtuous when done by them, which he refuses to sanction or tolerate in the conduct of other men. It holds, that the great body of the people, in every country, are nothing, and the Monarch all in all. And hence it concludes, that the concerns of every country ought to be left entirely to the management of the Monarch,—that no national measure ought to be entered upon except with his consent, or by his suggestion,—and that all popular checks upon his conduct are wrong, and ought to be abolished. The representation of the people in Parliaments, the freedom of the press, the education of the lower orders, are all, accordingly, denounced by this creed as inexpedient, pernicious, and intolerable. But it goes farther than this; for, reckoning that God hath set up Kings to be his vicegerents upon earth, and hath created all the rest of mankind for their sakes, and will not punish them, like other men, for their neglect or violation of his commandments; it insists, that, while it is wicked in subjects to use any means whatever for their defence against Kings, it is allowable for Kings to attack and oppress their subjects, by any means that may be within their reach. Thus all varieties of force and of fraud may be justifiably employed for the extermination of liberty, wherever it appears; opinions patronized by rulers may be propagated, if necessary, by fire and sword; promises and oaths may be made and broken, without hesitation or remorse, whenever it is deemed probable that the interests of Monarchy may be promoted by such expedients. These are your favourite doctrines, stript naked, and exhibited in their real proportions; this is the system of political orthodoxy, which our long and exhausting war has ended by establishing; these are the principles which you assert to be so well calculated for dispensing prosperity and happiness to individuals and nations. They are principles at war with reason, at war with religion,—odious to the feelings of man, insulting to the Majesty of Heaven; they are principles of barbarism, and not of civilization; of tyranny, and not of good government; of robbery and ruffianism, and not of law and justice. They are made, not for being stated, but enforced; not for being believed, but obeyed. They cannot be propagated but by violence; nor acquiesced in, but by weakness; nor permanently established, without enfeebling the energies, stopping the advancement, and extinguishing the hopes of mankind. But they are not destined to be permanently established; man will not suffer it—God will not suffer it; the slumbering nations of the earth will rouse them in their strength at last; the darkness will pass away, and the light of morning arise; life will spring out of death, resistance out of submission, vengeance out of suffering; the wicked shall not for ever lord it, at their will, over the good, the imbecile over the gifted, the few over the many; a time is coming, assuredly, in which right shall triumph over might, and oppression, with all its creeds and its symbols, shall be swept from every land which it hath cursed.

These are times in which it is impossible for any one, well affected to the best interests of his species, to express himself on such a subject as this otherwise than warmly. But having thus far given utterance to an indignation which it would have been difficult for me to have suppressed, I shall now proceed, without further preface, to the consideration of the more argumentative portion of your paper. And here, if I comprehend you aright, you assert, and undertake to prove the truth of the three following statements: *first*, that the English people has very decidedly and materially degenerated since the conclusion of the war: *secondly*, that this degeneracy has been occasioned entirely by the dissemination of libellous publications: and, *lastly*, that these publications are indebted for the profusion and impunity with which they are circulated, to the mischievous and unconstitutional conduct of the Opposition Party in Parliament. You rest the authority of your inferences and conclusions, as far as I can perceive, upon the truth or falsehood of these three affirmations.

The argument by which you support your first proposition is of a very simple construction. It consists merely in an enumeration of certain popular discontents and disturbances, which have followed each other, it seems, in pretty close succession, from the year 1816 to the present time. The celebrated Spafield's meeting,—the pretences upon which the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in 1817, and the six repression acts passed two years afterwards,—the radical outrages, and the Cato-Street plot in 1820,—the general indignation excited by the treatment of the Queen, together with the recent clamour of the agriculturists,—form, in your mind, the irresistible proofs of a deterioration in the character of your countrymen, which, for the comprehensive and effectual style in which it has operated, as well as for the suddenness of its approach, and the rapidity of its encroachments, is without a parallel in the history of mankind. Now, the first remark which I have to make upon this statement is, that the conclusion at which it arrives is an exceedingly extraordinary one, and such as it is impossible to admit, except upon evidence of the clearest and more irresistible description. If your argument be worth any thing at all, you will observe it goes the length of shewing, not only that the people of this country are, in many important respects, a different people now from what they were eight short twelvemonths ago,—a proposition of itself certainly startling enough,—but that the mysterious metamorphosis they have undergone was effected, if not, like the trick of a conjuror, in the twinkling of an eye, at least in the course of a very few revolutions of the moon, rather more, perhaps, than are allowed for the fermentation of a hogshead of cyder. The disturbances upon which you expatiate commenced with the year 1816; you yourself mention the Spafield's meeting, which was held, I believe, in the close of that year; and the discontent and disorder then prevalent among the populace were as violent as any thing of the kind that has since occurred, even according to your own Rhetorico-Chronological catalogue of the symptoms of our national degeneracy. Now, in your previous paragraphs, you take particular pains to assure us, that nothing could be more admirable than the temper and habits of which we were in quiet and undisturbed possession, up to the conclusion of the war in the very year immediately preceding that in which you would have us date our utter abandonment of all correctness, both in principle and in practice. From the beginning of time, or at least from the origin of the Monarchy, down to midsummer 1815, there was no people upon the face of the earth who could be compared with us, according to your account of the matter, for every virtuous disposition by which a people can be distinguished. It was the era of every thing pure and praiseworthy—a perfect political Millennium; the Monarch, the Ministry, and the multitude, all of them moving about, and doing their duty in their several spheres, with the most exemplary regularity and decorum; so that it was absolutely quite delightful and edifying for all the rest of Christendom to look at them. As for the King and the Ministry, to be sure, you evidently take it for granted, throughout the whole discussion, that they, by the happy necessity of their natures, are quite incapable of doing wrong at any time; so that it was unnecessary for you to waste so many words as you have done, in expatiating upon the immaculate brightness of their character, both before and subsequent to the melancholy eclipse of that of their less-favoured fellow-countrymen. Those whom you appear to regard as exempted even from several of the most unfortunate consequences of the fall of Adam, you might safely have left undefended from the imputation of having been affected by a calamity, which, if we must believe it to be of nearly equivalent severity, we cannot help feeling to have been at least so much less comprehensive in its range than that much-lamented catastrophe. But whatever might have been the case with the Ministry, nothing, it seems, could exceed the thorough debasement to which the people were all at once reduced at the extraordinary period in question. It is generally understood to be a task of considerable difficulty, to revolutionize the

moral nature even of a single individual. Even to accomplish the matter in a course of years, demands the application of a discipline of no ordinary efficacy. But if this be true of an individual, it is surely true in a much more emphatic sense, and with infinitely fewer exceptions, of a nation. Whole nations are not to be put to school, and trained, according to some Madras or Lancastrian process of education, to forswear their old walk and tendencies, and addict themselves to whatever novelties the reformers of the day may patronize. Their opinions and affections are not things of so very manageable and accommodating a description, as that they are to be metamorphosed, or turned inside out, by every political tinker who may be willing to apply his thumb to them. Whenever we are told that the character of any people has changed from what it once was, the assertion instantly suggests to us the idea of a long space of time, and the continued operation of many powerful causes. If the change that is stated to have taken place has been from good to evil, we feel still more strongly impressed by the persuasion that it could hardly have been effected either speedily or easily; inasmuch as the natural tendency of human society is towards improvement and whatever would, therefore, attempt to debase or demoralize mankind, must have to work its way, as it were, not with, but against the tide. If, in addition to this, we are assured that the people in question were both distinguished, in a more than ordinary degree, before their corruption, for every thing that was great and praiseworthy in character, and that they are now ulcered over, more hideously even than is usual among degenerated nations, with all manner of vicious and disreputable propensities, our imagination oversteps all ordinary limits, in computing the years that must have rolled away during the accomplishment of a decay so disastrous; and we are almost disposed to refer the beginning and end of the melancholy history to those two widely-separated divisions of time which have been emphatically styled the Ages of the Ancient and of the Modern World. What, then, shall we say of a writer who gravely speaks to us of a people of his acquaintance, who, little more than half-a-dozen years ago, were remarkable, above all other nations, for their love and observance of all the virtues, and who yet, by the mere winds and sunshine of a single summer, were fairly bleached out of the possession of every thing about them that was either valuable or attractive; and battered and bemired, by the severities of the succeeding winter, into such a mass of dirty and tattered offensiveness as never before was spread out to shock the eye in any district of the earth? Truly, of all the revolutions that ever were wrought, this is the most singular and incomprehensible. It is more miraculous, by a great deal, than any metamorphosis in Ovid. The accounts given in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, of the inhabitants of whole cities or kingdoms turned, by the sudden waving of a magician's wand, into stone, or provided with scales and fins, and sent to replenish an adjacent fish-pond, come nearer to it than any thing else I can recollect of meeting with in sacred, profane, or fictitious history. You are quite welcome to any support you can derive to your argument from this celebrated authority, with which, as a dealer in the marvellous, you are, of course, intimately conversant.

But the evidences you advance, in proof of your assertion, are as extraordinary as the assertion itself. Before encountering your very original dissertation, I should certainly have supposed it impossible that any person would have had the hardihood, in the present day, to come forward with what he called an inquiry into the causes of a particular state of national feeling, without so much as making an allusion, in the course of his discussion, to any one of those circumstances by which it is universally acknowledged that the popular mind is at all times most powerfully affected. We are to believe, it seems, that the character of the people of England has undergone a most lamentable deterioration,—I say nothing here about the incredible rapidity with which the thing is said to have taken place,—merely because there has been, of late years, a little more grumbling than usual, among

certain classes, about the difficulties of the times, and the incapacity of the Ministry. Now this, I must say, is rather a summary method of arguing the point; being very much the same thing as if you should remark of a friend, who may be suffering under a paroxysm of gout or toothache, that he is not exactly so good-humoured and facetious as you have known him, and immediately set about referring the change to some perversion of his moral nature, which could only have been brought about by the influence of the devil himself. You give us a string of quotations from the Annual Register, to prove, what nobody denies, that, for the last six or eight years, there has been a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people in general; and that, in the course of that period, about three or four score individuals at most, have been guilty of such excesses, as to amount to a direct violation of law; and then, without spending a sentence in ascertaining whether or no this effervescence of which you complain may be traced, at least in some degree, to any one of the usual sources of popular discontent, you rush all at once to your comprehensive conclusion, that it cannot possibly have arisen from any thing else than a complete deterioration of the national character; the origin and causes of which, all unproved as the imputation is, you go on, in the next place, to investigate and assign with corresponding precipitation. You pass over the important topics of the price of provisions and the rate of wages, at the several periods of which you speak, and all the other circumstances of a similar description, so materially affecting the comforts of the people, without so much as alluding to them; and as for any provocation arising more directly from the misconduct of the Government, you merely assert that it is "demonstrable" that nothing of the kind existed. This is, to be sure, a convenient way of conducting an argument—particularly a bad one. It smooths the road to a false conclusion, it must be acknowledged, exceedingly, to gallop over all opposing difficulties, after this lofty style of horsemanship. At the same time, this, it is to be feared, is hardly the most convincing method of discussion, except, indeed, to those who are peculiarly willing to be convinced. People at all given to reflect or reason upon what is addressed to them, prefer a more sober manner of proceeding. For my own part, for instance, unable as I am altogether to forget, either the sufferings endured by the lower orders, from the successive depression of all the great interests in the kingdom, during the period in which you can discern nothing in the popular excesses, except a spirit of wanton, malignant, and unprovoked aggression,—or the series of ministerial measures—of profuse expenditure on the one hand, and unconstitutional severity and violence on the other,—by which these sufferings were so perversely and recklessly irritated and encreased; I cannot be so easily persuaded to dismiss all ordinary and intelligible considerations from my view of this matter, and to go along with you, all at once, in your novel and ingenious account of it. I am very far from wishing to defend any illegal outrages which may have been committed during the period in question; but I say it is human nature, for men who are unemployed and starving, to be dissatisfied and easily excited; and more especially, I maintain that it is, and I trust ever will be, English human nature, for men who are misgoverned and oppressed, to be neither contented nor silent under their grievances. What is the short history of the few years from which you gather your proofs of this pretended national degeneracy, upon which you insist with so much vehemence? They began under a transition from a state of war to a state of peace, accompanied with a dearth of agricultural produce, and visiting, in consequence, the poorer classes in particular, with severe and general distress, in the shape of low wages, or absolute want of employment, and great difficulty in procuring a scanty portion even of the most indispensable necessaries of life. The feverish and inflammable temperament of the public mind, naturally generated by this unfortunate state of things, did unquestionably give rise to considerable clamour and disorder, both among the manufacturing and the agricul-

tural communities; several violent and mischievous irregularities were perpetrated in various parts of the kingdom; large multitudes, driven to despair and distraction by the pressure of many intolerable privations, assembled, on more than one occasion, for the illegal purposes of preventing the exportation of grain, destroying machinery, and bringing about a rise of wages; and a few absurd resolutions were voted at public meetings, in the heat and excitement of the moment, by men who felt only that they were hungry, and had nothing to eat, without being perhaps quite so much qualified as might have been wished to discover the proper remedy for their sufferings: but, upon the whole, however imprudent or incorrect many of their proceedings may have been, the people certainly neither complained of imaginary grievances, nor suggested any expedient, altogether without plausibility, for their removal; and the rioting, and other criminal excesses in which they indulged, were not more aggravated than had frequently before interrupted the tranquillity of the country, under similar circumstances. In the mean time, several reasons combined, to give, in a slight degree, a political complexion to a few of the meetings assembled, as above alluded to. There were a few individuals, probably, among those who attended them, whose principal motive for making their appearance might be merely the ambition of a little vulgar notoriety, or some worse passion: at all events, the spies of the Government were sufficiently active and successful, both in encreasing agitation, where it existed, and in exciting it where it did not. Besides, the subject for the consideration of which they were specially held, was itself essentially of a political nature, and not very remotely connected with several others which were eventually intermixed with it: it is both the right and the duty of the people, at all times, to watch and discuss the conduct of their rulers; and the recent conclusion of a war, which had withdrawn the minds of men, for a long series of years, from almost all attention to the domestic affairs of the country, pointed out the present times, in particular, as, in some degree, calling for a reform of whatever might be worn out or defective about the Constitution, and affording a favourable opportunity for effecting it. In short, there had arisen a pretty strong suspicion, among the more intelligent portion of the community, that there were a few abuses in the State, which, in spite of their venerable antiquity, there might be no great harm in removing; and this way of thinking having diffused itself, as was to be expected, to some extent among the lower orders, naturally enough influenced, to a considerable degree, the views they were led to take of their own peculiar grievances. In these circumstances, the line of conduct adopted by our wise and paternal Government exhibited as happy a departure from all common-place principles and maxims, as ever original genius was distinguished by. In the first place, it was deemed expedient, that, as the people were clamorous for retrenchment in the public expenditure, and as their representations upon this head were not without reason, and therefore the more dangerous, they should have a liberal addition to their burdens, in the shape of a few millions of new taxes, that their complaints might be still louder, and more reasonable than ever. Secondly, as Ministers had been very generally accused of having become, in consequence of recent events, rather too vain of their military talents, and of being a great deal too much given to the use of swords and bayonets, in their domestic policy, it was determined, in order to put down at once, and for ever, all such calumnious insinuations, immediately to encrease the standing army, and to call out the soldiers, almost as a matter of course, in all future popular disturbances. And then, again, to meet the general feeling, in favour of reform, which prevailed throughout the country, it was unanimously agreed to be absolutely necessary to concede nothing, either to the prayers of the people, or to right reason and expediency, but to defend all existing institutions and practices through thick and thin, and those, especially, most strenuously and obstinately, which, from being more obviously pernicious or absurd, might stand

most in need of being defended. Finally, as a sort of subsidiary process, for removing all soreness and irritation from the public mind, it was resolved to pass some half-dozen Acts of Parliament, of a particularly unpopular description; and to treat the nation with a protracted suspension of that privilege by which, more than by any other, they conceived their liberties to be secured. One should have supposed that so judicious a regimen as this could hardly have failed of effectually curing the disease; but, passing strange as it may be thought, it is nevertheless quite certain, that fail it did, most signally. The popular irritation, in truth, did not seem at all to be cooling under this bleeding and blistering system; on the contrary, every successive act of energy, as it was called, on the part of the Ministry, even when it had the effect of subduing, for a short while, the tossing and groaning of the patient, manifestly served, at the same time, to give the disorder itself only a deeper and a firmer seat. The standing army was encreased, the burdens of the subject multiplied, and his liberties abridged, without making him, unaccountable as the thing may seem, in the least degree more in love with the men who were daily showering down upon him so many benefits; and while every act of every Justice of the Peace and parish constable in the kingdom was shewing him how thoroughly animated were those inferior functionaries with the vigorous and decisive spirit of their masters, his head was only every hour getting more alienated from the whole system in operation, and his understanding more convinced of its utter wickedness and folly. Even when judicial sentences of terrific severity were exhibited, on the one hand, to intimidate the opponents of the prevailing policy; and the courts of law were obstinately shut against them on the other, when they came, in their turn, to appeal for justice, it was astonishing to observe how the general dissatisfaction went on, increasing and extending, and how the cause of Reform continued, not only to retain its friends, but even to make converts with unprecedented rapidity, at the very time when all the rhetoric of ministerial voters within doors, and Government scribes without, were busy in reviling and misrepresenting it. Now, although I cannot but acknowledge, of course, that there is something exceedingly awkward and unfortunate in all this, and that the whole phenomenon may be not a little puzzling, moreover, to philosophers of your calibre, I suspect, nevertheless, it may be quite well accounted for, without supposing the nation to have changed its character, or bothering ourselves, either with the effects of libellous publications, or the conduct of the Opposition.

The space, however, necessarily allotted to such matters, in a publication of this nature, compels me to defer the remainder of my observations till another month. In the mean time,

I am,
SIR,
Your obedient Servant,
A WHIG.

QUENTIN DURWARD. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK," &c. EDINBURGH, CONSTABLE & CO. 1823.

As orthodox Presbyterians, we are bound to hold that the age of miracles is past, and that, whatever good Catholics or crack-brained German Princes may say or sing to the contrary, the course of nature has, for a great while past, moved on undisturbed. Till lately, we certainly found this a very safe, and by no means troublesome dogma; for, to say the truth, it wore a somewhat specious appearance,—was backed by grave and weighty authority,—formed one of the most useful common-places to refer to at a pinch, when one was bothered with Catholic testimony,—and helped to settle a controversy at once. "*The age of miracles is past!*" Why, there is something imposing and decisive in the very sound of the words; something, in short, calculated to take such an irresistible hold

of our belief, that it has proved an overmatch for the subtilties and syllogisms of Angelic Doctors, the decrees of general councils, and the (mock) thunder of the Vatican itself. In a word, this pithy maxim has, among us Protestants and Presbyterians, established over our faith a sort of prescriptive despotism, which it would neither be very wise, nor, perhaps, very safe, to dispute or resist. But the present age is somehow not particularly partial to that simple and unqualified exercise of power *in any shape*. We have lived to see so many marvels and prodigies, that we cannot chuse but be astonished; and we have all drank too deeply of the cup of innovation, every where presented to our lips, not to wish to accommodate our creed to our experience, and to sacrifice a little of the embodied and traditional wisdom of the past, to the experience of the present, and the anticipations of the future. Our dogged national orthodoxy cannot, therefore, altogether free our minds from this unhappy bias; and in spite of every hint administered by prudence, conjoined with the well-remembered tutelage of our venerable grandmothers, we often catch ourselves in the very act of muttering *sotto voce*, "The age of miracles is *not* past!"

Now, though we would be very sorry to accuse any one innocently, the Author of Waverley has, we take it, a great deal to answer for on this score: if he be not a heretic himself, he is certainly the cause of heresy in others. In the strangest, and most unaccountable manner imaginable, he has contrived to transgress the limits which experience, aided and enlightened by theory, had assigned to the imaginative and inventive faculties of man,—to falsify the predictions of the wise, and to exceed the expectations of the foolish. His productions grow up with the rapidity of the mushroom, and yet possess the texture and durability of the oak. One department, one province will not satisfy his all-grasping ambition; universal empire is clearly his aim; he is—but under a more benign and propitious planet—a Buonaparte among authors. His eye is every where, and upon every thing; his activity is incessant and unparalleled,—his resources are boundless and inexhaustible,—his skill is exquisite and wonderful; in a few short months, he plans and executes more than ordinary mortals in half their jog-trot lives; while his unbounded confidence in his genius and talents is more than justified by the prodigies he has achieved, the laurels he has gathered, and the empire he has established over the public mind. That he has committed frequent and great mistakes it would be useless to deny, or to attempt to conceal; but what does this amount to, except that, after all, he is but a man? Without any very violent exaggeration, his genius may be compared to the Nile or the Niger: sometimes, in a more arid and less genial season, it runs within its banks, and is even a little shallow and muddy withal; at other times, it overflows every boundary and embankment, in a magnificent, redundant, and glorious tide, sweeping on in the majestic fulness of power, yet respecting those landmarks which the hand of Wisdom has raised to estimate its rise, and determine its influence. But in the season of its comparative weakness, it is still a great river: *nam non licuit populis* PARVUM *te, Nile, videre!* Curious and cunning men, who would fain discover something *little* in that which nature has constituted essentially *great*, have endeavoured to trace this mighty current of genius and invention to the sources from which it draws its supplies; but they have failed in their pious and plodding endeavours, and have received the appropriate reward which the blind fiddler offered for the recovery of his bow,—"their trouble for their pains." Theories we no doubt have had in the greatest abundance: the supply has even exceeded the demand: the levelling spirit of modern criticism has been incessantly at work, but nothing has been ascertained—nothing discovered: Hazlitt has been bamboozled, and the Quarterly reduced to absolute despair.

For our own parts, we protest we have no share in this malapert curiosity: like Addison's fox-hunting Squire, we enjoy the ideal world to which this author has introduced us, and leave others to contemplate and speculate about it: satisfied that the rod of the magician has lost none of its inherent power or virtue, we dwell

with delight on the scene he conjures up for our amusement, and, when our fancy is satiated with its gorgeous magnificence, *look for another*. We go unbidden to the rich and varied banquet he spreads out for our entertainment; we revel in the luxurious richness and abundance of the viands, and the wines, and the dessert under which his table groans; we feed on the more substantial refections which he provides, and sip delicious nectar from his golden goblets; leaving it to the gastronomes, as their peculiar and appropriate vocation, to criticise the order and distribution of the several dishes, and to utter their weighty responses on the flavour and quality of the wines. Upon the same principle, we follow him to the tilt and the tourney,—to the court and the cottage,—to the covenanter's cave and the monarch's palace,—through each intermediate "change of many-coloured life;" and while he evokes the master-spirits of the olden time, or paints humbler men in the fresh colours and verisimilitude of life and nature, we insensibly mingle in, and catch the feelings, the sympathies, the opinions, and even prejudices, of the groups which he creates and endows with every attribute of veritable being, without (strange to say!) ever so much as dreaming of critics or criticism, and thinking no more of the Stagyrite and his rules, than of Prester John, the Grand Lama, or Jemmy the Showman. This confession of ours may not, perhaps, raise us very high in the opinion of certain learned dames of the Blue School, the nice dispensers of so much envied fame; but there is no help for it; the truth must be told, though the heavens should fall; or, as Armstrong has it, in his somewhat pompous phrase,

> "Though aged Atlas should resign his load,
> And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down."

We feel the power of the enchanter's "potent rod," and, like the pious Æneas in the Shades, when he sees his future offspring pass in review before him, or Macbeth, beholding the apparition of the eight kings, followed by "blood-boltered Banquo, smiling on him," the scene before us is too engrossing to admit any alloy of colder or meaner thoughts; and it is only after the vision has passed, and the first all-powerful impression somewhat faded from the mind, that we can force ourselves down to the mechanical drudgery of telling those who have, like ourselves, been fascinated, the reason why,—or expostulating with the groundlings who have roared out "*plaudite*" at the wrong place and time, on their want of taste and discernment. "But to this favour (it seems) we must come:" so, to our task, without more ado, or farther preface.

The scene of this charming tale is laid in France, and the events are supposed to have occurred in the reign of Louis XI., a little after the middle of the fifteenth century. At this period, the feudal system—the most baneful in its effects on the strength and happiness of nations of any to which chance or the course of events ever gave birth, but, happily, containing in itself the germe of its own destruction—was in full vigour; while the practices of chivalry which that system had in a great measure originated, had not yet begun to fade, or to incur that ridicule and contempt with which they were afterwards viewed in the more enlightened ages that succeeded. This, accordingly, was the era of feuds, petty warfare, and adventurous enterprise; when the profession of arms was held to be the most honourable, and when military renown was the sure road to fortune and the favour of the fair. But France was then governed by a Prince who, superior to the follies of his age, though a slave to the grossest, darkest, and most degrading of its superstitions, was destined to give the first effective blow to the power of the Nobles, and to elevate the Royal prerogative by the singular means of extending the influence of the people. Sagacious, sanguinary, politic, crafty, and unscrupulous as to the means he employed to compass his ends, Louis XI. was a sovereign well calculated to profit by the incessant broils and convulsions of that distracted and unhappy period, to extend the power of the crown, by fomenting dissensions and feuds among his powerful vassals, and by consuming, in their mutual conflicts,

that force which, united, would have proved too great for the power of the crown itself, and which, indeed, in the reigns of his less able and enterprising predecessors, had often humbled and reduced almost to nothing the Royal authority. It is at this time, and in these circumstances, that the tale opens.

Having said so much, however, we deem it a work of supererogation to attempt any regular analysis of this delightful romance, which will probably be in the hands of most of our readers before our critique issues from the press: to the persons who have read the original, this would be useless; to those who have not enjoyed that pleasure, unsatisfactory; for, where all is enterprise and action, it is impossible, in the limited space we can afford, to give even a faint outline of the exquisite romantic drama of Quentin Durward. From these considerations, therefore, we shall restrict the present article to a few desultory remarks, on what we conceive to be the prominent characteristics of the extraordinary performance before us.

It has been often said by critics, and with some shew of justice, that the Author of Waverley is frequently negligent in the management of his story, and the evolution of the catastrophe, which is sometimes brought about by inadequate means, or hurried on, *præter spem*, the principal characters being at last disposed of in a few decisive sentences, and little attention paid either to what is called poetical justice, or to the general effect. Now, though it does not remove the objection here alluded to, it may at least be pleaded in extenuation, that this defect, where it does exist, is by no means peculiar to this author. In some of Shakespeare's noblest plays—Macbeth, for example—the same rapid winding-up of the plot is discernible: the principal character being disposed of, the rest are unceremoniously turned off with a dash or two of the pen, and those in whose destiny we may have formed an interest, in the course of the piece, are either altogether forgotten, or provided for after a very summary fashion indeed. But this does not always hold, even where the objection has been most vigorously pressed. In works of great genius and power, where our passions have been effectually roused and agitated, and where the engrossing interest has taken a deep hold of our minds, the judgment is extremely apt to be biassed and misled by the uneasy and almost painful feeling with which we view the approaching termination of that which has produced in us an excess of pleasurable excitement; and we are satisfied that it is this selfish feeling of partial disappointment,—this lingering and dwelling on that which has yielded us so rich a harvest of delight,—this reluctance to part company with the characters with whose fortunes we are in some measure identified, that, by a natural reaction, leads many to ascribe to an author as a fault, what, to a closer observer, affords the surest proof of his entire and complete success. Hence, it is chiefly against great masters that this defect is urged—against those who have introduced us, as it were, to a new heaven and a new earth,—who have swayed and ruled our minds by a species of sorcery, and created an appetite which it is not always within the compass of human power to gratify. Shew a child or a savage the grotesque figures, and wild and extravagant caricatures of the magic lanthorn, and vary the exhibition in a thousand ways, for his astonishment and delight: he stares with breathless surprise and astonishment at the monsters, hippogriffs, dragons, and devils, you make to flit before him: the pleasure he feels is too big for utterance in words: one show only whets his appetite for another: and when, all of a sudden, you finish the exhibition, 'tis odds but he becomes sulky or peevish, and imagines you have defrauded him of something to which he had a fair and equitable title. So it is, in some degree, we suspect, with the critics. They look for more than they had any right to expect, or than it was perhaps possible to give them, and proceed to talk of what they have perused, with a corresponding feeling of disappointment, if not exasperation.

Be this as it may, however, we greatly deceive ourselves indeed, if it be not very generally admitted,

that, with the exception, perhaps, of Kenilworth, Quentin Durward is, in point of story, the most perfect of the Author's performances. The circumstances which lead him to France, after he had abandoned the cloister at Aberbrothock, to which he had been consigned by the enemies and destroyers of his name and kindred, the Ogilvies,—his accidental encounter with the French King, in disguise, at the ford,—his subsequent enrolment among the Scottish Archers of the Royal Guard,—the duty he is sent on by the crafty and deceitful Louis, as escort to Isabelle Countess of Croye, with the events to which that gave rise, and the effect it produced on his subsequent fortunes,—are all—taking into view the peculiar feelings, habits, and character of the times when the action is supposed to have taken place—so connected together in a sequence, as the metaphysicians say, of antecedents and consequents, that the denouement follows almost as a matter of course. Every thing is subordinate to the main action, yet contributes to accelerate the result. Even the Bohemian Hayraddin Maugrabin is indispensable, both to the development of the hero's character, and to his final success in establishing his claim to the hand of the Countess Isabelle, by fetching the head of William de la Marck, *alias* the Wild Boar of Ardennes; nor would the group on the canvas be complete without Tristan l'Hermite, Provost-Marshal to Louis, and his two gossips, Petit-André and Trois-Eschelles, the ready and willing instruments of their master's crimes. We are aware that it is impossible to make this very palpable, except to those who have read the volumes before us; while we are equally convinced, that none who *have* perused them, can avoid feeling its truth and justice.

In the next place, the heroes of our author have *hitherto* been little better than mere milksops, floated along by the course of events, indebted for any advantages they possessed to accident or fortune, and coming in, at the conclusion, for the benefits they had done so little to deserve. We can assure the reader, however, that Quentin Durward is a very energetic personage,—without a single feature or lineament in common with his predecessors, Waverley, Morton, Osbaldistone, or young Peveril. In every sense of the word, he is the architect of his own fortune, and owes infinitely less to chance,—if we except the *occasions* presented for the display of his gallantry, skill, enterprise, and presence of mind,—than any personage of the same family we can at present recollect of. To an accidental circumstance, it is true, he owed his first introduction to the King of France; but the favourable impression produced on the mind of that wily and keen observer of men, was entirely owing to his bold and gallant bearing, with the prudence, uncommon at his years, which could refrain from even an indirect allusion to the important service he had rendered the King at the boar-hunt, when his Majesty, but for the timely apparition of the bold and enterprising Scot, might have met an inglorious death from the enraged animal at bay. In the critical and hazardous service of escorting the Countess of Croye, and her aunt, the Lady Hameline, on the journey to Liege, when, to serve a political purpose, the faithless Louis had destined him to destruction by the ferocious William de la Marck, and, to ensure the accomplishment of his purpose, had sent him a guide, instructed to lead him into the very jaws of the Wild Boar,—the brave youth demeans himself with an energy, prudence, and courage, truly worthy of a gallant knight, and the protector of persecuted beauty; while, beardless as he was, the encounter on the road with Orleans, and with Dunois, the flower of French chivalry, would have planted a feather in the cap of the boldest knight in Christendom. Immediately after this affair, he meets with the Bohemian whom Louis had furnished as his guide, and the dialogue which ensues, and in which Durward endeavours to expiscate, by a sort of cross-examination, the real character and designs of the person who was to act as his conductor, is perhaps one of the most powerful passages in the present work.

In spite of the treachery of the guide, however, who, villain as he was, had contracted a kindness for

Durward, and though he meant, in conformity with the instructions he had received from Louis, to betray the Countess into the hands of the ferocious De la Marck, had stipulated for the youth's life being spared; our hero, by deviating from the route assigned him, succeeded in conducting his charge in safety to the Castle of Schonwaldt, the residence of her relative the Prince Bishop of Liege. But, in avoiding Scylla, the unhappy Countess fell into Charybdis. The castle was soon after stormed by the ruffian De la Marck and his banditti, aided by the rebellious Liegeois,—sacked,—and the venerable Bishop basely murdered in his own hall. The energy and presence of mind of Durward, in once more rescuing the Countess, are greatly signalized, and unavoidably make a powerful impression on her heart: he seems her good genius, or guardian angel, ever at hand, to protect, defend, or rescue her, when the chances of the game set in most strongly against her. The sacking of the Castle, and the whole of the scene which follows, are not inferior to the storming of the fortress of Front de Bœuf, in Ivanhoe, and described as the Author of that admirable romance can alone describe such events. The confusion and uproar are present to the eye: we observe the melée,—the desperate assailants pressing over the ramparts,—the defenders, surprised and unsuppported, giving way after a vain struggle,—and almost feel an inclination to mingle in the fray: we forget that we are perusing a book, and imagine ourselves in the very midst of the events which the Author pourtrays. The power which can create and sustain this illusion, it is perhaps less difficult to conceive than describe: it certainly forms one of the most remarkable attributes of this Author's unrivalled genius.

In truth, the hero's character is nobly sustained throughout. His daring, though of the highest kind, is balanced and equalised by his skill and prudence; and in the attack upon Liege, by the combined forces of the Duke of Burgundy and Louis, to punish that rebellious city for aiding De la Marck in the assault of Schonwaldt, and the inhuman murder of the good Bishop, when the hand of the Countess Isabelle had been offered, by the Duke Burgundy, her guardian and liege lord, as the reward of the knight who should bring him the head of the ruffian so appropriately denominated the Wild Boar of Ardennes,—his fearless courage is the astonishment even of the chivalrous Dunois; and if his kinsman Le Balafré comes in to finish the work which his nephew had left incomplete, in his anxiety to relieve the distress of Pavillon's generous daughter, who had formerly enabled him and the Countess to escape from Liege, when escape seemed hopeless, he nevertheless richly deserves the fair prize to which he had now acquired every possible claim,—the love of the Countess for the young adventurer being long ere this no secret to any one.

In speaking of the characters, we must, as in duty bound, begin with the Sovereigns. And never was there a finer contrast drawn than that of Louis XI., and his too powerful vassal, the Duke of Burgundy, surnamed Charles the Bold. The former, a prince after Machiavel's own heart,—subtile, crafty, remorseless, calculating; the latter, bold, enterprising, rash, impetuous; the one never losing sight of his interest or his policy, and endowed with great sagacity, (which enabled him to select proper agents for the execution of his purposes or his crimes,) unwarlike, suspicious, cruel; the other, the slave of his headstrong and passionate temper, brave beyond any other prince of his time, imprudent, and incapable of the deep designs and ever-watchful policy for which his nominal Sovereign was remarkable: in short, Charles was the lion, Louis the fox; and these opposite characters are brought out and developed with a force and discrimination which no general statement of ours can make palpable to those who have not perused the volumes before us. The crafty and the politic are, however, sometimes the dupes of their own refined villany. Of this Louis furnished a memorable instance, and had occasion to regret the rash step which placed his person in the power of his enemy. But the reader has none. The scenes which take place at Peronne, after Creve-

cœur relates the intelligence which he had received from Durward, of the capture of Schonwaldt, and the murder of the Bishop, the Duke's kinsman and ally, together with the matchless skill with which Louis plays his difficult and hazardous game, when his life seemed to depend upon the turning of a card, or the cast of a dye, and the dexterity with which, by means of his secret agents, he contrives to turn events to his advantage, are not, so far as we are able to judge, equalled by any thing even in the previous works of the Author of Waverley, and certainly not in those of any other. Nothing, for example, can be more truly characteristic than the skill with which Louis sounds, and practises upon the fidelity of the Duke of Burgundy's courtiers and retainers, particularly the celebrated historian of that period, Philip de Comines, the interview with whom, in the Turret of the Citadel of Peronne, where Louis was for the time a prisoner, is a perfect masterpiece of its kind. The grovelling superstition of the French monarch is also a remarkable and instructive trait in his character, and proves that its debasing influence is always strongest on the minds of those who have the least of real religion, and who endeavour in this manner to effect a compromise between conscience and crime, and to soothe that remorse from which even successful villany, with all appliances and means to boot, cannot find any immunity.

In Scottish characters, this author has long shone confessedly without a rival: yet we know of nothing he has imagined or drawn superior to the brave Lord Crawford, the Captain of the Scottish Guard. The fine old loyal veteran takes hold of our affections at the first glance, and we never meet him again but with pleasure, and an involuntary sentiment of reverence. Though a foreigner, and the commander of a favourite corps of mercenary troops, he is beloved even by the proud and jealous nobility of France, at the same time that he enjoys the confidence even of his suspicious and watchful master. Nor is it any drawback on his venerable and estimable qualities, at least in our eyes, that he preserves that strong and marked nationality, and that invincible attachment to his fatherland, which, by the old Romans, was considered the parent of every virtue, though, among the would-be wits of the South, it has, for a great while, formed the staple resource for throwing ridicule (as they imagine) on the Scottish character. Be it so. We are sorry, however, that we must endure the opprobrium, for, assuredly, we cannot retort the charge: there are many Englishmen, who, judging from their conduct, and the opinions they profess and promulgate, might have been born in any country except England, and who cannot justly be reproached with an overweaning attachment to the place of their birth. An Englishman is the only human animal who abuses, vilifies, and sometimes even rejoices in the misfortunes of his native country.

The Count Crevecœur is also a noble specimen of the genuine Knight of the fifteenth century. His interview with Louis, in the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, exhibits his proud bearing, noble fidelity to his master, and unshaken courage, in a splendid light; while the part he subsequently acts is in perfect keeping with the anticipations which that event leads us to form. The only other prominent individual in the Burgundian Court is the historian of that age, Philip de Comines, to whom we have already alluded; but he enacts no conspicuous part, and appears to be brought into the scene, merely to afford Louis an opportunity of displaying his matchless dexterity in tampering with the servants and ministers of his rival and enemy. The result of that scene, too, is an unfavourable impression of the historian's character. He does not, it is true, finger the French gold which the King so artfully proffers, but he comports himself in a hesitating and lukewarm manner, and certainly justifies Louis in the conclusion he draws, that though he might scorn the bribe, he was capable of the treason.

The inferior personages are, for the most part, admirable. The Provost-Marshal and his two hang-dog-looking ruffians are certainly revolting enough impersonations, if their office be considered; but, we suspect, the representation is as true

as it is undoubtedly original. In none of the Author's previous works have we met any thing to match Oliver Dain, the barber, and the confident and secret agent of the French King; and we rejoice to think, that, ultimately, the gallows was not defrauded of its due. But by far the finest of these impersonations is Le Balafré, or Ludovic of the Scar. He belongs to the same purchaseable class of warriors with our old friend Dugald Dalgetty; and though the portrait drawn of him be less striking than that of the owner of Gustavus, and the worthy élève of the Marischal College, it is not the less true. Balafré's sphere is more confined: he is a part of a whole, and does not stand out on the canvas in the independent and unique attitude of Dalgetty. But surely nothing can be imagined more characteristic than his first meeting with his nephew in the hostelrie, where he learns, with so much military nonchalance, of the death of his sister, and the harrying of Glen-houlakin by the Ogilvies, and entertains his kinsman with a brief history of his own achievements, of which he says, Du Guesclin himself, were he alive, might be proud. Pavilon, the worthy citizen of Liege, and his daughter Trudschen, need not be pointed out: even Le Glorieux, the Duke of Burgundy's jester, could only have been painted by this all-accomplished artist.

As our wont is, we say little of the women. To our fancy, the Lady Hameline is rather too great and too gross a fool. The heroine, of course, is all that is lovely and divine. But though it may be bad taste to confess it, we certainly felt greatly more interested in the little lovely, generous, and heroic daughter of the citizen of Liege, who sent her bachelor to act as guide to Durward and the Countess, on the flight from that city, and from the vengeance of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, after the capture of Schonwaldt.

But we must travel over the whole work, were we to point out every scene, or every character with which we have been delighted. It is sufficient to remark, that the concluding scene, the attack upon Liege by the combined forces of France and Burgundy, is delineated with that skill and felicity peculiar to this author, when he handles military details, whether ancient or modern. He seems to have a peculiar sympathy with the profession of arms, and his works are by no means calculated to impair that military spirit for which our times are so remarkable.

The critical character is likely to suffer, in our hands, on the present occasion, we have discovered so little with which we can really make up our minds to find fault. We may simply say, that we abhor the astrologer Galeotti, whom we not only think too much akin to his predecessor in Kenilworth, but altogether a caricature, or at least out of nature. It is quite incredible that a king, so penetrating and sagacious as Louis, should have been duped by so clumsy and bungling a rascal. In the next place, we are not altogether satisfied with Durward consenting, on any terms, to remain in ambush during the interview between Crevecœur and Louis, at Plessis-les-Tour, for the purpose of assassinating that brave man, should the King give the signal for the foul deed. In the third place, we wish the hero had made an effort to save Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, villain as he was, had shown a kindness for him, and had been literally hunted like a wild beast, when he appeared at Peronne, as the herald of the self-constituted Bishop of Liege. This would, no doubt, have been difficult, considering that Louis had strong reasons for putting him to silence for ever; but it would have been glorious in Durward to have at least made the attempt. In the last place, we really wish our author had not thrown the daughter of Pavillon in our hero's way, at the critical moment of the combat with the Wild Boar, that he might have finished the work he had so happily begun, without the aid of the Balafré's two-handed sword. This, we think, might have been adventured on, and would have been in perfect keeping with the whole character of Durward, for whom the Author appears to have contracted such an affection, that, by endeavouring to make him do too much, he, perhaps, somewhat impairs the general effect, and renders that a sub-

ject of dispute, which a few more blows would have placed beyond controversy. It would, moreover, have answered equally well, to have made Durward go to the aid of Trudschen and her family, when in danger from the fury of the soldiery, *after* he had completed the necessary ceremony of separating the Boar's head from his villanous carcase. These, however, are but trifling defects, and will weigh against the manifold beauties and prodigious power here displayed, as the small dust on the balance. The interest never for one moment flags; nor is there a dull or heavy chapter in the whole: on the contrary, it is full of bustle, incident, and enterprise; while the dialogue, as usual, displays dramatic powers of the very highest order,—a richness and fertility of fancy,—an energy, freshness, and a buoyancy of expression, perfectly unrivalled. In a word, Quentin Durward is unquestionably one of the very happiest efforts of the Author of Waverley.

Before we conclude, we may mention, that the Introduction to these volumes is the best thing of the kind we have ever read—full of wit, vigour, and animation—and exhibiting a great knowledge both of books and men. The habits and character of the French Marquis, an old returned emigré, with all the prejudices, absurdities, and manners of the ancien regime, are touched off with a free, but a friendly hand; and although we profess we have no very overweaning affection for that class, so epigrammatically, but truly described as *plus royaliste que Roi*, and who are destined, we fear, to work out the ruin of their country, our sympathetic feelings were powerfully affected; and we could not help being conscious of a considerable degree of respect for the unfortunate and destitute old man, notwithstanding his various readings for some of the bright passages in our own Shakespeare. By the way, how could the author ever imagine it possible that a Frenchman should understand, far less relish, Shakespeare, and, in some instances, give him the preference to Racine? An Englishman might as soon be brought to prefer soup-maigre to roast-beef and plum-pudding.

SPAIN—THE HOLY ALLIANCE—THE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

At the present time, the affairs of Spain possess an overwhelming interest, which excludes the consideration of almost every other topic. By the principles which France, with the sanction of the other great powers of the continent, has avowed in relation to that country, Europe is placed in a position altogether unexampled in its history. The independence of nations, is, in fact, no longer acknowledged; and a corporation of despots have avowedly usurped the right of dictating to every state in Europe. This is a crisis, it must be confessed, affecting the power and security of Great Britain in no mean degree. When Europe was parcelled out into a vast number of independent states, every one jealous of another's aggrandizement, the insular situation and vast resources of Britain made her the arbitress of every quarrel. Nor was this a mere barren distinction; for, independently of the high sense of national honour which it engendered, the continental nations felt it to be their interest to propitiate the friendship of Britain by a course of policy which was not inimical to her interests. But how sadly is this situation reversed! The confederacy which has reared its head, virtually absorbs the sovereignty of the whole states under its control, and subjects the continent to a uniform and inexorable policy. What avails the influence of Great Britain against the declared will of this confederacy? So far as brief, but bitter experience goes, it amounts to nothing. The Holy Alliance proceeds in its course, undisturbed by all our remonstrances; and we are condemned, by a political necessity, to follow in its wake, at a humble distance, and to countenance, in the sequel, its most atrocious proceedings. At what former period of our history was not the voice of England authoritatively raised, and listened to with acquiescing humility? Now she must be contented to *insinuate* blame; and lest this *magnanimous* effort should provoke displeasure, she must, at the same time, overload with compliments the

authors of the enormous wrongs which she ventures to censure!

It is no consolation to know that the Holy Alliance is the actual personification of those *conservative principles*, to the establishment of which we have sacrificed so much of our blood and our treasure. It was surely enough that we obtained a triumph to those principles, without countenancing a permanent tribunal of military despots, armed with all the resources of Europe, to superintend and consolidate them. At the Congress of Vienna, it might have been foreseen, that this irresponsible tribunal, composed as it was, would infallibly come to abuse its powers, and render them subservient to an insatiable ambition. Its three principal members, by their partition of Poland, had given a memorable earnest of their disposition to combine their strength, when they could conveniently aggrandize themselves at the expence of a weaker neighbour. It was unwise, therefore, to afford them a plausible pretence for again confederating, even though pretences will never be awanting for unprovoked aggressions. Our ancestors may have been too sensitive of dangers arising to the balance of power, though no one ever doubted that it was to the establishment of that system we owed our distinguished rank among the nations. But, by concentrating the power of many states in the hands of a few, animated by a common spirit, we have effectually destroyed the balance of power; nay, we have, in fact, excluded ourselves from the European system. In modern times, an importance is attached to principles which was unknown formerly. At one time, a despotic government could have suffered the spectacle of a republic in its immediate vicinity, without dreading the contagious example of its free institutions. But, in our days, all examples of freedom, however modified, are proscribed, as contrary to *the monarchical principle*. The object of the new European system, as expounded by Alexander, and more lately by Chateaubriand, is to crush revolutionary symptoms in whatever corner of the globe they appear. It is impossible that Great Britain can long lend herself to so monstrous a system, which subjects the continent to the absolute domination of a body-corporate. But if she does not, she becomes an alien to the system, and an object of distrust and hatred to its supporters. It will not be enough, as heretofore, that she has to endure their scoffs and indignities; she must be prepared to submit to substantial wrongs. It would be vain to suppose, that the example of our free government, which has exercised such a powerful influence over the public mind of Europe, should not be an object of utter aversion to the continental despots; or that they are disinclined to cripple and impair its resources. The dislike of some of them has already broken out in certain overt acts of hostility to our commercial greatness; but when their system is better matured,—when the necks of their vassal states have been habituated to the galling yoke, is it chimerical to apprehend, that some comprehensive plan will be adopted of cutting us off from all commercial intercourse with the continent? Their interests, not less than their hatred and jealousy, might well suggest such a measure, the efficacy of which has been tried and proved in a former instance. It is at length acknowledged, that the *Continental System* of Buonaparte was a great conception; and, had it been universally and rigorously enforced, must ultimately have succeeded in undermining the foundations of our national greatness. If again revived, it will be under circumstances more favourable to its complete success. The prosperity of our manufactures has at length become an object of envy to the people of the continent, who would zealously second their governments in enforcing the system, if again adopted; and we are much afraid, that their zeal would be inflamed by a desire to humble this country, which has so cruelly disappointed their hopes, and countenanced every scheme which tended to their degradation.

Much wiser would it have been, had Great Britain, at the Congress of Vienna, in place of identifying her policy with the principle of Legitimacy, proclaimed herself the champion of national independence, and the patroness of free institutions. It is not to be doubted, that, situated

as Europe then was, our judgment upon every question of international policy would have been submitted to as imperative. But, unfortunately, the whole bent of our policy then was, to take precautions against the revolutionary spirit, as if the people of the continent, at the very moment they had overthrown the order of things engendered by revolution, had become enamoured of it. It was overlooked, that revolution is a solecism in politics, and that the ambition of tyrants is a fixed and ever-enduring principle. Admitting that the two extreme principles of licentiousness and despotism were then conflicting, were the interests of *rational liberty* attended to, by appointing a junto of despots as umpires to determine the quarrel? Had *principles* been left to their own operation, it is certain that the spirit of the age would, in time, have tempered the spirit of despotism; and that nations, on the other hand, would have gradually come to acquire liberty, when they were qualified to enjoy it. But by fencing principles round with artificial safeguards, what was the consequence? On the one hand, the most unbounded pretensions,—on the other, plots, revolts, and new revolutions! The truth, however, is, that, at the crisis of which we speak, the continental nations were too confiding in their rulers, who, they imagined, had been taught moderation by adversity; and were too elated with their emancipation from a foreign yoke to make stipulations with, or exact pledges from them. Experience of their imbecility, no doubt, had made nations sensible of the imperfections of their Governments; and, conscious that their freedom had been achieved by popular energy alone, they naturally wished some of that energy to be infused into their institutions. Had Britain cordially seconded that most reasonable desire, (which, in fact, was an emanation from the TRUE *conservative principle*,) she would have placed herself at the head of the free States of the continent, who would have attached themselves to her by sympathy, and the hopes of protection; and, safe in her alliances, and enjoying the esteem of an enlightened world, she would have commanded the respect of those despots who now despise and insult her.

As it cannot be dissembled, it is now tacitly acknowledged, that the influence of Great Britain, in the affairs of Europe, her greatness and security, have sensibly diminished; and no one can fail to ascribe this decline to the ascendancy acquired by the Holy Alliance, which has interests distinct from our own, and constitutes a power as resistless as it is invulnerable. There are some, we believe, even in this country, who feel consolation under the affliction in the fact, that the cause of our degradation affords a security against that spirit of improvement which has gone abroad, and, if not coerced, might ultimately renovate some of our own institutions. With those persons, the honour of the country, its rank and influence abroad, are all very subordinate considerations to the existence of certain venerable deformities in our own constitution, which all but those persons are agreed in thinking might be amended, with great advantage to the fabric. Another class affect to treat the balance of power as an idle chimera, and to speak lightly of our influence abroad, and importance in the political system, so long as our independence is not immediately endangered by the despotism which now overshadows the earth. So long as the storm howls at a distance from our doors, they are indifferent to its ravages; they deride all sympathy with the wrongs of others, as puerile sensibility, and would persuade us, that, in every struggle which may occur, we ought to coil ourselves up in *dignified neutrality*, impenetrable to all the sentiments which appeal to the justice and magnanimity of a nation. If it be proper, that, morally and politically, as well as geographically, we should be insulated from the rest of Europe,—if national honour be really nothing,—if influence be not one of the elements of greatness,—and if security be wholly independent of greatness; if, in short, we must reverse all the maxims which have hitherto guided and determined our conduct, we admit that the argument has at least the semblance of prudence. But it is amusing to observe, that the persons who maintain it are

generally to be found among that party who precipitated us into a war with France, from sympathy, not with a nation, to be sure, but with a family,—and made the opening of the Scheldt a pretext for the war; with whom our "imposing attitude," our "commanding influence," had become household words; and who, to support that "attitude" and that "influence" with becoming dignity, have prevailed upon the nation to consent to a large standing army, during a period of eight years of profound peace, but of great financial difficulty. It is not a very uncharitable conjecture, that the persons who thus stultify themselves by their argument, avail themselves of it as a refuge from the shame of the discovery, that their policy was radically wrong, and has resulted in a state of things which cannot be patiently contemplated.

There is a third class, who persuade themselves, that, in the feverish state of the public mind upon the continent, events must arise to overthrow the Holy Alliance, before it can organize any scheme seriously detrimental to the welfare of England. As it is much more agreeable to hope than despond, we are aware that this opinion has been generally adopted, as it has been very artfully encouraged. We confess that we are not of the opinion. Nations will not be roused to insurrection, unless, by some act of insanity on the part of their Governments, success is rendered morally certain. It is only in extreme cases of peril and difficulty, or some most fortunate conjuncture, such as seldom occurs, that a people can prevail in wringing privileges from their Monarch. We speak of times when Kings seldom interfered in the internal distractions of neighbouring states, unless, perhaps, to promote them. But how much must the incentive to revolt be diminished in every state, when a confederacy of Monarchs exists to undo all that a successful revolution might accomplish! The truth is, that the dread of the power of Russia presses like an *incubus* upon the energies of Europe. The subjects of that power partake not of those sympathies by which the other nations of the continent are morally amalgamated into one great family. It is a power which is inaccessible and invulnerable, and may at any time, with impunity, deluge Europe with its savage but well-disciplined hordes. So long as Russia remains true to her Asiatic principles, there is little hope for Europe. A war between any two of the great states which compose the Alliance, might present an opening for that impatient spirit of freedom which pervades the world. But, alas! the great despots of the continent have profited by experience; they are too wise in their generation to afford opportunities to their subjects. They have improved even upon the maxims of Machiavel; and, in place of squabbling, as formerly, among themselves, and vexing their own subjects with their interminable wars, they have agreed (if we may employ the vulgar metaphor) to hunt in couples, and *run down* the small game which abounds on the continent; and thus indulge their royal propensities, without serious risk of discontent or resistance.

When the Holy Alliance at Laybach first ventured to promulgate their atrocious principles, a sensation, it may be supposed, not of the most agreeable nature, was communicated to the British Cabinet. The Alliance, which was the offspring of their own policy, by pushing the *monarchical principle* too far, and by a too premature avowal of their pretensions, did, in fact, compromise the reputation for political wisdom, which our Ministers had arrogated to themselves, for the share which they had in "the settlement of Europe;" and exposed them to reproaches which it was difficult to avert. But, in the proceedings of our Government, at that momentous epoch, we see none of that virtuous indignation which the unprincipled attack upon Naples might justly have provoked. In the whole of our diplomatic correspondence, that attack is assumed and reasoned upon by us, as a justifiable measure; encomiums are bestowed upon the motives which led to its adoption; and all that is done in defence of the liberties of Europe, which were about to be insolently trampled upon, is a *meek* remonstrance against the universal right to interfere in the internal administration of

other States, which was claimed on behalf of the Alliance. It could not have been expected that this remonstrance, though sufficiently explicit to answer its real purpose of screening Ministers from Parliamentary responsibility for the doctrines which it professed to condemn, would operate very seriously upon minds which "damned custom" had rendered callous to the curses of Europe. The remonstrance was too much in the spirit of Lord Castlereagh's famous circular of May 1820, to excite serious apprehension. In that circular, his Lordship, in the form of candid admission, contrives forcibly to impress upon the Allies the danger of revolutionary example; he eloquently descants upon the law of vicinage; he obliquely hints, however, that the Alliance was not possessed of unlimited powers of *surveillance* and coercion; and concludes by adjuring them, with all the vigour of sincerity, as they value their own safety, to be cautious in the promulgation of their designs. From all which, the Allies might have justly inferred, that our Cabinet was not so averse to the principle, as to an injudicious practice, which might render the iniquity of the principle too glaring.

It surpasses our ingenuity, to discover in what respect the attack upon Naples was less flagitious and unprincipled than the recent aggression upon Spain. They were both unprovoked,—both commenced upon the same fraudulent pretences, and with the same arrogant contempt of the law of nations: yet

"*Naples* fell, unwept, without a crime;"

and that bloody sacrifice to the grim idol, *Legitimacy*, was coolly defended in the British Parliament! On the other hand, men of all parties vie with each other in branding the invasion of Spain as the most atrocious of all public measures. Why this wide difference of sentiment respecting two cases of injustice so very parallel? We can assign no other reason than that Ministers, though they will not contest the monstrous principles advanced by the Holy Alliance, feel themselves at length constrained to pay a tribute to the universal feeling of disgust and abhorrence which these principles have excited in the British public.

Obsta principiis is an unerring maxim in politics, to the disregard of which, by our Government, may be ascribed, in a great measure, the present invasion of Spain. The Allies felt that their work would be incomplete, so long as a free government existed upon the continent;—they had sounded the disposition of our Ministers, and ascertained it to be decidedly pacific; and, emboldened by past success, they determined to subject Spain to their mild jurisdiction. When Naples was attacked, the dangerous designs of the Holy Alliance were fully unfolded; and then was the time for England to have retraced her steps with honour, and successfully vindicated the rights of nations. The Alliance was then but imperfectly cemented; it was beset with dangers; the free spirits of the continent pressed around, to overwhelm and crush it; Italy was in arms,—France in commotion,—and Germany girding up her loins to share in the glorious struggle. A steady determination, upon the part of England, to defend Naples, would have scared the Allies from their guilty enterprize; and Europe would have been relieved for ever from their snares and their ruffian violence. But an undefined dread of Jacobinism prevailed over every better feeling; and the Holy Alliance was patiently permitted to triumph, and meditate, in conscious security, new conquests. Their designs against Spain, at that early period, were no secret; they had been all but avowed; and the sanction bestowed by our Government upon the conquest of Naples, amounted, by direct implication, to an approval of any future invasion of Spain. It is not a little remarkable, that the conduct pursued by our Government, in relation to Naples, is adroitly seized hold of by Chateaubriand, in his speech to the Chamber of Deputies, as an argument to show, that this country is bound, by the acts of its Government, to sanction the aggression made by France upon Spain; and we must say, that, if the language of mere diplomacy could imply a positive obligation, the Frenchman's reasoning is quite logical and conclusive.

That the attempt now making to

subjugate Spain is unjust and wicked to a degree which exceeds the power of language to reprobate, is universally admitted. It is admitted by France herself, that she has no specific grievance to complain of against Spain, the whole cause of quarrel being a difference in their political institutions. It is put out of view, however, that the Spanish Constitution is of a more ancient date than the French Charter; and that the re-establishment of it in 1820, was prior to certain great changes, which have essentially changed the character of that charter,—facts which take Spain entirely out of the case, which, according to the modern exposition of the law of vicinage, would justify an interference by France in her internal administration. It is unblushingly conceded by Russia, the great abettor of this unhallowed crusade, that she, so far back as 1812, formally recognized the Constitution of Spain. It is admitted, that the despotism which was superseded by the Constitution, was fraught with every mischief and abuse that could afflict and degrade a people, and that the political regeneration of the country was indispensable to her maintaining a rank among nations. It is allowed, that the conduct of the Spaniards has been distinguished by unexampled moderation under the most trying circumstances, and has been void of offence towards all other countries. It is notorious, and has been boldly avowed, that the French Government, by intrigue and corruption, has plotted against that of Spain,—has hatched conspiracies, and stirred up revolts,—and maintained an army upon the frontiers, to afford protection and succour to those misguided wretches who are at war with their country; and that Spain has repaid these multiplied wrongs with the most patient forbearance. The only excuse, in short, that has yet been offered for this unprincipled aggression, is to be found in the French King's speech to his Chambers, where he avows, that he can recognize no change in the political condition of a country which does not emanate directly from the will of the Sovereign; a doctrine which, our own Ministers allow, strikes at the root of the British Constitution.

It would be strange indeed if the heroic attitude assumed by Spain, pending the negociations which were to decide her fate, had not deeply engaged the sympathies of the British people; nor is it to be wondered at, that the question should have been keenly debated, whether this country should tamely permit that illustrious nation to be trodden down by the satellites of despotism. That we would have been justified in espousing the cause of the Spaniards, never was doubted; since, unquestionably, one state is at liberty to defend another against unprovoked aggression; and besides, the safety of our own institutions was deeply compromised in the quarrel. It has been assigned by some, as a reason for our neutrality, that Ministers felt conscious of the inability of the country again to support the burdens of war; a reason, we confess, not at all unplausible, when it is considered, that at no former period would the most powerful state in Europe have dared insultingly to refuse our offer of mediation, as has, in this instance, been done by the ricketty government of France. In corroboration of the same view, it may be observed, that there is an evident disposition, on the part of Ministers, to evade that article, in the treaty with Portugal, which binds us to guarantee her independence, and the integrity of her territory. It is quite obvious, that Portugal is involved in the same danger which threatens Spain, and that the two Peninsular nations must stand or fall together. But our Ministers premonish Portugal, that, if she takes up arms to ward off a danger which is confessedly the reverse of problematical, this country is released from its engagement; that, in fact, a war of self-preservation, undertaken by Portugal, is just one of those wars in which she must not, according to the spirit of the guarantee, expect our assistance or a protection against consequences! We cannot imagine that Ministers could have employed this sorry quibble, but from a painful conviction, that the country was not in a condition to make good her engagement.

It has never been imagined by any, that this country ought to engage in war from pure sympathy with the

wrongs of another nation. But it has been argued, with some shew of reason, that it would be equally romantic in Great Britain to engage in a war from an apprehension of prospective danger, which may never occur. Now, we admit, that a nation, in speculating upon future events, may very possibly err, and that events may arise to disappoint the most reasonable calculations. At the same time, we cannot admit that it may not occasionally be good policy in a nation, as it is with individuals, to foresee consequences, and to provide against them, by sacrifices corresponding to the danger. No event can occur in Europe which does not affect the greatness and security of England in some degree; and surely it is absurd to say, that, because human reason is fallible, we ought not to exercise the faculty of reasoning at all, but remain unconcerned spectators of the tide of events, so long as danger to ourselves is not immediate and tangible. But, besides, there is a wide distinction between dangers which are only contingent and prospective, and those which are actual and imminent. No nation which values its honour will suffer itself to be placed in a situation of actual peril, if, by a timely effort, it can provide for its safety. It will not inactively wait till the threatened blow is struck, and trust for redress to the efficacy of retaliatory measures. It will consider its own security as one of its dearest interests, and every infringement of that security as a positive and a present injury. These are considerations which have swayed the policy of nations in all ages, because, in truth, they are the obvious suggestions of common sense.

The only real question, in our apprehension, (putting out of view the ability of this country to support a war) seems to be, whether, in the principles promulgated by the Holy Alliance, and particularly by that Most Christian Member of it, the King of France—principles which are allowed to "strike at the root of the British Constitution"—and in the military occupation by France of the whole Peninsula, the security of Great Britain will be seriously endangered? It will scarcely be denied, that there is a settled design, on the part of the Alliance, to crush in detail, if possible, every free government that exists; that the same anathema which struck down Naples to the earth, has, *mutatis mutandis*, been fulminated against Spain, and may, with more strict propriety, be launched against Britain, as the great source of all the calamities which have assailed legitimacy. It would be absurd to doubt, that the despots of Europe are well disposed to re-model our Constitution upon the purest principles. The modest proposal of *Alexander*, to land a body of Cossacks upon our shores, as its chosen guardians, was a sufficient indication of his friendly regards. All that we have to consider is, what means have the Allies of enforcing their views? With the whole continent subjugated to their system, and its fleets and armies at their absolute disposal, where will be our boasted security? Excommunicated from the continent as political heretics,—the main sources of our prosperity choked up,—without an ally,—harassed with menaces of invasion, and distressed with a consumptive Exchequer; if we preserve our independence at all, we must at least descend from that proud station which we have hitherto occupied among the powers of Europe.

When such seems to be the inevitable result of the triumph of despotism, in the attempt now making upon Spain, the British nation, if really determined upon neutrality, had a right to expect, that Ministers would at least exert themselves by firm remonstrances, addressed to the Powers assembled at Verona, to avert so alarming a crisis. It was believed, that a regard for the peculiar interests of Britain had at length overcome their dislike to popular rights acquired by revolution; and that, partaking of the universal indignation expressed against the doctrines of the Holy Alliance, they would abate a little of that profound respect for legitimacy, which had led them to countenance some of its most questionable proceedings. Indeed, it must be admitted, that Ministers seem, at this time, to have been aroused to a conviction of the danger in which their obsequious policy had involved the country, and to a sincere desire, that the coalition, which had been reared and

nurtured by themselves, might not, by new atrocities, involve its original patrons in deeper shame. But every hope, which was founded upon the energy of our Cabinet, has been signally disappointed, and the character of the country once more deeply compromised by its measures. It would be too much to say, that the influence of Britain has been slighted by the Congress of Verona, for in truth it was never exerted; but the pusillanimous, supplicatory tone in which we resisted the invasion of Spain, as it implied an acknowledgment of weakness, must go farther to impress the public mind of Europe with a sense of our insignificance, than had the most menacing remonstrances, upon the part of Britain, been ineffectually employed. The very mission of the Duke of Wellington, to a Congress where he could only advise and deprecate, was itself a most gratuitous humiliation. It implied, for one thing, an admission of the competency of Congress to regulate the affairs of every State in Europe; and, so far from guarding against such a construction, by a timely protest, the whole conduct of his Grace went directly to strengthen it. No one who peruses the Diplomatic Correspondence laid before Parliament, but must be satisfied that the PRINCIPLE, respecting which Britain and the Alliance were at issue, was virtually conceded to the latter by the Duke of Wellington. In a memorandum of 30th October, (No. 4), in answer to the questions of the French plenipotentiary, his Grace employs this remarkable expression: "The Protocols, and other Acts, of the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, which established the union *at present* existing between the five Powers, *so happily for the world.*" Now, considering that the very *principle* which the Allies were then proceeding upon had, most unfortunately for Europe, already been broadly acted upon by them, in their corporate capacity, what could they imagine, but that the power which employed this language had no very strenuous aversion to the principle itself, however much they might dislike a particular application of it?

It is very generally believed, that a spirited protest and remonstrance, on the part of Great Britain, against foreign interference in the affairs of Spain, must have diverted the Allies from their iniquitous enterprize. It is obvious, that they were hesitating, and perplexed, and doubtful, whether they should persevere in their designs without the co-operation of Britain, which, it appears, they actually expected! It is, therefore, not an improbable supposition, that any new and unforeseen difficulty would have resolved their doubts, and decided them to abstain from hostilities. But, it is asked, why employ coarse and abusive language, which must have had the effect of exasperating our Allies? If there really be no medium between the language of compliment and downright scurrility, we can understand the argument. But, surely, virtuous indignation may be appropriately expressed, without offence to the most fastidious taste, in language at once temperate and manly. Without calculating the effect which the dignified expression of that feeling might have had upon the minds of the Congress, we may assume, at least, that it would have assisted to uphold the honour of the country.

Had Ministers been merely lukewarm in the cause of Spain, there would have been less cause for regret. But, by the obliquity of their proceedings, and the very equivocal language held by their plenipotentiary, they have exposed themselves, we are afraid, in the eyes of the world, to the injurious suspicion of having indirectly promoted the designs of the Holy Alliance. Such a suspicion we sincerely disclaim; but since the reputation of Great Britain, for good faith, is not in the best odour at the present time, we regret that there exist too plausible grounds for it. In the *first* place, there is one fact divulged in the document we have already alluded to, which deserves some attention: "His Majesty has never failed to communicate to his Allies, and *particularly to France*, every instruction which he has sent to his Minister at Madrid; and all the communications made, by his Majesty's commands, to the Minister of Spain residing in London; all in the same spirit of good-will to-

wards the King of Spain and the Spanish nation." In the despatch of the Spanish Minister to M. de Colomb, Nov. 15, 1822, we find him complaining, that the proceedings of Great Britain, at the Congress, as respecting Spain, are *concealed* from the Government of that country. "And if some tender interest," says San Miguel, "such as befits two nations in similar circumstances, exists in the Court of London, how is it that it does not manifest itself in visible acts of friendly interposition, to save its ally from evils, in which humanity, wisdom, and even cautious and provident state-policy will sympathize? Or, how is it, that (if these benevolent acts exist) *they are not communicated to the Cabinet of His Catholic Majesty?*" Now, where was the impartiality (we do not say friendship) in this unreserved confidence on the one hand, and profound secrecy on the other? Was it the part of one friendly nation to another, to divulge, to its mortal enemy, its hopes and fears,—its wants, weaknesses, and difficulties,—the assistance which it needed, and which it could not obtain,—and, at same time, not to place that nation upon a parity of knowledge, by concealing from it the designs of its enemies, and their resources, whether real or expectant?

2dly, We observe, that, throughout the whole correspondence, the Duke of Wellington proceeds upon the extraordinary *postulatum*, that France had endured serious grievances at the hands of Spain, and was actually apprehensive of Spain commencing hostilities against her. He endeavours to persuade the French Government, that, "whatever may be the tone assumed towards France by the ruling powers in Spain, they are not in a state to carry into execution any plan of real hostility." Subsequently he observes—"Such an explanation will, it is hoped, tend to allay, in some degree, the irritation against France:" "Even revolutionary madness could not calculate upon the success of a serious attack by Spain upon France;" and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now, we do not believe, that, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, there was a man in Europe who believed, that the Spanish Government had injured France, in thought, word, or deed, and who was not convinced that Spain had brooked indignities and wrongs from France, with a patience and forbearance which was without example in the history of nations. That there was irritation in Spain, produced by the conduct of France, may well be supposed. But, as an impartial mediator between the two powers, it might have been expected of his Grace of Wellington, that he would ascribe that irritation to its proper cause, namely, the unparalleled provocations by France, in place of treating it as a mere feeling of revolutionary wantonness, which was not likely to break out into open outrage. In the same spirit, his Grace justifies the French Army of Observation, which all the world knows was placed upon the frontiers, to afford protection and succour to the bands of the Faith, which the emissaries of France had instigated to revolt against the constitutional system.

Lastly, At the very moment when Spain was about to sink under the weight of her difficulties, Great Britain preferred her claim of indemnity for certain losses sustained by her merchantmen, arising out of the quarrel between Spain and her colonies, and that under threats which at least were as insulting as compulsory. Undoubtedly a nation may, without violating strict justice, act the part of an inexorable creditor. But was it becoming in Britain, which had allowed this claim to slumber during the whole of Ferdinand's despotism, and never raised its voice against the state of things in which it originated, to bring it to bear against the free Government of Spain, at the very time when it was struggling for existence? To judge of the spirit of this very harsh measure, we should consider, that the more serious claim which we have upon Austria, never was urged, though that Power, which cannot plead inability to discharge its debts, was pledging itself at the moment to take part in the crusade against Spain.

There is one circumstance disclosed in the Parliamentary documents, which, were it not too well

vouched, might be reckoned incredible. While the affairs of Spain were under the deliberation of Congress, it was rumoured in the political circles, that the British Cabinet was exerting its influence to prevail with the Spaniards to consent to such a modification of their Constitution as would meet the views of the French Bourbons. The report was generally believed to be an atrocious calumny upon Ministers, invented by their enemies; but, unfortunately, the fact stands completely authenticated. Never was the honour of this country more deeply compromised than by this proceeding, which is stamped with meanness, folly, disregard of principle, and almost every odious characteristic. That the British Government, which is based upon a revolution, should have called upon the Spaniards to betray their honour, in compliance with the will of France, by destroying the Constitution which they had sworn to defend, and accept, in lieu of it, some mockery of a Charter—the free gift of their bigotted Monarch—is an event which we could wish blotted for ever from the page of history. And by what argument were the Spaniards invited to make the disgraceful sacrifice? "I confess," says his Grace of Wellington, "that I do not see any objection to this alteration, either IN THE ANTECEDENT CONDUCT OF THE KING, or in *the apprehension that his Catholic Majesty will abuse the power thus confided to him!*" How wonderful is it, that the Spaniards rejected with scorn the advice of the man who had the head to conceive this most original and sapient remark! Did Ministers, in offering their insulting advice to Spain, not feel compunction and shame, as they recalled to mind the magnanimous declaration of San Miguel, "that the Government of his Majesty (the Spanish Monarch) is desirous to preserve the ties which exist between Spain and England, but without THE DIMINUTION, WITHOUT THE DEGRADATION OF ITS DIGNITY; and that, if it has to struggle with the embarrassments that result from its immense progressive losses, *the Spanish nation always possesses sublimity of sentiment, to conduct itself with honour, strength of character to support its calamities, and constancy of resolution to maintain itself, in spite of the last sacrifices, in the part which belongs to her in Europe!*" We need scarcely observe, that all the obloquy which our Government has incurred by the proceeding we have noticed, was for an object, the attainment of which must have established the permanent ascendency of French influence in Spain—a result which it was the favourite and most anxious policy of our ancestors to prevent.

We have not room to advert to the singular want of penetration discovered by our diplomatist, during the whole course of the negociations. He went to Verona, impressed by M. Villèle with the persuasion, that the affairs of Spain were to be debated as a question peculiarly French, though, to all Europe, it was evident that the question would inevitably be decided upon the principles which upheld the Alliance; and that if France engaged in hostilities, she would do so by virtue, merely, of a delegated authority. The Duke of Wellington, when at Verona, with singular infatuation, continued to conduct himself as if the question were entirely French. Upon his return to Paris, he acts under that impression, and offers to France the mediation of England. Then he is told, for the first time, by the Duke of Montmorency, (the Allies had previously pledged their assistance to France,) that the question is "*wholly European;*" and the offer of mediation, therefore, entirely inadmissible. Afterwards, Chateaubriand says, "without fear of contradiction," that the question was "*at once wholly French and wholly European;*" a sort of jargon which seems to have given the *quietus* to the pacific agency both of Mr Canning and of the Duke of Wellington.

Sed ohe! jam satis! If any thing could add to the ridicule, (we shall only say *ridicule*,) attached to the diplomacy of Britain, it is the singular boast made by Mr Canning, that our representations had the effect of inducing the Allies to change their determination so far, that, in place of sending a *joint* note to the Spanish Cabinet, they sent *separate* notes, threatening to give their *joint* assistance to France, in the invasion which was meditated!

JOURNAL OF THE COUNT DE LAS CASES. LONDON. 1823.

During the rage of the late revolutionary wars, it was scarcely possible that we could look calmly at the interesting events which were passing before us, and still less at the characters of those who figured in these great scenes. Engaged, as we conceived ourselves to be, in a struggle for our independence, and threatened with invasion by a formidable enemy, we were naturally under the impression of deep alarm, and no doubt thought ourselves at liberty to resort to every means of annoyance that we could devise, against our enemy, either with the pen or the sword. Hence arose that appetite for scandal which was at once the disease and the support of the country in the war in which it was involved, and for which the press was the ready instrument. Whatever was, during that paroxysm of national anger, sufficiently keen and decided, met with ready reception in the country; every tale of scandal against our enemies was greedily swallowed; and the press was of course engaged in the manufacture of articles to meet the general market of the country. No one, at that time, could venture to deal in unprofitable truths. He would have been branded as a betrayer of the great cause, as a friend of the enemy, and as thwarting the exertions that were made in defence of the country. This was a degree of odium that no one would willingly face; and hence every tale of slander obtained a ready and an uncontradicted circulation. We need not wonder, then, that, living in such an atmosphere as this, the minds even of the most enlightened among us should have become gradually tainted, and ready to believe the most absurd stories of our enemies. In such circumstances, it is clear that we could be in no situation to form a calm estimate of the transactions or characters before us.

This period of national effervescence has now happily passed away. We triumphed over our enemy, whom we not only overthrew in the struggle, but took possession of his person, and condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Island of St Helena. We have obtained, therefore, not only rest from our alarms, but we have satiated our vengeance; and in these circumstances, having recovered both our temper and our security, we are now in a fitter state for calm deliberation, than when we were in the heat and fury of the battle. Our vitiated taste no longer requires to be pampered with the choice dainties of scandal and abuse. We want the plain regimen of common sense;—we want, not what is violent, but what is true—what is calculated, not to flatter our passions, but to enlighten our judgment. We are no longer tossed about by the tempest of war's alarms; but are safely moored in the quiet harbour of peace; and are therefore in a situation to see objects according to their exact position and dimensions. Historical truth, long obscured, has now begun to prevail; and the picture of past events and characters, improved by its softening touches, at length assumes its natural colours, and shines forth from under the mists of prejudice and passion with which it has long been obscured.

The standing mark for all this contumely and abuse,—the grand and central point at which we aimed, was Napoleon Buonaparte, the head of the French Government, all the energies of which were wielded by his powerful arm against this country; the other conspicuous men in France coming in for their share, each according to the rank which he held. It was the policy of the Government to paint them in the most odious colours to the people of this country, in order to whet their animosity, and encourage their perseverance. Such was also the case in some former wars. In our former contest with America, the rebel Washington seems to have occupied the same station in the estimate of the people of this country, as did afterwards Buonaparte. He was abused, reviled, and lampooned, with all the powers of sarcasm and invective; and, to shew

the transitory nature of these vulgar ebullitions, the same person, then a traitor and a rebel, is now canonized as a patriot. Presidents Jefferson and Maddison experienced the same treatment at the hands of our liberal Journalists; but now that the war has ceased, their characters are more justly appreciated, and we no longer shut our eyes to those qualities which have recommended them to the esteem of the American people. The case is the same with the remarkable person who forms the subject of the present work. His death has, in a manner, antiquated all that abuse of which, while living, he was the object. It has equally laid asleep the envy and the terror formerly excited by his name. There is no longer any demand for detraction against him. His immortal name, indeed, excites the most profound interest and the most ardent emotions. It is connected with the greatest events in history, and seems, indeed, an inexhaustible theme. But few now seek to blacken his memory; the temper of the times seems favourable to an impartial estimate of his character; and it is with this view that the sketches which have been published regarding him, by those whom his misfortunes gave access to his person, have been so eagerly sought after.

We already noticed, in a former Number, the work of Mr O'Meara: the present publication is by Las Cases, who voluntarily exiled himself with the fallen Emperor to St Helena,—who was regularly with him several hours each day, soothing, by his society and conversation, the tedious hours of his captivity,—and who had accordingly excellent opportunities for treasuring up his conversation, and his striking and frequently brilliant remarks, on the various scenes and characters which had come under his keen and penetrating observation. But it is not merely the favourable opportunity which Las Cases possessed; he appears to have possessed talents to profit by it; and his work accordingly contains the most striking, dignified, and, at the same time, eminently characteristic portrait of this great original, that we have anywhere seen. The materials which it contains are thrown together without any methodical order: the work is merely a journal of events and conversations as they occur; but these are most precious and interesting, both as they throw light on the character of the Ex-emperor of France, and on the interesting events and personages which revolved round him as their centre. The work itself, as far as the author is concerned, is executed with great vigour and taste. His own observations are brief, forcible, highly judicious, and frequently philosophical and eloquent; and the conversations and statements of Buonaparte bear the clear impress of his own ardent and original mind: they display a peculiar character of weight and brevity; a vast range and comprehension of intellect; and are expressed with great point, force, and eloquence;—this the superstructure always resting on a most solid and well-laid foundation of reason and argument. The conversation here given appears the vigorous product of a mind bursting with matter; the rapidity of his conceptions seems to outstrip the power of language to clothe them; he has no time for set phrases and rhetorical ornaments, but takes the first words which come to his hand; which are thus the express and brilliant image of the very thought which they serve to embody, and glow with all the natural fervour of his first ardent conceptions. We have in these volumes the free and unrestrained discourse of Buonaparte on almost every interesting topic connected with his own history. The campaigns of Italy,—the operations in Egypt,—the political incidents of his singular and chequered life,—all these form the materials of the present volumes; and they are enlivened with the most singularly striking and characteristic sketches of individuals.—Without further preface, we shall present our readers with some specimens of this interesting performance.

After a short introduction to the reader, in which the author informs him, that he commenced with being an emigrant, and resided long in that character in Britain; but that, at length recalled to his country by a sense of national glory, he embraced the opportunity offered by the Con-

sular Government, and solicited and obtained a place in the Council of State. At the Revolution in 1814, he was again thrown out, and retired to England; but eagerly returned to France at the re-appearance of Buonaparte, at whose abdication he was present; and it was then that he offered to follow the Emperor, whithersoever his destiny should lead him. He gives a very interesting view of the state of Paris after the battle of Waterloo; of the division of counsels which prevailed; of the retreat of Buonaparte, until he was hunted into the toils of his enemies by the treachery, as our author shews, of Fouché, Duke of Otranto. The dismay and despair of Napoleon, and the friends who accompanied him, are described to be at their height, when it was announced to them that they were to be transported to St Helena. It appears that the Ex-emperor contemplated an escape from his sufferings by suicide, but was diverted from his gloomy reflections by the arguments of our author. The following passage contains the conclusion to which they finally came upon this subject:

"Some of these suggestions have their weight," said the Emperor; "but what can we do in that desolate place?"—"Sire," I replied, "we will live on the past: there is enough of it to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and that of Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will re-peruse yourself, Sire!" "Be it so!" rejoined Napoleon; "we will write our memoirs. Yes, we must be employed; for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfil his destinies; this is my grand doctrine: let mine also be accomplished." Re-assuming from this instant an air of ease, and even gaiety, he passed on to subjects totally unconnected with our situation.

The instructions regarding Napoleon, and his few tried adherents who were to accompany him into captivity, are known to have been sufficiently strict. They were all deprived of their arms; which order was extended to the Emperor himself. But Lord Keith took upon himself the discretion of modifying this part of his instructions, and though reminded by a secretary that the order affected Napoleon himself, he drily replied, in the hearing of Las Cases, "Mind your own business, Sir, and leave us to ourselves."

Buonaparte, during the voyage, always sent some of his suite to know what was going on, the distance run, the state of the wind, &c. He read a great deal, dressed towards four o'clock, and then came into the general cabin. Here he played at chess for a little, and at five o'clock the Admiral announced dinner, when we have the following sketch of the Ex-emperor:

It is well known that Napoleon was scarcely ever more than fifteen minutes at his dinner; here the two courses alone occupied from an hour to an hour and a half: this was to him a most serious annoyance, though he never mentioned it; his features, gestures, and manner, always evinced perfect indifference. Neither the new system of cookery, the difference or quality of the dishes, ever met with his censure or approbation; he never expressed any wish or objection on the subject. He was attended by his two valets, who stood behind his chair. At first, the Admiral was in the habit of offering to help the Emperor; but the acknowledgment of Napoleon was expressed so coldly, that this practice was discontinued. The Admiral continued very attentive, but thenceforth only pointed out to the servants what was preferable; they alone attended to these matters, to which the Emperor seemed totally indifferent, neither seeing, noticing, or seeking, any thing. He was generally silent, remaining in the midst of conversation as if totally unacquainted with the language, though it was French. If he spoke, it was to ask some technical or scientific question, and to address a few words to those whom the Admiral occasionally asked to dinner. I was the person to whom the Emperor generally addressed his questions, in order to translate them.

I need scarcely observe, that the English are accustomed to remain a long time at table after the dessert, drinking and conversing: the Emperor, already tired by the tedious dinner, could never have endured this custom, and he rose, therefore, from the first day, immediately after coffee had been handed round, and went out on deck, followed by the Grand Marshal and myself. This disconcerted the Admiral, who took occasion to express his surprise to his officers; but Madame Bertrand, whose maternal language is English, warmly replied—"Do not forget, Admiral, that you

guest is a man who has governed a large portion of the world, and that kings once contended for the honour of being admitted to his table." "Very true," rejoined the Admiral; and this officer, who possesses good sense, a becoming pliability of manners, and sometimes much elegance, did his utmost from that moment to accommodate the Emperor in his habits. He shortened the time of sitting at table, ordering coffee for Napoleon and those who accompanied him, even before the rest of the company had finished their dinner. The moment Napoleon had taken his coffee, he left the cabin; upon which every body rose till he had quitted the room, and then continued to take their wine for another hour.

The Emperor remained walking on deck till dark, attended by the Grand Marshal and myself. This became a regular practice, and was seldom omitted. On returning to the after-cabin, he sat down to play *vingt-et-un* with us, and generally retired in about half an hour.

After walking several times the length of the deck, Napoleon uniformly seated himself on the second gun from the gang-way, on the larboard side; and the midshipmen observing this habitual predilection, called it henceforth "the Emperor's gun." He is described by Las Cases as remarkably lively and communicative in these conversations; and was particularly pleased to give them details of his childhood, and youthful years. It is well known that he was the son of Charles Buonaparte, who died at Montpellier at the age of 38. He was born on the 15th of August 1789, and at ten years of age he was sent to the military school of Brienne. "In his boyhood he was (says Las Cases) turbulent, adroit, lively, and agile in the extreme. He had gained, he used to say, the complete ascendancy over his brother Joseph. The latter was beaten and defeated; complaints were carried to the mother, and she would begin to scold before poor Joseph had even time to open his mouth." At school, from his Corsican pronunciation of his own name Napoilloné, his companions gave him the nickname of *la paille au nez*, (straw in his nose). At this school, he was mild, quiet, and susceptible; and being condemned one day, by the injudicious severity of one of the teachers, to wear the serge coat, a badge of disgrace, and to take his dinner on his knees at the door of the refectory, he took it so much to heart, that he was seized with a violent retching, and suffered a severe nervous attack. From this punishment he was relieved by the head master of the school, Father Patrault, who was indignant that his first mathematician should be treated in such a manner. As he advanced in years, his temper, according to his own account of himself, became morose and reserved; and his passion for reading was carried to excess. Pichegru, afterwards the conqueror of Holland, was at this time his quarter-master, and his tutor in the four rules of arithmetic. Napoleon had but a faint idea of Pichegru, who, on the contrary, had preserved a distinct remembrance of him, and a strong impression of his character; for after he had joined the royalist party, and was asked, whether he thought it would be possible to gain over the General-in-chief of the army of Italy? he replied, that it would be only wasting time. "From my knowledge of him (he added) when a boy, I am sure he must be a most inflexible character; he has taken his resolutions, and he will not change them." At the military school of Brienne, Napoleon was distinguished, by several of his preceptors, for the early vigour of his intellect; and though not of the requisite age, he was sent to the military school of Paris, by the judicious selection of Chevalier de Keralio, who remarked, that he perceived in him a "spark of genius that could not be too early fostered." His family also looked up to him as its head, though he was the younger brother. His grand-uncle Lucien, when on his death-bed, surrounded by his relatives, said, addressing himself to Joseph, "You are the eldest of the family; but there is the head of it," (pointing to Napoleon). The Emperor (adds Las Cases) used to laugh and say, "This was a true disinheritance; it was the scene of Jacob and Esau." In 1786, Napoleon entered into the army, where he soon became a lieutenant. He was at this time introduced into all the best company at Valence, where he resided, and led a life of

gaiety. The following is the portrait drawn of him by Las Cases:

When about eighteen or twenty years of age, the Emperor was distinguished as a young man of extensive information, possessing a reflecting turn of mind, and strong reasoning powers. He had read an immense deal, and had profoundly meditated on the fund of knowledge thus acquired, much of which, he used to say, he had probably since lost. His sparkling and ready wit, and energetic language, distinguished him wherever he went: he was a favourite with every one, particularly with the fair sex, to whom he recommended himself by the elegance and novelty of his ideas, and the boldness of his arguments. As for the men, they were often afraid to engage with him in those discussions into which he was led by a natural confidence in his own powers.

Napoleon was at Valence when the Revolution broke out. He was at Paris in June 1792, and witnessed the insurrection of the people of the Fauxbourgs; also the events of the 10th of August. In 1793, he had a command of the national guard in Corsica, and always opposed Paoli, whose early notice and favour he had attracted, when he suspected him of surrendering the island to the English. The Corsican patriots were, however, subdued by the English and Paoli, and the Buonaparte family were obliged to fly. They fixed their abode at Marseilles, whence Buonaparte proceeded to Paris, at the time Toulon was surrendered to the English; and an experienced artillery officer being wanted, to direct the operation of the siege, he was fixed on. And here begins his career. Here it is, that history takes him up, never more to leave him. At Toulon, the ignorance which prevailed, as to all military affairs, was inconceivable. General Cartaux, extremely haughty in his manners, and covered with gold lace from head to foot, had the chief command. He took the young artillery officer with him to view his batteries; but what was his surprise, when he found that they were so placed, as not to reach half the distance required! Great disputes, as might have been expected, took place between Buonaparte and General Cartaux, on the management of the siege. These were carried on in the presence of the General's wife, who always took the part of the artillery officer: "Let the young man alone (she observed); he knows more about it than you do, for he never asks your advice; besides, are you not the responsible person? the glory will be yours." At length Buonaparte assumed the whole management of the enterprise, and his activity and knowledge gave him a decided influence over the rest of the army. Wherever a sortie was made, or any thing occurred to put the besiegers to their shifts, the heads of the columns were always sure to exclaim,—"Run to the Commandant of artillery, and ask him what we are to do; he understands the localities better than any one." It is well known that the entrance into Toulon harbour is contracted to a small breadth, and that the water afterwards expands into a large basin. Buonaparte, on surveying the place, easily saw, that if he could take the fort which commanded this entrance, the English shipping would be obliged to withdraw, carrying their troops along with them, and that thus the place would be evacuated. It was against this fort that his attacks were directed; it was carried at night; after which, Buonaparte said to the General Dugommier, an honest and brave old soldier—"Go and rest yourself; we have taken Toulon; you may sleep there, if you please, in a day or two!" When Dugommier found that this was actually realized, he became all enthusiasm and admiration, and never ceased praising the young officer. It was at Toulon that Napoleon met with Duroc, and Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes. At one of the batteries, he asked whether there were any sergeant or corporal that could write to his dictation; on which Junot advanced from the ranks, and after he had finished writing, a cannon ball from the enemy's batteries struck the ground, when the paper was immediately covered with loose earth. "Well, (said the writer with great coolness,) I shall have no need of sand!" This remark, so coolly made, in such circumstances, fixed the attention of Buonaparte, and made the fortune of the sergeant.

After the capture of Toulon, Napoleon successively rose to be a General of Division, and was employed in Paris, La Vendée, and in other important commands in the interior. At length, his merits being more fully appreciated, he was made, in the beginning of the year 1796, General-in-chief of the Army of Italy. His subsequent operations in that country are well known. On taking the command, he impressed the troops, notwithstanding his youth, being then only twenty-six years of age, with a spirit of confidence, subordination, and the most absolute devotedness; and the series of extraordinary exploits which he achieved, spread his fame through every corner of Europe. Such is the short sketch of Buonaparte's early life, given by his biographer, who concludes with a panegyric on the Italian campaign, in which, as he observes, "Diplomatic views, administrative talents, legislative measures, are uniformly blended in harmony with the prodigies of war."

The voyage to St Helena continued prosperous, but monotonous. Time hung heavy on the hands of the captive and his party; and in order to relieve this tedium of their vacant hours, it was proposed to Napoleon, by Las Cases, that he should write memoirs of his campaigns. They commenced, accordingly, with that of Italy, in which considerable progress was made; and in the mean time, Las Cases betook himself to writing an answer to the various stories which had been circulated to the disadvantage of Napoleon. He commences with the well-known statement, first made by Sir R. Wilson, of the poisoning of the sick in Egypt, and he clears away this stigma on apparently satisfactory evidence. He then enters into some consideration of the Egyptian campaign, of which he gives some curious and striking details. Nothing, he tells us, could equal the disgust, the discontent, the melancholy, and even the despair of that army, when it was first landed in Egypt. Two of the dragoons threw themselves into the Nile; and Bertrand mentioned that he had seen Murat, and Lannes, and other distinguished Generals, throw their laced-hats on the sand, in momentary rage, and trample on them in the presence of the soldiers. This army, according to Napoleon's own account of it, had fulfilled its career. All the individuals belonging to it were satiated with wealth, rank, pleasure, and consideration, and were not fit for the deserts of Egypt. More than one conspiracy was formed to carry the flags to Alexandria; and nothing but the influence and glory of their General could have restrained them from some seditious movement. The following lively sketch is given of Berthier:

> The most difficult party to manage, was that which the Emperor used to call "the faction of the *sentimentalists*," whom it was impossible to keep under any restraint; their minds were diseased; they spent the night in gazing on the moon, for the reflected image of the idols they had left in Europe. At the head of this party was Berthier, the weak and spiritless Berthier, who, when the General-in-chief was preparing to sail from Toulon, posted night and day from Paris, to tell him he was unwell, and could not follow him, though he was the head of the staff. The General-in-chief took not the smallest notice of what he said, and Berthier, finding himself no longer at the feet of the fair-one who had dispatched him with the excuse, set sail along with him! On his arrival in Egypt, he became a prey to *ennui*, and was unable to subdue his tender recollections;—he solicited, and obtained permission to return to France. He took leave of Napoleon, and bade him a formal adieu; but shortly returned again, with his eyes full of tears, saying, that he would not, after all, dishonour himself, and that he could not separate his destiny from that of his General.
>
> Berthier's love was mingled with a kind of worship. Adjoining the tent destined for his own use, he always had another prepared, and furnished with the magnificence of the most elegant boudoir; this was consecrated to the portrait of his mistress, before which he would sometimes even go so far as to burn incense. This tent was pitched even in the deserts of Syria. Napoleon said, with a smile, that his temple had oftener than once been profaned by a worship less pure, through the clandestine introduction of foreign divinities.

The troops vented their discontent in various sarcastic jokes. They had a peculiar spite at General Caffarelli, who was supposed to have been a great promoter of the expedition, and who

had a wooden leg, having lost the other on the Rhine. "That fellow (they said, when they saw him hobbling past,) is always sure to have one leg in France." The men of science who accompanied the expedition, came in for their share of jokes. Asses were very numerous in Egypt; almost all the soldiers possessed one or two; and they were accustomed to call them their *demi-savans*. On their departure, the General-in-chief, in a cajolling proclamation, had promised every soldier seven acres of land at his own disposal. The troops, when they found themselves in the midst of a boundless desert of sand, commended his moderation, adding, "that he might have promised more largely—that there was no risk of their abusing his good nature."

The army was exposed, in Egypt, to extreme fatigue, and to privations of all sorts, in all of which the General-in-chief shared. So great was the suffering, that soldiers and officers were accustomed to dispute, without the least distinction of rank, for the smallest enjoyments. In the desert, the soldiers would hardly relinquish their places to allow the General to dip his hands in a muddy stream; and on one occasion, as they were passing the ruins of Pelusium, almost suffocated with heat, some one resigned to him the fragment of an ancient door, under which he contrived to shade his head for a few minutes, which was reckoned a great concession. Here it was that Buonaparte found, on removing some stones at his feet, a superb antique. It was a cameo of Augustus, a mere sketch, but admirably designed.

The landing of the English in Egypt was greatly commended by Bertrand, who was present. In less than five or six minutes, 5,500 men appeared in order of battle. It was a truly theatrical movement, (he observed,) and it was thrice repeated. The remarks on the campaign of Egypt conclude with the following short sketch of Kleber and Desaix, both possessed (according to Buonaparte) of great and rare merits, though their characters and dispositions were very different.

Kleber's was the talent of nature; Desaix's was entirely the result of education and assiduity. The genius of Kleber was only called forth at particular moments, when roused by the importance of the occasion; and then it immediately slumbered in the bosom of indolence and pleasure. The talent of Desaix was always in full activity; he lived only for noble ambition and true glory; his character was formed on the true ancient model.

Buonaparte arrived at St Helena on the 15th of October. He surveyed the island, his prison, and, as it proved at length, his grave, with his glass. Las Cases examined his countenance all the while, which remained quite unmoved. At St Helena he was exposed to serious privations. He was wretchedly lodged. The coffee, on which he was accustomed to depend greatly for comfort, was bad, so that he could not use it. When at length they procured better, he expressed himself pleased with it; and some moments after, placing his hands on his stomach, he observed, that he felt the benefit of it. At St Helena, the plan of writing an account of the memorable events of his life was resumed with fresh ardour. And this, with the help of conversation, served to divert the ennui of captivity. It is these conversations which are so valuable, and which render the work of Las Cases so interesting, containing, as they do, information on important events, secret and official, to which we could no otherwise have had access, as well as admirable sketches of character. In the following conversation, are summed up the merits of Berthier:

"His talents, his understanding," said I, "had always been a subject of doubt with us. Your Majesty's choice, your confidence, your great attachment, surprised us exceedingly."—"To say the truth," replied the Emperor, "Berthier was not without talent, and I am far from wishing to disavow his merit, or my partiality for him; but his talent and merit were special and technical; beyond a limited point he had no mind whatever: and then he was so undecided."—I observed, that "he was, notwithstanding, full of pretensions and pride in his conduct towards us."—"Do you think, then, that the title of Favourite stands for nothing?" said the Emperor. I added, that "he was very harsh and overbearing." "And what," said he, "my dear Las Cases, is more overbearing than weakness, which feels itself protected by strength? Look at women, for example."

Berthier accompanied the Emperor in his carriage during his campaigns. As he drove along, the Emperor would examine the order-book, and the report of the positions, whence he formed his resolutions, adopted his plans, and arranged the necessary movements. Berthier noted down his directions, and at the first station they came to, or during the first moments allotted to rest, whether by night or by day, he made out, in his turn, all the orders and individual details with admirable regularity, precision, and dispatch. This was a kind of duty at which he shewed himself always ready and indefatigable. "This was the special merit of Berthier," said the Emperor: "it was most valuable to me; no other talent could have made up for the want of it."

We have an interesting account of Napoleon's bodily habits, and of his capacity for enduring fatigue, either mental or corporeal. But his present biographer ascribes this entirely to the vigour of his mind. It was always generally believed that he was endowed with an amazing strength of constitution; but this Las Cases denies. His body (he observes) is far from being a body of iron, as is generally supposed; all his strength is in his mind. He then relates an extraordinary ride which he accomplished, of thirty-five Spanish leagues, in five hours and a half, from Valladolid to Burgos.

The following is the character given of the two empresses, Josephine and Maria Louisa:

In one of our nightly walks, the Emperor told me that he had in the course of his life been much attached to two women of very different characters. The one was the votary of art and the graces; the other was all innocence and simple nature: and each, he observed, had a very high degree of merit.

The first, in no moment of her life ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or to make her feel the least inconvenience. She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions; but with such ingenuity, as to render every trace of allurement imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that any thing was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was [illegible]ther frank and open, and was [illegible]r to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for any thing, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asked whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened; and she never thought of receiving any thing without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husbands.

The conversation happening to turn on the various conspiracies to which Buonaparte had in the course of his life been exposed, he gives an amusing account of those plots, and of the risks to which he was thereby exposed. The Jacobins were the first persons that determined to murder him, and for this purpose, about a hundred of the most furious, the real authors of the massacres which took place on the 10th of August and in September, had invented a fifteen or sixteen pound howitzer, which, on being thrown into the First Consul's carriage, was to explode by its own concussion, and to hurl destruction on every side. To make sure of their purpose, it was their object to lay caltrops along the road, so as to impede the progress of the carriage. It was the person who was employed for this purpose, whose suspicions were aroused, and who gave information to the police, on which the conspirators were apprehended. In the same prison were confined some of the royalist faction, who had contrived to accomplish the same object by means of an air-gun; and it was on the joint consultation of these two parties that the scheme of the infernal machine originated.

On the evening in which this machine was exploded, it is very remarkable, that Napoleon, then First Consul, expressed extreme reluctance to go out. He was roused from a sofa, where he was fast asleep, by Madame Buonaparte and some intimate friends, who brought him, one his hat, and another his sword. He fell asleep again in his carriage, and was only roused by the tremendous explosion of the infernal machine, on which he immediately exclaimed to Lasnes and Bessières, "We are blown up!" He was preserved by the desperate driving of his coachman, who happened to be intoxicated, insomuch that he was not sensible of what had happened till next morning. Measures were

immediately adopted against the Jacobins, who were not, however, the real authors of this attempt. These were afterwards discovered, by the following singular chance:—It happened that the drivers of fiacres in Paris subscribed each a Louis, to give a dinner to the First Consul's coachman, at which one of the guests, drinking his health, observed, that he knew who played him the trick; alluding to the explosion of the machine. On being questioned, he pointed out the yard whence had issued the cart that had done all the mischief. The proprietors of the yard told all they knew, and it soon appeared that the plot was contrived by the Chouan Royalists, some of whom were immediately apprehended, and brought to punishment.

There is not, as was before observed, any attention to method in this work; it is not, however, the less entertaining on this account. We have conversations on all subjects,—dissertations on the political state of Europe, diversified with lighter remarks,—with literary criticism occasionally, or with trains of moral reflection, to which accidental circumstances frequently give rise. There happened to be in Mr Balcombe's little garden an old negro, who attracted Napoleon's attention. On being questioned, he told them that he was a Malay Indian, who had been forced from his home, and sold as a slave in St Helena. This slave was frequently noticed by Buonaparte, and his situation seemed always to awaken in his mind a most interesting train of feeling and reflection. His effusions on this subject are original, touching, and eloquent, but we regret that our limits confine us to the following extract:—After commenting on his fate, and the cruelty of those who carried him from his native country, he added, speaking to Las Cases, "But I think I read in your eyes, he is not the only example of the sort at St Helena." Las Cases adds,

> And whether he felt offended at being placed on a parallel with Toby, whether he thought it necessary to raise my spirits, or whatever else might be his reason, he went on with dignity and animation: "My dear Las Cases, there is not the least resemblance here: if the outrage is of a higher class, the victims also furnish very different resources. We have not been exposed to corporeal sufferings; or if that had been attempted, we have souls to disappoint our tyrants! Our situation may even have its charms! The eyes of the universe are fixed upon us! We are martyrs in an immortal cause! Millions of human beings are weeping for us: our country sighs, and glory mourns our fate! We here struggle against the oppression of the gods, and the prayers of nations are for us!"—After a pause of a few seconds, he continued:—"Besides, this is not the source of my real sufferings! If I considered only myself, perhaps I should have reason to rejoice! Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory! Adversity was wanting to my career! Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of my power, I should to many have remained a problem; but now misfortune will enable all to judge of me without disguise."

Various singular adventures are detailed, which befel Napoleon in the course of his military operations. In the commencement of the Italian campaign, he had a narrow escape. Having entered a castle on the Mincio, he had ordered a bath for his feet, and had off one of his boots, when he was suddenly alarmed by the cry of the sentinel, "To arms!" and he was compelled to escape through the back gates of the garden with but one boot on. He was also nearly captured by General Wurmser, who was informed, by an old woman, that but a few moments before, the French general had stopped at her door, with but a few followers. Wurmser dispatched parties of cavalry in every direction. But Napoleon escaped. It was generally supposed, he himself said, that he had never been wounded. But, he added, that it was part of his policy always to conceal the dangers he had escaped. He then (Las Cases mentions) related that he had had three horses killed under him at Toulon, that he had had several killed and wounded in his campaigns of Italy, and three or four at the siege of St Jean d'Acre. He added, that he had been wounded several times; that at the battle of Ratisbon a ball had struck his heel,—and at the battle of Essling, or Wagram, a ball had torn his boot and stocking, and grazed the skin of his left leg. At Arcis

sur Aube, in 1814, he lost a horse and his hat. After the battle of Brienne, when he was returning to head-quarters, in a pensive mood, he was suddenly attacked by some Cossacks, who had got into the rear. He was here obliged to draw his sword in his own defence, and several of the Cossacks were killed by his side. On all circumstances of this nature, however, absolute silence was imposed, on account of the confusion that would have ensued in every part of the empire, on the smallest doubt of his existence.

There are some interesting conversations on war, and the fate of battles, also on the qualities necessary to constitute a great General. "The object (said Napoleon) most desirable is, that a man's judgment should be in equilibrium with his physical character or courage." This is what he termed being well squared, both by the base and perpendicular.

"If," continued he, "courage be a General's predominating quality, he will rashly undertake what he cannot execute; and, on the other hand, he will not venture to carry any measure into effect, if his character or courage be inferior to his judgment."

He then cited the example of the Viceroy, whose sole merit consisted in this equilibrium of character, which, however, sufficed to render him a very distinguished man.

Physical and moral courage then became the subject of discourse. "With respect to physical courage," the Emperor said, "that it was impossible for Murat and Ney not to be brave, but no man ever possessed less judgment; the former in particular."

"Kleber," said he, "was endowed with the highest talent; but he was merely the man of the moment: he pursued glory as the only road to happiness; but he had no national sentiment, and he could, without any sacrifice, have devoted himself to foreign service."

Dessaix possessed, in a very superior degree, the important equilibrium above described. Moreau scarcely deserved to be placed in the first rank of Generals; in him Nature had left her work unfinished; he possessed more instinct than genius. In Lannes, courage at first predominated over judgment; but the latter was every day gaining ground, and approaching equilibrium. He had become a very able commander at the period of his death. "I found him a dwarf," said the Emperor" "but I lost him a giant."

Speaking of military ardour and courage, the Emperor said; "I know the depth, or what I call the *draught of water*, of all my Generals. "Some," added he, joining action to his words, "will sink to the waist, some to the chin, others over the head; but the number of the latter is very small, I assure you." Suchet, he said, was one whose courage and judgment had been surprisingly improved. Massena was a very superior man, and, by a strange peculiarity of temperament, he possessed the desired equilibrium only in the heat of battle; it was created in the midst of danger. "The Generals," finally observed the Emperor, "who seemed destined to rise to future distinction, were Gerard, Clausel, Foy, Lamarque, &c."

We have an amusing sketch of Madame de Stael, enlivened with some severe satirical strokes. The enmity of Madame de Stael to Buonaparte is ascribed to her wounded vanity, she having made the most pointed advances to him, after his grand campaign in Italy, which were but coldly received. It is also supposed that Necker, her father, when at Geneva, made known to Buonaparte, on a visit, in an aukward enough manner, his desire to be again admitted into the administration. Necker's restless vanity renders this sufficiently probable. He afterwards wrote a dangerous book on the policy of France. The book was proscribed, and the task of refuting it committed to the Consul Lebrun, who, in his elegant prose, according to Napoleon's expression, executed prompt and ample justice upon it, which irritated the Necker *coterie*, and Madame de Stael, engaging in some intrigues, was ordered to quite France.

These volumes are interspersed with many other interesting anecdotes of distinguished individuals—with acute and striking remarks, political and philosophical—with literary sketches and anecdotes, and are altogether exceedingly amusing. There is an account of the rise of Duroc and Bessières, with a short sketch of their characters, which is, however, too long for an extract. There is also a striking account of Napoleon's progress in learning Eng-

lish; of the rapidity with which he comprehended all that regarded the philosophy of the language; and of the very little capacity which he evinced for its mere mechanism. The criticisms on Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, and on the French historians, evince admirable taste and discrimination, and contribute greatly to enliven the work. There are other two volumes, equally interesting. But we must reserve the consideration of them to our next Number.

Joseph Dale, the Ploughman;

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

Book I.—Chapter I.

'Tis strange to trace, through life's eventful way,
The very humblest of the human name;
Though, like a mountain rivulet, he stray
Unnoticed by the world, unknown to fame;
Yet he possesses, in his heart and mind,
The various traits peculiar to his kind:

He has his joys and woes, his hopes and fears,
His objects of affection and of hate,
His day of sunshine, and his night of tears,
The smiles of Fortune, and the frowns of Fate,
The friend that's ready to afford relief,
The enemy that rejoices in his grief.

No doubt, mankind are much diversified,
By different objects which their heart pursues;
One sighs for money in a chest to hide;
The next, that he may waste it and misuse;
Another—and by far the noblest aim—
For unsubstantial glory of a name.

These all are madmen:—at a fountain deep
The miser sits, yet dares not stoop to drink;
The spendthrift, like a walker in his sleep,
Wanders upon a precipice's brink;
The glory-worshipper on Ocean's sand
Inscribes his name—and thinks that it will stand.

Who, then, is wise?—It is the man who feels
That his own duty is his highest pleasure;
The man who owns, though doom'd to scanty meals,
That a good conscience is the greatest treasure;
The man who knows, though in a poor abode,
That fame is the approval of his God.

But hold—I sat not down to tell mankind
That they are either blockheads, knaves, or fools;
I sat not down to tell them how to find
The truest pleasures by the justest rules:
No—'tis my wish a story to disclose
Of rural life, with all its joys and woes.

It shall not be so amorous as "Don Juan,"
Nor full, like "Lalla Rookh," of flowers and birds;
Nor mystical, as "Christabel's" undoing,
Nor form'd, like "Thalaba," of tuneless words;
But it shall be—and I am quite asham'd—
Not half so good as any I have nam'd.

Let "Marmion" amuse the proud and high
With tales of convents, revelries, and fights;
Let "Halls of Justice" (though I know not why)
Indulge the vulgar with repulsive sights;
Let "Isles of Palm" dispose each drowsy head
To sleep within their shades:—let me proceed:—

Well! Joseph Dale (the subject of my song)
Was born in Teviotdale—a peasant's child—
Whose father, undistinguish'd from the throng,
By any wonderful achievement, toil'd
To many a thankless master for his wife,
And smiling babes—the treasures of his life.

He was the gardener of Sir Walter Pride,
When Joseph came to this unhappy world;
And this Sir Walter many a heavy tide
Of black abuse upon the servant hurl'd:
If but an apple toppled from the tree—
Perhaps by Heaven's inscrutable decree;

Nay, if a hungry blackbird chanced to pluck
A half-ripe cherry from beneath the net;
The trivial circumstance like lightning struck
The tender bosom of the Baronet,
And he would lift his cane—how wond'rous angry!—
To strike the man, because the bird was hungry:

Nay, if a busy bee mistook his cheek
For purple heath-bloom—as it easily might—
And buzz'd about his whiskers, there to seek
Its honey all in vain—the surly knight
Would curse the keeper of the harmless bee,
For thus permitting it to make so free.

I hate an irritable man—I hate
A mortal who is always discontented;
Who thinks—how enviable is his fate!—
That every finger is at him presented;
Who, like a man that stands upon his head,
Sees all things wrong—as Plato wisely said.

I hate to see a poor industrious man
Endure the ravings of a titled ass;
But food is necessary—and what can
The menial do but let the tempest pass,
And heed it not?—'Tis sweet that hopes are given
Of seeing matters otherwise in Heaven.

I know two reasons why Sir Walter Pride
(Two reasons only) might be irritable;
Why, he was poor, and how could he abide
A creditor's approach?—he scarce was able
His equipage of folly to maintain—
And hence he saw each prosperous man with pain.

He had the gout, too—very properly;
He who drinks laudanum is sure to sleep;
Who takes arsenic is as sure to die;
And he who swills Madeira long and deep,
Must suffer for it in each tortur'd limb—
And hence each healthy man was gall to him.

When all his members were completely cramp'd,
And he was fasten'd to his parlour chair,
He raged, he foam'd, he threaten'd, and he stamp'd,
Like hungry tiger fetter'd in his lair,
Or like King Henry, when his days of evil
Were near a close—or like, perhaps, the devil.

But he is dead—and there are few to mourn,
Except, perchance, some sturdy human hater,
Who joys to see a wicked tyrant spurn
His Maker's image in a humbler creature;
Who joys to see a mortal serpent dart
Its tongue of poison in a virtuous heart.

"Love one another" is the first command,
As given by Him commission'd from the skies;
But he who looks on this unhappy land,
And has the use of reason and his eyes,
To mark the feuds of sister and of brother,
May think the edict was—"Hate one another."

The eagle preys not on the eagle's young;
The lion feeds not on a kindred nature:
But cruel mortals, who, as Moses sung,
Were made in likeness of their great Creator,
Degraded more than beasts, or wild or tame,
Destroy their brethren of the human name.

Chapter II.

YOUNG Joseph was a very comely boy;
A boy affectionate, and well belov'd
By all he knew; he was his father's joy—
His mother's pride; and unto her he prov'd
A kind assistant, when the close of day
Brought him from school, and others sought their play.

He rock'd the cradle, or, with tender care,
Dandled upon his knee a happy child;
While she, with busy fingers, would repair
Decaying garments, and full oft beguil'd
The closing hours with legendary rhymes
Of hapless lovers, and of feudal times.

At evening's fall, O what a happy group
Assembled round their cottage-hearth the while!
The father, doom'd through the long day to stoop,
In weary labour, o'er the heavy soil,
Now, like a linnet from the cage set free,
Felt all the sweets of love and liberty.

It was a scene of love—and love has power,
As morning-beams the nightly shades dispel,
To chase the shadows of an adverse hour
That on the solitary spirit dwell;
And love has power to waken in the breast
Those flowers of joy that make the poor man blest.

Ah! he whom riches and the world's applause
Have given to folly, vanity, and pride,
Will oft transgress the equitable laws
Of human charity—will oft deride,
As senseless images of earth or stone,
The poor, whose hearts are nobler than his own.

He little knows, the feelings, warm and deep,
The peasant's household that in union bind;
He little knows what happiness they reap
From virtuous conduct, with devotion join'd;
He little knows what prayers may reach the God
Of earth and heaven, from an obscure abode.

But tempests blast the flow'ret and the tree,
And dale and hill are wrapt in night's dark pall;
So fragile mortals are, by Heaven's decree,
Inheritors of woe—the great, the small,
And those that toil, as well as those that play,
Like summer insects in the noontide ray.

O yes! these painted forms of breathing clay
Which we call men, are feeble by their birth;
Although they spring up like the flowers of May,
And spread their blossoms to the gales of earth;
Yet, by the rancour of an hour's disease,
They lose their beauties like autumnal trees.

Alas! the hand that labours for our sake,
The soothing lips that charm our cares away,
The heart that all our sorrows will partake,
The eye that ever is our guiding ray
Through all the darkness of our mortal path—
Are dear to man—but in the power of death.

The wife, the mother—she so much endear'd
To husband and to child—at length was laid
Upon a sick-bed. O how Joseph fear'd
The fatal consequences!—how dismay'd,
He listen'd to each broken groan she gave,
And dreamt of desolation and the grave!

A mother is indeed a faithful friend,
And if once lost—we never more shall meet
A bosom that so tenderly can blend
Its feelings with our own; the heart may beat
In lonely agony; nor tear nor sigh
Can move the slumberers in the dust that lie.

Ay, sympathetic spirits fondly cling
To her—the loving soul—that gave them birth;
For her—O they will part with every thing
That yields them pleasure on this beauteous earth!
O they will part with all that God hath given
To mortal man—except his hopes of Heav'n.

Who sits in sorrow by her feverish bed,
And feels the tear-drops from his eyelash drip,
And shifts, as she desires, her aching head,
And gives the cordial to her burning lip,
And breathes a secret pray'r for its avail?
Who doth all these?—It is young Joseph Dale.

Who trims the midnight lamp, when slumbers hath
Fallen like dew each weary breast upon,
And listens to her interrupted breath,
And wildly starts at each unconscious moan,
And finds himself bewilder'd and undone?
Who doth all these?—It is her only son.

Who watches every look, that he may pry
Into the depth of the physician's mind,
And grasps at every word that may imply
A prospect of recovery to the kind,
The tender parent, that secur'd his joy?

Who doth all these?—It is her tender boy.
Who reads, as she requests, the Holy Word,
And all those promises that saints require,
And kneels, with pious reverence, when the Lord
Is supplicated by his mournful sire,
For her behoof that all their cares beguil'd?
Who doth all these?—It is their hopeful child.

But clouds will pass away—and flowers that bent
Before the tempest, lift their head again;
Sickness will vanish—and the body spent
With long disease, its former strength attain;
'Twas so with her whom spouse and children mourn'd,
And joy and comfort to their home return'd.

O now what songs of thankfulness ascend
From hearts of gratitude, to Him who gave

Recovery to their dearest earthly friend,
And brought her from the precincts of the grave!
As sky-larks, when the wintry tempest flies,
Carol their gladness to the vernal skies.

Chapter III.

When Joseph was a boy, he often toil'd
Beside his father; but Sir Walter's ire,
Which ev'ry trivial matter turn'd to wild
Insanity, induced him to desire
A task more noble once than it is now—
A peaceful occupation at the plough.

He hir'd himself to *Bailie* Hazelside,
Who had a very beautiful estate,
And pleasant mansion, by the silver tide
Of pastoral Teviot, where the miser sate
'Mid wealth that scarce more comfort could produce
To him, than rotten eggs unto a goose.

He had no patrimony from his sire;
A greedy heart was all he did inherit;
It was enough—he labour'd to acquire,
With all the meanness of a servile spirit,
What more he long'd for than his soul's salvation,
And rear'd his fortune on a small foundation.

He kept of groceries a paltry shop in
The dissipated town of Castlewick;
But he was temperate, and put his hope in
Substantial things; ne'er rose at morning sick—
Ne'er went to bed at night surcharged with wine,
To snore, and grunt, and wallow like a swine.

'Tis strange to see the wren, a little thing,
Build for itself a large commodious home;
'Tis strange to see the bee, of feeble wing
And slender members, build its honeycomb;
'Tis strange to see what mortal may acquire,
If he possesses only the desire.

No, 'tis not strange; for avarice can school
The human heart to ev'ry legal stealth;
And it becomes a dirty, stagnant pool,
Receiving crystal streams as well as filth—
Receiving all—but never to run dry
Through such a wasteful sluice as charity.

Ay, charity is like the living rill,
Which yields its moisture to the grass and flowers,
At which the cottage-girls their pitchers fill,
To which the herds resort at sultry hours:
Go, let the needy have their wants supplied
By whom they may—but not by Hazelside.

At length he found himself—delighted lot!—
The richest man in town, and the most greedy;
And he became a Banker, as I wot,
To make the needy wretch by far more needy;
For though his money to the poor was lent,
He made them pay—I know not what *per cent.*

And he enjoy'd the charming satisfaction,
When bills became dishonour'd, as they oft were,
Of finding debtors void of all protection,
And seizing, with an iron hand, the soft ware
Or hard-ware goods of a poor merchant's shop,
Or brewer's hogsheads, or a farmer's crop.

O money is an honourable thing!
A wealthy man is sure to be respected;
Although his neighbours have the power to bring
A thousand duties that he has neglected;
So Hazelside—O enviable state!
Was made the silly people's Magistrate.

Thou can'st not drink milk from a mountain spring;
Thou can'st not from the nightshade filter wine;
Thou can'st not pluck flow'rs from a raven's wing,
Nor feathers from the shaggy ears of swine;
No, thou can'st not—and neither can'st thou trust
To getting justice from a mind unjust.

It mat[illegible] not—upon the bench he sat,
And various cases were before him brought;
And he determin'd them—no matter what—
Most usually wrong, but that was nought;
It was as much the want of penetration
As want of virtue—that's a palliation.

Well—when his coffers all were full of gold,
And full of honour was his useful life,
The happy man!—astonishingly bold!—
Bethought of taking to himself a wife;
Bethought a child of his own body ought
To enjoy the wealth he had so dearly bought.

He married—was it passion or esteem,
For beauty or for virtue, could induce him?
Neither—it was the dow'ry (it would seem)
That well he knew his consort would produce him:
No doubt, the bride was beautiful and young,
And these are blessings prais'd by every tongue.

She married him—and what could be her motive?
It was not for his beauty—he was old;
It was not for his virtue—that I wot I've
Prov'd to have been but small—then 'twas his gold.
No—she was given by an ambitious father,
To him she lov'd not—him she hated rather.

Oft have I thought that Jephtha's superstition,
In sacrificing his beloved daughter,
In strange compliance with his strange petition,
When he came honour'd from the field of slaughter,
Was fearful cruelty—but worse the part
Of him who weds his child against her heart.

Yes, Mistress Hazelside, no doubt, was murder'd,
Even by the man from whom she had existence;
O how she shrunk when the bridegroom came forward
To take the hand that durst not use resistance,
And own the wife who in his arms shall ever
Feel all the anguish of a burning fever!

And sorrow kills as truly as the knife
By which the unoffending lamb we slay;
It poisons all the springs of human life,
And, like a cancer, eats the heart away;
She liv'd to be a mother, and expir'd,
Perhaps when longer life she most desir'd.

Chapter IV.

And Emmeline, the miser's daughter, grew,
In stature and in beauty, like a rose
On which the evening sheds her softest dew,
O'er which the sun his brightest radiance throws,
And unto which all loveliness is given
That earth can yield—that we can dream of heaven.

And so unlike, in feature and in mind,
To him by whom the breath of life she drew,
She seem'd a creature of a diff'rent kind,
A purer being in the admirer's view;
A beauteous blossom growing on the root
Of an old trunk, that had nor leaves nor fruit.

Ah! she to whom her loveliness she ow'd,
Her generous spirit, and her tender heart,
Was sleeping with the valley's senseless clod;
And oft her tears unconsciously would start,
When mournful neighbours, in her presence, said—
"How like her mother is that gentle maid!"

And oft she sought the churchyard's hallow'd spot,
When twilight shadows o'er the vallies crept,
When plaintive wood-doves breath'd their vesper note,
And there, in solitary sadness, wept
O'er tender joy: she never had possess'd
The friendly converse of a mother's breast.

Ay, she was motherless—but still her sire
Strove to supply the loss she had sustain'd;
To gratify her innocent desire,
To chase each sorrow that her bosom pain'd;
To give all happiness to her who prov'd
The only being that he really lov'd.

She was the power, and she alone, that thaw'd
The icicles that harden'd round his heart;
That, like a heav'nly presence, overaw'd
The selfish purposes that rose to thwart
Each gen'rous wish, and prompt the mind to ill;
That, 'mid temptation, kept him human still.

O Emmeline was beautiful!—her eyes
Were just those things which poets call divine;
They seem'd to have communion with the skies
In all her meditations; and their shine,
Bright as the morning, but as mild as even,
Beam'd on the heart as if it came from heaven.

Her brow was fair and high—the locks that play'd
Around it, sable as the raven's plume,
All glossy in the sun—her cheeks display'd
Of health and purity the spotless bloom;
Her lips!—two op'ning rose-buds gently fann'd
By gales that waft their sweetness o'er the land.

Her form was tall and slender, and she seem'd
Quite unconnected with our grosser birth;
A shape aerial, which we have dream'd,
But never met with in the crouds of earth;
A shape, when once beheld, which came again,
Like some sweet dream, to tantalize the brain.

Her voice was music of the softest tone,
That, ere we are aware, steals to the heart,
And makes us all its magic influence own.
The smile would brighten, and the tear would start
Unconsciously, when, like a wizard's spell,
Upon the ear her varying accents fell.

But mark, dear reader! I am none of those
Their heroines that lower or exalt
To devils or to angels—I suppose,
That even mine might have a trifling fault;
For she was form'd, like all, of flesh and blood,
Of different element—the bad and good.

She was not quite so heavenly, I conceive,
As Wordsworth's—they are always but a vision;
Nor half so earthly, you may well believe,
As Byron's—they allure us to perdition:
She had enough of sense, enough of soul,
To be extremely charming on the whole.

When Emmeline was eighteen years of age,
Her prudent father thought that she should marry;
For he was old—he soon might quit the stage
Of mortal life,—although he wish'd to tarry;
And oh! he thought—and oh! the thought was killing—
She then might wed some fool without a shilling.

So he bethought himself, that he would try
To peep into the state of her affections;
And she had many suitors, by the bye,
Of different ages, and of all complexions;
And he began to draw, with little skill,
The secret forth against the keeper's will.

"What think'st thou of Squire Acrebroad, my dear?"
"I think, dear father, that he worships Mammon,
And would prefer (I do not mean to sneer)
An old brass farthing to the finest woman;
But he is welcome, sure, to bend the knee
To what he likes—though not to pester me!"

"What think'st thou, then, of Farmer Bittersweet?"
"I think, dear father, that the lickerish youth
Is only fond of that which he can eat;
Heavens! when I look at his capacious mouth,
I can't but tremble—luckily, indeed,
A roasted goose will feel no sort of dread."

"What think'st thou, then, of Master Littlewit?"
"I think, dear father, he's a tiresome Dandy,
Like all that bear the name—and only fit
(If fit for any purpose) just to hand ye
A cup of tea, a 'kerchief, or a fan—
I hate a monkey in the shape of man."

"Who is it, then, my daughter, that you love?"
"None—none as yet, I really must confess, Sir;
Give me a little longer still to rove
In all the liberty I now possess, Sir;
Give me a little longer to select me
One I respect—and one that can respect me."

This having said, she vanish'd from the room,
Like light-heel'd ghost that is by morn affrighted,
And left the miser in a state of gloom,
Like woeful traveller in the wild benighted:
"Money," quoth he, "I've found a ticklish matter,
But curse these women—they are little better."

Chapter V.

CAN she who is so tremblingly alive
To every finer feeling of the heart,
Against the dictates of her nature strive,
And live from kindred spirits all apart?
Can she whom tales of slightest sorrow move
To pity—be incapable of love?

She lov'd the beauties of this beauteous world—
The flow'ry banks along the willow'd brook,
The inland lake that to the breezes curl'd,
The woodland walk through many a shady nook
That wound its way—the sweet sequester'd bow'r
That shelter'd lovers in their happiest hour.

She lov'd the coming of the vernal morn,
Like bright smile stealing o'er the blooming cheek,

The noontide shelter of the summer thorn—
The autumnal eve, when choral reapers seek
Their mountain homes—the winter's midnight sky,
That lifts the spirit to sublimity.

She lov'd the bleatings of the moorland flock,
The curlew's note far echoing o'er the hill,
The wild-dove's cooings from its native rock,
The sky-lark's lofty carol, and the trill
Of lonely red-breast, in the fading trees,
That give their brown leaves to October's breeze.

She lov'd the mountain's monumental cairn,
Where sat the shepherd with his mellow flute;
The ruin'd castle of the warrior stern,
Where now each sound of revelry was mute;
The lonely churchyard, where unletter'd stones
Mark'd out the peasant's long-forgotten bones.

All these she lov'd—and hence her love was given
To things that never would her hopes betray;
Although the stars might daily fade from heav'n—
Although the flow'rs might for a time decay,
Yet well she knew there was no cause to mourn,
For, in their season, they would all return.

But this is not enough: well, she perus'd
"The Border Minstrel's" fascinating tale;
"The Ettrick Shepherd's" fairy-songs diffus'd
Enchantment o'er her spirit; could she fail
To give herself enjoyment?—could her mind
In deepest solitude a languor find?

Still this is not enough: a dale, a hill,
The bard, and the romancer, may impart
A few sweet momentary pleasures—still
There is a vacant corner in the heart;
The heart of sensibility alone
Can find its joy in feelings like its own.

Well—she, full oft, when Vesper in the west
Was shining, to her garden-bow'r retir'd,
While Joseph, at his hours of leisure, dress'd
The rich parterre with flow'rs she most admir'd;
For she was fond to learn, and he to teach,
The history and properties of each.

O 'twas a sweet employ, from flower to flower,
To act the teacher's or the pupil's part,
For it would chance, that, by magnetic pow'r,
Their fingers met—and then the conscious heart
A gush of feeling from the fountain threw—
And she would blush—and so would Joseph too!

In short—in language all can understand—
She lov'd him.—"What depravity of taste!"
Exclaims each haughty lady of the land.
"And can a girl so fair, accomplish'd, chaste,
Fix her affections on a peasant? can
She him prefer unto a gentleman?"

A gentleman!—dear ladies, what is that?
An idle thing, all ruffles and perfume,
And eke, perhaps, a feather in his hat,
That prattles scandal in the drawing-room,
And through the crowded streets is heard to pass
More noisy—but less modest—than an ass.

Joseph was tall, athletic, handsome, young,
Of generous feelings, and of spirit high;
And one, although from lowly parents sprung,
That in a lowly station would not die;
That, like the hardy and aspiring oak,
Would tow'r to heav'n, though rooted on a rock.

Nor was he destitute of learning—nor
Of boorish manners: she whom he admir'd
Was altogether lovely, and the more
He gaz'd upon her, he the more desir'd
To elevate himself: thus was his mind
By love instructed, polish'd, and refin'd.

Nay, it was rather adoration; he
In secret worshipp'd her—perhaps too much;
And durst not think, and scarce could hope, that she
Felt partial towards him—but, oh! to touch
Her hand by accident—to meet her smile,
Was recompence enough for all his toil.

But Heav'n have pity on their sever'd hearts!
For Bailie Hazelside, I know not why,
Hath quarrell'd with poor Joseph, who departs
From her he loves—yet often bends his eye
To catch a parting glimpse—then hums, along
His mountain path, some nameless poet's song:—

"Alas, sweet lady! must we part,
And when this breast of mine
Hath felt how beautiful thou art—
That all its love is thine?
And must the summer-blossoms fall,
And must the winter reign,
And must the spring return with all
I lov'd but thee again?

"And when around the social hearth
Rejoicing friends convene,
Say, must I sigh 'mid all their mirth,
For joys that once have been?
And when at eve, in pensive state,
I roam the dewy plain,
Say, must it never be my fate
To meet with thee again?

"Oh! when this heart of feeling clings
Even to a flower or tree—
Even to these mute insensate things,
How must it cling to thee!
And part—oh! 'tis to part with heav'n
For everlasting pain,
And muse upon enjoyments given,
Not to be given again!"

End of Book First.

IDEALITIES.

——— Mind, mind alone,
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous sublime.

Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

How much is there of the real happiness of man which may be traced up to a source that is altogether ideal! The bright prospects which gladden the morning of our days, and the tranquil recollections which cheer the evening of life, borrow from the mind itself the interest and joy which they shed around our path. The dawnings of our early hopes *may*, indeed, be overcast, and our fondest expectations *may* evaporate in air; but these contingencies do not affect the certainty of our present enjoyments, for in the interminable visions of the mind, there is a rich store of happiness, over which time and chance exert but little control. On the other hand, though our journey may have been through the rough and perilous places of the world, yet the recollection of the past is not on that account the less productive of pleasurable emotion. We look back on the departed portion of our existence with deeper interest, that it has been a period of trial and danger; like a child who is only the more endeared to a mother's heart, by the remembrance of the anxieties she had felt, and the tears which she shed over its infant sufferings. The scenes and pastimes of our younger days derive a new enchantment from the distance; and events which it was once most painful to contemplate, it may not be unpleasant to remember. On the retrospect of its former feelings, there is the light of a reflected joy thrown in upon the mind, as delightful, or even more delightful, than the transports which were at first excited by the outward object. And how diminished would the fountains of human happiness become, were they only supplied by those streams which issue out of the external pleasures and immediate blessings of life!

The power of association is one of the most extensive and valuable of those internal treasures which furnish us with so many of our mental luxuries. It is the only alchymy which can indeed convert the dull ore of earth into gold. Whatever difference of metaphysical opinion may prevail respecting the measure of its influence, there is no one who has not felt the deep interest with which it can invest objects the most indifferent, or who has not perceived the additional radiance which it throws, even over the most glorious of nature's works. It may be overrating its extent and power, to consider it

as alone sufficient to account for all the beauty and sublimity of the material world, throughout the diversified gradations which connect, in one series, the gentlest and grandest of created things; yet how many of the brightest gems would drop away from the rich garb of nature, were it to be expunged from the living tablets of the soul, or its influence withdrawn from the world, without us! The scene on which we look, in all its variety of wood, and rock, and water, may of itself excite emotions of admiration and delight; but when, under the mind's creative eye, it has assumed the new forms and colours of association—when the still course of the stream has suggested the silent and ceaseless lapse of time, or when the cataract, whose proud voice yet rises with youthful vigour, though ages have rolled away since it first broke the surrounding stillness, and recals the fleetingness of the strength of man, many generations of whose mightiest children have, within a less "ancient date," been numbered with the silent dead; when the mind has thus concentrated, in a point of time, the changeful interest of years, and, within the limits of one little scene, the charms of universal nature, the lively feelings with which it is pervaded are more especially the result of its own magic influence, and it is literally true, that "man himself creates the wonders he admires." These emotions are yet deepened and encreased, when, besides this general poetic expression, the mind can trace, in the featured landscape, the records of particular events, and thus re-people its solitudes with the good and great of past ages. It is on treading the ground which has been ennobled by the steps of the patriot, or consecrated by his blood, that the soul dilates with the most grateful admiration of his work, and pours forth the justest tribute to his praise. His spirit seems yet to hover over the field of his last struggles and success—the surrounding air is surcharged with the breath of liberty. His virtues and his glory have thrown a lasting unction over the scene of his triumph and death, "like the scent of the roses which still hangs round the vase in which they have once been distilled;" and the picture which the imagination is then enabled to trace, is possessed of all the warmth of life and energy of truth.

But the influence of association is not confined to the poetry of external nature and heroic exploit. It mingles with all the interests of social life, and, like the light of the blessed sun, shines into every dwelling,—the peasant's cottage, as well as the rich man's palace. The veneration, almost superstitious, with which, in many parts of the country, the relics of former times are regarded, is a proof of its ascendancy, in forming the habits even of the most unrefined. The hereditary relic of family ornament thus obtains, in the eye of its possessor, a value with which nothing else can be compared; and there have been instances in which it has been preserved through misfortune and disgrace, when neither poverty, wretchedness, nor despair, could wring from their victim this last monument of ancestral dignity. It is to the same cause we are to ascribe much of that slowness to change, however obvious its advantages—that lingering attachment to ancient usages, which the light of science and improvement can scarcely dispel—that strong predilection for every thing that is old; old times, old manners, old opinions, and even old prejudices, which we find to be so extensively prevalent among mankind. No one can have mingled with the lower orders, in any of the more retired districts of Scotland, without having witnessed the strong, and sometimes beautiful effects of this principle. To do as they had been taught in their youth, and as their fathers had done before them, is a doctrine every departure from which is reprobated as heretical. And yet, with all this staunch adherence to the forms of venerable antiquity, the constant departure of each succeeding generation from the maxims of the good old times, is the subject of many a bitter and pathetic lamentation. How warm and poetic are their descriptions of the past! How gentle was the spring, how exuberant the harvest, how lavish the prodigality of nature, how decorous the manners of father and son, of matron and maid, in that golden age! A halo of departed glory

crowns all their associations with those days of primeval felicity. The grey-haired patriarch, surrounded by his children and his children's children, seated in the family-chair of massive workmanship, in which his sires, for many generations back, had presided, runs out into a long descant on the wonders, the incidents, and virtues of the by-gone times. His dim eye sparkles with animation, his trembling voice rises into a tone of exulting pride, while he tells the many feats of dexterity and strength in which he engaged with the companions of his youth, so far surpassing those of their degenerate offspring; or reverts to the tales which, in his boyhood, he had heard from men whose youthful prowess as far surpassed his own. But it is on the religious eminence of the past age that he most delights to expatiate. On the evening of the sacred day, when all, without distinction of age, are assembled round him, some solemn and interesting events become the theme of his discourse. Perhaps the current of his recollections is excited by some pious author, from whose pages he had learned the first elements of heavenly truth; or it is the "*Remains*," the last affectionate counsels of some honoured servant of God, to whose instructions he had often listened; or the text of scripture, which formed the subject of that never-to-be-forgotten address, in which the aged pastor bade farewell to his beloved flock, while every eye was moistened by sorrow; and, as he thinks of it, the tears again gush forth, and stream adown his furrowed checks. One incident associates another, one season of consecrated feeling recals others as sacred, till he has "run through the story of his life from his boyish days," when his Sabbaths were spent among the lone hills, watching his flock, and conning over the Holy Book, till he joined the returning worshippers, discoursing together of the glorious things they had heard—even up to the present moment, when his Sabbaths are again passed in loneliness, far from the house of prayer, and when he knows, only from others, the gracious words which the Lord speaks to his people by the mouth of his servants. It is thus that, for many generations, in several of the more secluded portions of Scotland, the habits of our forefathers were formed and perpetuated; conjoining, in the same minds, the greatest simplicity and sublimity of character; embracing the observance of much at which philosophy may smile, but comprising also the principles of a wisdom which philosophy could never teach, and which has made their "simple annals" to abound in the stores of a traditional literature, which is not only fitted to interest the imagination, but also to sublime and improve the heart.

Although it is true that these influences of the associating principle are universal in their operation, and that even those who are most unspotted by the sin of romance, and least addicted to its pleasures, owe to its illusions many of the peculiarities of their characters, and not a few of the enjoyments of life; yet there is still a marked difference in the ascendancy which it has usurped in different minds. There is a sagacious race of matter-of-fact men, whose emotions are restricted to objects that are visibly and tangibly before them. They value things only by their intrinsic worth, their weight, or their length, breadth, and thickness. There is more to delight them in a rich harvest field, than in all that "savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew." To them all places are alike,—the patriot's grave, and the turf that wraps the nameless vulgar,—the birth-place of a Shakespeare, and the natal spot of any other deer-stalker in Old England. The idea of a power, in particular places and objects, to embody anew the events of past ages, appears to them as outrageous a mockery of the senses, as the Catholic doctrine of the real presence. If one of these substantial thinkers attempt the description of a country, he is sure to expatiate on the number of fat acres it contains, and the interesting beauties of its farm-yards, clover-patches, and live stock. Or, if his imagination attempt a higher flight, he refreshes you with the picture of a fertile plain, neatly portioned out into square fields, bounded by trim hedge-rows, which are varied, at regular distances, by perpendicular trees, whose branches are

lopped off out of regard to the neighbouring crops; where, from an equal affection for the interests of the meadow, the streams are confined, and trained to seek the lowest level by the straightest line; and, in the midst of this fairy land, you are required to suppose a spacious quadrangular mansion, girt round by an Archipelago of office-houses, of every diversity of shape, size, and position; the adornment of a poultry-yard in front, and a high-walled garden behind, and such other appurtenances as may grace and beautify so lovely a spot of ground. He looks upon a country, in short, only as a particular extent of soil, of greater or less productiveness. That land to him is the "loveliest on the face of the earth," which rears the most abundant harvests, and the fattest beeves; and even the most glorious luminary of heaven is chiefly admired, as something especially propitious to the labours of the husbandman.

From this, which may be considered as the lowest, up to the most visionary description of character, there is an endless diversity in the influences of the suggesting principle. The greater portion of mankind lie between the two extremes. They are an amphibious race of animals, who live, partly amid the realities of the earth, and partly among the aërial fictions of imagination. They are, many of them, like some of your middle men in politics,—half Whig half Tory, wholly nothing,—and their conduct and sentiment exhibit the same inconsistencies. There is a perpetual conflict carrying on within them, like that which the ancient Manichean heretics represented between the material and divine souls in man. They are, in a small way, curious collectors of all sorts of relics, of genuine buttons and musket-balls from Waterloo, and grains of the identical sand which half suffocated the inhabitants of Naples during the last great irruption of Vesuvius. You will also find in their possession a collection, "rich and rare," of all the snuff-boxes, walking-canes, &c. which have been consecrated by family use for many generations back; and some of our *blues*, we are credibly informed, can shew the very hooped petticoat and stomacher with which their great-grandmothers, seven times removed, first captivated the affections of their grandsires; to the resistless attractions of which, through a necessary succession of causes and effects, they can trace up their own existence. Hence, also, the treasures of epitaphs, original poetry, and autographs, with which, like a cornucopia, the albums of the same worthies overflow; and all the precious stones and antiques, which adorn the cabinets of the numerous lovers of *virtù*.

There is yet another class of character, in whose minds the power of association has established the throne of its dominion, and rules with the most absolute sway: "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet." The wild rhapsodies in which madness gives vent to its fury, rising, sometimes, to a pitch of awful sublimity,—starting from one cloudy summit to another, and connecting together, in its excursions, objects the most remote and discordant,—display, not only a perversion, but a strength of the suggesting principle, which opens up a curious field of speculation to the metaphysical inquirer. This interest is encreased, when we consider its connections with the poetical temperament, and also the resemblance which its lawless creations bear to the visions which pass before the mind during sleep. That an extraordinary influence is, in these cases, exerted by the suggesting principle, is likewise proved by the fact, that, in their most sane moments, when alive, not only to the intelligence, but also many of the best feelings of humanity, the sight of a particular object, a sound, a word, or the suggestion of a train of thought, touches a chord, whose jarring destroys all the harmony of the mind, till it becomes a chaos of intellectual darkness and the wildest anarchy. Even in the mildest cases of insanity, the sudden alternations of joy and grief,—the unwearied repetition of the same name in every tone of voice, and now every degree of slowness and rapidity of articulation,—the broken snatches of songs, now cheerful, and again plaintive, all bespeak the change which has been wrought on the powers of suggestion, and the influence which it throws back on the

temperament of the mind. To many of our readers, it will seem an easy and natural transition, to pass from the madman to the lover; as they may be inclined to consider the latter only as a modification and sub-species of the former. With him, all the associations of the mind are coloured by one image. Every beautiful object that strikes his eye, every reflection which arises in his mind, suggests it. The wide earth is consecrated as the temple of his idolatrous worship; his heart of hearts is the shrine on which his offerings are presented; and every thing around and within him recals the remembrance of the sole object of his adoration. He sees other objects only through the medium of feelings conversant only with one revered image; and hence the ideal relation which is formed between his own heart, the idol of its affections, and the charms of universal nature, by which the one so readily and vividly suggests the other. His soul is so over-informed with life, that whatever he breathes on, is impregnated with vitality. The varied forms of natural beauty, and whatever he gazes on with delight, thus become a portion of his own existence;—and between all objects which harmonize with the master-passion, and are suggested by it, there is thus the intimate connection of a relationship of the heart. The scenes of former enjoyment, "where rapture uttered vows and wept between," ever afterwards awaken nearly the same emotions; his passion, like the art of the painter, has transcribed on matter, and thus rendered permanent the most evanescent feelings of the soul. The pledge of a mutual and deathless attachment is thus not only valuable, as the promise and surety of future joy, but also as a remembrancer of the past, which renders it ever present. It not only furnishes oil to the lamp of hope, but keeps alive the vestal fire of memory. The vivifying strength of his feelings gives a reality to objects and ideas the most visionary; his recollections become as distinct as perceptions; his associations powerful as the talisman of the magician, which brings within the circle it has drawn the richest treasures of the earth. Poetry is the language of love—the love of nature, of moral truth, excellence, and universal beauty, as well as the tender passion to which the name is more ordinarily applied. The characters of the lover and poet thus closely resemble each other. There is in both the same waywardness and force of feeling, the same compass and vividness of suggestion. Both live in a creation of their own, which they have formed out of the fairest and best of nature's works. The material is but the emblem of this ideal world, in which they move and breathe; its objects are hieroglyphics, in which they trace a hidden meaning, and by means of which they express and embody the internal affections of the heart. The gifted eye of the poet discerns wisdom and beauty, which others cannot distinguish,—in the quivering of a leaf he sees the trembling hopes of man, which glitter for a while, then fall, and are borne down the stream of destiny; in the flowers of the field, the emblem of his own life—in their fleeting colours, his own joys—in their decay, his own dissolution—in their revival, that spring when he shall rise from the dust of the earth, and flourish in immortal bloom. He discovers instruction and delight in every page of Nature's volumes;

> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. III.

The Village.

The mind, and not the man, doth make or mar;
Not from the man, but from the mind proceed
All outward acts, virtue or vanity:
The mind doth make each man to do each deed.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Among the higher ranks of society in Scotland, few, perhaps, enjoyed more uninterrupted happiness than Mr Graham and his lady. He was proprietor of Greenbank, an estate sufficiently large to afford all the comforts and conveniences of life to a rational mind, not enervated by luxury, nor seduced by a vitiated taste for the pleasures and follies of fashion. The lands were a paternal inheritance, which had been in the family for several centuries; the mansion-house was antiquated, and, by fashionable gentlemen, would have been pronounced inconvenient; but such was Mr Graham's respectful reverence for his ancestors, that he made no external alteration in the structure of the building; and, in his eyes, any deficiency in fashionable elegance and modern taste, was more than counterbalanced by the air of antiquity which surrounded the venerable pile.

Mr Graham's station was sufficiently high to give him respectability in the country, without placing him on that troublesome elevation which would have prevented him from enjoying the domestic and rural pleasures most congenial to his disposition. He resided constantly on his estate, which was nearly an hundred miles distant from Edinburgh, and so far from any neighbouring proprietor, burgh, or public road, as to preclude the intrusion of impertinent or troublesome visitors.

In early life, he had made a short tour on the continent, and, unlike many of his countrymen, returned a patriot, one who still believes that

His first, best country, ever is at home.

In the matrimonial lottery, Mr Graham had been so fortunate as to draw a most valuable prize, which was by him reckoned inestimable. He had been married nearly twenty years, and Mrs Graham was still a fine woman, both in face and form; being still nearly a lustrum on the right side of forty; but her personal charms were the least valuable part of her attractions; some of her nobler endowments will appear in the progress of our tale. At present we shall only observe, that she was equally partial as her husband to the pleasures of domestic life; with some unfashionable peculiarities, which made her be laughed at by her superiors,—envied and half hated by her equals,—loved, revered, and adored as a being of a higher order, by the sons and daughters of adversity for several miles around.

Their eldest daughter was now seventeen, and had all the loveliness which graced her mother, in the brightest bloom of her virgin beauty; and her tuition gave rich promise of all these unfashionable propensities to which we have alluded. In a word, she was admired and beloved, in the circle where she was known; and strangers could not see Clementina Graham without experiencing most delightful emotions.

Although Mr Graham and his amiable lady had several friends and acquaintances in the Scottish metropolis, they seldom visited there. However, their third visit was made, accompanied by their eldest daughter, at the time of which we write. It was Clementina's first appearance in that emporium of taste, elegance, and science. We speak not of what she felt, nor how much she was admired; for although our little story had its rise in Edinburgh, the principal scene is on the estate of Greenbank.

During their stay in the metropolis, Mr Graham, his wife, and daughter, one day dined in a large and

fashionable party, where the conversation turned on the comparative advantages and disadvantages of town and country. As was to be expected, there was much diversity and contrariety of opinion on this topic; but after the company in general had dropped the subject, it was kept up by a couple of young ladies, Miss Henrietta Vellum and Mrs Jonquil. The former was the only daughter of an eminent and wealthy citizen, of that class whose prosperity depends upon the distrust, crimes, and follies of the public. The latter was a widow, who went into her weeds just as she went out of her teens, having been only for a few months the wife of an old gentleman, who, when past his grand climacteric, was so struck with her inimitable graces, that he wooed and won her; and, as a due reward for her condescension, died, to put her in full possession of his immense wealth, of which he left her sole heiress.

To those unacquainted with her history, Mrs Jonquil seemed a blooming virgin, her charms only expanding to maturity; and even those who knew her intimately, acknowledged that her face, like her fortune, was wonderfully improved by her visit to the Hymenal temple.

Miss Vellum most unhesitatingly expressed her dislike, ay, her detestation of the country, however much it had been praised by fabling and idle poets; the scenery and the people were to her equally odious. Her heart sickened when she thought of

> Plain work, purling brooks,
> Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.

She acknowledged that she did, in complaisance to her uncle, Sir William, contrive to kill a few weeks in summer, when the town was empty, at his country seat; he was enthusiastic in his admiration of the country; but her aversion increased every visit; it was merely gazing at the same trees, listening to the same sounds; to saunter alone in dull melancholy walks, and come home to dine with the parish parson, in his rusty black coat; and who had never read the last series of Tales of my Landlord, and had not even heard of Maturin's Tragedy. Yet such was the only society to be met with in the country, unless the landlord generously condescended to invite a few of those whom he considered his most respectable tenants, and in that event, they soon verified the assertion of Crabbe, (the only poet who has drawn a true picture of country manners,) for the dining-room then became the scene

> Where all were talkers, and where none could teach.

Should she rashly venture beyond the pleasure-grounds, she was insulted by the broad stare of the rustic boors, and affronted by the whisperings of her own sex: proper objects, indeed, to become the heroes and heroines of pastoral poetry; and she affirmed, that she would as soon expect delicacy, or even civility, from a North American savage, as from a boorish country bumpkin. The young women were hoydens in shape, and slatterns in dress; those who had any pretensions to beauty being blowzy wenches, incapable of either feeling or inspiring tender sentiments, and unworthy of being beloved. She concluded her sweeping censures by saying, that if it did not sound like an Irish bull, she would affirm, that, if condemned to live in the country, she should die in less than a twelvemonth. With respect to the old folks, she was sure they were proud, poor, and discontented; but she had never conversed with any of them, nor ventured into their miserable hovels; for she was sure, that

> There all is want, and woe, and wretchedness!

Such was the emphatical description of a country village, by that moral poet, whom they had already quoted, whose high regard for truth forbade

> These real ills to hide,
> In tinsel trappings of poetic pride.

Mrs Jonquil was equally extravagant in expressing her admiration of rural scenery, and the guileless simplicity of country manners; saying, that against the opinion of the jaundiced-eyed muse of the misanthropic Crabbe, she could bring a host of authorities. Virgil, courtier as he

was, had extolled the happiness of a country life; at least, if she might credit Dryden's translation, for she claimed no acquaintance with the original. Thomson had echoed him, with delighted heart; and, with rapture-beaming eye, had marked the features of nature, and sung the charms of love and rural innocence. Goldsmith had sighed and wept over his ruined Auburn, which she was sure was not a fancied picture. That pleasing poet, and amiable man, Cowper, had said,

> " God made the country, but man made the town ;"

and she was so decidedly of his opinion, that she emigrated from city smoke when she saw the buds in Charlotte-square spread into leaves, and did not return, except on a visit like the present, till the leaves on the birch had changed from green to filemot. To sum up the whole, she could, with truth, adopt the language of the poet last mentioned, and say,

> ——" The country wins me still;
> I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
> That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
> But there I laid the scene."

The warmth of the fair widow increased as she proceeded; and it was observed, that she directed several secret and significant glances at a young country gentleman, whose father had lately left him heir to a fine estate, and who had, on some previous occasions, evinced a partiality for the company of the handsome widow.

Both continued obstinate in their opposite opinions, without any display of either wit or novelty on the subject; when Mrs Graham, with that suavity so natural to her, said, " If age and experience have any claim to be heard, perhaps I may, without impertinence, offer my opinion on the point in dispute; and having lived both in town and country, may be supposed to have acquired some practical knowledge of a subject on which you reason only from theory, and, permit me to say, appear to have trusted to the opinions of others, when you ought to have consulted your own judgments. You seem also to have formed your notions chiefly from the poets,—a class of men, who, although in general pleasing companions, are not always to be trusted for the fidelity of their delineations, as it is the very essence of their art, to amplify and heighten the colouring of the objects on which they are employed. But let them not be accused of wilfully attempting to deceive; for being accustomed to look at the world of imagination, rather than that of reality, they are themselves deceived; and he who has the greatest poetical power, is most to be suspected of exaggeration, in the disposition of light and shade, as he may have a partiality for, or a prejudice against, the objects he is representing. Farther, as poets are, in general, admirers of nature, it may be presumed they will exhibit pleasing and favourable pictures of pastoral and humble life. Exceptions are sometimes to be found; and you, my dear Henrietta, have quoted one, perhaps the most striking to be found in the poetical annals of our country; for I know of no poet, from Chaucer to the present day, who has adhered so closely to truth, and, at the same time, given such unfavourable representations of human nature as Crabbe. He is the Rembrandt of poets, his colouring is so dark and gloomy. Perhaps I might add, that, like Morcland, he selects his subjects from low life, and is equally graphic in their delineation. It has been remarked of that painter, that he was fond of introducing that unclean and unseemly animal, a swine, into almost all his sketches from rural life; so Crabbe generally contrives to exhibit, in his pictures, some vice, folly, or misfortune, which operates like a drop of gall in the cup of human life, embittering the draught. That all which he describes has happened, and will again occur, is readily granted; tempests will wake in skies usually temperate, and pestilence break out in the most salubrious climate; but we are not, on that account, to frame the general rule from what should form only the exception. He who delights to look for weeds rather than flowers, will, by searching, find them in the fairest garden; and had Crabbe been as assiduous in selecting flowers, as he has been in culling weeds, he would have found no difficulty in forming a nosegay, fragrant and beautiful. Because poor human

Nature has some pimples and scars on her face, he applies his microscope to those unseemly excrescences, forgetting, that all these may be found in a very regular set of features, and most attractive face. But most of our poets have erred on the other extreme; because rural scenery is pleasing, they paint Arcadian fields, cloudless skies, spotless innocence pervading every bosom, and uninterrupted happiness inhabiting every cottage. They delight to sing of that golden age, when

'The world and love was young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue.'

All this is very well as a fancy picture, but it is equally distant from nature, as those of him whom I have already censured; and, I must own, bears less of a moral tendency. It might be allowable to place the most pleasing figures in the foreground, and strongest light; while objects offensive to the eye might, with propriety, be thrown into shade; but to render the picture more attractive, although less faithful, nothing unlovely finds a place in the landscape. Thus, by both of these opposite characters, nature is caricatured, while their readers are misled and bewildered. Such, I find, is the case here; for you, Henrietta, have most foully libelled the country and its inhabitants; while you, Arabella, must be convicted of gross flattery, or blind partiality to both. Climate and season have an irresistible influence in rendering the town or country the more agreeable; but human nature is originally the same in both; although the difference of education, arising from birth, local associations, and other incidental causes, may either promote or retard the growth of intellect, and operate very differently in the cultivation of the moral virtues, and ultimately form very opposite characters; yet I must admit, that there have come under my own observation, habits and dispositions so very different, where all outward circumstances of education and fortune appeared the same, that I have been, and still am, puzzled to account for the anomaly. But if you, my dear cousins, would, as you have long promised, come and spend a few weeks at Greenbank, I should hope to establish the charges of rash judgment, which I have brought against both of you; and that, before your departure, you would retract your present notions, for more rational opinions."

Before leaving Edinburgh, Mr Graham and Clementina joined in pressing the invitation, which was accepted; and the two fashionable ladies promised to rusticate for a little, as soon as they could discharge some previous engagements.

It was late in the season before the ladies could depart for Greenbank, which they reached just in time to witness Summer exchanging her fervid glow and wanton glances, for the chaster graces and matron smiles of Autumn. We have already said, that the house of Greenbank was antiquated; it stood on a sloping bank, and around many of its turrets

"Twined the clasping ivy green;
Back o'er, firs the high craigs cleading,
Rais'd around a cozie screen."

At the distance of about a mile, it was flanked on each side with heath-clad hills, now glowing in purple beauty, and shedding fragrance around, mingling with the odours of the creeping wild thyme, which covered the grey rocks, where the wild bee hummed, loading her hairy thighs. Between these and the mansion-house waved venerable woods, beneath whose shade the blackberry ripened, in size and luxuriance far beyond what it attains on the open and unsheltered heath; they were just coming in season, the wood-strawberry and wild-rasp having disappeared; in the garden and the orchard, Pomona shed her sweets and downy blushes in varied and luscious profusion; an extensive valley spread before the house, where the fields seemed to smile with the load of plenty, now beginning to assume the hue of approaching harvest; at irregular distances were seen the snug farmsteading, and the clustered cottages of the more populous and social hamlet.

On the fourth week after the arrival of the ladies, it had rained for some days, and Miss Vellum had sneeringly spoke of the delight of living in the country; but the weather was again fair, and apparently set-

tled. One fine morning, after breakfast, Mrs Graham proposed that they should have a walk, and she, accompanied by her daughter and their guests, took their way along a fine sheltered narrow glen, where the rivulet was sometimes heard to brawl and murmur among the rocks, overshadowed by the weeping birch, and branching hazel, and a little farther on, seemed to sleep on the level and grassy meadow, where it spreads its bosom to the sky, reflecting the lofty beeches on its banks, while the trout jumped with quivering fin, snatching at the fly dancing in the sunbeams. After leaving the valley, they saw before them a large and thickly-clustered village; the straw-roofed cottages peeping through the trees, and the blue smoke curling above them, till it was lost in viewless ether; the varied aspect of the little fields, as they passed, indicated that they were cultivated by different tenants; a man and his wife were seen reaping in one quarter; perhaps in another there was the addition of a daughter; and in a third, some younglings were making awkward attempts at the rural employment: seldom more than two cows were seen feeding together; and the song of the little herd-boy, or girl, resounded over the plain. They entered the village, watered by a streamlet, which occasionally spread into a pool, where the noisy ducks kept up their ceaseless din; the crested cock strutted majestically along, occasionally chucking to the feathered females of his haram, then pausing, clapping his wings, and crowing a note of defiance to the challenge of some distant rival, which had just sounded in his ear. The industry of the inhabitants was generally visible, by many external signs; along the margin of the rivulet, the tweeling web, for sheets, or plain linen, for other domestic purposes, was stretched out to bleach, pinned down at each end, sometimes accompanied by a parcel of yarn, preparatory to another web against next season.

The well-thatched hay-rick, and snugly-covered peat-stack, shewed their provident anticipation of the coming winter. At many of the doors were stone benches, on which the dishes of the dairy were now exposed to the sun and fresh air, and at night they served for a resting-place to the labourers, as they talked over the occurrences or news of the day. With very few exceptions, every dwelling exhibited signs of neatness and comfort, which Mrs Graham was careful in pointing out to her visitors. "But," said that lady, "we must see the interior of a few cottages; for I know that you, Miss Vellum, think with Crabbe, and Burns's dog Cæsar, that

> Surely poor folk maun be wretches."

They proceeded till more than half way through the village, and now met several of the inhabitants of both sexes; the men uniformly touching their hats, or bonnets, as they passed the ladies, and the women making a respectful rustic curtsy. As they approached a house, smaller and meaner in appearance than any they had yet passed, Clementina said, "I think, mother, we should look in here," and they entered, Mrs Graham leading the way.

The only inhabitant seemed to be an old woman, seated at the window, and employed in knitting, with a book open on her lap: a crutch stood beside her, which she took, and laying the book, with her spectacles, in the window sill, attempted to rise. "Sit still, Margaret," said Mrs Graham, walking up to her, and taking her hand; "we will find seats for ourselves." Clementina handed chairs for her mother and the strangers, and all were seated beside the invalid. "You are alone to-day, Margaret," said Mrs Graham. "Jenny is out at the shearing; but I'm no alane, my lady; I have just been reading the consolations of Him, who says, 'I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and He has never left me comfortless." "Would you like, or be able to bear the air in your little garden to-day?" "I have learned never to like, at least not to long, for what is inconvenient." "But we could easily assist you; and as we intend passing half an hour with you, will again bring you in." "Had this been the first time you had shewed me this kindness, I would beg you not to take the trouble, although I doubt you'll find me lean heavier now; for I am wearing

weaker." Mrs Graham and her daughter took each an arm, and the old woman, on her crutch, was slowly conducted to a rustic seat in the garden. "I have meikle to thank my good friends for, although I ken that some dinna want to hear of their kindnesses; but, dear Miss Clemy, I didna think, when you caused that seat to be put up, that I wad ever enjoyed it so meikle; but when Jenny's at hame, an' the wind lown, she takes me out in the e'e o' the day, an' sits down beside me wi' her seam, I think the caller air refreshes my heart." "How long have you now wanted the use of your limbs, Margaret?" "It's ten years bye-gane Lammas since I was owre the door, without help." "And we find you still cheerful and happy?" "I have good cause to be so—I'm kindly dealt with in the day of adversity; I have yet many mercies for which to be thankful; I've the use of my hands, an' also my e'esight, by which I am still able to read my Bible, an' it has taught me not to murmur. When my gudeman was ta'en frae me, I thought that I was left defenceless; my William grew up, an' he was cut down, like a young aik just coming to its strength; 'an' now I am bereaved indeed,' said I; but I was justly, yet mercifully chastised, for my mistrust an' repining; I lost my ability, and then my Heavenly Father shewed his kindness in my visitation: my Jenny was then little ither than a bairn; but He proved the widow's stay, an' the orphan's shield, by raising up friends for me; the best an' kindest—I needna, indeed I'm forbidden to speak of: I want for naething, an' my lassie is grown up, wha does a' in her power to keep me easy." "Does the Minister still call on you?" "Regularly: he was here last week, an' sees me aye ance in the month; his visits are always pleasant, an', I trust, profitable. He is a faithful servant of his Great Master's; may he have the pleasure, in this world, of seeing the work prosper in his hand, an' be the honoured instrument of 'turning many to righteousness.' Besides these visits, I ha'e mony ane frae ither good characters; an' a' the neighbours, young an' auld, down to the very bairns, are fond of auld Margaret." "How trim and clean your little garden is, and every thing thriving so nicely! Who is your gardener?" "We got John Wright, to dig the ground, an' plant the cabbages an' potatoes; he's a sair working man, an' puts through a job in a wee time; for he was no lang about it: for ony thing else, it's a' my lassie's handy-wark; an' William Smith, wha was in the tither gloamin', says I've the best ingans in a' the village; the lupins, mignonette, an' sweet marjorum, too, that Miss Clemy, there, was sae kind as bring the seeds of, in her pocket; see how bonny they are, an' sae sweet as they smell; these pinks an' roses are so delightfu': Jenny's a handy an' a thrifty lassie, she tents them a'—up in the morning weeding and hoeing, syne at her wark by the time that some ithers are only rising; an' the blessing o' Providence is upon a' that she does, for you see ilka thing thriving around you."

A passing cloud now threatened a slight shower, and they conducted Margaret to the cottage. "Sit down, ladies, till that scrow of a' shower gang bye," said the old woman. Observing that they were looking at the furniture, she said, "The house is hardly sae clean the day as ye use to see it; for Jenny's sair hurried just now; she has the har'st-rig to attend by sun-rise; but she cleans the house, an' puts on my claes, ere she gang out; rins hame at parritch time, an' mak's my breakfast; comes again at dinner, an' trips awa' ilka time, as light as a lamb, an' as blithe as a lintie." "But I have heard that she is to be married," said Miss Graham. "To you, my honoured friends, I needna deny, that she might have been in her ain house ere now; but she told Robbie that she wad never leave me alane, an' helpless. He kindly offered to take me wi' her. 'Na, na,' said she; 'my mither has aye had a house o' her ain aboon her head, an' I sall never be the means o' making her sit down at anither's fireside!' An' thus your ladyship sees that I'm keeping her frae ane wham I ken she lo'es dearly; yet she's as carefu' an' happy wi' me, as if I were a' her stoop an' stay in this warld; but I trust she'll no lose her reward. Sae you see, ladies, I've mony mer-

cies,'an' gryte cause to be thankfu'; waiting wi' patient resignation, an' not without hope, till it be His pleasure, an' His own good time, to call me hame."

The ladies now took leave of Margaret, and passing forward, met an old man, who bowed respectfully. "How are you to-day, William?" said Mrs Graham. "I thank you, ma'am, I've nae reason to complain; I never expectit to be sae weel after my mishanter, when the cart coupit aboon me; but Doctor Syme's a canny, skilfu' chiel, an' Providence has blessed his wark, for I'm a' hale in lith an' limb. It wad ha'e been an unco had-again if I had been laid up i' the har'st time; but things are better ordered." "You have bad weather for your harvest." "Ay, twa or three dribbly days; but they've done nae skaith, and I think we'll ha'e settled weather now." "And what sort of crop have you this season?" "No bad ava—weel filled, and plenty o't; I think there will be meat for baith man an' beast. There's a wee scab upo' the potatoes, but they're a heavy crap, an' as dry an' fine as can be." "How is Marion?" "Brawlie, I thank you; will you no stap in an' see her?" "Yes, William; can you go back with us?" "With pleasure, ladies." They turned into the cottage, and found Marion busy churning. "Let us not interrupt you," said Mrs Graham. "The kirn can stand a wee," said Marion; "come awa ben." Chairs were set in a clean, comfortable room. "Wad you taste a sour cogue the day, ladies?" inquired Marion. "With much pleasure, if you can give us any of your fine oat cakes," replied Clementina. "They're no just sae gude the day; for ye ken, ma'am, its har'st, and they got a hasty scouther." The milk was produced; the cream was rich, and even the city strangers pronounced it delicious. "Your dairy will be less profitable, now that butter and cheese are so low priced." "The pund-weight is cheaper, ma'am, but we have mair o' them; I never made sae meikle butter an' cheese in a season, an' never gave sae meikle milk to my neighbours." "Ay, gudewife, ye've found it true that Solomon says, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' and I trow, Marion, nane ever lost at his hand," said her husband. "But will your ladyship no gang an' spier for Susie Blair the day?" "Yes; I must not neglect her, you know I never do; but how is Widow Millar?" "Aye complaining, an' aye discontented; a poor unhappy creature; there's aye something wanting, or something wrang, wi' Eppie; the weather's o'er weet, or o'er dry; o'er warm, or o'er cauld; she has mair lying siller than ony ane in a' the village, and yet she's aye pinging, an' pleading poverty; but I needna tell your ladyship about her." "Ay; I know the poor woman—she is rather in bad health, and that affects her temper." "Nae doubt; but an' she would look around her, she wad see mair reason for sadness, where there is cheerful resignation. There's Jamie Davidson lost his wife, an' his last bairn, this summer; ye ken he had a son killed in Egypt, an' anither in Spain; his auldest daughter died last year in a decline. He hasna ane now to care for him; but naebody ever hears him complain; he says it is the hand of the Almighty, an' it's his duty to submit without murmuring."

Leaving this happy family, they entered a house of superior external appearance—it was Widow Millar's; the kitchen was large, but seemed in less order than that they had just left; the widow also appeared more slovenly, and less clean in her dress, than Marion. "How do you do to-day, Elspa?" said Mrs Graham; "we have just made free to call as we passed." "I'm surely obliged to your leddyship, though my house is no in order for taking in gentry." "O, make no apology, Elspa; you are a thrifty house-wife, and always busy; I am glad to see you look so well." "Ah! weel—I'm very poorly; but ye canna sit down there; come this way, leddies." She led the way to a room, which wanted only a little more attention to cleanliness to have been neat and comfortable; but the owner's bustling thrift, and want of order, were visible all around. "You say you are poorly, Elspa, but indeed you look well." "I'm no just bed-fast, but

mony ane wad gang to their bed wi' less ailing them." "What is the matter?" "Thae base rheumaticks—first in ae shoulder, then in anither; wi' them, an' ither ailments, I've hardly a day to do weel; an' this filthy weather gies them aye anither eik." "O we have fine weather now, Elspa." "Ou, 'deed we've a bit blink the day, but you'll find it naething but a weather-ga'. I'm sure we've had near an owk o' weather to make ony heart sair; the wind an' the weet have done muckle skaith to the country; an' I cou'dna tell my loss: my stowks blawn down; ripe corn shaken, and the green a' laid, an' blawn in swirls, that there will never be a pleasant handfu' gotten o't—that land's a' fash, an' nae profit! I wish Saunders Meldrum had gotten't, when he went wheedling to the laird about it; just because he heard me say I wasna to keep it, ran an' told the laird. It was a shabby thing to seek a woman's land o'er her head, an' a widow forby; but I'se keep it, an' it were for nae ither thing than to vex him; for I'm sure it needsna be either the pleasure or profit." "You must have a good crop this season; and I observed your cows as we passed; they are in good condition; you must have a rich dairy." "Dairy! butter's sae cheap its hardly worth the kirning; an' cheese is at hauf naething; there's naething to be made o' milkness now. An' you crack about a fine crop—I could let you see scaups into the field, whare the corn will no gang o'er the heuk; but we needna care; for an' this blashy weather haud, the stuff will be rotten in the stowk, an' the standing corn will get sae free, that it will toom frae the strae in the very handling." "O we shall have settled weather now; the barometer is rising daily." "Barometer! what's that?" "The weather-glass—you will know it better by that name." "I wad trust to my ain corny-taes afore ony weather-glass in the country; mair nor that, there was a brough about the moon yestreen, an' the midges dancing in the sun this morning." "How many children have you at home with you just now?" "Childer! my youngest bairn's as muckle as mysel'—I've just Tam and Meg; Tam's a wright, ye ken, an' works the bit land atween hands. Wisht, ye skellachin' thing!" cried she, to a canary in a cage hanging by the window. "That's ane o' Meg's maggots; she insists that it's company to me when she's out—poor company indeed! aye lilting an' singing: there's little singing in my head; an' forby, there's aye a groat flung awa' now an' then, for seed to't; but I've sma' comfort o' my bairns; they're no ane o' them thrifty! Tam gie's a' the spales he makes to some auld wives; we can hardly get sae mony as kindle our ain ingle; an' Meg wad hunger the twa swine in the stye, rather than the widows an' their bairns su'd want whey an' kirnmilk. I tell them baith I'm a widow too." "Ay, but you know you are rich." "Ah, rich! an' thir times haud, I'll soon be at beggary. Wi' cess, an' press, an' taxes, the country's no worth living in. There was just yestreen, I paid sax white shillings for a pair o' shoon—I've had mony better for hauf-a-crown—an' a' ither thing sic like;—indeed I think the warld's degenerating; an' either the nowts'-skins is thinner now, or the tanners canna make leather; but I needna care, I've near done wi' the warld." "Come, let us see your garden, Elspa." "Garden! you may say't! ca't a kail-yard, mem; an' it disna deserve the name o' that. It was spoiled in the labouring; Tam was hurried wi' a bridegroom's furniture making, an' the pleughhadding, sae he got that wierdless body John Wright, wha paidlet for nearly an owk in't, and a poor job he's made o't! he wasna worth his meat, let abee wages. Indeed I dinna like to set my foot in't; for the potatoes are a' scabbit; the cabbages are just like ferns, wi' the kailworm; the carrots are a' rotten; an' the very ingans are naething but a parcel o' lang craigs." They, however, proceeded to the garden, where Clementina said, "Here are fine flowers; you did not tell us of them, Elspa." "Flowers! Tam an' Meg's nonsense! a gude kail-stock wad be worth them a'; they're for naething but pleasing the e'e—nae ither gude either for beast or bodie." "But your cabbages are good, and very little spoiled." "Ah, gude! I've seen cabbages as heavy's three o'

them; but we've nae simmer now to what I've seen, whan the owsen-pleugh was in the yoke at the bear-seed by the time that the sun appeared in the lift, an' the sweat drapping aff baith man an' beast before they had three times turned round the rig. Ay, there was some heat in the sun in thae days, whan a man, after sawing a butt o' bear, wad ha'e lien down to take a sleep at the rig-end, an' seen the blobs o' dew standing on the brier whan he waukened—we've naething like that now; just blinks o' sunshine an' blashes o' weet—nae steady simmer weather." "I should be much inclined to think there was some mistake there; we have had a very fine summer just now, and I think, Elspa, your want of good health has affected your temper, and soured your mind at the world more than it ought to be: you have a moderate share of this world's goods, your son and daughter beside you for company and conveniency, and ought to live very comfortably." "Ah, mem! my comfort's awa' langsyne; I lost my husband in the prime o' life, just when we were beginning to do weel in the warld. I've now lived fifteen years a lonely an' negleckit widow, that's enough to sour ony ane's temper; an' now auld age is creeping on—what comfort can I have? It's easy for them wha ha'e never been tried to crack about contentment. My sun has been o'er lang clouded for me ever again to beek in his beams." "I am really sorry to see you so discontented, and must again repeat, that you have many mercies for which to be thankful; and murmuring for what is taken away, without seeing the value of what is still left, is ingratitude to Providence." "There's o'er meikle awa', an' o'er little left, that I care for; I maun submit to Providence, because I canna help mysel'; an' I believe it's my duty—but it's no an easy task! I'm only five-an'-fifty come Hallowe'en, an' no a day's gude health. There's Tib Tamson, mair than threescore, an' as hale an' hearty as she were na hauf the age; an' what's mair, she's to be married to her third husband neist owk—an' my first bridal-bed will be a cauld hole in the kirk-yard. Oh, willawins! it's a weary warld." "And yet you would not like to leave it just now," said Mrs Graham, smiling. "Ah, mem! your'e sair mista'en; I wish for death ilka day I rise." "Ay, but it is only in the spirit of fretfulness and disappointment, not with either the hope or the resignation of a Christian. I am truly sorry to speak thus to you, Elspa, but I find the irritation of your mind still growing upon you, and prompting you to speak with contempt of the signal blessings you enjoy. I have, before now, spoken plainly, and at length, upon the true source of comfort to the afflicted, and shall only at present say, seek it in your Bible. I wish to be your sincere friend, otherwise I would not take this freedom." "Ay, mem, I've been obliged to you for meikle gude advice—it's easier to gi'e't than to follow't, especially wi' them wha ha'e sae meikle scripture at the neb o' their tongue—but your ladyship's very kind indeed." There was an air of impatience and mortified pride in the tone with which this was delivered, plainly indicating that the widow thought herself affronted before strangers; and she seemed pleased at their departure.

Passing forward, Mrs Graham said, "We must now see Susan Blair:" and they entered a neat cottage, with a large bush of honeysuckle festooning the window. They found themselves in a large room, and their attention was arrested by about a score of girls, from six to twelve years of age, seated round the room on forms; some knitting, others sewing, and a proportion learning their lessons in the Old and New Testament. The whole arose, and made a silent curtsy, on the entrance of the visitors. Close by a window, in a corner of the room, was a low couch, raised slightly above the floor, on which sat Susan Blair, apparently under thirty years of age; while three girls stood by her side, repeating their lesson. "Go on," said Mrs Graham. A woman now rose from her spinning-wheel, and handed chairs to the ladies. While the girls were repeating their lessons, the strangers were contemplating the features and appearance of Susan. She seemed to be of small stature, and sat on her bed suported by pillows; her head was covered with a clean linen cap, and

she was dressed in a printed cotton wrapper; there was a delicate glow on her cheek, more fine than ever tinged the peach-blossom; and the snowy whiteness by which it was surrounded, seemed to emulate the pure linen cap we have mentioned; her slender fingers were spread on a book, which lay on her lap; her hand not less white than her face and neck; and the strangers agreed, that they had never seen a finer skin, or more delicate complexion, on animated nature. There was a striking expression in her features; but they indicated good nature and cheerful serenity of mind; her bright and humid eye seemed to swim in liquid light; and when she spoke, her voice was clear, soft, and musical.

When the girls had concluded their lesson, Mrs Graham and her daughter went up and shook hands with Susan, making kindly inquiries about her health; after which, they went round among the pupils, speaking to each, inspecting their work, asking a few questions, smiling and patting their heads; while they appeared proud of their approbation. It being now the noon-tide hour, when

> Toil remitting, lent its turn to play,

the tiny throng were dismissed, each making a respectful curtsy, and every eye casting a glance of filial regard as they went out. "I find you always contented and cheerful, Susan," said Mrs Graham. "Why should I not?" replied the invalid. "I should be ungrateful both to God and man not to be so—for I have many mercies and many friends." "Do you not weary, confined to that couch?" "Not now: I have been so long out of the busy world, that although it were possible, I have no wish again to enter it." "How long is it since you were out of doors?" "Twenty-two years, ma'am." "And has the time appeared short or long to you?" "My debility came on when I was just, as it were, entering on the world of pleasure, and I own it had many charms for me—the young men said I had a fine face, flattered, and courted me; I think, had I kept in health, I should have been a vain, giddy coquette; but I have been saved from that folly. During the first year of my confinement, I wearied and fretted more than I have done for twenty years past: about the end of that time, I became ill in my health; this made me begin to reflect, that I had repined too much for the debility of my limbs, and that Providence might inflict greater sufferings on me; I became resigned; my health improved, and I have scarcely ever been sick, or felt pain since." "You are certainly blessed with a cheerful disposition." "I soon discovered that fretting and discontent would only add to my distress; but I hope I have long ago learned a nobler motive for patience and resignation—yet it is good for me that I have been afflicted; and I think myself warranted in saying, that I enjoy more real happiness, and have fewer anxious thoughts, than many who have the full use of all their bodily faculties, and are possessed of much worldly wealth; I have not only the necessaries, but also many of the comforts of life. The birks that cluster round us smell sweetly in the morning, and I hear the birds singing in their branches. Look, Miss Clemy, at your geranium and China-rose in the window—how beautiful they are! when my eyes rest upon them, I first think of you, and then of that bountiful Providence which has spread a plentiful table for me in the wilderness, and raised up so many kind friends to support and cheer me on my journey. I could not tell whether the bairnies like you, Mrs Graham, or me best, but I'm sure they're fond of both; and there are some now in their own houses, who learned to spell with me, and have not yet forgot me; my heart warms when they come to see me: then there are the kind visits of the minister, and two or three of his elders, who take delight in speaking of that home to which we are all hastening;—and, last and best, I have my Bible filled with the promises of Him who cannot lie.

> The troubles that afflict the just
> In number many be;
> But yet, at length, out of them all
> The Lord shall set him free."

They now took leave of Susan and her sister; and when fairly out of doors, Miss Vellum said, "I am

puzzled and astonished; what may be Susan's age?" "What would you suppose, now?" "Why, I thought her in the bloom of youth; perhaps about twenty-five; but she talks in a way that confounds me, and I should be inclined not to believe her, did we not know that she could be detected; but is it possible that she can have been so long confined, and a woman before she was taken ill?" "Yes, quite true; she is now upwards of forty."

Miss Vellum was about to reply, but they entered another cottage, and found the family at dinner. "I beg pardon, George, for disturbing you just now; but I could not pass without seeing Mary," said Mrs Graham. "Oh, dinna make ony apology, my lady; for it wad ha'e been a sair disappointment to us a', had you gaen past our door." The family consisted of George Black, his wife, three sons, and as many daughters, all seated around a table, on which was a dish of mashed potatoes, with oaten cakes, and a large basin of milk. The mother was about to set seats for them, when Clementina said, "Sit still; we will find chairs;" and they all sat down. On looking at Mary, the eldest daughter, they observed she was blind; but when dinner was finished, she came and held out her hand, first to Mrs Graham, and then to Clementina, talking with great ease and cheerfulness. "How are you getting on now?" said Mrs Graham, to George. "Wonderfu' weel, ma'am! we're getting richer ilka day; an' I'm hopefu' anither towmont will put us out o' debt, an' syne we'll begin to gather gear." "I am happy to hear you say so; you have had a hard struggle." "Ay; but the back's aye made meet for the burden; there's a pleasure in fighting through a puddle, when ane sees a clean road at the end o't. I kent, if we a' keepit health, and that the bairnies were up a wee, they wa'd help us, an' our load wad grow lighter ilka day. The gudewife, there, was like to tyne heart, whan first ae cow died, an' syne anither ane after that. Your ladyship will maybe mind o' our horse being stown—thretty pounds lost in a towmont was a sair back-ca' to a poor man. But Mary, the dear lassie, though she didna see the light o' day, aye said that Providence wad provide; an' to keep up our hearts, sang like a laverock in a May morning. My courage never failed, till they came to poind me for that cautionary bill, that I had nae business wi'; an' I paid for my folly. I believe there's few bairns gi'en gryter proofs of affection than Jamie did at that time, though it gae us a' sair hearts; ye ken he took on for a substitute in the militia, just for the meikle bounty, an' paid my debt wi't; but the thought o' him being a soger was like to brak his mither's heart: how-an'-a'-be, your ladyship got him made a sergeant; the callan was sober an' thrifty, an' saved siller ere he was discharged, an' I'm happy to tell your ladyship, he's to to be buikit on Saturday wi' Lizzie Johnston, as feckfu' a lass as is in a' the parish." "I am glad of this, as Lizzie is an old servant of mine, and I do believe will make a prudent, thrifty wife. James, you must ask us all to the wedding, and it shall be no additional expence to you." "I winna mind expence, ma'am, if you'll honour us with your presence." "Ay, all here will come, and Mr Graham too." "An' that will be the proudest an' the happiest day my bairn ever saw," said the mother. "Your younger children are at school, I suppose?" "They've gotten a' the schoolin' they'll get frae me; they can a' write an' count, an' read the Bible, better than I can do; they're working now, and meikle ha'e they won sin' spring; the neeps, hay, an' lint pu'ing, has na left them a day idle; an' now they're a' shearing, either at hame, or out threaving. Pate an' Bell are baith gaun to service at the term, an' the youngsters maun puddle on an' help their mither. I needna tell you how Mary's employed; she's aye thrifty, an' aye cheery; she wins mair siller than you wad think." "It gives me sincere pleasure to hear such accounts of your family, and to see you so contented." "Whan I was at the school, I got twa copy-lines, which I've aye minded, my lady—'Provide for the worst; but hope for the best:' an' 'Contentment is better than riches.'" "Both good

maxims, George—but we must not detain you longer at present, we shall see you at the wedding; but I must visit the bride before that time." "We have not time for any more calls to-day," said Mrs Graham, after they were out; "but tell me, ladies, how you like Susan Blair?" "Oh! we are delighted with her," cried both. "Such beauty, both of mind and person; such hope, and pious resignation." "In early life she was reckoned a beauty, fond of dress and admiration; you see what she now is. I may add, that she is fond of such religious authors as address themselves to the feelings; but they have produced a salutary effect on her mind, which is never querulous, but always possesses that cheerful screnity which you have seen. Her sister is her only assistant and companion; but she has the sympathy of the public, and is generally respected. Margaret, the widow whom we first visited, is a woman of far superior mind, and has, in my opinion, been more severely tried; she lost her husband and a son both by violent deaths; of seven children, only one daughter now remains; but if we can judge the heart of another, she has come forth purified from the furnace; although under bodily affliction, she endures it patiently, looking forward, with well-founded hope, to a better inheritance. Far different from either of these is Elspa Millar. She has met nothing beyond the common vicissitudes of life; but her sordid and grovelling disposition cannot look beyond the present world; and even here, hardly at more than the present time. Although not in poverty, and enjoying good health, her heart is ever discontented, and her tongue always complaining; she is also prone to envy, and evil-speaking. Religion is with her merely a form, having no influence either on her mind or heart; and although I conceive it my duty to call on her, I acknowledge very little satisfaction accrues to either of us from our interviews.

"Thus, my dear friends, have we seen a few characters in a Scottish village; and I trust Miss Vellum will own, that, in the words of her oracle, Crabbe, I have shewn

> the humble cot,
> As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

"We have heard the widow and the daughter of affliction express their gratitude to God and to good neighbours; and we have heard them speak of a peace which the world cannot give, nor take away; we have seen the bronzed cheek of labour glow, and his eye brighten, in the anticipation of better times; we have seen paternal love and filial regard; and only in one instance an unhappy, discontented mind; but not one child of real 'want, and wretchedness, and woe!' At James Black's wedding, I hope you will be compelled to own, that all our swains are not uncivilized boors, nor all our rural maidens slatterns and hoydens. And you, Mrs Jonquil, when you recollect Elspa Millar, will own that the country is not an Eden of perfect felicity."

Both ladies acknowledged they had spoken too rashly; warmly thanking their friends for the pleasure they had enjoyed, and the information they had acquired in this excursion.

The Vagrants.

YE who recline on sofa or on chair,
Supine and idle, having nought to do;
If chance no gouty member seeks your care,
Nor deep brown study more engageth you;
Take up my rhymes, and read one line or two,
And, if they please you, read a little more;
If not, you cannot have great cause to rue,
Since then you know what you knew not before;
Tell, then, your neighbour so—*the rhyme is quite a bore!*

Oft have I chanced, with studious look, to spy,
At country fair, and eke in borough town,
A man and woman, with their little fry,

That humbly wander'd life's low vale adown:
In sooth, they were not held in small renown,
Albeit they could not boast of money bags;
For if their purse contain'd but half-a-crown,
And if their backs were cover'd, though with rags,
They car'd for nothing more—these philosophic wags.

The luckless husband was most sadly shent,
For he had been in battle's bickering fray;
And now, unfit to march in regiment,
He was disbanded from the ranks away,
Withouten aught of pension or of pay;
Nathless his country owed him for his blood;
One only eye did look upon the day,
And only on one living leg he stood—
For why? the other limb was made of beechen wood.

Yet he was fit for trade of many a kind,
And oft along the busy streets was seen,
Yshouting "Scizzors, ho! and knives to grind,"
The while he trundled on his huge machine:
And he did make the weapons sharp and clean,
While rasping them upon the whirling stone,
By which your gums with spittle fill'd had been,
While showers of fire around the grinder shone,
Until he laid the steel upon a smoother hone.

At times this office would he casten by,
And somewhat nobler occupation reach;
New Almanacks at Christmas would he cry,
Whose pages many a coming wonder teach:
And now he vended *last and dying speech*
Of malefactor hung on gallows tree;
Wherein the luckless wretch was made to preach,
That people all, of high and low degree,
Should timeous warning take, and honest lieges be.

His loving mate yclad in mantle red,
Of different kinds—some nappy and some bare;
And darn'd, I ween, with many a colour'd thread,
Which deftly show'd her needle's busy care:
Ane old straw bonnet she was proud to wear;
Her face was much imbrown'd with summer's heat;
In elfin tresses curl'd her raven hair;
And, though her apron was both clean and neat
She was withouten shoon or sandals to her feet.

Ane creeking basket on her arm she bore,
Fill'd with the potter's cunning work of clay,
With which she nimbly sped from door to door,
Their shining gilt and pictures to display:
Cups, saucers, plates, and jugs, in fair array,
All which the housewives with much longing saw,
When she did hold them to the light of day,
First wiping off the dingy dust with straw,
Then rang them with her thumb, to show they had no flaw.

And she would sell, for shirt or napkin worn,
Or aught of linen rags cast by and old,
Such things as would the mantel-piece adorn,
Or mote the tea or sugar aptly hold;
Or jug for ale, with Wellington so bold,
Most cunningly depainted thereupon,
Or, *present for my nephew* mote be sold,
Whene'er he did his lesson nimbly con:—
Thus did the vagrant change for rags, her ware of stone.

Full well they knew, through all the country round
What time were holden races, tryst, and fair,
And with much joyance to the merry ground,
Would they, with others of their kind, repair,
Where busy chapmen vend their little ware,
And ballad-minstrel bawls the noisy song,
And Maister Punch displays his wonders rare,
And gaping children thread the tawdry throng
The penny rich to spend—ykept in purse too long.

There buxom lasses, trigg'd in kirtles gay,
Are seen in bevies, smirking, arm in arm,
The clean-wash'd face and ribbon to display,
Which mote the swain's delighted bosom charm;
Some taste the tapster's glass, to keep them warm,
Some get ane lapful of confections nice,

And others hurry through the pressing swarm,
To buy them gowns and combs of quaint device,
And much they love the gear, but sorely grudge the price.

There, too, the vagrant at his trade was seen,
Amid ane jolly and obstreperous crew,
Yplacing wooden pins upon the green
(Temptation great to younkling gambler's view)
At which the lads ane oaken bludgeon threw,
Or else ane ball, with cunning effort, roll'd;
And as the pins fell down, the payment due,
Of gingerbread in cakes, was fairly told;
And thus the game went on, till all the cakes were sold.

Sometimes the Wheel of Fortune he would guard;
Ane painted board with dingy ha'pence crown'd,
Most like unto the sailor's compass card,
With needle, too, that spun the fateful round:—
"Come, try your luck! a penny or a pound,
Ne'er did faint heart a lovely lady win"—
He cries; and soon the adventurers abound,
The cash deposit, and the needle spin,
Whose pausing point they mark with many a growl and grin.

His wife, meantime, to cheer the list'ning crowd,
(Whose mass with creeping foot she moves among),
With gaping mouth, and tongue ybawling loud,
Doth tune the measure of ane rustic song;
And while she passen through the idlesse throng,
Holding her ballads forth for swain to buy,
Her little imps she beareth all along,—
To help her music one doth, squalling, try—
One sleepeth on her back—one at her side doth cry!

At night, when topers sally from the tent,
And brawl and bicker in their maudlin fray,
The jolly vagrants to their shelter went,
And summ'd the gather'd earnings of the day;
Right glad and merry o'er their jubbs were they,
The which, in dainty mouthfuls, they would quaff,
Their brats, meantime, would round about them play,
And munch their crust, and, in their fulness, laugh,
Then ligge in nook obscure, and sleep among the chaff.

Sad plight, I ween! but such as they have borne
Throughout their lives in this sojourn below,—
To squat together 'mong vile straw till morn,
And nowthir counterpane nor blanket know;
Then all day long to journey to and fro,
Until their little feet are gall'd and sore;
And then their legs across the ass they throw,
One o'er the rump—one o'er the neck before,—
And one in pannier stuff'd, among much other store!

In barn, or bothie, or in miller's kiln,
Famed as a houff for their poor pedigree,
Or farmer's ha' sometimes at night they fill,
And pass the time in merriment and glee,
With legends old, some marvellous that be,
With songs befitting well the pipe and glass,
With telling fortunes, which on cards they see,
Meantime most careful what shall come to pass—
Ane lover rich and rare to every buxom lass.

Betimes their urchins, as in years they grew,
The parent's age from grievous burden freed,
Though in the world 'twas little that they knew,
Ne having learnt to spell, much less to read;
Untutor'd also in the Christian creed,
They found them names, though 'twas not at the fount;
In moral garden each ane sorry weed,
Untaught to turn their lives to wise account,
And so it fared with them—dishonour was th' amount.

Their first-born, Walter, (oftener *Wattie* hight,)
Was taught his father's art of grinding knives;
Eftsoons he left such mean, but honest plight,
And join'd some secret horde of lawless lives;

Drones were they all within the public hive,
Whose talk and knowledge were base art and slang;
Whose heads in pillory, and feet in gyves,
And swinging bodies oft in chains did hang,—
Ah! God forfend ilk man from such a worthless gang!

In soldier's coat and cap, their second son
Was finely dight, and march'd to regions far,
To push the bay'net, and to fire the gun,
Or hurl the gaping cannon on its car;
But soon he languish'd in the toils of war,
Forsook his post, and cowardly ran off;
But being known full well by certain scar,
He was secur'd, and forced, perdie, to doff
His coat to cruel lash, amid his comrades' scoff.

Bess was the third-born of this vagrant fry;
Fair, though she frown'd, but lovely when she smil'd;
She had a cunning witchcraft in her eye,
Which moy'd the heart with glances keen and wild:
But, ah! [illegible] lovely lass was soon beguil'd—
Herself the mother of ane dainty boy;
And she did walk the country with her child,
By palmistry portending others' joy,
While care, and want, and grief, her comfort did destroy!

Some other imps sprung from the vagrant pair:
As *Rob*, with bludder lip and scarlet nose;
And *Tam*, with head ycrown'd with ruddy hair;
And *Jock*, with eyne and cheeks all blue with blows.
These, in succession, up to manhood rose,
And raked the world in search of daily food;
As for their occupation, I suppose
'Twas of a kind by secrets understood;
But whatsoe'er it was—it savour'd not of good.

To ken their fate the veil we dare not draw,
Though well I guess what chances may befal:
Some throttled by the villains of the law,
And led, in dolorous plight, to justice-hall;
Therein arraign'd for noisy midnight brawl,
Or pilfering coin from lieges' careless pouch;
While they, beholding judges, clerks, and all,
And sullen watchmen, who the deeds can vouch—
They stoopen low their heads into ane humble slouch:

And one is sent to Bridewell's dreary cell
To work the mill (the lazy miscreant's dread);
He for a certain season there must dwell,
On bread and water daily to be fed:
And one through pillory shows his grining head,
The while the mob him hail with muddy slime;
And, peradventure, one is doom'd to tread
The lonely ground beneath a foreign clime,
Exil'd from native land, to expiate his crime.

Ah, me! how luckless is the vagrant's fate,
Doom'd to ane life of penury and cold!
Ne can they boast of lordly high estate,
Albeit their pedigree is staunch and old;
Shreds, they are call'd, of true Egyptian mould,
Or of the ancient minstrels of our land,
Who harp'd the deeds of barons bravo and bold,
And loves of ladies touch'd by magic wand:—
Alak! those witching scenes are banish'd from our strand!

I might have writ a tale of fancied good
With much old learning setting forth of truth;
But I was not in such didactic mood,
Nor do I love great tomes of prose—good sooth.
Yet, though my verse is rugged and uncouth,
And somewhat savours of ane bygone age,
Both eyes of spectacles, and eyes of youth,
May see some things that shall their hearts engage:—
So here my rhyme is done: so also is this page.

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. V.

Serjant M'Intyre. "Stan' still there, *Shon Ross*, just now, I say. Ye look sae meikle at that lasses on yere left han' there, ye tinna heed te fugle ava. O Shon, Shon, ye just stan' like a *kye*."

Shon Ross. "Ye just stan' like a kye yoursel', Sir." *Highland Colloquy.*

MR EDITOR,

LIKE an itinerant preacher beating up for a congregation on the skirts of this vasty metropolis, have I chosen a text, and, like unto him, do I humbly intend sticking thereto, or wandering therefrom, just as the mental maggot may happen to bite. Let me, therefore, entreat you, my good Sir, to muster a little patience, and follow me with becoming gravity. "Tramp on a snail," quoth my grandmother, "and it will show its horns," is an expression that may be ranked amongst the wittiest sayings of that witty wife. Every member of what we call the brute creation seems to be imbued, more or less, with the spirit of resistance, and our own species naturally and necessarily inheriteth a double portion thereof, because we have two assailants to deal with, he that waggeth his tongue, and he that waggeth his fist. In ancient times, this unhappy island was much distracted by the adverse spirits of aggression and resistance, whose acts and deeds are bewailed, reprobated, and extolled, according to their respective merits, by every faithful historian; and notwithstanding opposing claims, hostile feelings, and wrangling interests, have long since wriggled themselves into a kind of brotherly amalgam, the harsh features of olden animosity are still perceptible.

Of a truth, we are, to use a revolutionary phrase, become one and indivisible, so far as kindred ties and friendly intercourse are capable of cementing us; but were it not for the rods, bridles, and strait-jackets prepared by our worthy legislators to curb the unruly, I am clearly of opinion, that, in process of time, every man's hand would be lifted against his fellow—Hampshire *Hogg* versus Wiltshire *Moonraker*. That the embers of ancient discord are still alive is a lamentable fact, and no reasonable man can deny it who possesseth a list of the provoking bye-names that towns, counties, parishes, and even villages, have bestowed on each other, though it must be confessed, that the taunting epithets hurled at their adversaries, by townsmen and others, when warring with their tongues, have also been used to stimulate conviviality; an instance of which occurred at a Galloway wedding, where I had the honour of officiating in the right honourable capacity of *bride's best man*. Our gallant bridegroom being a Nithsdale youth, brought with him the goodliest company of hearty carls, jocose dames, clever lads, and weel-faured lasses, that ever sat down to a wedding feast, all panting for merriment; and the bride's party, equally numerous and respectable, were also in prime condition; so that, when dinner was over, bethanked said, and queghs o' comfort freely circling about, no tongue can express the hilarity that abounded. To such a height did it arise, that *Hughie Bell*, the bride's paternal uncle, actually proposed to toast the welfare of all present by their parish titles; and what is most surprising, the extraordinary proposal was received with acclamation. Every wedding-guest filled his cup to the brim, minister and elder, clerk and beddles, farmer, fiddler, and serving-man—even the herd callans were smitten with Hughie's whim; and having elevated their vessels, charged with toddy, the best that ever wet my lips, the following toasts were given, received, and drank with the liveliest enthusiasm, *videlicet*:—The *Boddies* o' Buittle,—the *Beltywhangs* o' Kirkgunzeon,—the *Shearney* Tails o' Lochrutton,—the *Houghlers* o' Kirkmahoe,—the Closeburn *Gentlemen*, and sundry others of equal celebrity, that somehow or other have slipt from my memory. The convivials having acquitted themselves with great spirit,

and abundance of good humour, proceeded to choose partners, and foot the floor, just as our most excellent pastor, whose watchful eye was never off his flock, beckoned Roger M'Morine, the session-clerk, into his presence, and thus accosted him:—"There's a wheen bonnets i' the neuk there, huddled thegither in a manner that I dinna just like. See how the auld men shake their heads, and the youngsters rowe their neives. Depend on't the wolf's no far aff. Step cannalie awa' to the lee side o' them, Roger, and bring me word what's asteer."

Our worthy clerk proceeded on his mission,—communed with the disaffected,—returned with celerity,—and made a report that alarmed his venerable superior, and every peaceably-inclined man within hearing.

Not a moment was to be lost. The Reverend Gentleman mounted a stool without delay, motioned with his hand to procure silence, and spoke as follows:—"Men and Brethren, We ha'e just now been tooming our vessels to the prosperity o' certain parishes most honourably represented in this very respectable assembly, and owing to a flaw in his memory, it appears that our friend Hughie has unwittingly miskipped the *Parton* folk a'thegither. I say unwittingly, because ye may be weel assured that nane o' us wou'd willingly offend a beggar's bairn belanging to the parish. Now, be advised by me. Let every man fill his quegh, and we'll endeavour to mak' amends for bygane neglect."

Having made an end of speaking, his reverence jumped down, and Hughie Bell mounted the rostrum, bonnet in hand; but it pains me to say, that I cannot furnish a verbatim transcript of his humorous apology, and am therefore under the necessity of stating, in a general way, that it was well received. Having cleansed himself from all blame most completely, and blithened every individual face, Hughie lifted up his guegh, waved his bonnet, and distinctly gave, in a clear, audible tone of voice,—the *Sheep Thieves* o' Parton—a toast that was drank with the most rapturous applause I ever listened to, and pacified the Partonian ire most effectually. But in many instances, the touching of an old sore hath had a very different effect, which plainly shows, that ancient feud is not altogether extinguished, and only requires a little fanning.

I shall quote one instance, by way of sample, that fell under my own observation, because matter-of-fact is far more satisfactory than speculative reasoning. Many years ago, when the deponent felt more inclined to hunt the gowk than pursue useful studies, it came to pass, that *Johnny Dougan*, a Kirkmahoe lad, fell in love wi' *Jenny Spence*, a Troqueer lass, and, in process of time, Troqueer Jenny and Kirkmahoe Jock were happily united. Now, it so happens, that ever since my baptism, ranting kirns and blithsome bridals, particularly the latter, have afforded my visual and other senses more gratification than either house-heatings or Bonspeil dinners; consequently Jenny's invitation was most thankfully accepted. In sketching a likeness of what occurred, I shall make the whole bridal ceremony a *passover*, because it is foreign to our subject, and content myself with assuring Mr Editor, and Messrs every body else, that the wedding folk sat down to a magnificent entertainment, consisting of baked, boiled, and roasted, in the highest perfection, and continued to kemp with their teeth in perfect harmony, until that glib-gabbed, ill-contrived rogue, *Jamie Flichan*, the Maxwelltown barber, fastened his eyes on certain gentlemen of the bridegroom's party, and said with a wicked wink, that gave point to his gibe, "Bear a hand there, you Kirkmahoe folk, and eat heartily, I beseech ye. It's lang since ye saw flesh meat;" alluding to the leap-year *mart* slain by the Houghlers of other years for their mutual benefit. Jamie's ill-timed admonition exasperated *Simeon Brodie*, portioner of Kirkmahoe, to such a degree, that he seized a whole hind quarter of wedder-mutton, smoaking hot, by the spauld, and fell upon Mr Flichan with inconceivable fury, whilst the barber endeavoured to defend himself with a singit sheep's head, that he held by the lower jaw; but the hilts of their respective weapons giving way, the belligerents, strong and resolute, collared each other across

the table, and the scene of devastation that ensued was truly lamentable: pies, puddings, and joints of various animals were dismounted in a moment, and sheep-head kail became dish-water; God grant that I may never again witness the like! It was my intention, Mr Editor, to have sent you an essay on local discord, embellished with a full, true, and particular account of some well-authenticated squabble or other; but my ideas have become so very skittish of late, that I really cannot muster above a dozen of them on the parade; consequently the fond notion of trying my hand as an essayist must be laid aside for the present.

Please receive a small manuscript, picked up this morning by our Sally in the kitchen area, wrapped in an old newspaper, and addressed, as usual, "To Samuel Killigrew, Esq. &c. &c. &c." This, you will say, is a novel mode of administering relief to a fellow creature; and so said I; but greater was my astonishment on discovering that the manuscript in question actually contained a full, true, and particular account of the identical squabble I had singled out to embellish my intended essay on local discord. On carefully perusing the lucubration, I am clearly of opinion, that my anonymous benefactor was present, and witnessed the brulziement from first to last, because he writes so very perspicuously, and decribes what ensued on "the first of *my* fields," with the precision of an intelligent eye-witness; of his fidelity there can be no doubt, because, Mr Editor, be it known unto you, that *I was in the action*, and am perfectly ready to vouch for the accuracy of our friend's very creditable sketch. In the humble hope that these presents will be graciously received, I beg leave to continue,

My dear Sir,
Very truly yours,
SAMUEL KILLIGREW.

London, 1823.

The Battle of Benbarroch.

"Wives wha were bauld, did flyte and scauld,
Like beldames up and down, man;
Some in their arms their husbands hauld,
Till they gat owre the crown, man;

Ahint peat-stacks, an' auld dyke backs,
Some sculked, fy for shame, man,
Whilst ithers soundly gat their whacks—
They'd better staid at hame, man."

The village of *Electbiggin* is principally inhabited by a grave, sober-minded people, whose fathers sculked from hill to hill with Cameron and Renwick, until merciless Lag, and bloody Claverhouse, were called before a tribunal that judgeth righteously; then did the persecuted leave their hiding-places, and worship in open conventicle, none daring to make them afraid. But, in choosing sites, and laying the foundations of their respective habitations, it would appear that suspicion was not altogether lulled to rest. The old houses of Electbiggin are huddled together so very compactly, and flanked with dykes, ravines, and impenetrable thickets, in such a manner, that infantry would necessarily advance with caution, and the ground is much too [illegible] for cavalry to act. Hence the aforesaid conjecture. In a word, (an expression used by our very best critics, when about to deliver themselves of a multitude), the secret communications, or escapes, between house and house,—the narrow zig-zag footways, hedged with stubborn thorn, where a handful of resolute fellows might oppose superior force with success,—the rambling burn, whose dark, craggy, and sinuous channel, imbowered with aspen, hazel, hawthorn, and other barks, affords an indifferently safe retreat to the neighbouring uplands,—all tend to shew that our Cameronian village-builders had not cast out the spirit of jealousy. And then, when we look upon Benvarroch, an exceedingly steep and romantic knoll or hillock, around whose base they pitched their tents, we naturally conclude that a watcher was

placed thereon during divine service, in order to give an alarm, should the enemy's troopers make their appearance.

This is no idle surmise. The remains of a sod-seat, on the tip-top of that commanding eminence, may satisfy the most sceptical that such actually was the case. But ancient precaution having long since been superseded by modern confidence, the once gloomy, recluse, and hedge-begirt Electbiggin, is now a cheerful, thriving hamlet, famed for the skilfulness of its weavers, tailors, shoemakers, and coopers,—the sedateness of its old men, and the praiseworthy demeanour of its youngsters. These worthy Sectarians live on the most friendly footing with all their neighbours, the *Fairygill* folk excepted; and even unto that sneering, light-speaking people, they magnanimously gave the right hand of good fellowship, until provocation, that no mere man could endure, awoke their wrath, and caused them to avenge themselves in a summary manner. It came to pass, that *Enoch Birnie*, Professor of Vocal Music, set out from the west, and, like unto all other great men, Fame galloped before him as an outrider. On arriving at *Andrew Wilson's*, the Professor was waited upon by delegates from Electbiggin, beseeching him to open an academy in their village; and the Fairygill gentry also sent ambassadors, duly authorised, to tempt Enoch with fair promises; but that gentleman being what we call *an old stager*, very prudently abstained from making up his mind, until he saw a little farther before his nose; an extraordinary instance of self-command, that would stagger the belief of all men who experience the effects of Andrew's whisky-toddy, were it not well authenticated. Both delegates and ambassadors having spoken of present pay and free quarters as mere matters of course, Mr Birnie deemed it most advisable to ascertain the quality of their respective *munchables*, before he gave either party a final answer. For this purpose, he arose on the morrow, and set off, with a clear head and open eyes, to reconnoitre Fairygill, whose inhabitants, according to the testimony of their own representatives, were most anxious to perfect themselves in ballad-singing, though a few psalm-tunes, they observed, would not be objected to; whereas, the Electbigginites, to a man, declared for church-music alone, and that of the most solemn kind. Now, the Professor being naturally more partial to lively lilts than solemn sounds, repaired to the former village, and there, if common report may be relied on, his visuals were not idle. He inspected every dwelling with the keen, searching eye of an experienced forager, hungering after rations; and greatly delighted was he on perceiving the chimney well hung with smoaked meat, black puddings, and kippered salmon, the meal-girnals of goodly dimensions, and the beef-barrels altogether unexceptionable.

Enoch Birnie also contrived to number the singing faces in every family, and procure a most respectable list of lads and lasses, able and willing to become his pupils; so that, upon the whole, he had great cause to be satisfied, not only with the handsome offers held out for his acceptance, but also with the abundant good cheer of which he had partaken. Such was its beneficial effects, that the Professor returned to Andrew Wilson's licking his lips. Mr Birnie having sworn upon his honour, to the Fairygill folk, that he would transmit them his ultimatum in a day or two at farthest, arose, on the ensuing morrow, from Andrew's breakfast-table, and made the best of his way to Electbiggin, where he was received with open arms. No singing-master under the sun ever forgathered with less ostentatious, and more real civility. The venerable elders led Enoch from house to house, in order that he might behold, with his own eyes, the many young men and women that longed to be under his tuition, and hear with his own ears the very liberal proposals of every villager. These were their motives, and not to gratify a silly vanity in displaying their creature comforts, as evil speakers have dared to insinuate, though it must be confessed, that the sweet-smelling savour of Electbiggin flesh-pots had a wonderful effect on the tone of Mr Birnie's ultimatum. That quick-sighted gentleman perceived, at a glance, that the Came-

ronian hams were lustier, the puddings plumper, and the kippers more temptingly desirable, than those of Fairygill. He also remarked, that the meal-girnals were a full size larger, if any thing, and greatly admired the beef-barrels, because they exceeded the Fairygillonians in stature one gird and a half. Sixthly, and lastly, the Professor espied a sheep's head tottling in every kail-pot.

These vast superiorities being carefully weighed, and the number of students, male and female, applying for tuition, compared with the ballad-singing list, Mr Enoch Birnie closed with the Electbigginites that very day, without so much as stipulating for a single stave of profane song, and lifted up his voice, the ensuing evening, to a most numerous and respectable audience in the minister's barn. On Friday morning the Professor's ultimatum was published at Fairygill smithy, and in less than half an hour the whole village was in an uproar. Some felt themselves aggrieved, others highly affronted, and many threatened to belabour the Electbigginites without mercy, for depriving them of Enoch Birnie. In fifteen words, the Fairygill men were exasperated beyond measure, and their wives and daughters still more so. "De'il ride a-begging on the lang-faced britherhood," exclaimed Peg M'Clure, "and curry their hides wi' a hemp heckle. I'se warrant ye they ha'e drawn our likenesses to Mr Enoch in bonnie colours, and flung a neivefu' o' Sawney Peden's glamour i' the poor man's een. Was I a lad, as I'm a lass, and an aik stick to be met wi', for either love or money, between Maiden-Kirk and Johnny Groat's, I'd claw some o' their Cameronian crowns." But the most furious of all these enraged villagers was *Jamie Whaumler*, alias the Bull of Bashan, a fellow of vast bulk, and abundance of tongue. He saluted the powerful with pleasant words, and crowed over small folk most courageously, which procured him the aforesaid honourable appellation from all men of stinted growth; and though rumour whispered, pretty audibly, that dog-worriers, cock-fighters, and other gentlemen of the fancy, had decorated the semblance of a white feather in his tail oftener than once, Mr Whaumler's formidable appearance, and thundering volubility, failed not to daunten men of weak nerves, and induce them, on all occasions, to render unto him every title of respect due to a *rough customer*. This village chieftain inflated his stentorian bellows, and blew the coals so effectually, that every young man seized his sapling, and every young woman snapped her thumb, whilst the aged of both sexes lauded Jamie Whaumler laverock high, and all in one voice declared war against the Electbigginites. Wiser men would have preached unto these rattleheads the words of peace, and dismissed them with the good old saying, "Let sleeping dogs lie;" but such was not the case; and we are therefore under the painful necessity of recording their military operations.

At night-fall, the Bull of Bashan took his father's staff, mustered his forces, and, like unto all other doughty generals, harangued them in language that heated their noddles and inflamed their ardour. Then, with the celerity of a Hannibal, he marched to Electbiggin, and took possession of Benvarroch, without wagging a cudgel. This important position being secured, Jamie Whaumler sat down on the summit thereof, and called a council of war. The minister's barn, exclusive of being a receptacle for corn, thrashed and unthrashed, was likewise a meeting-house, where the Cameronians worshipped every Lord's day; and deeming it unsafe to attack them in their sanctuary, Jamie dispatched Brigadier General *Hunter* to annoy the enemy by every imaginable means, through the barn-wickets, and provoke him, if possible, to abandon his strong-hold; an enterprise in which that officer succeeded to his heart's content. He stole away from Benvarroch like a cautious fox, when the keckle of poultry meets his ear,—passed through Leezie Jardine's kail-yard, without being perceived,—quelled the alarm-bark of sundry collies with potatoe-scone,—and finally scaled the stack-yard dyke, cudgel in hand. The sequel of General Hunter's adventure will appear in its proper place.

Reader, whatever thy Christian name may happen to be, curious, gentle, or intelligent, into whose

hands these presents shall come, please know, that my vocabulary is altogether incapable of furnishing language suitable for the occasion, and therefore do I beseech thee to sketch unto thyself the interior of a barn, lighted up with tallow candles in the usual way; an exceedingly sedate congregation of both sexes therein assembled, chanting the *Martyrs*, with melody and devotion in their hearts; and Mr Enoch Birnie pacing to and fro on the threshing-floor, with clasped hands and elevated eyes, precenting these well-known lines:

"This is the tune the Martyrs sang
When they were going to die,
When they upon the scaffold stood,
The truth to testify."

Then conceive how violently every heart beat, and how suddenly every countenance changed, when Brigadier General Hunter bawled, with all his might, through one of the gabel wickets,

"Fy let us a' to the bridal,
There will be lilting there;
Jock's to be married to Jenny,
The lass wi' the gowden hair."

Lastly, my good fellow, spur thine adventurous fancy a little farther, and harken to the assailants ranting "Johnny's Grey Breeks," "Duncan Davison," "Awa, Whigs, awa," and other profane songs, with the most wicked and tantalizing perseverance. Enoch and his pupils felt rather queerish when the Fairygill men commenced vocal hostilities; and well they might, for neither man nor mother's son of them had so much as a wattle in his hand, nor missile of any kind to defend himself withal; which gave rise to an idle, vagabond rumour, that the Electbigginites would have remained in sanctuary, and stood on the defensive, until their enemies retired, but for the counselling of *Gideon M'Cree*. True it is, that Gideon's animated harangue caused them to seek their enemies, where haply they might be found three quarters of an hour sooner than they probably would have done, because it is a well-known fact, that Cameronian wrath is much slower in rising to the boiling point than that of any other sectarians; but still they are men, and, what is equally true, men of the like passions as ourselves. These truisms authorize me to say, that Professor Birnie's pupils would have acted as became them, had Gideon held his peace. So much for evil report.

"And who is this Gideon M'Cree," the petulant querist will be apt to exclaim, "whose persuasive tongue roused the Cameronian ire, and whose clenched fist was an overmatch for General Hunter's oak sapling?" I'll tell thee, friend, in five words and a half;—he's a first-rate weaver; and if thou wantest to know how his pulse beats as a liegeman, give ear unto me:—On a certain day, Gideon was sitting at his loom, driving his shuttle from hand to hand right merrily, when *Glenquhirn*, the Barony Miller, came in repeating an encomium to be met with in the history of *him* who dared to die "the second glorious part," which M'Cree declared was incorrectly recited, and presented the Miller with Blind Harry's life of that "ill-requited chief," to prove his assertion.

Glenquhirn turn'd o'er the leaves, and read aloud
The narrative of Falkirk's fatal fray;
How on the heath the wounded hero stood,
His spearmen round in terrible array.

How, lion-like, on Falkirk's bloody moor,
The brave *Lord Stuart* fought, and scorn'd to yield,
Till overwhelm'd by foes, in fatal hour,
He and his men were cut down on the field.

How *Graham*, a Knight to base submission deaf,
Shook havock from his brand on flank and rear,
Till coward foemen came behind the chief,
And in his bowels thrust a bloody spear.

How *Cummin* calmly sheath'd his bloodless steel,
And eyed with alien heart the battle's rage,
Then lightly turning on his treacherous heel,
Defil'd with foul reproach our history's page.

"Perdition on thy base, thy traitor soul!"
In boiling rage, exclaim'd the true M'Cree;
"Thy home, the dwelling-place of demons foul,
Thy spirit shunn'd through all eternity.

" My hate pursues thee, cursed traitor! still;
Though bloody was thine end, and black thy fall;
For oft, with secret joy, I climb the hill,
To kiss the embers* on thy castle wall."

Hence it would appear that Gideon M'Cree's a *Scotsman*. " Come alang, my lads," quo' the weaver, " and we'll hammer the rust aff them wi' our naked nieves." The whole assembly, male and female, obeyed his voice,—rushed out with abundance of courage,—and, like an overwhelming torrent, broke into the stackyard, where General Hunter and his light brigade were posted, in order to give him battle; but that officer having executed his commission, abandoned the gable wicket, sounded a retreat, and marched away in the direction of Benvarroch, pursued by the Covenanters, who opposed their broad lowland bonnets, with the skilful dexterity of veteran targemen, to the merciless whacks of their enemies' oak sticks, and with row'd nieves, humbled the pride of many a gawsy snout. But the career of these brave sectarians was checked for a season, by the ill-timed loving-kindness of their women, who rushed into the fray, regardless of personal safety, and held their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts, most affectionately, until the enemy thrashed them; a circumstance the more to be lamented, because their motives were good.

" Fight nae mair wi' the fause loons, thou sweet, sweet fallow," quo' Jenny M'Gill, as she flang her arms about Willie Curdon's neck; " be advised for ance, and come awa' wi' me to *Marion Moffat's*. I'll wash ye're bloody head wi my ain hands, and clip the bloody hair, and anoint every bruise wi' Marion's bourtree sa'—O Willie, Willie, ye're dear to yere mither, but ye're dearer to me." And in this measure did the affectionate girl hug her lover, and beseech him to desist, whilst Rab Kennedy's sapling beetled his poor defenceless scull. Thus were the Electbigginites mauled by General Hunter's light infantry, until their female auxiliaries were prevailed upon to stand neuter. The brigadier, on perceiving his enemies disengaged from every incumbrance, and marshalling themselves to fall upon him, very wisely took to his heels, and maintained a kind of running-fight until he arrived at Benvarroch, where the Bull of Bashan commanded in person. Then did the fray commence in good earnest. Gideon M'Cree, at the head of his Camcronians, charged the light brigade with irresistible fury, and carried all before him, until a reinforcement of saplineers enabled his adversaries to act offensively. These men being fresh, well-conditioned, and full of ardour, turned the tide of battle, and actually compelled Gideon to fall back a few paces, whilst the aforesaid *Bull* stood aloof, flourishing his oak stick, and animating his troops: " Lay on them lustily," quo' General Whaumler; " smash every bane i' their hides. Dinna leave them a yeuky lug to claw when they gae hame. Weel done, *Gibbie Kellock*; that nowt-stake o' thine claws their crowns most gloriously." These sayings, particularly the high encomium on Gibbie Kellock, inflamed General Hunter's ardour so violently, that he sought to make unto himself a name at Gideon M'Cree's expence; but that experienced leader turned aside the brigadier's sapling with his faithful bonnet, and smote him so effectually under the fifth rib, with his fist, that he had well nigh given up the ghost. Another whistler atween the een brought him to the ground, like a fell'd nowt; and he was ultimately taken away to Marion Moffat's, where the wounded of both parties were kindly and skilfully treated.

Marion's bourtree-salve is in great request at Lockerby, Keltonhill, and other places where cudgelling is called rare fun, and tippling a sinless infirmity. Her celebrated elf-arrow-ointment is also highly extolled; and

* *Dalswinton* Castle, a Baronial seat of the *Red Cummin*, slain at Dumfries by *Robert Bruce* and *Roger Kirkpatrick*, was destroyed, saith tradition, in a maurading excursion, by Edward Baliol. In the contributor's younger years, when a late transient proprietor grubbed up the old fortress, abundance of *embers* adhered to the ruined masses, and on clearing out a deep draw-well in the castle yard, the [illegible]nt capstan, &c. was discovered.

we would recommend "Moffat's balsam of rowantree," in all cases where witchcraft is apparent. But we are saying too much. Her knowledge of surgery and medicine requires no crutches.

When General Hunter and the Cameronian Chief were exchanging tit for tat, such was the clanking of cudgels and the sounding of sculls on Benvarroch, that the outlayer stots actually started to their feet,—the moon threw up her chamber-window,—and those ladies whom domestic business had detained at home, ran out to see what was the matter. "As I'm a living woman," quo' the cooper's wife, "thae heads are on Camcronian shouthers—I ken by the ring o' them." She listened a moment with great earnestness,—rushed into the work-shop, evidently apprised, by some secret means or other, of what was passing,—and snatched up a whole armful of hazel-gird-rungs. With these very excellent substitutes for cudgels, our heroine made the best of her way to Benvarroch, and arrived in the very nick of time to save her friends, whom the Fairygillonians had thrown into disorder; but their confusion was of short duration. Like the illustrious *Hay*, when he rallied his flying countrymen, the cooper's wife called upon her brave Electbigginites to stand firm, flew from rank to rank with astonishing celerity, and supplied every lad with a rung. Thus equipped, the gallant Covenanters faced about once more,—carried the knoll in defiance of all opposition,—and finally smote their enemies hip and thigh. So completely were they discomfited, that not a man of them hath dared to sing a profane song, in the presence of an Electbigginite, from that night even unto the date hereof. Many prisoners were made on the spot, and many more taken in the pursuit. All of them whose skins were entire, the generous Covenanters dismissed on their parole; and humanely conducted the halt and maimed to Lucky Moffat's, amongst whom the famous Bull of Bashan made a most conspicuous figure. That chieftain being felled by Gideon M'Cree, on the very crown of Benvarroch, rolled down the knowe, bellowing most hideously,—broke through the fence of Meg Muirhead's kail-yard,—and overturned no less than five bee-skeps. Exasperated beyond measure at this daring outrage, the infuriated insects fell upon Jamie Whaumler with such rancorous fury, that they actually stung his buttocks, in many places, through a pair of double-milled hodden-grey brecks; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Meg rescued him from his perilous situation, covered with contusions, and smarting most severely. But a few applications of Marion's elf-arrow-ointment cured his posteriors, and a box or two of her famous salve mastered his gird-rung ailments so very effectually, that, in the course of a few weeks, the man was enabled to go about.

Indeed we may say with perfect safety, that the whole of Mrs Moffat's patients were greatly benefited by her powerful emollients, and none more so than *Rob M'Giggles*, the fiddler, whose bow-hand was sorely mauled in the fray: but it is now so far recovered, that the lad plays every known tune admirably well, with the exception of "Cutty-mun, and tree-ladle," and that spring is rather too fidgety for his elbow. We may also observe, *en passant*, that Professor Birnie was unable to lift up his voice for three successive evenings; but, like unto all other gentlemen, who happen to be *waur frightened than hurt*, he ultimately recovered.

"The beneficial effects of this battle," say our local philosophers, "will be felt in the neighbourhood for many years to come;" and truly they speak wisely, because the ill-humour shed on Benvarroch might have vitiated the dispositions of all concerned for life, had it remained in the system. That evil blood may never more find its way into the veins of either party, is the hearty wish of every loyal parishioner!

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST.

(Continued.)

Before I left France, I paid a short visit to my friends at Moulines, and found them genteelly settled, in one of the finest climates under heaven, and in one of the most delightful spots on the surface of the earth. During the time I was there, it was the vintage-season, when the grapes were in full perfection, (what a treat does this delicious fruit afford to a stranger!) while the fragrance exhaled from the vineyards, by the mid-day sun, is sweeter than the scent wafted from the peas-bloom, after an autumnal shower, in the fields of England.

In this charming spot, with friends so pressing, and hearts so congenial, I loitered, day after day, as if loth to depart. They urged me to stop the whole of the winter; but my evil genius interfered, and I determined, after two months residence, to bid them adieu. The parting was sad, the eye tearful; and for many days after I left them, I felt a load upon my spirits, which at first produced lowness, and afterwards sunk into melancholy. I felt, also, or thought I felt, a *presentiment* that some evil was about to befal me; my days of pleasure appeared to have all vanished, and I became unhappy.

It was in the beginning of November, when I went on board the Rover, lying in Havre-de-Grace, bound for Leith, in Scotland, Captain Martin commander. Among the passengers, consisting of four ladies and seven gentlemen, was a lady of *rank*, of an ancient family in Yorkshire, the honourable Miss Jemima P——, who being in possession of a large dowry, with an immense stock of pride, was single, having never once been solicited to enter into the holy state of matrimony; and yet her blood was as free from stain as the limpid stream which winds its way from the mountain, and her line of descent had never once been crossed by a single being of the plebeian race, from time immemorial. This antiquated branch of the heraldic tree of an honourable house, had now seen forty summers, had hair of a jet black hue, large eyes, high cheek-bones, a peaked chin, and a skin of the colour of a sun-tanned gipsey; and yet, on account of her high birth, this homely lady held herself to be as superior to the other three younger maidens, as gold is more valuable than dross, or Madeira more excellent than the polluted water of a filthy kennel. Miss Brown was from the wolds of Lincolnshire, young, and handsome as Hebe. The other two were sisters, Jane and Mary Helder: sweet and lovely as the wild-flowers that decked their native meadows at their father's country-seat on the borders of Loch Lomond. Among the gentlemen was Mr Young, a Scotsman, who had lately crossed the Atlantic from the land of promise; he was in the bloom of life, and brimful of liberty, equality, and independence. As we had positive and negative electricity in the same atmosphere, it was possible we might have an explosion; and such a circumstance was fully expected. Except two Frenchmen, the others were all Englishmen.

On the second day, at dinner-time, we all sat down, pretty well recovered from sea-sickness. Captain Martin invited Miss P—— to the head of the table, and paid all the respect possible to her nobility, for he had been informed that she was of the superior order of earth-born mortals; and being a peaceable man, and very obliging withal, he was desirous that the whole party might be comfortable. Lady Jemima condescended to speak to no one but the captain. I kept a strict look-out, and observing the youth from America to smile, I instantly judged that mischief was brewing, and presently after, he bawled out to Miss P——, "Madam, I shall be glad to take a glass of wine with you." She affected not to hear him, but as he repeated his request in a loftier tone, she rose, left the table, and retired from the cabin, muttering something about vulgarity, the lower orders, and the respect due to persons in high life. Mr Young, as a sort of rejoinder, thought one person as good as another; and that among females,

in his opinion, youth, beauty, and good sense, were equal, if not superior, to age, an ordinary exterior, and a sounding title. In about ten minutes, Mr Young had swallowed his dinner, and, according to the custom in America, had left us, and was smoking a segar upon deck. The lady returned, and concluded her repast; after which, she observed, that such a man could never before have dined in good company. "He is returning, madam," said the captain, "from a country where rank has no distinctions paid to it; but I can assure you that his father is Laird of G——." "Indeed, Sir! then I am truly sorry that he was not properly introduced to me." When the greater part of the company had retired, he proceeded to inform her, that Eliza and Mary Helder were daughters of one of the chief magistrates of Edinburgh; that of the residence of the party he had no particular knowledge; but that, if one might judge from their manners, it would not be right to class them among the vulgar; that with respect to the French teacher and French dancing-master, who were going to England, either to seek or repair their fortunes, one of them said he was the descendant of a Count, and the other declared that one of his ancestors, at no distant date, was a Marquis.

Preliminaries being thus settled, and forms properly adjusted, the party became cheerful, the joke went round; even Jemima sometimes deigned to force a smile; and mirth and conviviality appeared likely to continue for the remainder of the voyage. Mr Young expressed a wish to introduce the brave sailors into the cabin. Miss Mary Helder thought it would be much better to send *him* into the forecastle. Miss Jemima P—— could not endure such dirty creatures. "No, madam," replied an Englishman; "grease and tar are polluting articles,—disgust the olfactories,—are unpleasant to the sight,—produce nausea; the scent issuing from their persons would contaminate the air with noxious effluvia; even the simple contact would destroy good clothes; and, therefore, such people ought most undoubtedly to be kept apart from well-dressed ladies and gentlemen—in whom cleanliness is a virtue, and to whom tar and grease are utterly abominable." "Very fine," returned the equality man, "and finely spoken too; in your time, I presume, you have personated high characters—lords, kings, and emperors; no wonder, then, if a little of the garnish or the tinsel of haughtiness should still cling to such an august personage. I have seen you perform King Lear on the Edinburgh boards, and I have no doubt it will be agreeable to the rest of the party, (said he, looking round for approbation), as well as myself, that you will please to favour us with a *song*." He complied; and harmony was now the order of the day. The scene in the cabin, however, was quickly altered. In the evening, the wind became contrary, and we continued to dodge about for several days, without making much headway. The sea was rough, the sky dark and cloudy, the wind high, and for five days we were tossed about, without knowing the place of the ship. At length, from an observation of the sun, we ascertained that we were in 56° north latitude. The wind at this time was full south, and blew very fresh, so that we were driven towards the north very rapidly; in a few days, however, it changed a little to the eastward, and we began to return slowly to the south. When we had arrived in latitude 57°, and supposing that we were about thirty miles to the eastward of Aberdeen, the wind became boisterous, and we began to ship large seas. The lights were all out, and we had no fire; so that we sat in the dark, shivering with cold, agitated with terror, and clinging to the table,—sometimes nearly thrown over it, and sometimes thrown violently backwards; for the ship rolled prodigiously. About nine o'clock at night, an immense sea carried away the round-house, and most of the bulwarks, and one of the sailors was washed overboard. Shortly after, the main-mast went by the deck with a tremendous crash, tearing up all before it; the ladies shrieked, and two of them fainted with fear, supposing the ship to be going to pieces. The stoutest heart among us was now filled with dismay, and every one, even the captain, gave himself over

for lost. Not a word was now spoken, and nothing was heard, save the dashing of the billows, and the audible aspirations of devotion, as they rose to heaven from the hearts of creatures in the utmost distress, on the brink of destruction, groaning inwardly for mercy, clinging to life, and supplicating to be saved. What an awful situation!—all without, at intervals, still as death, for perhaps half a minute—horridly still, and silent as the grave; then the howling of the tempest, the swelling of the foam, and the dreadful sweeping of the waves, which rose like mountains above us, became terrific in the extreme. At twelve, the hurricane increased; a large wave nearly half-filled the cabin; Miss P—— was washed from her seat, and thrown against locker. I heard the *splash* that accompanied her scream, and instantly sprung to her relief. I placed her, with much difficulty, on the seat against the table, and supported her for some minutes, until her returning senses enabled her to use her own efforts.

As the water rose up nearly to the seats, to keep out of it as much as possible, we knelt on them, and held fast by the table; but we were all perishing with cold, especially the ladies. In this appalling and uncomfortable situation, we supported ourselves till about two o'clock in the morning, when we were completely drenched by another wave, which almost filled the cabin; and we should all of us have been drowned, had not the ship been cast nearly on her beam-ends, and the water thrown out again. The man at the helm was at this instant swept from his station, to be seen no more. We were now fast driving on a lee-shore, and expected every moment the ship would strike upon a rock, or founder at sea. However, neither of these circumstances took place, and, to our unspeakable joy, day-light at last began to dawn; we could now ascertain how matters stood, and though no hope of escape remained to cheer us, our case was not so deplorable as it had been in the night; for darkness and danger united, form the most terrific situation that the imagination is capable of conceiving. At six o'clock we could see land, and, about seven, the ship was thrown into a narrow passage between two projecting rocks, and almost immediately filled. We were all sorely cramped by the cold, and the uncomfortable position we had so long sustained; the females were obliged to be lifted from the table, and to be carried upon deck. By degrees, they recovered the use of their limbs; and we began to concert measures for our preservation. The sailors had, some of them, contrived to ascend one of the adjoining crags, which had a horizontal surface, about twenty feet above the sea: this was a retreat which the ladies had not the power of attaining. A large iron bar, however, was soon handed to the men upon the rock, which they as quickly drove into a fissure in the stones; to this a rope was fastened, so that the male passengers could all easily scramble up, by taking hold of the rope with both hands. The only difficulty now remaining was, how to get the ladies up. A couple of oars were immediately procured, and being placed in a sloping direction, nearly against the top of the eminence, a rope was tied round the waist of each of them; and in this manner they were all easily slided to the top, and placed in safety. The hind part of the ship had for some time been torn off, and washed into the bowels of the deep; and in less than ten minutes after we had all of us ascended to our only retreat from instant death, not a vestige of the vessel remained. We shuddered with horror, as we saw the last fragments departing; and every one present gave thanks to the Almighty for such a great deliverance. The rock was overhung by a stupendous cliff, which it was impossible to scale by any means we possessed; and it only presented for our reception an area of ten feet square, for twenty persons to stand upon. We had no seats, and the wind blew full upon us; we were cold, comfortless, and had no fire; nor had we any way to escape, unless a ship or boat should chance to come by, and take us from our miserable abode. The sailors had found means to fill their pockets with biscuits, some of which they kindly bestowed upon us; these, and a few limpits which they found among the

cliffs, afforded us a nourishing and very savoury repast. This kind behaviour of the men was exceedingly gratifying, and it afforded Mr Young an opportunity of retaliating upon Miss P—— and the tragedian, a little humorous raillery. Observing the gentleman wedged pretty close between two sailors, he asked him if he thought the "air was contaminated?" or "if he felt any nausea?" Assuming a very melancholy look, the Thespian shook his head, but made no reply. He then smilingly inquired of Miss Jemima, if she had found her rank or her high birth of any service to her in the late terrible conflict? "Are you not," continued he, "more indebted to this gentleman, who, at the risk of his own life, rescued *you* from immediate death?" The lady acknowledged her obligations, and declared that her gratitude should at some future period be more substantially shewn, than by a few empty thanks, which, as they generally cost nothing, are frequently most lavishly bestowed. I told her that I was already *amply* repaid, because acts of humanity are their own reward. As Miss P—— had taken off her haughty looks, by letting down her nose, which had before been unmercifully screwed up, and as her lips, which had been considerably protruded, in order to support her up-turned nose, were now suffered to resume their natural posture, I thought she was much improved in her appearance; indeed she was greatly altered for the better; and when she smiled on me as her deliverer, I could almost fancy that she was agreeable, and that she had once been rather handsome. I had, however, long been convinced that pride spoils many a pretty face; that the stupid stare, and distorted countenance, put on by the rich, to enforce respect from the needy, are enemies to grace and beauty in the fair sex, and render stupidity more glaring, and deformity more deformed, in the *words of creation.*

Night, with her sable mantle, was again about to involve us in darkness. What a luxury, in our present situation, would a little dry straw have been to rest upon! but wet and draggled as we were, we could only hope to sleep on the bare surface of the cold rock, with the heavens for our canopy! The only amelioration which our present condition seemed to admit, was to raise a kind of wall, to defend us from the wind; and in this situation, huddled together in a heap, we passed a very wretched, uncomfortable, and sleepless night. In the morning, we feasted on the remaining biscuits, to which we added a few more limpits; and then we sat, looking and watching, in longing expectation, for a ship or a boat to come and release us from our present confinement. At ten o'clock, a schooner was visible. Oh, what a glorious sight! This gave fresh vigour to our hopes; we hoisted a signal, and were fortunate enough to attract their attention; they instantly sent out their boats, and in less than two hours we were all in safety on board the vessel, where every possible care was taken of our health and personal comfort. The next morning we arrived at Leith, in as forlorn and wretched a condition as any that ever fell to the lot of mortal. Miss P—— inquired if I proposed stopping in Edinburgh? and being informed that such were my intentions, she begged me to give her my address, with which I complied, and we very soon began to separate: those who had homes went thither; and those who had none, went and sought out lodgings; so that, in a short time, I was left alone, in a state of poverty and dejection almost unparalleled. Ah me! (thought I,) I have the world to begin anew, badly clothed, and without friends; every face I see is strange to me; no one knows me; my lot is cast in an unknown land, and all my companions have left me. On searching my pockets, I found just three crown-pieces; the remainder of my clothes, and rather more than two hundred guineas, having been lost in the ship. At first I took up my abode in Leith, with an elderly matron, who gave me a room and a bed for two shillings a-week, and I was to find my own provisions. I immediately circulated some cards, bought some drawing materials, and prepared myself to take likenesses, as on former occasions. My last crown-piece had been given to my landlady on the second morning after my arrival;

and day after day glided on, without any thing appearing in the shape of business. More than a week had elapsed, and my maitresse d'hotel had not again asked me for money; I was, however, in continual alarm, for fear of such an interrogatory being put; and every time her mouth opened, I expected, before it would close again, that a demand would be made upon my empty purse. On the eleventh day, on returning from my afternoon's promenade, I was informed that a gentleman in a carriage had been inquiring for me, and that he had left his card. It was the great Dr G——, who had done me the honour of a call, and I immediately repaired to his dwelling, and found him in his study, in full expectation of my arrival. He informed me, that he had a great desire to have a miniature likeness of his wife, but that she was dead, and in her grave. "It is," he continued, "I am afraid, a very hopeless case; however, if you please, you can try, and if you do not succeed, no harm will be done; I will pay you for your trouble, and there the matter will end. I loved my wife very tenderly, and was about to have a portrait of her taken, before she was snatched from me, to a better world. I have been thinking that it will be possible for you to make a likeness of her, from the description which I am enabled to give you, and I assure you that her features are indelibly fixed in my memory." I told him, that I would exert my utmost efforts to execute what he was so desirous of possessing, that I had no doubt of our ultimate success; and he immediately began to describe to me his dear lost helpmate. In this instance I was fortunate, for, after a few trials, I produced him a picture which he declared was "her very image." This success, however, I attributed more to chance than to skill, and more to folly than either; but, be this as it may, I felt quite another kind of being after I had pocketed the guinea, which the Doctor, in a kind of extacy, threw upon the table. When I had got home, I hurled the guinea on the table of my hostess, with as much good will, and almost with as much delight, as the Doctor had paid it to me. I told her to take out of it what I owed her; and this perfectly redeemed my sinking credit with the good mother, which was indeed growing every day more transparent, and in a few more days my hideous poverty must have been seen through it. I was afraid of the world's frown; for when a man is once known to be poor, all respect for him instantly vanishes; he speaks, but no answer is made to his inquiries; he gives his opinion, but it is not attended to; he tells his tale, but no one listens; his talents are under-rated; his genius despised; his friends will slight him; no one will visit him; and he is frequently left to pine in solitude, and to expire in misery.

In a short time I became known, and I obtained a little employment, but not sufficient to support me in comfort, or to place me on an equal footing with such companions as it was my wish to associate with; but there is so much sameness in the every-day business of life, that it is only the *crosses*, and the *fortunate chances*, which are worth recording. A part, and a great part, of mankind, get up only to eat, and lie down but to sleep; these are lucky wights. Others are condemned to eat the bread of care, labour the live-long day, and endure the summer's heat and winter's cold;—but these drudges are despised, are treated little better than brutes, and esteemed but as men of the lowest grade. Strange! that the idle, the proud, and the *useless*, should be preferred to the industrious, the *useful*, and the worthy; or that the Dandy and the booby Esquire should be esteemed more than the ploughman, the mechanic, the sailor, or the merchant; but so it is. Mankind are full of vagaries; nonsense, fashion, and folly, are the supreme rulers, and govern the manners and customs, the taste, the virtue, and almost all the actions of men, with a tyrannic and almost absolute sway.

On removing from Leith to Edinburgh, I took lodgings with Mrs Gordon, a fishwoman in Canongate. This woman was reputed to have saved two thousand pounds by her business. In a short time, she gave me lodgings, for keeping her books. This, I then thought, was a fortunate circumstance, especially as I had little to do, my employment ex-

tending only to the better sort of trades-folk; for as my dress was *very plain*, I could not, with propriety, approach the grandees of the Caledonian metropolis. In this way I dragged on a miserable existence for more than twelve months, and had saved nearly two guineas, with which I intended to have improved my wardrobe; but this laudable design was quickly frustrated. My mistress sacrificed every evening in copious libations to Bacchus, and as this, in my eyes, was extremely disgusting, I took the liberty of telling her how unbecoming and odious such a practice appeared in a female. I had nothing in view but her good; could gain nothing, if she followed my advice; it was dictated in pure friendship, in the cause of virtue; but, as a reward for my meddling, I was desired to provide myself immediately with another lodging. This was a serious affair, and eventually drove me for a short time from Edinburgh. On examining the list of advertisements in a newspaper, I found that a designer, or draftsman, was wanted, and to whom a handsome salary was offered, at the potteries, near Newcastle, in Staffordshire; and I instantly made up my mind to apply personally for the situation: but as my funds were in a very wretched condition, I was obliged to walk. The distance is something more than two hundred and forty miles; a journey, which, at the rate of forty miles a day might be accomplished in six days. On a Monday morning early I sallied forth, with my staff in my hand, my feet well shod, and just a guinea in my pocket, to bear my expenses. The odd sort of company which one sometimes meets with on the road is amusing; on the first day, I fell in with a farmer; we trudged away, and beat the hoof together. I very soon discovered that my companion was a believer in ghosts, together with all the tribes of brownies and fairies, shagged-foals and witches: he knew well the secret history of their exploits, the feats each class had individually performed; all of which he gave me in a well-narrated history, to part of which he had been an eye-witness, and of the rest, his information had been acquired from authentic sources, and the most unquestionable authority. This is a kind of harmless ignorance, at which one may laugh in one's sleeve, but not openly; incredulity would be esteemed a great offence, for the existence of hobgoblins was as firmly believed in, at that period, as the truths of *Holy Writ*. I have lived, however, to see this belief much on the wane; and, in another half century, such tales and such beings will have vanished from the earth; or, like the stars during the day-time, they will be overpowered by the sunshine of truth. The only wonder that will then remain will be, how such tales could have ever been invented; much more, how they could ever have been believed, by persons professing to have common sense.

On the second evening we had arrived near the Border, and here the believer in ghosts and I parted. I took up my abode for the night at a tavern, the master of which was both farmer and publican. Having taken some refreshment, I seated myself in a snug corner, near the fire, where I could smoke my pipe, drink my ale, and be ready to note occurrences as they might take place. I must candidly confess, that, before this evening, I had never seen eating performed in full perfection. The labourers who had been out in the fields since morning, commenced their repast, which might be called either dinner or supper, or, with more propriety, it might be said to be *both* in *one*. The dumplings, rolled in a sort of treacle dip, vanished like snow before the sun in summer; large pieces were thrust into their mouths, and went down their throats with a single twist of the jaw, nothing in the shape of mastication appearing to be necessary. And the bacon—but bacon three inches thick, without a morsel of lean, is a slippery substance; the potatoes must have been well cooked, the small beer had been warmed, and all these articles vanished with a gusto that would have astonished an epicure, and in quantities that would have surprised a London alderman. Oh! thought I, what glee, what pleasure there seems to be in eating! what a luxury is dumpling and treacle sauce, potatoes and fat bacon! The men absolutely appeared to be in extacies. But it was all easily ac-

counted for; long fasting and the cold had sharpened their appetites, and enabled the poor rascals in this way to work wonders. Ten minutes after this tremendous gorge they retired to bed, fell asleep, and left nature at liberty to work a miracle, or what might at least be esteemed as such; that is, to enable them to perform another such feat in the morning, before they went out into the fields.

Nothing worthy of notice happened before I arrived at Newcastle. I got to the end of my journey about four o'clock on the Saturday evening, and instantly proceeded to inquire about the situation which had cost me so much labour; but I was too late; it was disposed of; it had been taken that very morning! Oh! if I had arrived only one day sooner; or if I had not come at all! I had only one solitary shilling left. I had a watch—but it had been my mother's watch. I had a ring—it had been my mother's ring. How could I part with either? On Monday morning, I told my situation to the master of the boarding-house, gave him my shilling, and offered to leave with him, as a *pledge*, my ring; but he refused it, told me I had an honest face, and that he would trust me the remainder, which amounted to two shillings and sixpence.

I commenced my return, retraced my steps, and wandered in a melancholy mood towards Scotland. In the afternoon, I knocked at the door of a genteel-looking house, related my distress, and begged the lady would permit me to take her likeness, or that of any of her family: she replied, that if I would draw a miniature of her little girl, and it was any thing like her, she would give me five shillings. I began, and succeeded,—the likeness was striking,—the lady was pleased, paid me, treated me to an excellent supper and bed, and gave me a hearty breakfast the next morning. On the second day, I had entered the rich and fertile vales of Yorkshire; this brought to my recollection my old acquaintance Jemima; I had never heard from her, but I was now journeying towards the vicinity of her residence. In the morning of the third day, I inquired of [redacted] peasants, working on the road, if they knew what distance I then was from P—— house? They informed me that I was still distant from it at least ten miles, and that it stood about half a mile on the right-hand side of the road on which I was now travelling. About noon, I saw a large house in the situation described to me, and near to it was a small group of dwellings, in which I found the village ale-house. The landlord, a stout, vulgar-looking boor, better fed than taught, was sitting on the long-settle; but he rose as I entered, and offered me a seat by his side, which I accepted. After having taken a little refreshment, I inquired of Mr Boniface whom the large house, pointing in the direction in which it stood, belonged to? "Ye're a stranger in thoose parts, then, I foind? Whoy, it's the seat of the P——'s; the whole parish here belongs to Sir Tummas, besoide many other placins i' different pearts o' the country:" as I only listened, he continued, "yo mean the big stone hoose there reight anent, don't ye? doo ye naw Sir Tummas?" I answered that I had heard speak of such a gentleman. "Then may be ye're a constable, and are going to him about a case o' bastardy?" "No." "Well, perhaps summat about poaching?" "No." "Well, well, its noa business o' moine." "But, has the baronet a sister?" "Ye mean Lady Jemoima, I should think; yes, shu is his sister, an' a reight good lady shu is; many's the wet e'e there'll be when shu goo's." "Is she about to leave this place then?" "Noa, but ye know shu mun dee as well as uther folke." "Why? she is not old." "Noa, only a bit o' th' wrong saide o' forty; noa, noa, I'm th' owdest o' th' two; my mother was cook-maid there, an' married my feather at was gard'ner, an' I was a year an' two months owd when my lady at then was—but shu's dead an gone, God rest her soul! long agoo, aye when shu was browt to bed o' the young lady Jemoima; an I shall be forty-three the next owd candlemas day at iver cums." "Is she proud," said I, smiling at his Yorkshire lingo? "Whoy, middling as to that, but shu's no prouder than uther sic loike folke generally are. Her mother was proud, an ye loike; but then, ye see,

shu was a lord's dawter, an' shu led the owd baronet, Sir Charles, a sad sort o' life o'nt, cos he was only a poor knight, as shu called him." "Do they ever come among you people of the village?" "Oh yes; the carriage went bye just afore you came in, an' I guess they'll be here again soon; Lady Jemoima an' her brother are boath in it, an' I expect they'll boath cum in as they cum back, for he wants to buy my pollard coo an cofe; aye, an' a rare milker shu is; whoy, when shu's new bare, shu gees twelve quarts at a meal, and ye may gather ten pund o' butter in a week fra her. Mayhap ye would loike to see hur, an shu's i' th' pingle, cloase by th' hoose here. Sir Tummas has set his mind on her, but he shan't ha' her for a fardin' less than ten gowden guineas, as sure as my neam's Dick Gawky." This information made my heart flutter; and I soon felt like a man in a fever. Should I wait and see her, or should I proceed on my journey? Perhaps she would not recollect me; but how am I to get back to Edinburgh, or where am I to sleep the coming night? I am a poor solitary wanderer, almost pennyless, shabbily dressed, and sitting in the kitchen of an ale-house: how then is it possible that she can notice me, placed as I am, in such miserable circumstances? I inquired of my host if he had another apartment, with which I could be accommodated? "Whoy, man, I doan't naw, there's the parlour there, an there's no a body in it, but it's cleaned up for the parish meeting, at's to be to-neet—an' that's the room that the baronet and his sister always turn into; however, ye may goo in an loike." I immediately took possession of Mr Gawky's parlour, where I sat like Patience in waiting; looking out of the window, now one way, now another; listening to the passing breezes, and endeavouring to distinguish the distant sound that might be wafted on its wing, the precursor, perhaps, of some barking cur, or the hollow roll of an approaching vehicle; or—but they arrived; the footman opened the door of the landau, handed out Sir Thomas and Miss Jemima P——, at the sight of whom I trembled like a man in a fit of the ague. As Mrs Gawky opened the parlour door, and was about to usher them in, I rose from my chair: Sir Thomas stopped short, and observed to mine hostess, that as she had company in this room, they would go into another. "By no means, Sir Thomas," replied the landlady; "that is only a man upon travel, and I dare say that he has got up to go away." I felt indignant at the woman's insinuation, and was advancing across the room towards the door, when Jemima saw me, and in an instant knew me. "I cannot possibly be mistaken," she exclaimed, "it must be him. Are you not," said she, advancing, "Mr Rogers?" I informed her, that my name was Henry Rogers; and she desired me to be seated. She now proceeded to inform her brother, that I was the gentleman she had so often mentioned to him as having saved her life on board the ship, when returning from France. Sir Thomas shook my hand, and gave me a very cordial invitation to his house. He immediately left us, and went out, I suppose, to purchase Mr Gawky's "coo and cofe." Miss P—— proceeded to inquire whether I had ever received a letter from her? and on being informed that I had not, she replied that she had sent three, at different times, but that as no answer had been returned, that was to her a convincing proof that I had not received any of them. "But which way were you travelling, Mr Rogers? were you seeking me out, to scold me for my apparent neglect, or to what cause am I to impute our present rencontre?" added she, smiling. I informed her, that I was returning to Edinburgh from Newcastle, where I had been in quest of a situation: on entering Yorkshire, I had recollected that she had resided in that county; and on inquiring of some workmen, I had ascertained from them that I was in the vicinity of P—— house. Being arrived in the immediate neighbourhood, I had stepped into this to take some refreshment, had made some inquiries respecting the inhabitants of the mansion, had found that she and her brother were out in the carriage, and that I had waited for their return, because I had a great

desire to see and speak with her. Before her brother returned, she begged my acceptance of notes for fifty pounds, observing, that she and her brother would be extremely glad to see me at P—— house, to spend a month with them, or longer, if I found it agreeable and convenient. "In a day or two," added she, "I shall expect that favour. Let me see," she continued, "this is Thursday; on Saturday I will come for you in the carriage, and I will be here precisely at twelve o'clock, so pray be ready, and do not disappoint me." I bowed acquiescence, and she left me; but I heard her giving strict orders to Madam Gawky to treat me with proper respect, which that lady promised, and actually performed to a tittle. I had no difficulty in perceiving the reason Miss P—— had for wishing me to wait a day or two, before I was introduced at the great house; my clothes would not have done much honour to a drawing-room. The baronet returned, and told me, that he hoped to see me at the time appointed by his sister; the carriage drove off, and I was again alone, left to wonder at the curious events that fill up our destiny. In about half an hour the lady of the house entered the parlour with a profound reverence: "I have, Sir," said she, "lighted a fire in the dining-room above stairs, and shall be extremely glad if *your honour* will be so kind as to step up, for I expect the parish officers will be here shortly, and they would be very unfit company for a gentleman, and especially a friend of the P—— family." She immediately led the way, begged I would follow her, was sorry that the stairs were so steep, and the stair-case so dark, but hoped my honour would excuse it. Her husband was holding the dining-room door open; he was sorry that they had not better accommodations, hoped I would excuse the liberties he had taken when I first entered, and called himself a *fool*, for not knowing (what I did not know myself) that I was one of Sir Thomas's friends. I ordered him to bring me up a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, and desired him to get me change for a five-pound-note, and to be as handy as possible: he bowed, and quickly returned with what I wanted. Before he left me, I was interrogated as to what I would take; he had excellent Port wine, poultry and pigeons, ducks and turkeys. "That is sufficient," said I; "but I will ring the bell, and give orders for what I may want; let me have some tea, however, in about half an hour." "Your *honour* shall be obeyed," was the reply, and he made his exit.

I was already more than half surfeited with the obsequious fawning of these vulgar wretches, who, on my first entry, had they but known my circumstances, and the extent of my finances, would scarcely have furnished me with a morsel of their coarse bread, old milk cheese, and a pint of swipes, called by them *ale*, or *strong-beer*; but now, after I had been smiled upon by the great folks of the big house, they would have licked the dust from my dirty shoes, and almost thought themselves honoured by the action, if I had only been mean and despicable enough to have commanded them. Such people, however, are excusable, especially when we consider, that there are shoe-lickers in stations far superior to that of an ignorant publican and his wife. The man who has seen thirty, and has lived with his eyes open, has seen that among Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, and the whole race of the nobility, down to the stupid, half-rocked, country Esquire, there are great numbers of shoe-lickers. Moreover, that among the dignitaries of the church, the Bishops and Deans, the Rectors and Vicars, down to the humble and laborious Curates—even among these there are shoe-lickers. If we proceed with the Senators and Electors, the Placemen and Pensioners, we shall find that the world *swarms* with shoe-lickers. I immediately sat down, and wrote a letter to my Newcastle creditor; and instead of half-a-crown, I carefully placed half-a-guinea under the seal, and desired him to acknowledge the receipt of it, by a letter directed to me at this place; which he did, by return of post, and blessed his stars for his skill in physiognomy. Early the next morning I set out for the nearest market-town, which was Beverley, where I arrived about ten o'clock in

the forenoon. As I walked along the street, I met a drunken man, and desired he would be so good as to shew me the way to the Inn; but all the answer I could get, was, "yeal! (ale) hurro for yeal!" I proceeded to ask another, but "Watton for ever! hurro for yeal!" was all *he* could say. Another shouted "No Watton! buckets o' yeal! buckets o' yeal! hurro! yeal for ever!" a fourth stared in my face, and asked me if I had got a ha'penny? and on being answered in the affirmative, he led the way, and I followed him to the Tiger Inn, which stands in the market-place. I was somewhat astonished at the scene I had witnessed; but, on inquiry, I found it had been lately rumoured that an election was likely to take place, in a few months; and that this rumour had been sufficient to derange the intellects of half the electors of this burgh. Such numsculls as these no prudent man would deem capable of telling out change for a guinea, nor of counting twenty sheep from a drove of a hundred; and yet such crack-brained, sottish bumpkins, are esteemed sufficiently competent to select members for the British Senate!! In a short time I had laid in a sufficient quantity of linen, and every other kind of wearing apparel; and, after dinner, I hired a post-chaise, to carry me and my luggage to the sign of the *Bell*, in the neighbourhood of P—— house, and kept by Mr Gawky. As I was now dressed in a very elegant suit of black, the respect paid by my host and his wife, on my return, suffered no diminution. The exciseman, who saw me as I went into the parlour, was sure I was a nobleman travelling in disguise,—the barber swore he had dressed me a hundred times when he was valet to Sir Thomas, and he was certain that I was either an Earl or a Lord. Of what signification could it be to these wiseacres, whether I was a Lord or an Artist? But people love to talk about "great folks," and "people of ancient family," and this is a *weakness* with which nearly all ranks of society in Great Britain are *considerably infected!* It was always my opinion, that the *industrious man*, who is strict in his duty, and lives virtuously, is inferior to *no man*.

I remained within all the ensuing morning, conning over my chequered fate, and waiting the arrival of Miss P——. I was astonished, when I considered what a change had taken place in a few days; I had now every personal comfort that any man could wish for; all the rest I looked upon as tinsel, for the *respect* that was offered was paid neither to my merit nor my virtue, and would all vanish the moment that I left this place, and was not under the shadow of the Baronet's authority. I was vexed when I reflected on the uncomfortable manner in which I had lived since my return from the continent. Why did I not write to my brother, who was rolling in riches, to request the loan of a few pounds, to enable me to offer my services to the higher classes, by which means I should have made a comfortable subsistence, instead of wasting my time in loathsome poverty, and living partly at the expense of a drunken fishwoman? I also began to feel rather ashamed of my conduct, when I recollected that I had never once written, either to my brother or my sister, since I left London; and, for ought I could tell, it was impossible they could know whether I was dead or alive. I never knew to what cause it would be proper to attribute this neglect; I was not devoid of sincere brotherly affection; my heart was open to every virtuous feeling; my nature was mild, and my disposition friendly, and yet I neglected the duties that form the social compact; and sometimes looked upon, as frivolous, those endearing connections which bind society in its general sympathies, and which constitute the greatest happiness that can be found among created beings. About eleven o'clock, the landau drove up to the door, and the Baronet and his sister alighted; Sir Thomas behaved in a most friendly manner,—gave me a very pressing invitation to his mansion,—said he was going a few miles farther, but that his sister would accompany me to his residence, which I should find at a short distance, and as the morning was fine, he hoped our walk would be a pleasant one. Miss P—— observed, as we sauntered along, that I was an apt scholar, and that I had perfectly understood her meaning; my appearance, she

thought, was greatly improved, and, as they had several ladies visiting at their house, it was not impossible but that, among some of them, I might make a conquest. "We have one female visitor of your name from London; she is about your age, is very pretty, and extremely well accomplished in every thing that gives dignity and worth to a woman. Were *you* ever in London, Mr Rogers?" "Yes, madam, I was born in that city." "And what was your father?" "He had a place in the Customs, but he died during my infancy." "And what became of your mother after his death?" "She kept a boarding-school for young ladies, in the vicinity of the metropolis." "Had you any brothers, or sisters?" "I have a brother named Charles, and a sister; her name is Maria." "Then *you* and *I* are relations; let us extend our morning ramble, for we have, each of us, interesting matters to communicate. Your mother and I were first cousins; she was the daughter of my father's eldest sister, who married, early in life, the Rector of the adjoining village; you may perceive, then, that *our* relationship is not very distant. I was your mother's first pupil, and I loved her with a sisterly affection. I left her, to spend a few years in France, when *you* were a chubby little fellow, about nine years of age; and, as I remember, you gave early indications of talent for drawing, which I have since learnt you have brought to considerable perfection. The young lady whom I mentioned as your namesake, is your sister Maria; she resides with your brother in London, but she came to spend the Christmas holidays with us, and I do not now know when she will return; her surprise will be very great when you are introduced, for both she and your brother believe that you must have died in the West Indies." At this agreeable information my heart leaped with joy. "That, madam," said I, "would have been a curious circumstance indeed, and especially as I did not go out with the fleet, nor ever was in the part of the world you just mentioned." "Indeed! then where have you been, Henry, since you left your friends, which, if I do not mistake, is now more than seven years ago?" I informed her, that about a year after I left London, I embarked for Amsterdam, where I continued almost two years; that I proceeded from thence to Paris; and with respect to the time that I returned from France, she was herself pretty well acquainted with it. "Yes, my dear Henry, for it was the will of Providence that you should snatch me from death, when every ray of hope had become extinct, and when no one else either could or would have assisted me." "Your *hautcur*, my dear madam, had created no sympathy in the breast of any one of the passengers; even *I* saved you only on the same principle that would have prompted me to save the life of any other human being; for at that time, I not only disliked, but despised you." "Well," said she, "I must endeavour to alter your opinion. Early impressions are strong, and some indulgence may surely be granted to persons brought up in high life; in childhood, their foibles are increased by the subserviency of those in attendance; and their pride is inflamed by the example of those about them, whose manners they imitate, and whose lessons they often strictly copy; nurtured in ostentation, they cannot be otherwise than haughty to those whom they consider as in inferior stations. I perceive, however, that my new-found relation is no flatterer." We had now entered the avenue which led to the house, and we soon perceived my sister and another lady coming towards us. How my heart yearned when I beheld one so near and dear to me! and how I longed to fold her in my arms! how I wished, also, that we had met when no other person was near, when we might have indulged in that luxury of grief which is occasioned by an overflow of happiness! They, however, did not see us, but turned another way into the garden; and this circumstance, trifling as it was, pleased me, because it afforded me relief. We proceeded forward, and entered the house, but the visitors were all absent. Miss P—— left me, and followed the lady and my sister. Having found them, "My dear Maria," said she, "I this morning met with a gentleman who is acquainted with your brother

Henry; he saw him in France,—came over with him to England,—says he is in good health, and that you may shortly expect to see him." "Indeed, madam! and where is the gentleman? tell me, I beseech you. I will instantly set out for London. Is my brother in London?" "No, my dear, he is not. I met with my informant almost by chance; I had known him before, and I entered into conversation with him, when I discovered that he is extremely well acquainted with your brother. He returned with me, is now in the house, and will be happy to give you all the glad tidings concerning him that you may require, or even wish for."

On entering the room where I was sitting, she came up to me, and anxiously inquired if I knew Henry Rogers, and when and where I had left him? "You may expect to see him here, madam, in a short time," said I. "True, for I perceive he is already before me; my dear, long-lost brother!" she exclaimed, and she fell on my neck, and wept, and sobbed aloud!

Song of the Spaniard.

They come—like the locusts, the cloud of their number
To darken and desolate Freedom's fair land!
Though the graves are scarce green where their veterans slumber,
Led on to the charge by a mightier hand.

They come through deep glens, where the mountains frown o'er them;
Echoes start at the tread of the tyrants accurst;
But the red cloud of war is fast gath'ring before them,
The thunders of battle concentre to burst!

Is it for this that the tempest was weather'd,
Through long years of suffering, bloodshed, and dread?
Is it for this that the ravens were gather'd,
With vultures and wolves, to the feast of the dead?

Is it for this that young Freedom's aspirants,
Pour'd out their best blood at her altars in vain—
That Peace should but bring a mutation of tyrants,
Ambition's make way but for Bigotry's reign?

Yet think not, weak despot, to awe the bright regions
Whose banners of battle, so lately unfurl'd,
In victory wav'd o'er the wreck of Gaul's legions,
And vanquish'd Himself—the proud lord of the world!

What did he gain when he won Zaragoza,
But hills of black rubbish, and heaps of the slain?
What lost he?—as thick as thy "leaves, Vallombrosa,"
His best and his bravest lay dead on the plain!

Think not the nations will still sleep in error;
Thy night, Superstition, is passing away!
Proud spirits no more brook thy dark reign of terror,
Thy death of the dungeon, and Auto-da-fé!

Sierra Morena! thy passes are dreary;
'Tis long ere the hand of Guerilla wax weak;
The eagle that shrieks on his cloud-curtain'd eyrie,
On the high rock of ages is whetting his beak?

J. M.

BOWER'S LETTER TO THE LORD PROVOST ON THE VIOLATION OF THE SEPULCHRES OF THE DEAD.

We confess we have a foolish inclination to be allowed to lie quietly in our graves, when the bustle of this earthly scene is over; and we are unpatriotic and selfish enough to wish all our friends to enjoy the same serene repose, even though the interests of the "Medical School," so much talked of, should thereby be utterly ruined. We are aware that, in professing these sentiments, we run the risk of being termed "absurd and senseless," or stigmatized as "ignorant and selfish." But on this subject we are candid enough to acknowledge, that we feel strongly;—and we suspect, that if all were to speak with equal candour, very few indeed would be found disposed to promote, by a personal sacrifice, the great interests of that science, the importance of which is so highly exaggerated. On this point we beg leave to retain our old-fashioned opinions,—equally unmoved by the vituperations of this writer against vulgar prejudices, and unconvinced by his physiological reasoning (p. 13.) We have no occasion, however, to consider the matter "so curiously." We hope it will never come to be a *personal* matter with us, or any of our readers, and we shall therefore proceed to examine the question in its more general sense.

That the dissection of human bodies is essentially necessary to the attainment of correct anatomical knowledge, no one will venture to dispute. Of late, however, there has been, and still is, a prodigious scarcity of subjects on which this operation may be performed. And if it be true, that our anatomical lecturers and students have been long supplied with subjects only by violating the sepulchres of the dead, we feel it to be time that a remedy were discovered, and applied to an evil so grievous and alarming. We candidly avow our horror and disgust at this unfeeling practice; and think that, on this ground alone, some relief is loudly and generally called for. A practice which is calculated to affect the finest feelings of our nature, and disturb the purest associations of the mind, ought to be repressed without hesitation or delay. It is no argument to us that the interests of science will thereby be injured. Let the interests of science be provided for and protected; but let not the common and natural feelings of humanity be outraged and insulted in their support.

But how can the interests of science be provided for if this practice be effectually put a stop to? We feel this to be a question of difficulty and importance; and we are not sure that we are prepared to give a satisfactory answer to it. Considerable speculation has been excited on the subject, particularly amongst the students, whom it more immediately affects;—and several pamphlets have, of late, been published upon it. Without wishing or intending to undervalue the merit of these publications, or the zeal and ability of their authors, we cannot help thinking, that there is some call for abler, and wiser, and more influential advocates, upon a question so intimately connected with the advancement of knowledge, and with the prosperity of our University and the country at large. If the cause were taken up by those master-spirits to whom we have alluded, we should not despair of a remedy being discovered; but at present we own, that we have not yet seen one entirely unobjectionable project suggested, by which the evils we have mentioned might be remedied or removed. Mr Bower has proposed a variety of plans; and although we can hardly be brought to approve of any one of them, we consider it right to the public to examine, with minuteness and impartiality, every proposition which, on a subject of this generally interesting nature, has been submitted to the consideration of those who have power or influence to procure its adoption. This letter contains no less than nine proposals, which we shall now consider in their order:

1. It is proposed, "That the dead bodies of all criminals, without exception, should, by Act of Parliament, be delivered for dissection."

It is, we believe, very generally thought, that the punishments for crimes are already sufficiently severe;—and in an age remarkable for the very laudable and patriotic exertions of philosophers and statesmen, to procure their modification and restriction, we doubt very much whether this proposition will meet with a very favourable reception. For our own part, we decidedly disapprove both of its spirit and principle.

Many able men dispute the policy and necessity of capital punishments, except for crimes of the most aggravated description. Upon this point we shall not venture an opinion; but we would most strenuously object to any increase of that punishment, which is already so heavy. Our author seems to look upon his proposal as imposing a very trifling additional hardship upon individuals in these unfortunate circumstances. No doubt, he says, it would at first "excite some degree of clamour in the country;" but "this would subside in a short time.——*As soon as it was perceived that opposition answered no end, the necessity of compliance would be felt.*" Next, he says, that "however such unhappy persons are to be pitied, it ought to be remembered that they have been the architects of their own fortune." And as to the pain which their surviving friends would suffer by this additional ignominy, "the notoriety of a public execution is so great, that any reproach which vulgar, unfeeling wretches may cast upon them, can hardly add any thing to the poignancy of their grief. But (he adds) it very frequently happens that the relations of malefactors have little or no feeling on the subject, being tainted with the same, or similar vices, which deprived the criminal of his life."

These sentiments, we have no doubt, will excite the special wonder of our readers. We really see some reason to suspect, either that our author's close attendance at the dissecting-room has hardened his feelings, or that his zeal for the cause he has undertaken has absorbed every consideration of humanity or justice. Is it any argument for the introduction of an unjust or unreasonable measure, that when it was once established, all opposition would end? or is it fair, or just, or reasonable, that *because* these unfortunate individuals have forfeited their lives to the laws of their country, they should, for that simple and only reason, be subjected to the further degradation of having their bodies delivered to the dissector? The notoriety, as our author expresses it, of a public execution is great. The punishment is certainly dreadful enough of itself; but would it not be considerably heightened, and rendered much more painful to the surviving friends, were the concomitant proposed by our author to be attached to it? We also think, that, as a general proposition, the character assigned to the friends of criminals is quite incorrect, and that such an opinion could not have been formed by any one at all conversant with the character of the lower orders.

But these are matters very slightly connected with the present subject; and we must really be forgiven for remarking, that the observations of our author, under this proposal, do little honour either to his head or his heart. The simple question ought to be: Is it consistent with justice and good policy to increase the punishment inflicted upon those criminals executed for crimes inferior to murder, by ordering their bodies to be dissected? To this point the author has not directed his attention—and we give the question our decided negative.

2. The next proposal seems equally objectionable. It is this; "The dead bodies of such as are *felo de se*, ought to be delivered for dissection." Suicide is a crime which, we lament to say, is of too frequent occurrence in this country, and any plausible proposal which had for its object to check or prevent it, would receive our hearty approbation. In general, however, it prevails to the greatest extent amongst the higher classes of society; and whilst we deplore the melancholy event, we are inclined to overlook its criminality by a consideration of the circumstances which may have led to it, and at the same time feel how ineffectual judicial regulations would be upon such a subject. To an affliction of so grievous and overwhelming a nature we do not

feel ourselves disposed to propose any addition. We think it more than sufficient of itself, without "the mark of infamy," which our author thinks it would be proper, from regard to the "interests of science," to bestow upon it. The practice in England, on this point, ought to teach him a lesson of which he seems ignorant, that the severity of the law defeats its own operation. The law of England is, no doubt, peculiarly severe on this point; and if its enactments could have any effect, one might suppose it would have put an immediate stop to the fatal practice. But what is the consequence of this severity? The law is, in nine cases out of ten, publicly and notoriously evaded. Juries almost uniformly, in such cases, return a verdict of insanity; and thus the relatives of the deceased, at the expence of the jurors' oaths, are saved the pain and disgrace which would have followed the strict execution of the law.

3, and 4. The two next proposals being of a similar description, we take the liberty of classing them together. They are in substance, that the bodies of such as die in Bridewell, the Public Prisons, Lunatic or Magdalen Asylums, and in the Hospitals, if they are unclaimed by their friends, ought to be delivered for dissection. With regard to those who die in Prison or in Bridewell, we must repeat our objection to a proposal which, if adopted, would impose a most unjust and aggravated punishment for very venial crimes. With reference to our former arguments, we would beg leave to submit to our author's cooler thoughts, that our Legislature would not be justified in checking vice by a punishment so disproportioned to the crime, and that experience teaches us that such severities are calculated only to produce evil instead of good. Every person, who has not forfeited his life to the laws of his country, has a natural and inherent right to their protection; and, unquestionably, the right of burial is one which is not the least important in the eyes of the community, and to which the criminal has not relinquished his claim.

We come now to examine what we consider the most interesting portion of this pamphlet, viz. the plan proposed as to those who die in the Lunatic or Magdalen Asylum, or Public Hospitals. The pertinacity with which this proposal has been maintained is really alarming. It has been again and again brought forward, and has been as often refuted. And the present writer reiterates the proposal with as much confidence as if it had been equally remarkable for its novelty, as it is for its glaring injustice, and disregard to the prosperity of our charitable institutions. We deem it our duty to raise our voice against the adoption of a proposal so pregnant with mischief. And though we do not think we have any reason to dread the ultimate result of this question, yet we feel anxious, in the meantime, to prevent, so far as lies in our power, the evil consequences which even the mere proposal of such a thing is calculated to produce on the minds of those who are more directly interested in it.

The great objection against such a rule arises from the effect it would have in preventing *all applications for the benefit of the charity.* In this way, it would interfere with the prosperity, and perhaps the existence of our most valuable institutions. Very few indeed would seek the benefit of a charity which would endeavour to *repay itself* by handing their bodies to a dissector, and refusing them Christian burial. The natural repugnance to such an exhibition is a feeling more deeply seated, and more generally prevalent, among those classes for whose benefit such institutions are intended, than amongst the more enlightened; and those who know the strength of popular feeling on any subject, whether proceeding from weakness, superstition, or ignorance, will not unnecessarily or harshly attempt even to crush or control it. The late Mr Adair, in a pamphlet published by him on this subject, suggested, from regard to these very natural feelings, that the body should be consigned to the grave after the purposes of the dissector had been served. But this, though a slight modification of the evil, is still very unsatisfactory. The complaint lies against the exposing of the body in public, and the cutting, mangling, and dissecting it. And this is a complaint which, however it may be

contemned by the "stern philosopher," proceeds from deep-rooted feelings and powerful associations. On this point, we think, there is no room for argument. If Mr Bower could succeed in eradicating these "*vulgar prejudices*" from the world, we would at once see the practicability of the plan proposed. But we are afraid that there is no probability of such a conclusion to his labours; and so long as these feelings continue to bear sway in the human breast, even so long will those institutions be avoided, where, if the proposed rule is adopted, applicants incur the risk of an event which is so repugnant to their feelings.

It is said to be but reasonable, that the inmates of hospitals "should contribute in a lawful way to the institution by which they had profited in their lifetime." The only difficulty will be to convince those who partake of the benefit of the charity, that they ought to consent to be dissected for the good of society. We suspect few indeed, who had it in their power to refuse, would be patriotic enough voluntarily to submit to this condition; and we cannot help thinking it a cold and selfish charity, which would stipulate a return for its good offices, at the expence of feelings so natural and powerful. Were this rule adopted, therefore, we do not hesitate to affirm, that it would prove a deathblow to our charitable institutions. Our Royal Infirmary, as a school of medicine and foundation of charity, stands unrivalled in excellence; and we certainly view with jealousy, and are disposed to examine with severity, any proposition which has the slightest tendency to encroach upon its usefulness or value; and after what we have already said, we need not add, that the proposal in question has, in our opinion, this injurious and fatal tendency.

The remaining proposals of our author will be more easily and briefly disposed of:—His 5th plan is, that all foundlings should be appropriated to the purposes of the dissector; and the 6th and 7th, that all those found dead in the streets, and who have no person to claim them, should also be so appropriated. There are no friends whose feelings can be injured, and there is no public institution whose prosperity may be thereby affected. There is only one consideration which perhaps may have some influence in a higher quarter. Our rulers, as guardians of the public weal, and as the public administrators of justice, may consider it to be their duty to confer this last mark of honour on the deserted stranger; and it perhaps may be deemed a question of importance, whether it is not a duty imposed equally by the precepts of Christianity, as by the public law of the land, to provide Christian burial for the destitute and abandoned.

The concluding proposals are, that individuals themselves, and the relatives of the dead, ought to be permitted to dispose of the bodies of the dead. We are not acquainted with any established law upon these two points; nor do we know any ground on which such a transaction (all parties being agreeable) could be challenged, or prevented from being carried into effect. Lawyers may perhaps say that it would be "*contra bonos mores.*" But the case is of such an extremely unlikely occurrence, as to render it almost unnecessary to speculate upon the subject.

We have now examined the proposals of our author with perhaps more attention and minuteness than either their importance or originality deserved. The subject, however, is one which is worthy of serious consideration; and by showing, as we think we have done, that none of the plans proposed are free from objection, or can be consistently adopted, we demonstrate the necessity of further attention being bestowed upon it; and we would fain hope, that amidst the discussions of men of talent and experience, some effectual and practicable remedy will be devised for an evil of so great magnitude.

CLERGY OF SCOTLAND—MR HUME'S MOTION—PRINCIPAL NICOL'S CIRCULAR.

In our former article under these titles, after tracing the history of Stipends, the contentions betwixt the Laity and Clergy to which they gave rise, and the number of the Scotch Clergy, with the amount of their Stipends from 1562 to 1822, we concluded by stating, that the total amount of *Parochial* Stipends, in 1822, was about £.178,550 a-year. This we proved was all that affected the landed interest; a sum which two or three Irish Bishops would think lightly of, if their revenues be such as Mr Hume affirms, and which the DIGNIFIED Clergy of England would, for themselves *alone*, find scarcely adequate for the support of their rank; and yet this sum is all that is allowed for the support of the *whole* Parochial Clergy of Scotland!

We proceed now to the history of the Fiars, and the various modes of striking them in different counties, with remarks on the Jury and witnesses,—the *inaptness* of Fiars as a correct rule for approaching to the *real* value of grain,—Principal Nicol's Circular,—the "*understanding*" of the Court of Teinds, as to the Linlithgow Boll being the legal Standard of Weights and Measures for Scotland,—and the recommendation of a plan, by which justice may be done to all parties, if Fiars shall be persisted in as a rule of payment for Stipends.

Dr Jamieson tells us, that Fiars is an *Icelandic* word, signifying the average value of "every species of wealth, real or fictitious." This cold and freezing word was early understood in Scotland, adopted, and applied to the ascertaining the Royal Rents and Revenues belonging to the Crown, &c.

MODES *of striking the Fiars at different periods.*—At first, this was by Commissioners, but being found inconvenient, it was soon laid aside, and the Sheriffs of the Shires were ordained to see them struck. Owing to a variety of causes, especially the influence of those *Noble* Families, who, as Tacksmen, rented the Royal Demesnes, and the Titulars, or Lords of Erection, who valued the price of their Teinds as they chose, the Fiars were struck in the most careless and arbitrary manner that can be conceived. Sometimes the Sheriffs held no inquest; at other times they proceeded arbitrarily, and without evidence, as to the real prices of grain; and not unfrequently were guilty of the greatest neglect and injustice. Hence not only uncertainty in the prices of grain, but unnecessary delays of payment, and innumerable law-suits.

The Lords of Council and Session, indignant at practices so disgraceful, some of which are stated in the *Preamble* to the Act of Sederunt December 21, 1723, passed that Act, in order to correct the abuses which prevailed, and against which such loud complaints existed.

Many of the regulations in that Act are good, and might have been of great service in correcting the evil, had it not been for the clause which empowers the Jury to return a verdict, either "*on the evidence underwritten, or on their own proper knowledge.*' This clause nullified, nay, *stultified* all the succeeding rules as to the examination of witnesses, and left the Jury to act as they chose. The Jury did not long fail to avail themselves of it, and all the former evils returned, with the exception of the carelessness of the Sheriffs and their Substitutes, who indeed omitted not to hold an Inquest, but who, from circumstances, were, in general, by no means careful to select, and summon the *properest* witnesses, and to produce good evidence before the Jury, concerning the price at which the several sorts of victual were bought and sold within the time specified. Instead of seeking men of skill and experience in the trade of grain, to establish just Fiars, they often summoned those who were most ignorant of the sales of grain, dependants upon those who had to pay Fiars to the Crown, to Titulars, Corporate Bodies, or Universities.

It was truly amusing, we are told, to have attended these Courts. When a witness came forward, and deponed to high prices, he was set aside. There was no occasion for his evidence, and it was "*dispensed with.*" They were satisfied, they told him,

and he might go away; and when all the witnesses *leaned* towards the *true* market prices, then the Jury turned upon their heels, rejected all the evidence, and brought in a verdict according to "*their own proper knowledge*," or, in other words, INTEREST.

The irregular and unfair practices carried on were notorious as the sun; but as few or none, except the Crown, and some Corporate Bodies, were affected by them, they were little regarded or attended to by the Jury, or witnesses, who thought it no great SIN to cheat the King in his rents for the Crown Lands. Since 1808, however, circumstances have entirely changed. It is not now a few individuals, or Corporate Bodies, or Titulars, or the Crown, that are affected by the striking of the Fiars, but the whole Parochial Clergy of Scotland.

The Fiars, by that Statute, are appointed to fix the value, and regulate the annual payment of Stipends; and, therefore, the modes of striking the Fiars become deeply interesting to those who pay, and those who receive them.

As things are thus changed and altered, the Regulations for striking the Fiars should have been altered too, and made suitable to the circumstances of the case. According to the former mode, all parties concerned were represented in the Inquest. To guard their rights against their tenants, Heritors were appointed to be a majority, *eight* out of *fifteen*. The Crown Officers, Titulars, and Representatives of the Public Bodies, might be on the Jury; and as for the Universities, they struck their own Fiars, or Conversion. Injury was done to none concerned, by exclusion; and, therefore, when the Clergy were put on the Fiars, they ought, *as parties* with the Heritors, to have been entitled to sit on the Jury, and to be taken as witnesses.

But the objection to this is obvious. To allow them to sit on the Inquest, to be of the Jury, or to be witnesses, would be, it is said, to allow them to be judges in their own cause, and directly contrary to the law, which, in all *other* cases, provides that witnesses, before giving evidence, shall depone "*that they can neither lose nor gain by the event of the suit, or the verdict of the Court.*"

This objection, we admit, is a valid one; but, then, if it hold good, so as to exclude the Clergy, who are the receivers of the Fiars, and interested in having them *high*, ought it not also to exclude Heritors, who are the payers of these Fiars, and equally interested in having them *low*? Why, on the selfsame grounds, do you refuse to the *one* what you grant to the *other*? If you exclude the Clergy from being Judges, Jury, and witnesses in their own cause, why not exclude Heritors also? Are the Clergy to be the only class of men who are to be deprived of equal justice and equal laws? Is there to be one law for them, and another for the Heritors? Are Heritors to be allowed to judge in their own cause, and Clergymen to be prohibited? If the reason be good which excludes the one, it should be good for excluding the other, and "*vice versa*:" for assuredly we can see no good cause why the Clergy should be the only class of men excluded from the benefit, which, by the present *mode* of striking the Fiars, others enjoy so much to their yearly advantage.

It might be asked of the Landowners, how they would relish the idea of the Legislature turning the tables on them; and empowering eight of the fifteen to be on the Jury, and to return a verdict, either "according to the evidence," or to "their own proper knowledge" of the prices of grain; especially when their own proper knowledge made the Fiar prices five, and seven, and nine shillings a boll below the medium Fiars, if the true selling market price had been calculated upon? Would Heritors, under these circumstances, have remained silent, and perfectly satisfied with the existing law, and with the mode of its application? would Heritors have been satisfied with their rejecting evidence, when that evidence was giving a true and just account of the market prices, and dispensing with it entirely, while they admitted readily the evidence that was favourable to them? Would they consider it acting properly, to admit bad or damaged grain, which witnesses could not use in

their distilleries, but had to give to their horses? or would they think it dealing fairly with them, to admit into calculation, as "*good merchantable* grain," that which was thirteen or fourteen shillings per boll lower than the market prices of a neighbouring county, published every week*, and that, after all this, and in order to have their Fiars as high as possible, they should examine some of their own number, who had, for the purpose of a job, perhaps, bought a few parcels of victual at an extravagantly high price? Would they think it *decorous* for the Jury, after it was empannelled, to become witnesses, and thus to enact the anomalous part of Judges, Jury, and witnesses at the same time? In all this, would Heritors have discovered no cause of complaint, and taken no steps to redress and reform the grievance? And, if they had taken such steps, and had been keenly opposed by the Clergy, when only asking an amicable adjustment or alteration of the law, would they have reckoned it becoming their character, if, in that case, the Clergy had instantly assembled in every Presbytery, and there, in their speeches, and afterwards in the newspapers, branded them as a body of selfish and designing men, when they were only crying for justice? If they would have done so, and most justly, Heritors have only to change the terms, and the conduct of the Clergy, to see in the supposed case their own!

The mode, at present, in many counties, of striking the Fiars, is not only different, but done in a most extraordinary manner. In some counties, *three* different Fiars are struck, and in others only a medium, or average Fiar. *Thirteen* of the *chief* counties have three different Fiars*; *five* have different averages, or prices, according as the grain is sold or bought, with or without fodder; the other remaining eighteen counties strike only a medium, or average Fiar.

Such are the modes of striking the Fiars in Scotland; such the power of the Jury; and such the manner of examining witnesses. That all this is well founded, we shall give the best evidence, from two Pamphlets published in 1817; the one by the Commissioners of Supply for the County of Lanark, and the other by a Committee of the Presbytery of Hamilton, which is in the Middle Ward of the said County. Both Pamphlets are worthy of deep consideration;—though, in point of tone, temper, and gentlemanly feeling, we give, decidedly, the preference to the first.

With regard to the Jury on the Inquest of Fiars, the Commissioners state broadly, "That the important department of a Juror has too frequently been committed to *inferior* hands,"—to men "who deserve not the name of Heritors,"—to "farmers,"—and, they add, to writers, factors, merchants, and manufactu-

* The lowest average price in the grain market, for the months of November, December, January, and February last, was 22s. and a fraction; and the highest prices 27s. and 28s. a boll of barley. The average of wheat was 25s. 8d. a boll: yet, in a neighbouring county, barley is sworn to at 13s. and 14s. a boll, as the lowest price; and *one* parcel only, at 23s. as the highest price; the medium average of barley, accordingly, is 17s. 9d., and the highest Fiars 18s. 9½d. The parcel sworn to at 13s. grew on moss, and weighed only 15½ stone; and two of the parcels deponed to at 14s. a boll, are declared by the witness to be "ready-money prices, and all merchantable grain, though that at 14s. was certainly inferior, and, as the deponent thought, not fully ripened, being light; and indeed the deponent did not esteem it *fit* for malting in the course of his business, and converted it into food for his horses." Such are the words of the deposition on this parcel, which "consisted of *three* bolls;" and we leave it to any one to say, whether this was "merchantable grain," or whether it was not damaged and unripe, and *unfit* for being admitted into the calculation, when striking the Fiars? No wonder the Fiars of this county were *low*.

* The Counties in which these different Fiars are struck, are Berwick, Clackmannan, Cromarty, Edinburgh, Haddington, Kinross, Peebles, Perth, Lanark, Renfrew, Ross, Stirling, and Wigton. These Counties contain the greatest population in Scotland; and the varieties in their soil and climate require different Fiars to be struck—for the sake of *justice*.

rers, who, year after year, are to be found, some of them like fixtures, on their looms; alternately making their appearance in court, either in the shape of jurors or witnesses, and often in both characters at the same time!!! Nay, we find some of these men, at the very time they are *insolvent*, sitting on the Inquest, and regulating the Fiars which are to be paid by their creditors, or friends, the Clergy. For the correction of such abuses, the Commissioners of Supply for Lanarkshire propose, that "a Jury should be selected, in strict compliance with the form presented by the Act of Sederunt;" that "a competent number of persons should be summoned before the Sheriff for this purpose, and not, according to the present mode, by a preconcerted list;" that "the persons so named should be the most respectable in the district, whether for rank, character, or talents; and that the eight Heritors, who must be among the number, should possess not less than £.100 Scotch of valued rent each.——It would add dignity, in our judgment, to high station, and it would do honour to intelligence and ability, to be thus usefully employed in the public service.——Besides, the revival of the judicious form just now mentioned, would tend to give dignity and importance to a procedure from which *all dignity seems to have been studiously taken away.*"

Their reprehension of the *mode* sometimes employed in summoning witnesses, and the description of witnesses thus summoned, are equally just and correct. They tell us of "*a list of names* handed to the public officer." They state that "millers and maltsters"— and they might have added, brewers, distillers, and farmers, under the influence of the parties interested—have been often "cited." They consider "millers and maltsters" as "persons altogether *improper*," as having "a direct interest in raising the price of grain*;" and insist, that two witnesses, at least, should be cited from each parish in the Ward; and that "these witnesses should not be dealers in grain only,—a class of men to which the evidence, in general, has been too closely confined,—but respectable farmers, small and great, and others acquainted with the rates of private sale, as well as the more open prices of the market." "Moreover," they say, "the witnesses should be summoned, at least three months previous to the time of striking the Fiars, because a fair opportunity would, in that way, be afforded to all to acquire information, and to give satisfactory answers to such interrogatories as might be put to them."

Some of these interrogatories they put down; such as, whether the different sorts of grain be "the native growth of the County," of the present or former years? whether the prices given or received have been in ready money or on credit, or whether "nominal and fictitious," (which has been done, under the rose, to make the Fiars low)? and, finally, "that the Jury should examine all evidences on the *quantity*, as well as the *quality* of the corn which they have bought or sold;" and to "throw light upon the objects of their inquiry, there should be laid before them the quarterly states of the average price of grain, which, by law, are directed to be published in the London Gazette, and 'which regulate importation.'"

All this is very good; and it would have added to their candour and fairness had they recommended to the Jury to examine *closely* the witnesses,—whether any of the Clergy or the Heritors had been tampering with them, or influencing them to give evidence favourable to them,—whether they came from the fertile parts of the County, or from the

* We draw a quite opposite conclusion. These classes of persons often make purchases regulated by the Fiars; and hence the lower the Fiars the more advantageous their purchases. Let land be let at Fiar Rents, and the same evil will be felt by landlords, as the Clergy are now experiencing from Heritors. Every farmer on the Jury, or called as a witness on the Fiars, will study how to make the Fiars low, as by that means they will have their rents low. To effect this, every species of iniquity, chicanery, and fraud, will be put in motion, and no power will be able to prevent it.

neighbourhood of large towns,—whether the grain was bought in the upland districts, where it is cheaper, or in the lower, where it is better and dearer,—whether it was pure grain, the produce of their own farms, or mixed with Irish meal or grain, bought at low prices*. To these questions an injunction should be given, and the Sheriff commanded to insist on it;—that, when an HONEST man is summoned as a witness,—is giving evidence on oath,—and has, *unfortunately*, stumbled upon prices higher than the worthy gentlemen of the Jury are disposed to receive; instead of setting aside his evidence, on the pretence of "dispensing with it," or that they were "already satisfied," or that the *quantity* he had sold was "too small to be admitted," or on some other such reason, or disinterested suggestion; instead of admitting any such plea, that the price, whatever it be, shall be taken down, and stand upon the record. That such care and caution have not been hitherto taken, will now be seen from the "observations" of the Hamilton Presbytery.

This Reverend Presbytery state by their Committee, that, so far from any of these precautions being taken by the Jury of Lanarkshire in 1814, they were all forgotten; that "the witnesses were required to swear, *not* to the prices at which they had sold or purchased the several sorts of grain, during the months of November, December, January, and a part of February, but to *their opinion* of the average price during these months;" that, "bad as this evidence was, and most improperly taken, the Jury, in 1814, did not adhere to it in striking the Fiars;" that, instead of "calculating the average at all," they found it by a vote, or in answer to some such questions as these: "Well, what do you think they should *make them*?" (i. e. the Fiar prices.) "Well, what do you think they should have? (meaning the Clergy). Shall *we* give them sixpence more?"

"The result of this was, that, in point of fact, the barley Fiars for 1814 were lower than the *lowest price* of barley sworn to by any of the witnesses. The lowest price of barley sworn to was £.1, 3s. 6d., and the highest barley Fiars for 1814 were £.1, 3s.! The average price, according to the evidence, would have been £.1, 5s. 10¾d." The lowest price of oatmeal, to which any of the witnesses deponed, was 18s. 6d., and eighteen shillings and sixpence are precisely the highest oatmeal Fiars for 1814." Yet "the average price, had the Jury ever thought of calculating an average, would have been £.1, 0s. 4d."

These facts fully evince the modes in which the Fiars in Scotland are struck, and the "*cabal*, and *intrigue*," and "injustice," which are carried on by the parties to obtain their ends; the one taking every mean to have Fiars *high*, the other to have them *low*.

The conduct which is thus carried on is often most revolting and discreditable; but it must ever continue to be so, while men, "who deserve not the name of Heritors," factors, writers, maltsters, brewers, grain-dealers, and dissenters, are set upon the Inquest; and when it falls into the hands of a particular *Junta*, who, from some wonderful operation, are found either Jurymen or witnesses, and who have all of them a direct interest to strike the Fiars as low as possible.

If Fiars are to be struck, and the Clergy paid their Stipends by them,—if justice is to be done them, as between man and man—as between those on whose honour, disinterestedness, and generosity, the public place their confidence, and the Clergy, who, in discharging their office, perform most important public and private duties,—if justice, we say, is to be done betwixt two such high parties, it must be by those who possess the principles and character of British Gentlemen, and who, in general, have ever stood proudly and pre-eminently above all that is mean, contemptible, and degrading.

Since the Act of Sederunt in 1723,

* It is a practice with some farmers and dealers, to buy damaged Irish corn, have it ground into meal, and then mix it with the produce of their own farms. This mode of manufacturing oatmeal is well known; and this debased grain, sold low, has a dreadful effect in lowering the markets, and consequently in lessening the Stipends of Ministers.

great and important changes have taken place in Scotland. At that time, the majority of the Jury might have been safely left in the hands of Heritors. The Landed Proprietors were then attached to the Church. Infidelity, through profligacy of manners, was comparatively little known. Secession had not then arisen, and few of the Nobility were inclined to Episcopacy. But these things have altered; and every bit puny Infidel, Dissenter, or Episcopal Lordy, delights to oppose the Church of Scotland, and to embroil her Ministers in endless disputes. The return of the season for striking the Fiars gives them great joy, as the period for taking ample and effectual revenge on the *Established* Clergy is at hand.

Sensible of these things, many wise plans have been suggested to prevent the slightest collusion betwixt the Land-owners and the Clergy, and to put an end to a system of yearly aggression. Of the number of these plans, we shall produce two. First, that proposed by the COMMISSIONERS of Supply for Lanarkshire; and the other, that of the Committee of the General Assembly, as embodied in Principal Nicol's Circular, sent to the Conveners of the different Counties.

I. *The* COMMISSIONERS' *Plan.*—The Plan proposed by the Commissioners, as the Representatives of the Nobility and Gentry of that rich, and populous, and extensive County, is, inm any things, excellent: we shall set down what of it we approve. 1. They propose, That "the Inquest should be held duly and regularly, in all the three Wards of the County, —in the Towns of Lanark and Hamilton,—and in the City of Glasgow respectively, before the Judge Ordinary, or Sheriff-substitute of those Districts;" and that the Fiars should be struck for the three Wards separately."

2. "That the Jury should consist of persons the most respectable in the district, whether for rank, character, or talents; and that none be admitted on it who possess not less than £. 100 Scotch of valued rent each."

3. "That the witnesses should be men of good character, attached to the Church of Scotland, and regular Members of it*,—not dealers in grain only, but respectable farmers, small and great;" that "two witnesses at least should be cited from each Parish in the Ward, if the Inquest be held in the three Wards separately, and not fewer than ten witnesses from each Ward, if the plan of one general Inquest be adopted for the *whole* County."

4. "That the witnesses be summoned at least three months previous to the time of striking the Fiars," that so "a fair opportunity may be afforded them to acquire information, and to give satisfactory answers to such interrogatories as may be put to them."

5. "That some respectable person, residing in each place, be appointed to take an account of the different prices that are paid on every Market-day *throughout the year*; and that such person be remunerated for his trouble at the expence of the County, on making this report, before the Jury, upon oath." This regulation implies, that the Fiars should be struck for the *whole* year.

6. "That in taking the evidence, every question shall be put to the witnesses, in order to expiscate the real price of grain †."

And, Finally, they recommend the collating of "every authentic document which can throw light upon the object of their inquiry;" such as, "the Quarterly States of the Average Price of Grain, published in the London Gazette, and *viva voce* testimony."

Such is the Plan of the Commissioners, so far; and to this extent we judge it judicious, wise, and fair, and every way worthy of themselves, as the Representatives of a great and

* This we deem indispensable. For what *propriety* is there in Dissenters and Episcopalians sitting on the Jury which is to fix the Stipends of the Ministers of the Established Church, which it must be their object to pull down? Would the Episcopalian and Dissenting Clergy allow the Members of the Church of Scotland to settle, yearly, their respective salaries?

† This, *in substance*, is the meaning of the questions to be put to witnesses, as stated in pages 35 and 37 of the Report. We have abridged the regulations in this Report, and added an observation of our own, which is found without inverted co-

flourishing County. Let us turn from it, to consider

Principal Nicol's Circular.—Here we should expect much; but, after examining it minutely, we cannot see in it that wisdom and solid sense which we expected to emanate from the learned Assembly of the Church. Comparing it with the Act of Sederunt 1723, we can discover very little difference, except in the following particulars:

1. "That the Jury shall give a verdict according to the evidence laid before them, without taking into their view any other consideration."

2. "That the Jury reject all evidence respecting damaged grain."

3. This article is in substance the same as that of the Act of Sederunt, though scarcely so good or so strong.

4. This article is also superseded by the regulations in the Act of Sederunt; the only difference in the Circular being, that it supposes "the several parties interested" to have "*Agents*" attending the Inquest, who, "after inspecting the list," may recommend additional witnesses. With the exception of "Agents," the Act of Sederunt entitles "*any person* then present in open Court, to offer information to the Jury concerning the premises, and concerning the evidence adduced, or that might be adduced before them. And if it appear to the Sheriff, or his Deputes, or to the Jury, that the adducing of *proper* evidence has been in any way obstructed, or that the evidence adduced is defective, the said Sheriff, or his Deputes, shall adjourn the Jury to a certain and proper day, that sufficient evidence may then be laid before them," &c.

5. The striking the Fiars, "from the separation of the crop" from the ground, "up to the last week of March, yearly," is the only peculiarity in this article; and it is, in truth, good for nothing. Grain, in general, never rises in this country till after the Fiars are struck.

6. This article is also superseded: the Act of Sederunt already fixes "*different* Fiars, according to the different qualities of the several sorts of victual;" and expressly says, that they "*shall be continued*, or introduced by the several Sheriffs respectively." And the Act of Parliament, 48 Geo. III. c. 148, § 13, provides, "that where there *shall have been*, or *shall be, different* Fiars for any County or Stewartry struck," the conversion is to take place by these accordingly.

We think this 6th article in the Circular highly injudicious, as bringing into discussion what is already fixed by law, usage, and the Act of Sederunt. In all this there is a culpable oversight. It leaves the Heritors still the majority on the Inquest, to sit, judge, and determine in their *own* cause, while it excludes the Clergy, who are as deeply interested, from all voice or vote in the matter, except through "Agents," whom we trust never to see, as it is the interest of all Agents, especially legal ones, to involve in disputes the parties concerned, that they may bring grist to their own mill.

Such are the two Plans; and we hesitate not to give a decided preference to that of the Commissioners of Supply for Lanarkshire. If Fiars are to be continued, it is by far the most practicable. At the same time, we are of opinion with them, that it is, strictly speaking, impracticable, by means of any Inquest, however fairly, cautiously, and impartially gone about, to arrive at the market selling prices of grain or victual. All that can be done, is only to adopt that plan which comes the nearest to the "*actual sale prices.*" This approach can only be made by striking three Fiars. A *medium price* puts you farther away from it, and just commits so much more injustice and oppression on *all* concerned. The proof of this is obvious, from the following considerations:

1. As the price of grain is the standard by which the value and kind of land is to be fixed, and as the Fiars of the County afford the only unexceptionable evidence by which the price of grain can be ascertained, it follows, that a medium Fiar, being farther removed from the real price of grain than the highest Fiars, that the land, whether sold in the market, or let in lease, must bring a lower price and rent in proportion. If this be the truth, as it unquestionably is, then the Heritors, to the extent of their property, have a deeper interest in high Fiars than

even the Clergy, or any other class of men in the community.

The man who is wise, and goes prudently to work, in either purchasing or leasing land, will examine with care and profound attention the Fiar prices of all victual for the last nineteen years, and, comparing these with the current market-prices, will form a judgment of the value of said lands. It is quite obvious, therefore, that if, by medium Fiars, the Land-owners, or Heritors, lose 5 or 10 per cent., which they might gain by the highest Fiars, they just diminish, in the same proportion, their *whole* property; and the only advantage left them, as a compensation for this heavy loss, is the paltry privilege of paying the Minister a boll or two of Victual Stipend, 5 or 10 per cent. below their true and just value. An enlightened regard to their own interest should, therefore, induce Heritors to support any measure by which the average price of grain may be more correctly ascertained than it is at present; and this, we maintain, can only be accomplished by the highest Fiars. A medium Fiar, as it is at present struck for a *whole* County, sinks the whole landed property in it, and is most unjust towards all who are bound to regard it as a rule of payment.

2. This injustice is felt by all Heritors who belong to the upland districts, and who are not blessed with the most fertile soils. By striking an average, or medium Fiar, the Heritors on the poor soils lose nearly, in the same proportion, as those in the richer gain. When Heritors in the upland districts received 17s. for their boll of poor barley, those in the middle 20s., and those in the lower 25s., the average of these *three* prices was 20s. 8d. a boll: by this, the Heritors in the upland just pay 3s. 8d. more for the boll of barley than they receive for it at market—those in the middle districts lose 8d. a boll—and those in the lower gain on every boll no less than 4s. 4d.

3. By this there is injustice done also to all the Clergy in the lower district; for this 4s. 4d., or nearly so, is taken from them, to be put into the pockets of the Clergy of the middle and upland districts; whereas, if an Inquest were held separately in each district, and three Fiars struck, Justice would be done to all parties, as nearly as could well be approached by the striking of the Fiars. And,

4. The Clergy, in each district, whether the Fiars be struck *separately* in each, by an Inquest, or for the *whole* County *in cumulo*, have a *vested* claim, founded in substantial justice, for the highest Fiars. The Stipends they receive are not the representatives of Tithes from the produce of the Parish, when good, bad, and indifferent grain was drawn, of old, by the Clergy or the Titulars. The grain which the Clergy receive is the representative of money which was employed for the purpose of purchasing, or being converted into the best grain of the County, at the time when the conversion took place.

By the Decrees Arbitral of Charles I., the Teinds were valued in money. This money was the one-fifth of the clear rental, and this one-fifth of money, as just now stated, was converted, not only into the bolls, the measure, and weight of the County, but into the bolls of the *best quality*. This is history, not assertion. The Court conversion proves it.

We do not need to go back to 1628 and 1633 for this fact; we have only to quote the words of the Statute 1808, which orders and ordains all money Stipends, when an augmentation takes place, to be "converted into grain or victual, according to the *highest* annual Fiar prices of the County for the *last seven* years," where there shall have been, or shall be, different Fiars for any County struck. Hence it follows, undeniably, that it is the Sheriff's Fiars of that County the Clergy are to receive; and if they receive not these in *full tale*, the Act is not complied with; and, in fact, the Clergy receive no Fiars at all. In the whole Act there is not one word about the measure: nor was it necessary, as the County Fiars fixed the measure, and the measure the Fiars. Their Lordships understand it otherwise; and we now proceed to inquire into the grounds of that understanding.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOTE ON "THE LIBERAL.—NO. III."

In this Number of "Verse and Prose from the *South*," (with respect to *Edinburgh*, the latter epithet *still* holds true,) there is infinitely less of talent and of blackguardism than in any of its predecessors. For this bout, at least, Byron appears to have cut the connection: it contains, I think, nothing of his. It is, accordingly, as dull, silly, conceited, egotistical, and mawkish, as possible—I mean *upon the whole;* for I willingly except Hazlitt's article, entitled "My first Acquaintance with Poets," which I have read with pleasure. 'Tis true, that this strange, enthusiastic, non-descript mortal, lives, breathes, and has his being, in an atmosphere of his own,—that he loves the obscure, the affected, and the shadowy, in preference to the clear, the natural, and the tangible,—that he labours to transmute every thing into metal of his own currency, and to compel us to think rather of the image and superscription impressed on it, in passing through his intellectual mint, than whether the bullion he employs be of the sterling weight and value; but, in despite of these, and sundry other faults, peculiar to this remarkable writer, the article in question is, upon the whole, a good one—certainly the best in the *brochure* before me. No other writer, and hardly any other style, would have sufficed to describe the most imaginative and metaphysical of men and of poets—Coleridge. *He* is a being *sui generis:* it is easy to tell what he is *not*—extremely the reverse to define *what he is;* a transcendentalist, with the soul and inspiration of the highest poesy,—a writer of simple ballads and metaphysical and dreamy plays,—an enthusiast, and an original in feeling, sentiment, and expression,—an orator of the highest compass,—a projector of infinite dimensions,—a man capable of any thing, of every thing, yet cursed with an unsteadfastness of volition, and an infirmity of purpose, which have left an enormous disproportion between the categories of *esse* and *posse*—between what he *has*, and what he *might have*, achieved—between his gigantic promises and his pigmy performances. The disciple has entered far into the wonderful, composite, and unique character of his master. He has shown us as much of *the man* as we could possibly expect to see; while the perumbral, half-metaphysical, half-metaphorical light in which the Literary Monster is revealed, harmonizes well enough with the character both of the writer and his subject. It will, therefore, be read with interest, because it can excite no feeling except what is more or less akin to pleasure. The tone of feeling, if sometimes a little forced and unnatural, is generally praiseworthy and unexceptionable; Coleridge is not lowered in our estimation, (and that is even much); Hazlitt is rather raised. He seems to cherish a deep reverence for the extraordinary person to whom he recounts his first introduction; and considering the opposite orbits in which they have since moved, and the bitterness and uncharitableness of modern political and religious party-spirit, this is surely no mean praise. Again I say, it will be read with interest.

The dramatic Eclogue, "The Blues," is a piece of very smooth, current, harmless drivelling: so is also the third "Letter from Abroad," on Music, "hot suppers" at Pisa, and the proneness to fraud of all kinds, and in every thing and the utter contempt of truth, even on the most insignificant occasions, peculiar to the Italian character *in general*. *A-propos* of Italian falsehood and chicanery. In a former letter, the character of this degenerate race was lauded to the very echo, and many hard and bitter epithets flung at the ghost of poor Forsyth, who had, in his brief, honest, and emphatic way, described them as a nation of rascals, from the highest to the lowest. Consistency, therefore, does not probably come within the scope of the *liberal* plan. Truth, however, like murder, will out, and, in the present instance, the gentleman "abroad" has spoken it very innocently, and very unconsciously. "The Neapolitans," said Lord Nelson, "are a nation of poets and fiddlers, whores and scoundrels." If, for "Neapolitans," we read "Italians," the description is perfect, and says in twelve words, what the "Letter from Abroad"

mints and mumbles at in nearly half that number of pages. The "scoundrels" are infidels, too, it would seem! which *Mr Shelly* was the first to account for! and which, we are told, originates from the people being "*catechised into insincerity!*" Upon this principle, the race of true believers in England must be prodigiously increased, seeing the people are not "catechised" at all. What could Mr Bentham, in his "Church-of-Englandism," wish for more than this? Even in Scotland we are in a hopeful way: a method of propagating *faith* so simple, easy, and practicable, could hardly fail of being imitated. It has been so. *Our* people are not *now* "CATECHISED INTO INSINCERITY!" What *infidels* they must have been, in the time of our austere, covenanted forefathers, who brought up their children in the fear of the Lord, and taught them to reverence the Sabbath day, which was entirely devoted to the hearing and reading of THE WORD, and to the "catechising" of the young; and when the Ministers of the Gospel *did not* conceive it beneath their dignity to go from house to house, preaching, teaching, and "catechising,"—instructing the ignorant, consoling the mournful, reproving the backsliding, "strengthening the feeble hands, and confirming the feeble knees," and pouring the balm of heavenly comfort into the wounded and afflicted spirit! *Mais nous avons changé tout cela!*

The eulogium of *Madame D'Houdetôt* is less offensive than we anticipated, though the morality is French throughout. The husband was, of course, a brute, the lady good-natured: the former had his mistress, the latter her gallant; and every thing went on quite *comme il faut*, the practice being then too general to excite notice, or call forth any reprobation. Moreover, the lady was faithful to her lover, and firmly repelled the addresses of that insane, but eloquent ruffian, Rousseau. This is the amount of the defence of Madame D'Houdetôt, and I have no wish to impair it, such as it is. But characters like this are not indigenous to our soil; and I am truly sorry when I see any one, from whatever motive, trying to transplant them. The happy combination of *savante* and adulteress is so exclusively French, that, on the principle of *suum cuique*, I must enter a solemn protest against the right of property being in any degree infringed.

The "Book of Beginnings" is a dull and dreary jumble of shreds and patches—*unus et alter assuitur pannus*,—and is apparently from the classic pen of Mr Leigh Hunt. Let it pass. "A Sunday's Fête at St Cloud" is barely endurable; but the paper on *Apuleius* indicates some desultory reading, and a little research of the vague and inconclusive kind of which this publication exhibits some odd enough examples, were it not deformed by a piece of beastly and criminal indecency (p. 161.) about Miss Anna Seward and Dr Darwin. The brute who wrote it must be destitute of every thing like natural shame or modesty: a congregation of prostitutes in a brothel would not endure it; yet it appears in the *Liberal!* There is no risk of any one quoting it: the printing such a piece of infamous bestiality, which the author admits may be "*perhaps false*," would damn effectually any other periodical work, except that in which it appears—and it is damned already. This is followed by a collection of Minor Pieces, and Parodies, trashy and worthless in an extreme degree. The first of these, "To a spider running across a room," is certainly from the pen of Mr Hunt, as the following lines will testify:

> Have I let strut, behind their dunghill screens,
> All the brisk crowers in Scotch Magazines,
> Who take for day their crackling Northern Lights,
> And scream, and scratch, and keep it up o' nights,
> Braggarts with beaten plumes, and sensual hypocrites?
> Him, too, who feeds them, and in whom there run
> All Curll's and Osborne's melted brass in one—
> Have I spared him, when, with a true rogue's awe,
> Not of the truth or justice, but the law,
> *He lay before my feet and proffer'd me*
> *His rascal money for indemnity?*
> In scorn I let him go, &c.

Upon the whole, Number Third of "The Liberal" is a farrago of as poor and miserable stuff as I have seen offered to the public, for the modest sum of *five shillings*, and, generally speaking, far below the average pitch of the more respectable class of Magazines. Such being my honest opinion, I must now, therefore, bid their Liberalships good-bye, assuring them, that till Lord Byron shall again *(quod Deus avertat!)* degrade himself, by contributing to float their weighty lumber, they shall be troubled with no further remarks or criticisms of mine. I cannot sign my old-fashioned name, however, without assuring the reader, that these fellows complain of personalities and abuse in other periodical writers, with the worst possible grace; seeing they are themselves as scurrilous and bitter as ill-nature and imbecility can make them. Every man, of every party, must detest the gloating and fiendish delight with which they exulted over the unhappy exit of Lord Castlereagh; while the perseverance with which they vent their spleen against those they conceive their enemies, only betrays the agony they suffered from the infliction administered by more potent hands, and tends to perpetuate that system of detraction and scurrility which threatens to sap the foundations of public morality, and constitutes the great *opprobrium* of modern literature.

J. Oldmixon.

ON GRAVITY.

The nature and power of what is called Gravity has been so often discussed by men of the greatest eminence, that little *which is new* can at present be hoped for on this difficult, but sublime subject.

The following observations are intended for students,—the principal aim of the writer being to elucidate the matter as much as possible, and to render it intelligible to young persons desirous of becoming acquainted with the phenomena of nature; especially with what may be esteemed the foundation of Physical Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy in general.

Gravity, with respect to the earth, is that force by which bodies are continually urged towards its centre; it is the force with which bodies let fall from a state of rest, are carried *downwards*, that is, in a direction perpendicular to the horizon of the place; or, when they are supported, it is the force with which they *press* the body that supports them, or with which they urge that body to move towards the earth. The effect of this force, then, is twofold, that is, it produces motion and pressure: gravity, therefore, may be considered as a power pressing a body in a line which is always perpendicular to the horizon. Gravity, multiplied by the number of parts of which a body is composed, constitutes the weight of that body: hence the *gravity* of an elementary particle, and its *weight*, are the same thing; therefore, in large bodies, which are composed of many particles, the weight is as the number of particles; or it is the sum of the gravities exercised upon all the particles. All terrestrial bodies are subject to the power of gravity; that is, every solid and every fluid with which we are acquainted, are subject to its influence: hence, all bodies are heavy; even the air, exhalations, and the most volatile vapours, have weight, for all these can be weighed in scales; by which means they are demonstrably proved to be heavy, or, in other words, to be acted upon by the power of gravity. It is the power of gravity which keeps together the particles of which bodies are formed; it is the cause, also, why bodies are kept to the surface of the earth, and do not fall off. It also combines together the parts of the earth; for let the mass of the earth be distinguished into any two parts, either small or great, either equal or any way unequal, if the gravity of the parts towards each other were not mutually equal, the less force would give way to the greater, and the two parts joined together would move on to infinity, in a right line towards that part to which the greater power tends, which is contrary to experience. Therefore, the gravity of the parts

towards each other are in equilibrio, or the action of gravity is mutual and equal on both sides: and from this reasoning it is obvious, that, as all bodies gravitate towards the earth, so does the earth gravitate towards other bodies. Since, then, all bodies are heavy, there is no such principle as absolute levity, or lightness, in bodies; that is, there is no inherent principle, by which bodies ascend, or are made to withdraw themselves from the earth's surface. Aristotle opposed this opinion, and it is easily refuted. Let a piece of wood, which is lighter than an equal bulk of water, be forced to the bottom of a vessel containing that fluid—it will rise to the top, because it is forced up by the superior pressure of the ambient water underneath it; a piece of iron falls to the bottom, because it is heavier than an equal bulk of the fluid, and its gravitating power is capable of forcing the water to yield to its superior pressure downwards. Vapours, gases, &c. rise in the atmosphere, because they are specifically lighter than an equal bulk of air; and they continue to ascend, until they arrive at an altitude where the air and the ascending body have the same density. At this altitude the air and the ascending substances remain in a sort of permanent equilibrium, till, combining with other substances, the vapours, gases, &c. are made to descend again, to undergo new decompositions; by which means the purity of the atmosphere is probably preserved, and that order and regularity maintained, which are so conspicuous in every part of the universe which has come under our observation.

Many persons believe that air inclosed in a body renders the body lighter; that is, if a hollow globe of metal has its cavity full of atmospheric air, they assert that the inclosed air makes the globe lighter, and that the globe would be heavier, if the hollow part were a perfect vacuum. This is a great mistake, for, since the air can experimentally be proved to be a heavy body, it is exceedingly obvious, that one heavy body added to another makes the whole heavier than either of the parts. The weights of bodies at equal distances from the earth's centre, are as the number of elementary particles, or, as it is often expressed, as the quantity of matter in those bodies; for the forces by which unequal bodies are *equally* accelerated, must be proportional to the quantity of the matter that is moved. Thus, in an exhausted receiver, where there is nothing to oppose the motion of falling bodies, they all move through equal spaces in equal times; that is, a bit of wool, a feather, and a guinea, all fall from the top of the receiver to the bottom, in exactly the same time.

The power of gravity, and the weight of bodies, *decrease* as the square of the distance from the earth's centre *increases*; hence it is plain, that the same body is not so heavy at the topof a mountain as at the bottom. This fact is ascertained by the vibration of pendulums; it may also be thus illustrated: A body that would be in equilibrium with a one-pound weight in the opposite basin of a well-constructed balance at the *foot* of a mountain, would be in equilibrium with the same pound weight at the *top*, because both the bodies have decreased equally. But, supposing the body to be suspended from the extremity of a spring steel-yard, if, at the bottom of a mountain, this body should draw out the index to the mark *four*, it will not draw it out so far as the mark *four* at the top of the mountain; because the power of gravity, and consequently the weight of the body, is diminished by being removed to a greater distance from the earth's centre. The earth is in the form of an oblate spheroid, the proportion of its axis, about which it revolves, being to its equatorial diameter as 331 to 332; and the distance of the surface of the earth from its centre, at a place on the Equator, is twelve miles greater than the distance of either Pole from that centre. From this circumstance, it is manifest that a body at the Equator is not acted upon by gravity with the same force, or is not so heavy, as the same body would be if removed to either of the Poles. The increase of gravity in going towards either Pole, is proportional to the square of the cosine of the latitude, and consequently can be determined.

It may be interesting to some

readers to be informed in what manner these facts have been ascertained, and to know, moreover, that they are seated on a firm basis. Picard, a French philosopher, in his work on the measurement of the earth, published in 1671, speaks of a conjecture proposed to the Academy of Sciences, that, supposing the diurnal motion of the earth, heavy bodies ought to descend with less force at the Equator than at the Poles; and observes, that, for the same reason, there should be a difference in the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds in different latitudes. In consequence of this intimation, Richer was sent to Cayenne; and among other objects of his voyage, he was charged by the Academy to observe the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds. He returned in 1672, and mentions his observations of the pendulum as the most important he had made. The same measure which had been marked at Cayenne on a rod of iron, according to the length which had been found necessary to make the pendulum vibrate seconds, being brought back and compared with that marked at Paris, the difference was found to be a line and a quarter, that at Cayenne being the shortest. The vibrations of the pendulum on which the experiment was made were very small,—continued sensibly for fifty-two minutes of time,—and were compared with an excellent clock which vibrated seconds. Moreover, the clock which Richer took to Cayenne, having been adjusted to beat seconds at Paris, lost two minutes a-day at Cayenne; so that no doubt now remained of the diminution of the force of gravity at the Equator. This was the first *direct proof* of the diurnal motion of the earth. Huygens was then led to suppose that the same cause might produce a protuberance at and about the Equator, and a corresponding depression at the Poles. Cassini had already observed the oblate figure of Jupiter, and this analogy strongly favoured a like circumstance of there being a protuberance about the earth's Equator; and the most obvious means of ascertaining the fact being [illegible] direct measurement, astronomers were sent to different parts of the earth, some to the north, and others to the Equator, to measure the lengths of degrees at those places; and in this way it has been proved, that there is a protuberance about the Equator, a corresponding depression at the Poles, and that the figure of the earth is that of an oblate spheroid.

Some persons are still ignorant of the means by which animals and other bodies are kept to the surface of the earth; for as its diurnal motion is now universally admitted to be true, their wonder is excited to know why we do not fall off, when the earth has turned half way round its axis? It is imagined by some, that bodies are kept to the earth's surface by the pressure of the atmosphere; but this conclusion is remarkably erroneous, for the atmosphere being a fluid substance, has a buoyant tendency, and absolutely lifts bodies up, instead of pressing them down. Every thing is kept to the earth's surface by its weight; that is, bodies are kept to the earth by the power of gravity acting upon them; and the means by which this is effected, is similar to that by which a magnet draws a needle, even prevents it from falling from it, and when the needle hangs directly downwards. Bodies lose part of their weight by the rotation of the earth about its axis; their *real* or *absolute* gravity is different from that which we now observe in bodies, by reason of the centrifugal force, which acts, at the Equator, in an opposite direction to that of gravity, and there, as well as in other places, diminishes its effect; every where, indeed, except at the Poles, which, as they are at *rest*, are not affected by the rotatory motion of the earth. At either of the Poles, then, the real gravity of bodies might be determined by experiment; but as these points are inaccessible, we can only determine the power of gravity there by calculation, from the known laws which it constantly exhibits; and though in this there is no fear of committing any error, yet an experiment made at either of the Poles is very desirable.

Gravity is not confined to this earth; it is the same as attraction; it is the effect of an universal force, extending to the utmost bounds of

the universe, and pervades every other body as well as our globe. This is easily proved by the analogy which is every where observed between the earth and the other bodies which are seen about it. Having observed the effects of gravity here, upon the earth, let us examine them a little in order, to determine whether the same force is found to act upon the celestial bodies.

Their globular figure is at once sufficient to prove, that the same gravity acts upon each of them which acts upon our globe. The earth has evidently been round from the time of its formation, and the sea, which almost surrounds it, is also round; because as all the parts would tend to a common centre, they would arrange and dispose themselves about this centre, to find an equilibrium, and an equilibrium could not take place, if one part of the ocean was farther from the centre of attraction than another: hence it is plain, that the mutual gravity of the parts would produce a round, or globular figure. Abstraction must of course be made for the spheroidal figure of the earth and planets, which is evidently produced by a centrifugal force, occasioned by the rotation of each of these bodies round its axis. There is, then, in all the planets, and all the other celestial bodies, a power of gravity similar to that in the earth; and the matter of which the earth is composed, is not the only matter that enjoys this property of retaining and attracting the surrounding bodies; whence we conclude, that matter, in general, has an attractive power, and that where there is matter, the power of gravity will be found.

Following the progress of science through its various and intricate developments, we are able to discern how this famous law of universal gravitation was gradually discovered, and ultimately brought to its present state of perfection.

The ancients, among whom we may mention Anaxagorus, Democritus, and Epicurus, had determined the general tendency of matter towards a centre; and Plutarch speaks of it very clearly in his book on the Cessation of Miracles, where he explains how each world has its particular centre, its land, its seas, and a force necessary to retain them round that centre. Copernicus had also the same idea of the general attraction of matter, for he attributed the roundness of the heavenly bodies to the general tendency which their parts had to reunite; whence it followed, that this tendency had place in each planet, as well as the earth. The mutual attraction of bodies was also known to Tycho Brahe; and Kepler, in the preface to his book, "De stella Martis," where he first demonstrates that the orbits of the planets are not circular, says precisely, that if the earth and moon were not in motion, they would approach each other, and meet at their common centre of gravity. He says, moreover, that the action of the sun produces the irregularities in the moon's orbit; that the action of the moon produces the tides; and that the sun attracts the planets, and is again attracted by them. Dr Hook made still greater advances. At a meeting of the Royal Society in 1668, he said, "I will explain a system of the world very different from any yet received, and it is founded on the following propositions: I. 'That all bodies have not only a gravitation of their parts to their own proper centres, but that they also mutually attract each other within their spheres of action.' II. 'That all bodies having a simple motion, will continue to move in a straight line, unless continually deflected from it by some extraneous force causing them to describe a circle, an ellipse, or some other curve.' III. 'That this attraction is so much the greater, as the bodies are nearer. As to the proportion in which these forces diminish, by an increase of distance, I own I have not yet discovered it, although I have made some experiments to this purpose. I leave this to others, who have time and knowledge sufficient for the task.'" This is a very clear enunciation of a proper philosophical theory; but the business was still left for Newton to finish. That gravity existed, was now evident to philosophers in general, at least to great numbers of them; but the specific law by which bodies attract each other, had not yet been determined. This was the discovery of Newton, and this was what could not fail to immortalize the name of the British Philosopher.

We are informed by Dr Pemberton, in the preface to his "View of Newton's Philosophy," that, in the year 1666, when Newton had retired from Cambridge into the country, on account of the plague, that he was there led to meditate on the probable cause of the planetary motions, and on the nature of that central force by which they are retained in their orbits. It then occurred to him, that probably the same force, or some modification of the same force, which caused a heavy body to fall to the earth, might extend to the moon, and retain her in her orbit, by causing a continual deflection from her path in a right line. But before this conjecture could be subjected to the test of calculation, it was necessary to assume some conditional hypothesis relative to the modification of the *force* with respect to the distance. The supposition which he made was, "that the force of gravity *decreases* as the square of the distance *increases*;" but whether this was his first conjecture, we are not informed. It is highly probable, however, that it was, because all emanations, such as light, heat, &c. observe this law; it was, therefore, on this account, very likely to be adopted, as being the most simple and natural that could be imagined.

When Newton first attempted to verify this conjecture, the requisite data, respecting the distance of the moon in radii of the earth, and the measure of the earth's radius, were both but imperfectly known; and the *result* which he obtained by making use of these imperfect measures, though nearly, was not exactly what he wished; in consequence of which, he abandoned the hypothesis he had assumed. This was a remarkable instance of the cool and dispassionate frame of mind which this great man preserved, even at the time when he had flattered himself with the hope of having discovered one of the most important secrets of nature. A few years afterwards, he renewed his calculations, as more correct data had been obtained by the measurement of a degree in France, by Picard, as before mentioned. In this attempt he succeeded, and it is related, that towards the conclusion of it, he became so agitated, that he was obliged to request a friend to assist him in finishing it.—A moment of greater importance will never be recorded in the annals of science!

It may not now be amiss, if we explain a little the calculation which Newton made use of in determining this important question. Having *supposed* that the force of gravity decreases as the square of the distance increases, and having determined, from Picard's measures, that the mean distance of the moon from the earth is sixty of the earth's radii, he thus proceeded: Calling the force of gravity, at the surface of the earth, unity, as $60^2 : 1 :: 1 : \frac{1}{3600}$, which denotes the force of the earth's gravity at the distance of the moon; but a heavy body at the earth's surface falls through 16.083 feet in one second of time; therefore, the same body, at the distance of the moon, would only fall through $\frac{16.083}{3600}$ feet in a second, or through 16.083 feet in a minute; because the spaces fallen through are as the squares of the times. Whence it follows, that, supposing the moon to be retained in her orbit by this force, the deflection from the tangent to her orbit, at any point, ought to be $\frac{16.083}{3600}$ feet in a second; that is, the versed sine of that arc, or part of the moon's orbit described in one second, ought to be $\frac{16.083}{3600}$ feet, if the moon be retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, decreasing as the square of the distance increases. Again, the moon's orbit does not differ much from a circle, the radius of which is 60 of the earth's radii; the circumference of the moon's orbit is, therefore, easily found; and since her periodic time is 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, it is easily to calculate the length of the arc, which she describes in one minute. Now, to compute the space which one end of this arc falls below a tangent to the other end, this space is a third proportional to the diameter of her orbit, and the arc she describes in one minute; and by an easy calculation, this space is found to be 16.083 very nearly. In this manner, this most important *law* was established, with respect to the earth and moon; and it has since been extended to the whole universe.

Laplace observes, that it is in the celestial regions that the laws of mechanics are observed with the greatest precision; on the earth, so many causes tend to complicate their results, that it is very difficult to unravel them, and still more difficult to submit them to calculation. But the bodies of the solar system, separated by immense distances, and subject to the action of a principal force, the effect of which is easily calculated, are not disturbed, in their respective motions, by forces sufficiently considerable to prevent us from including, under general formulæ, all the changes which a succession of ages has produced, or hereafter may produce, in the system. There is no question here of vague causes, which cannot be submitted to analysis, and which the imagination modifies at pleasure, to accommodate them to the phenomena. The LAW OF UNIVERSAL GRAVITATION has this inestimable advantage, that it may be reduced to calculation, and, by a comparison of the results with observation, it presents the most certain method of verifying its existence. This "great law of nature" represents all the celestial phenomena, even in their minutest details; so that there is not one single inequality of their motions which is not derived from it, with the most admirable precision; and that it explains the cause of singular motions, just perceived by astronomers, and which were either too complicated, or too slow to recognise their law. Thus, so far from having to fear that new observations will disprove this theory, we may be assured, beforehand, that they will only confirm it more and more; and we may be certain that its consequences are equally certain, as if they had been actually observed. See Vol. II. Systême du Monde.

Hitherto we have been considering some of the properties and effects of gravity; but what is the cause of it? The only hypotheses which have met with any advocates, are those of Descartes, Newton, Bernouilli, and Saussure. The vortices of Descartes have disappeared long ago, and are only now remembered as the dream of a powerful mind. John Bernouilli was no philosopher, and his hypothesis is more contemptible than the reveries of his predecessor; it requires, at this time, no refutation.

Newton attempts to account for the power of gravity, by proposing the following query: In the second edition of his Optics, in the advertisement, he says, "To shew that I do not take gravity for an essential property of bodies, I have added one question (Qu. 22.) concerning its cause; choosing to propose it by way of question, because I am not yet satisfied with it, for want of experiments." He then proposes to account for the gravitation of the planets towards the sun, "by means of an elastic fluid surrounding the sun, (and in like manner, surrounding every other body,) supposing this medium to increase in density, as it passes at greater distances from the sun, causing, thereby, the gravity of these greater bodies towards each other, and of their parts towards the bodies; every body endeavouring to go from the denser parts of the medium towards the rarer. For if this medium be rarer within the sun's body than at its surface, and rarer there than at the hundredth part of an inch from its body, and rarer there than at the orbit of Saturn, I see no reason why the increase of density should stop any where, and not rather be continued at all distances of the sun from Saturn and beyond. And though this increase of density may at great distances be exceedingly slow, yet if the elastic force of the medium be exceedingly great, it may suffice to impel bodies from the denser parts of the medium towards the rarer, with all that power which we call Gravity." Mr Vince, in his pamphlet "On the Cause of Gravitation," has demonstrated, that it is not possible that any law of variation of the density of the fluid, in terms of the sun's distance, combined with any law of variation of the repulsive force of the particles of the fluid, in terms of their distance, can satisfy the law of gravitation. Newton's hypothesis, then, does not explain the *cause* of the power of gravity.

Saussure accounts for attraction, by supposing that all space is filled with particles of matter, moving rapidly in all directions; and that the particles which fall on the opposite

sides of any two bodies, in lines parallel to the line joining their centres, will impel the bodies towards each other, the sides next each other not being so acted upon. But in this case, the moving force of each body would be as the surfaces of the bodies; whereas, from experiment, it is known to be as the *gravity of matter* in the bodies—therefore the hypothesis is not true.

The following observations, with which we shall conclude this article, will prove, that gravity is not produced by a fluid, or any mechanical principle whatever. Since gravity acts upon bodies in motion, and even when they move with the most rapid velocity, in the same manner as when at rest, it cannot be any thing external or mechanical; for whatever it might be, solid or fluid, its effect upon bodies in motion would be different from its effects upon bodies at rest; because a body impinging on another at rest, acts with all its force; but on bodies in motion, when both move the same way, it acts only with the difference of their forces. Again, gravity acts on the internal particles of a body, as well as on the external particles, and is always proportional to the number of particles, and not to the surface; therefore it follows, that, in this case, it cannot be mechanical. For supposing that a body is acted upon by a fluid, the pressure would be proportional to the surface pressed, and by no means as the quantity of matter; but this is contrary to experiment. May not gravity, then, be caused by some internal active agent, by the efficacy of which, bodies are urged towards the centre of attraction? Or rather, is not gravity an inherent principle of matter, a something of which matter cannot be deprived, which was infused into, and is coeval with the creation of matter, and may be esteemed one of its qualities, in the same manner as hardness, impenetrability, mobility, or any of the other qualities of matter, and of which we have as little knowledge, as we have of the manner by which the power of gravity causes one body to act upon another, and by which it *extends* itself through all *extent*?

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, May 2d.

In one of my last letters, I mentioned that Mr Haynes, author of "Conscience, or the Bridal Night," had a new Tragedy accepted at one of our Winter Theatres. This statement was made upon a paragraph in the Courier newspaper, apparently from authority; but it turns out to be untrue. Mr Haynes has indeed written another Tragedy, but it has not been accepted, either at Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane. The facts, as I am informed upon good evidence, are these, and they are worth detailing, not merely on account of their curiosity in themselves, but as shewing the paltry, juggling, double-faced, monopolising, patronising system now established with regard to plays intended for public representation.

It is two years since "Conscience" was brought out with a success at least equal to the productions of poets of much higher reputation, and who owed much of their success to that reputation. I need not here particularise. During those two years, Mr Haynes has employed himself upon a second effort of the same kind, and having at length finished it, he bethought him next of the best method of introducing it to the Managers. One would have imagined, that, as the author of a former piece, the merit of which had been unequivocally acknowledged, he would have needed no other introduction at either house. Not so: things are managed differently; for there is hardly a Comedy, Tragedy, Opera, Farce, or Melo-drame, that must not first be recommended by some favourite and popular actor, who has influence with the "Directors," (such the Managers now call themselves, in imitation, probably, of the Bank of England, or India Company,) to induce them to let the experiment be tried on their stage. Accordingly, Mr Haynes thought he could not do better than entrust his Tragedy to the guardianship of Kean. He could not have done worse, for it is understood that Kean did not think he should be

able to make a good hit in the hero. Macready was next resorted to; but he had very recently exerted his influence for Miss Mitford, and her Tragedy only lived six or seven nights. The truth, with respect to "Julian," is, that it was intended by the authoress, that C. Kemble should have played the hero, and Macready the part of the villain: however, as Macready was the means of getting it read in the green-room, he chose his own character, and C. Kemble had nothing to do with it; for there is a monstrous deal of petty rivalship and jealousy in these matters. For this reason it was that Macready could do nothing for Mr Haynes.

Mr Haynes at last determined to send it in to the Managers, or Directors, of Covent-Garden Theatre, with his name, desiring them to state, as soon as convenient, whether it would suit the interests of their undertaking to accept it. He waited a week, but obtained no answer—a fortnight, and no answer—three weeks, and no answer. He then asked a friend to call at the stage door, and inquire for it, desiring that it might be returned. His friend did so—saw Mr ——, who superintends these matters, and begged that Mr Haynes' Tragedy, called "Durazzo," might be given to him. "Durazzo—Durazzo? Mr Haynes' Durazzo?—Oh, aye—certainly. We are very sorry—must it be returned?" said Mr ——. "It has been with you nearly a month, (rejoined Mr H.'s friend,) and you have sent no answer whether it will or will not suit you." "Indeed—I am very much concerned—but we have been so extremely engaged, that we have not had time to read it through, but, as far as we have gone, we find it admirable. Could you not leave it for two or three days longer, that we may go through the rest?" "Mr Haynes allowed me no discretion, (rejoined his friend); I must trouble you for it." "Cannot we send it to Mr Haynes? I am much interested in the plot, and should like to conclude it." "I must take it with me." "If it must be so, here it is, (added Mr ——, taking a sealed packet from a shelf,) but I regret it extremely." "I do not wonder that you find it *admirable* as far as you have gone, (observed Mr Haynes' friend,) and that you are *much interested in the plot*, for I perceive that the envelope has never been removed, nor Mr Haynes' seal broken." So they parted.

Whether this sort of scene often occurs, I know not; certain it is, that it is but seldom that we hear of it. The result has been, that Mr Haynes, disgusted at the treatment he received, has printed his Tragedy, and has therefore abandoned all idea of representation, for it would not now do exactly for the Managers to have it performed. Of the merits or defects of the piece, as it has not come upon the stage, it is not my business to speak, any more than it is to discuss the excellencies of any other merely printed drama.

There are, as I have before pointed out, so many disadvantages attending the acting of plays, and of Tragedies in particular, at our great theatres, at this day, that Managers ought to be particularly studious to give encouragement to all who will condescend to write for them, if they intend at all to keep up the pretence of preserving and performing the national drama. If they do not, and will content themselves merely with "Orphans of Peru," "Chinese Sorcerers," &c. &c., well and good—we shall know what to expect. While upon this subject, let me recall the reader's attention to the great number of dramatic productions, especially Tragedies, which have been printed without having been first acted: the quarterly list of the last Edinburgh Review contains no less than eight; some, indeed most, of which the authors probably never meant for the stage! But why did they not mean them for the stage? This question may be partly answered by what precedes, and partly by reflecting upon the size of our theatres,—the general false taste introduced in consequence,—and, indeed, upon the whole system of our drama within the last ten or twenty years.

London, May 5th.

On the night of C. Kemble's benefit, "a young lady, her second appearance on the stage," sustained the part of Rosalind, in "As you like it." The name of this young lady is Jones; and it was very plain,

from her manner, that she has been accustomed to the boards, if not in London, in the provinces. Some months ago, she made her *debût* in Alicia, in the Tragedy of "Jane Shore," and not meeting with a reception so flattering as she wished, she withdrew for a while. Her second attempt in Rosalind was by no means successful: it was not like Mrs Jordan's Rosalind, (Mrs Abingdon's Rosalind I cannot remember), nor like Mrs Davidson's, nor Miss Brunton's Rosalind,—yet it was well enough, and would have been better, had Miss Jones made parts of the character less grossly and coarsely masculine. There was a good deal of spirit in some part of her performance, but it wanted keeping, and to be set off and heightened by that delicacy which Rosalind could not lay aside with her female attire. Miss Jones has an important qualification for the part, in these times, viz. a good leg, and no reluctance to shew it. Here, again, let me ask, Why is not Miss Brunton engaged at one of our Winter Theatres? for such characters as Rosalind and Viola she has at present no equal on the stage. Her Beatrice, also, is as much superior to Miss Chester's, as Miss Chester's is superior to Mrs Edwin's. It is true, Miss Brunton is not "so fine a creature" (such is the phrase) as Miss Chester, nor has she that peculiar support and patronage which her being "a fine creature," and perhaps not over scrupulous, secures her. Why is Miss Brunton left to waste her talents upon the vulgar audiences of minor theatres? Miss Jones is not yet announced for any other part than that of Rosalind.

C. Kemble's Orlando is well known, for he has played it any time these twenty years. Whether Macready has before performed Jaques, I really forget—I never wish to see him in the character again, though the severe and biting sarcasm, and moral reflection that belongs to it, were by no means lost. He did not come up to my notion of Jaques. I have seen old Wroughton and Young in the part, but both disappointed me. In the hands of none of them was Jaques the being Shakespeare intended him—nor the being Hamilton painted him. Instead of being a negligent, slovenly misanthrope, Macready drest the part like a gay forester, and every thing he said was in contrast with his appearance. It is to be wondered that Macready's judgment did not enable him to avoid this error, into which, nevertheless, both Wroughton and Young also fell. Is there any theatrical convention or understanding, that Jaques shall always be drest in a smart green jacket, ornamented trowsers, a spruce cap and feather, and a boar spear? He attends, indeed, upon the Duke—but in what sort—in what capacity?

I was shewn yesterday a very long letter, of several foolscap sheets, from Matthews in America. By the bye, it is said that he has received some injury from the falling of a tree upon him; but I understand that it is not true, though his companion, a Manager (or *Director*, I beg his pardon) of one of the United States' Theatres, suffered severely. It is not difficult to guess the object and contents of Matthew's letter. It was addressed to one of the first humourists, not to say wits, of the day, who, against the incomparable mimic's return, is to prepare an entertainment, another "At Home" for him at the Lyceum. Matthews supplies all the materials he can procure, and they are by no means scanty or unentertaining, and the gentleman to whom I allude puts them into shape. Matthews has a most acute sense of the ludicrous, and a very felicitous way of relating anecdotes and explaining peculiarities. He has transmitted a number of Yankee songs, that are fine specimens in their way. It must be a pleasant thing for the Americans to know that "a chiel's among them takin' notes" for the sake of turning them all into immortal ridicule when he returns to Europe. Yet he seems followed with the utmost curiosity and earnestness; and even the Quakers, who are too scrupulous to go to a *theatre*, contrive to raise a subscription, that they may see him in an assembly-room.

Liston and Miss Stephens have been delighting crowded audiences (not exactly in the same way) in Figaro. It is wonderful to see how much Liston makes out of literally nothing. The singing of Miss Stephens, independent of her acting,

which is greatly improved, is worth a journey from Cathay. I wish she had a little more taste, or better advice in her dresses.

Elliston was to have performed Count Amaviva, a part for which he was once rather celebrated; but he grows old now, and finding he was really not wanted, he put Mr Penley into the character, and the audience found no reason to regret his absence, excepting on the score of illness, which was assigned in the bills. Elliston has dropped the issue of bulletins of his health, since that famous one in which we were informed so minutely about his broth and his daughter.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Edmund Lodge, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. &c. is commencing a publication, in 8vo. and 4to., of Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, engraved from authentic pictures in the galleries of the nobility, and the public collections of the country; with biographical and historical memoirs of their lives and actions.

An English Flora, by Sir J. E. Smith, is now at press, divested of technical terms as much as possible.

Mr T. S. Peckston is engaged on a new edition of his valuable practical work on the Theory and Practice of Gas Lighting, in which he has considerably abridged the theoretical part of the work, as given in the first edition; and, to render it as useful as possible to every practical man, there is introduced much original matter relative to coal-gas, and an entirely new treatise on the economy of the gases obtained, for illuminating purposes, from oil, turf, &c.

The Hut and the Castle, or Disbanded Subalterns, a romance, by the author of "the Romance of the Pyrenees," &c. will soon appear.

Dr Gordon Smith is preparing a new edition of the Principles of Forensic Medicine, which will contain much additional matter. The volume will embrace every topic on which the medical practitioner is liable to be called to give a professional opinion, in aid of judicial enquiries.

Mr Wiffen is engaged upon a translation of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the "Prince of Castilian Poets;" with a critical and historical Essay on Spanish Poetry, and a Life of the Author.

Durazzo, a tragedy, in five acts, by James Haynes, will speedily appear.

The Geography, History, and Statistics, of America and the West Indies, as originally published in the American Atlas of Messrs Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, are reprinting in this country, in one volume octavo, with much additional matter relative to the New States of South America, and accompanied with several maps, charts, and views; so as to concentrate, under the above heads, a greater fund of information respecting the Western Hemisphere than has hitherto appeared.

Mrs Holderness has in the press a volume, entitled New Russia; being some account of the colonization of that country, and of the manners and customs of the colonists. To which is added, a brief detail of a journey over land from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kieo; accompanied with notes on the Crim Tartars.

Mr Oliver, surgeon, has in the press, and will publish in May, Popular Observations upon Muscular Contraction, with his mode of treatment of diseases of the limbs associated therewith.

The second edition of the Picturesque Promenade round Dorking, in Surrey, with numerous engravings, will be published early in May.

Early in June will be published, a Funeral Oration on General Dumourier; with considerations on the extraordinary events of his life.

Shortly will appear, the Forest Minstrel, and other Poems, by William and Mary Howitt.

Mr Rutter's work on Fonthill Abbey is nearly ready for publication, and will be illustrated by an interesting series of highly-finished engravings.

The author of "Domestic Scenes" will shortly publish "Self-Delusion," a novel.

Mrs Hoffland is engaged on a new tale, entitled Patience.

Mr Lowe is printing a new edition of his work on the State and Prospects of England, followed by a Parallel between England and France.

A new novel will appear shortly, under the title of Edward Neville, or the Memoirs of an Orphan.

Vathek, by Mr Beckford, with a frontispiece after Westall, by Mr Charles Warren, will be published in May.

Whittingham is now printing, at the Chiswick Press, a collection of Elegant Extracts in Verse, in the same size as

Sharpe's work, which bears the same title. This selection is not a mere copy of its predecessors, but consists of poems which are not to be found in similar publications. The whole will form six volumes, in monthly parts.

An octavo volume, entitled Dissertations Introductory to the Study and Right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents, of the Apocalypse, by Alex. Tilloch, L.L.D., will be published early in May. This is a subject which through his life engaged the attention of Newton, and seems likely, in all ages, to afford materials for the speculations of believers.

Mr Earle is printing Practical Remarks on Fractures at the upper part of the Thigh, and particularly fractures within the capsular ligament; with critical observations on Sir Astley Cooper's treatise on that subject; and a description of a bed for the relief of patients suffering under these accidents, and other injuries and diseases which require a state of permanent rest.

Two volumes, History and Chemistry, having appeared of the Methodical Cyclopedia, the next volume, containing the Mathematical and Physical Sciences, is printing, with all the speed compatible with accuracy and perfection.

A course of Twelve Lectures on Italian Literature has been announced by M. Ugo Foscolo, comprising every thing essential in its poetry, general letters, and language.

A volume of Sermons on several Subjects, with Notes critical, historical, and explanatory, by the Rev. Charles Swan, late of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, will shortly appear.

Another poem, on the subject of Alfred, is in the press, and will soon appear, from the pen of R. P. Knight, Esq.

EDINBURGH.

Sermons preached in St. John's Church, Glasgow. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

A View of the past and present State of the Island of Jamaica. By J. Stewart, late of Jamaica, in one volume 8vo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

No. I. containing the Cathedrals of Asaph, (St.) Bangor, and Bristol, of Views of the Cathedral Churches of England and Wales: with Descriptions. By John Chessell Buckler. 4to. 7s. 6d.

Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London. By J. Britton, F.S.A. and Augustus Pugin. No. I. 5s. medium 8vo., 8s. imperial 8vo., and 14s. medium 4to.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Brown's Catalogue of Old and New Books for 1823. 2s. 6d.

Part II. of Baynes's Catalogue of Second-hand Books for 1823. 2s. 6d.

Maxwell's Catalogue of Books for 1823. 2s.

List of Select Books in Classical and German Literature, published at the present Leipzig Easter Fair, and imported by J. H. Bohte, *gratis*.

Boosey and Son's Catalogue of their Foreign Circulating Library: containing Books in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Languages. 8vo. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Annual Biography and Obituary for 1823. 8vo. 15s.

The Naval Biography of Great Britain. By J. Fittler, Esq. Part I. 10s. 6d.

The life of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. By N. H. Nicolas, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

A new and enlarged edition of the Life of Ali Pacha. 8vo. 12s.

Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America. By John D. Hunter. 8vo. 12s.

CHEMISTRY.

A Dictionary of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. By James Mitchell, M.A. F.A.S. 18mo. 10s. 6d. boards, 12s. 6d. calf gilt, forming Vol. II. of the Methodical Cyclopædia.

CLASSICS.

Collectanea Latina, or Select Extracts from Latin Authors. By Thomas Quin. 5s.

DRAMA.

The Italian Wife, a Tragedy. 3s. 6d.

The whole of the Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, complete in one pocket volume. £.1 1s.

EDUCATION.

Hume and Smollett's Histories of England abridged, and continued to the Coronation of George IV. With 140 Engravings, after Pictures of the Great Painters of the British School. By John Robinson, D.D. 9s. bound, or on royal paper, 15s. boards.

Five hundred Questions and Exercises

on the same; printed in 4to. fcap. with space for the answers; 2s. and a Key to the same, 6d.

The School for Sisters, or the Lesson of Experience. 12mo. 6s.

The Parish Clerk. A Tale. 1s.

Eight Lectures on some striking Proofs of the Being of a God, and the Truth of the Bible. 1s.

Martha, a Memorial of an only and beloved Sister. By the Rev. Andrew Reed. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

The Prize Medal, or Pupil's Vademecum. Being a Collection of Essays, from the most esteemed Authors, ancient and modern. 2s. 6d.

The English Master; or Students' Guide to Reasoning and Composition. By W. Banks. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Happy Family at Eason House. By Miss Sandham. 3s. 6d.

A practical Essay on the Manner of Studying and Teaching in Scotland. 12mo. 5s.

The French Remembrancer. By D. Boileau. 12mo. 8s.

An Easy Introduction to Short-Hand. By John Moore. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

The Third Part (completing the Work) of the Italian School of Design. By William Young Ottley, Esq. Colombier folio, 7½ guineas; proofs, 10 guineas.

GEOGRAPHY.

A new Military Map of the Kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. By Wm. Faden. £.2 ₪ 10s.

HISTORY.

The Antiquities of Freemasonry, comprising Illustrations of the five Grand Periods of Masonry. By George Oliver. 8vo. 12s.

A Narrative of the Insurrection in the Island of Grenada, which took place in 1795. By John Hay. 5s.

LAW.

A Summary of the Law of composition with Creditors. By Basil Montagu, Esq. 8vo. 8s.

A Practical Treatise on the Duties and Responsibilities of Executors and Administrators. 8vo. 6s.

MATHEMATICS.

A Treatise on Dynamics. By William Whewell, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

A Treatise on Mental Derangement. By Francis Willis, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Elements of Pharmacy, and the Chemical History of the Materia Medica. By S. F. Gray. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Elements of the Theory and Practice of Physic. By George Gregory, M.D. Part II. 10s. 6d.

Thoughts on the present Character and Constitution of the Medical Profession. By T. C. Speer, M.D. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

A Cabinet of Portraits, consisting of distinguished Characters, British and Foreign; with Memoirs. 8vo. 18s.

A Selection of Moral Essays, from the Works of Mr Addison. 8s. boards.

Remarks on the Indians. 8vo. 2s.

Hell Destroyed. By M. D'Alembert, translated from the French without any mutilations. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Some Account of the Hospital and Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, from 1101 to 1820. By John Parton. 4to. £.5 ₪ 5s.—large paper, £.10 ₪ 10s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Genera of Recent Fossils and Shells, for the Use of Students in Conchology and Geology. No. XIV. 4s. plain, 6s. coloured.

No. IV. of Watson's Dendrologia Britannica. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The British Warblers: containing six beautifully coloured Figures of the most interesting Birds of Passage, belonging to the Genus Sylvia. By Robert Sweet, F.L.S. 7s. 6d.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

An Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Natural Philosophy. By John Millington. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

Philosophical Recreations. Vol. II. By John Badcock. 18mo. 3s.

Religiosa Philosophia, or a New Theory of the Earth. By W. Welch. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Willoughby; or the Influence of Religious Principles. By the "Author of Decision." 2 vols. 15s.

Live and Learn. By Francis Lathom, 4 vols. 12mo. £.1 ₪ 1s.

Ricardo, the Outlaw, a Romance. By Captain Simpson. 2 vols. 14s.

An Alpine Tale. By the Author of Tales from Switzerland. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Other Times, or the Monks of Leadenhall, a Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

The Curate's Daughter, a Tale. By Mary Mullion. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Isabel de Barsas, a Tradition of the Twelfth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 ₪ 4s.

Actress, or Countess and no Countess. 4 vols. 12mo. 16s.

Reformation, a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Letters on England. By the Count de Soligny. 2 vols. post 8vo. £.1 ₪ 1s.

Wine and Walnuts, or After-dinner Chit-chat. By Ephraim Hardcastle. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s.

The Spirit of Buncle, or Surprising Adventures of John Buncle, Esq. 12mo. 8s.

POETRY.

Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly Sung in the West of England. Collected by Davies Gilbert, Esq. F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. 8vo. 5s.

The Loyal and National Songs of England, selected from original Manuscripts and early-printed Copies in the Library of Dr Kitchener. Folio. £.2 u 2s.

Matins and Vespers, with Hymns and Occasional Devotional Pieces. By John Bowring. 12mo. 6s.

The Flood of Thessaly, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Fables for the Holy Alliance. By Thos. Brown the Younger. Foolscap 8vo.

The fall of Constantinople, a Poem. By David Douglas. 8s. 6d.

The Solace of an Invalid. 5s. 6d.

Alfred, a Romance. By Richard Payne Knight, Esq. 8vo.

Remembrance; with other Poems. By W. Gray. 8vo. 3s.

Selections from the British Poets, compiled by John Bullar. 7s. 6d.

Natura Rerum, or the Nature of Things. By A. Dunderpate. 8vo. 7s.

Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous. By Henry Neele. Foolscap 8vo. 7s.

Seged, Lord of Æthiopia, with other Poems. By the Rev. F. H. Hutton. 8vo. 3s.

The Age of Bronze; or, Carmen Seculare et Annus haud Mirabilis. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter to the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Game Laws. By the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Herbert. 18s.

The King of France's Narrative of his Escape from Paris, and Journey to Brussels and Coblentz, in 1791. 8vo. French, 5s. 6d. English, 6s. 6d.

A library edition of the Spirit of Despotism. By Vicesimus Knox, D.D. 9s.

The Art of Valuing Rents and Tillages. By J. S. Bayldon. 8vo. 7s.

Relative Taxation; or Observations on the Impolicy of taxing Malt, Hops, Beer, Soap, Candles, and Leather. By T. Vaux. 8vo.

A Letter to William Joseph Denison, Esq. M.P. on the Agricultural Distress, and on the Necessity of a Silver Standard. By Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. 1s. 6d.

A Few Remarks upon the Catholic Question. By Francis Gregg, Esq. M.A. 1s.

An Elegy on the late Henry Martyn, and other Poems. By J. Lawrence. 8vo. 2s.

A Manifesto to the Spanish Nation, and especially to the Cortes, for 1822 and 1823. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Letter to the King on the Critical Circumstances of the Present Times. 1s. 6d.

An Appeal to the Inhabitants of the British Empire in behalf of the Negro Slaves in the West Indies. By William Wilberforce, Esq. 8vo. 2s.

The Carbonari, or the Spanish War assigned to its Real Cause. 2s.

The Conduct of the Corporation of the City of London respecting the New London Bridge. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Negro Slavery, or a View of that State of Society in America and the West Indies. 8vo. 3s.

An Appeal to the British Nation, on the Humanity and Policy on forming a National Institution for the Preservation of Lives and Property from Shipwreck. By Sir William Hillary, Bart. 1s.

The Case of the Landed Interests and their Just Claims. 1s. 6d.

A Voice from London to the Voice from St. Helena, or the Pitt System developed. By Peter Moore, Esq. M.P. 8vo. 9s.

THEOLOGY.

Part I. The Holy Bible, illustrated with Notes. By William Alexander. On royal paper, 8vo. 4s. Fine imperial, 6s.

A Comprehensive View of the Nature of Faith; second edition. 8vo. 1s. 3d.

The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness, extracted from the New Testament. By Rammohun Roy. 8vo. 9s.

Hebrew Elements, or a Practical Introduction to the Reading of the Hebrew Scriptures. By Thomas, Lord Bishop of St. David's. 6s.

A Supplementary Volume of Sermons. By the late Samuel Lavington. 10s. 6d.

Ancient Mysteries described, especially the English Miracle-Plays, founded on Apocryphal New Testament Story, extant among the unpublished MSS. in the British Museum. By William Hone. 10s. 6d.

The Practical Study of Scripture recommended and illustrated. By Mrs Sheriffe. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

A Sermon, preached in the Scotch Kirk, Liverpool. By the Rev. Jas. Barr. 1s. 6d.

A Word in Season, from the Pious and Learned Bishop Andrews, to the Governors of this Country in Church and State. 1s. 6d.

Horæ Romanæ, or an Attempt to elu-

cidate St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 3s.

The Investigator, or an Enquiry into the Nature of the Trinity. 1s.

A Treatise on Heaven and its Wonders, and also concerning Hell. 18mo. 5s.

Critica Biblica, or Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, No. I. 1s.

The Chronology of the Apocalypse investigated and defended. By J. Overton. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Topographical and Historical Sketches of the Boroughs of East and West Looe, in Cornwall. By Thomas Bond, with Views. 10s. 6d.

The Graphical and Topographical Delineations of the County of Cornwall. No. I. 2s. 6d.

The History and Antiquities of Enfield, in Middlesex. By W. Robinson, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. £.2 2s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Pyrenees and the South of France in November and December 1822. By A. Thiers. 5s.

Travels in the Northern States of America. By Timothy Dwight, LL.D. 4 vols. 8vo. £.2 2s.

Narrative of a Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay to the Mouth of the Copper Mine River, &c. By Capt. John Franklin, R.N. 4to. £.4 4s.

EDINBURGH.

Quentin Durward. By the Author of "Waverley," "Peveril of the Peak," &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. £.1 11 6d. boards.

The Farmer's Magazine: a Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to Agricultural and Rural Affairs. Published Quarterly, No. XCIV. Monday, 12th May 1823. 3s.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Vol. XX. Part I. *sixth edition*, revised, corrected, and improved. Illustrated by nearly Six Hundred Engravings. 16s.

Defence of the Usury Laws, with a Proposal to lower the legal rate of Interest to four per cent. By Robert Hannay. 12mo. 4s.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By John Leslie, Esq. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Volume I. including Mechanics and Hydrostatics, with Engravings. 14s.

Memoir of the Rev. John Blackader, compiled chiefly from unpublished Manuscripts, and Memiors of his Life and Ministry, written by himself while prisoner on the Bass; and containing Illustrations of the Episcopal Persecution, from the Restoration to the Death of Charles II., with an Appendix, giving a Short Account of the History and Siege of the Bass, &c. By Andrew Crichton. 12mo.

Ringan Gilhaize, or, The Covenanters. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," "Sir Andrew Wylie," The Entail," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1s. boards.

Narrative of the Life and Travels of Sergeant B——, written by himself. 12mo. 5s.

Remarks on the proposed New High School of Edinburgh.

Minutes of the Town Council, and Report of the Committee respecting the proposed New High School.

Report of the Committee of Contributors to the Edinburgh Academy.

Treatises on Justification and Regeneration. By John Witherspoon, D.D. With an Introductory Essay, by William Wilberforce, Esq. 12mo. 4s. boards.

An Alarm to Unconverted Sinners. By the Rev. Joseph Alleine. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, A.M. Edinburgh. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

Dr Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns. Nos. XIV. XV. and XVI. "On the Causes and Cure of Pauperism in England," will be published in May. These Numbers will complete the second Volume of this work.

An Essay on the Objects of Taste. In three Parts. Part I. Principles. II. Illustration of Principles. III. Analogy with and support from Scripture. 12mo. 5s. boards.

The Widow of Roseneath, a Lesson of Piety; affectionately dedicated to the Young. 18mo. 1s.

The Sabbath-School Magazine for Scotland. Published monthly. Price 6d. each Number.

The Edinburgh Select British Theatre, No. III. being the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh: dramatized by J. W. Calcraft, with two Engravings. 1s.

Cases decided in the Court of Session, from November 12, 1822, to March 11, 1823. Reported by Patrick Shaw, and Alexander Dunlop, junior, Esquires, Advocates. Vol. II. Part I. 10s. 6d.

The Spirit of the Union; or a Narrative of the Treatment received from the United Secession Church Courts, by the Congregation of Queen Ann's Street, Dunfermline, in their late attempt to elect a Minister. 1s. 3d.

The Battle of the Bridge, or Pisa Defended, a Poem, in Ten Cantos. By S. Maxwell, Esq. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 8s. boards.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.—It is now above a month since the territory of Spain was violated by the French troops; but hitherto the campaign has produced no results of importance. The French armies march forward slowly, without resistance, and have now possession of the whole line of the Ebro, from Gerona to Burgos. Only on two occasions has a hostile shot been fired, and it is probable they will obtain possession of Madrid before any decisive measures of resistance are adopted on the part of the Spaniards. The fortresses of St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, and Figueras, are, however, garrisoned. On the 9th April, a sortie was made from the former, upon the besiegers, in which the Spanish troops, it is said, behaved in the noblest manner, killing and wounding of the French between 700 and 800 men. It is added in private letters, that, subsequently to the 9th, three other sorties had been made by the garrison, in which, though compelled to retire within the fort, the Spanish troops greatly distinguished themselves. The number of the garrison of St. Sebastian's amounted to 3000 men, supplied with provisions for five months. At Ligrono, also, on the 18th, some fighting took place. The town was defended by about 1000 Constitutional Spaniards, who were attacked by the French, and, after a brave resistance, defeated, and their General, who was wounded, taken prisoner.

The French force, which is estimated differently at from 70,000 to 100,000, proceed into Spain in three divisions. By the last accounts, of the 6th May, the head quarters of the 1st corps, under the Duke D'Angouleme and Marshal Oudinot, was at Miranda, about 20 miles in advance of Vittoria. The 2d corps, under General Molitor, was advancing on Lerida, in order, it was said, to prevent the junction of Mina and Ballasteros; while the 3d corps, under Marshal Moncey, was in Catalonia, where, on the 22d April, he summoned the garrison of Figueras, which was indignantly repelled by the Governor, Santa St. Miguel.

As to the means which the Spaniards may possess of repelling this invasion, or what may be their plans of resistance, we know nothing. They publish no account of their plans or movements, but appear, at present, to leave the field to their enemies, who have every thing their own way, both in the field of battle and in their journals. They fight and publish just as they please, uninterrupted and uncontradicted by their enemies. This, however, will only, we hope, last for a time. The Spaniards will chuse their own occasions for acting; their plans will be matured slowly, but surely; not the less so that they are not vapouring and boasting about what they will do. That they are determined to resist appears certain, by accounts from Seville of the 25th April, from which we learn that the Cortes had issued a declaration of war against France.

Among other articles of intelligence in the French papers, we find a proclamation issued by a self-elected provisional Junta of the Spanish Government, and addressed to the Spanish nation. This proclamation is signed by Eguia, Erro, and Calderon, and dated Bayonne, April 6th. It calls upon the people of Spain to make common cause with the French army, in rescuing the country from the control of a faction, and in redeeming the King and Royal Family from their ignominious captivity.

PORTUGAL.—On the 31st April, the session of the Portuguese Cortes terminated, when the King attended in person, and delivered a speech to the Deputies. It has nothing in it which can elucidate the most interesting question at the present moment, with regard to Portugal, namely, her future connexion with Spain. A peculiar reserve, indeed, seems to have influenced his Majesty's advisers, in all that referred to the foreign relations of the country. In the mean time, however, it appears, that the partial insurrection against the Constitutional Government, under Amorante, has been put down, and that leader, with the remains of his faction, have fled into Spain, with a view of joining the French armies there.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—Certain information has been received in this country, that a Russian army is assembling in the Vistula, and that the Austrian troops still linger in Italy; from which it would appear, that these two powers intend to make common cause with France, in her odious attempt to crush the liberties of Spain.

GREECE.—A gentleman, who has returned from Greece, gives a favourable account of the progress the Greeks have made in their struggle for liberty, which, he says, is quite surprising, and he considers their prospects to be most favour-

able. The foreigners have been of great assistance, in giving them the confidence to fight regularly, in which they were necessarily deficient; and a comparatively small number of foreigners from the north would soon put an end to the Turkish sway in Europe. The achievements of the Germans in this warfare have been truly surprising, and, making every allowance for the contemptible character of a Turkish army, reflect the highest honour on that people, who, take them all in all, are still what Horace Walpole described them to be—the least corrupted of the nations of Europe. In the engagement which took place in Feb. 1822, at the landing at Navarino, General Normann, with fifty-two Germans and one Englishman (John Bone or Boone), who bore the brunt, and 100 Greeks under Anagnosti, kept their ground for half an hour against 5000 Turks, with the loss of only one man, Reichardt, an Austrian. In the well-known engagement of Peta, near Arta, eighty-one Germans and sixty Cephalonians stood for two and a half hours against 8000 Turks, and only retreated when their ammunition was exhausted. On this occasion, Normann and fifteen others were all that survived. The Turks experienced the enormous loss of nearly 1500 killed. The quantity of hard fighting there has been, may be judged of from the circumstance, that, of the individuals who left Europe, with our informant, amounting in all to twenty-four, only two survive.

ASIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—His Majesty's ship Bathurst has arrived from New South Wales, with letters and papers from Sydney to the 23d September 1822. Captain King, the commander, has returned to England, to lay before the Admiralty the full results of his voyages of discovery on the western coast of New Holland, in completion of those performed by Captain Fli..ders. Every arrival from Port Jackson brings information that the more the researches of the inhabitants extend inland, the more are they rewarded by ascertaining an indefinite existence of fine country; and the interior of New Holland yields, in no instance, to the beauty, excellence, and richness of the finest soils of Van Dieman's Land, with the difference of a climate that will ripen the orange, the lemon, the olive, that invaluable grain the maize, and similar bounties of Nature. An Agricultural Society has been formed, promising much advantage to the territory. Sir Thomas Brisbane is its patron; and some idea may be formed of the increasing number of respectable colonists, from eighty gentlemen having sat down at Paramatta, at the first dinner of the establishment, in August last, when upwards of £.1500 were subscribed, to carry into effect the purposes of the establishment. The new-formed settlement at Macquarrie Harbour, established as a secondary place of transportation for the offending convicts, had continued to make successful progress. The coal there is found good, and easy of access; and the timber, both in quantity and quality, answers every expectation. An advertisement invites masters of vessels to pick oranges for their sea-stores from the trees of a settler, at 6d. per dozen. At Sydney, colonial tobacco, fully equalling the celebrated American negro head in its strength and peculiar sweetness, is selling.

AMERICA.

MEXICO.—Letters and Gazettes have been received from Vera Cruz down to the 1st of March, by which it appears, that General Echvarri, who had been sent down from Mexico, by the Emperor Iturbide, to invest that place, joined Santa Anna in his revolt on the 2d of February, and declared for the instalment of the Congress. Alvarado, Cordoba, Crizaba, Jalapa, Puebla, &c. &c., also declared for the Congress before the 16th of the month. The communication between Mexico and Vera Cruz was nearly stopped; but a private letter from thence, dated the 18th of February, states, that Iturbide left that place on that day, with the few troops that remained faithful to him; but the direction he would take was not known. On the 12th, a Junta was established at Jalapa, for the purpose of communicating with the other cities, and taking such steps as were requisite for the organization of a Government as soon as possible. With this view, a Congress was to be summoned immediately, to decide upon the mode of government it was most desirable to adopt; but it seemed quite obvious the result would be the establishment of a republic.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

BOTH Houses of Parliament met on the 10th April, after the Easter Recess, but no subject of importance came before either till the 14th, when the Earl of Liverpool, and Mr Canning, laid before the two Houses the documents connected with the late negotiations at Verona, Paris, and Madrid; and, in moving that the Papers should be received, these Ministers offered to the Houses, respectively, a full exposition of the part taken by Great Britain in the discussion of the grounds of quarrel between France and Spain. The speeches of Lord Liverpool and Mr Canning, though of unusual length, are so closely condensed in their materials, that it is impossible to present any but the most general abridgment of either of them, and one general abridgement will serve for both. The first, and not the least, remarkable fact disclosed, confirmed by subsequent similar ones, fixes an unequivocal character of perfidy upon the French Government, namely, the concealment of any design to introduce the Spanish question at Verona up to the moment of the assembly of the Congress, —a concealment which is proved to have been premeditated by the gross falsehood put into the French King's mouth, in the shape of a solemn and almost indignant disclaimer of any hostile feeling towards Spain in the address to the Chambers, promulgated on the eve of the negociations at Verona. From the moment that our Government, however, discovered that it was designed to violate the independence of Spain, the Duke of Wellington refused to take any part in the deliberations of the Congress; and, up to the last moment, Great Britain continued to address to the Allied Sovereigns, and more particularly to the French Government, every form of remonstrance against the aggression upon Spain, short of an actual menace of war. Concurrently with these remonstrances, it employed all its good offices to effect an accommodation, and with some hope of success, until the King of France, who, in the later stages of the negociation, appears to have acted with the same duplicity which marked his conduct before the opening of the Congress, suddenly and unexpectedly extinguished all hope of peace, by his speech to the Chambers. Of this speech Lord Liverpool and Mr Canning spoke with the indignation which its atrocious doctrines must excite in every member of a free State. These Ministers professing the most anxious good wishes for the final triumph of Spain, declared that neutrality is, at least for the present, the proper policy of this country; not merely as necessary to recruit the resources of the Empire, exhausted by a long struggle, and to secure those commercial advantages which must be sacrificed by a war, and which other nations are on the watch to seize upon; but because, if England embarks at all in the war, she must become *the* principal, because her engaging on the side of Spain would render the war much more popular in France; and because, if the majority of the Spanish nation are sincerely attached to the Constitution, from the nature of their country they must triumph over France; but if the majority are not so disposed, it would be unjust and unbecoming the character of Great Britain to become the ally of a minority. With respect to the Spanish South American Colonies, the Ministers explained, that, though the Government was not prepared to recognize their *de jure* independence, it would not allow their occupation by France, or admit any right in the Spanish Goverment to cede them to France. Earl Grey, in the House of Lords, and Mr Brougham, in the House of Commons, complained that the British Government had not maintained with proper energy the independence of Spain.

HOUSE OF LORDS—April 17—Lord King, in moving for an account of the expenses of the late mission to the Congress at Verona, took occasion to condemn the whole course of the late nogociations, in which, he said, Ministers had been dupes from the beginning to the end. The motion was agreed to. Lord Holland then put some questions to Ministers: among others, he asked, whether any precautions had been taken against the union of the French and Spanish Monarchies in the same individual? and whether Russia had stipulated to furnish troops to France? The Earl of Liverpool replied to the first question, that he was not aware of any specific treaty upon the subject; but he could say, from the general construction of all the treaties between the countries, such an union as was adverted to could not take place. The other question he answered in the negative. Earl Grey expressed a wish to be informed of the instructions given to the Duke of Wellington, after it had been ascertained that the Spanish question was to be brought under discussion at Verona. The Noble Earl animadverted with much severity upon the part taken by the British Government in the late negociations. The Earl of Liverpool regretted that the enquiry pro-

posed by Earl Grey had not been instituted in the form of a motion for papers. He defended the conduct of Ministers, and declared that the papers already before the House presented all the information which he could give. Lord Holland said, that the explanation of Ministers was unsatisfactory, and compared the lukewarm remonstrances of Ministers, in the late negociations, to the connivance of a Catholic priest, who should pretend to dissuade a gang of incendiaries, or housebreakers, from a concerted crime, by cold arguments against the injustice and risk of the meditated offence. The Duke of Wellington vindicated his conduct at Verona.

24.—Lord Ellenborough brought forward a motion for an Address to the Crown, expressive of the opinion of the House,—that the line taken by Ministers in the late negociations was not calculated to avert a war,—that the attempt to effect a change in the Spanish Constitution was not becoming the character of the British Government, and that no reliance was to be placed upon the forbearance of France from views of aggrandizement. His Lordship enforced these propositions in a speech of considerable length. The Earl of Harrowby defended the conduct of Ministers. War, he said, was on every account to be avoided; and he denied that this country had any thing to fear even from the success of France, should she be successful; because the exhausted state of Spain would render that kingdom an acquisition of little value to France. Lord Grenville proposed an amendment, complimenting Ministers: and after the longest Debate of the Session in the Upper House, in the course of which, Lords Holland and King, Darnley, and the Marquis supported the original add Dukes of Wellington and and the Earls of Aberdeen and Liverpool opposed it; the vote of censure was rejected by a majority of 142 to 48.

28.—The Army and Navy Pensions Bill was read a third time and passed in the House of Lords, after a repetition by Lords King and Ellenborough of the arguments so frequently before urged against it.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*March* 24.—The supplies occupied the early part of the evening, in the course of the debate on which, Mr Hume and Mr S. Bennet passed some severe animadversions on Sir Thomas Maitland, High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands.—Mr Wilmot defended the gallant Officer with complete success, by a reference to the feelings towards him prevalent in the Islands, and the reputation which Sir Thomas brought with him from Ceylon. Colonel Barry (who has lately resigned the office of Lord of the Treasury, in order to be free to discharge his duty to his country) next called the attention of the House to the late proceedings in Dublin, by a motion "for copies of the information upon which the commitment of certain persons to the gaol of Newgate, Dublin, for a CONSPIRACY TO MURDER the Lord Lieutenant, were founded. The Hon. Member spoke shortly, confining himself to a temperate statement of the case, and explaining, that he considered the papers for which he moved as indispensably necessary to the fair consideration of the motion which Mr Brownlow was to bring forward after the recess. Mr Plunkett, in a speech of great length and ingenuity, but which was occasionally interrupted by laughter and disapprobation, resisted the motion, on the ground that its success might compromise the Magistrates who had made out the commitment. He also made a long defence of his own conduct, and affected to doubt the patriotism of Colonel Barry's motives. Mr Lambton ridiculed the grounds of the late prosecutions in Dublin, and declared that, in his opinion, a *prima facie* case of *injustice and oppression* had been made out against the Attorney General of Ireland. Mr Peel resisted the motion, on the ground of danger to the committing Magistrates. Col. Barry replied; and on a division, the numbers were—For the motion, 32—Against it, 48.

March 25.—Lord A. Hamilton obtained leave to bring in a Bill to abolish the inferior Commissary Courts in Scotland. The Noble Lord next moved an address to his Majesty praying for "a copy of any warrant issued by the Crown in the year 1822, authorising any person or persons to act as Magistrates in the Borough of Inverness in the room of those recently displaced by process of law." The motion was supported by Mr Hume and Sir R. C. Ferguson, and opposed by the Lord Advocate, Mr Peel, Mr Cuming, Mr Gordon, and Mr Forbes: on a division, the motion was negatived by 49 to 34.

Mr Hume presented a petition from Mary Ann Carlile, complaining that she is detained a prisoner in execution for a fine of five hundred pounds, which she is unable to pay. The petition stated at length the circumstances of this wretched woman's trial, which are well known to the public. Mr Hume spoke at great length, in support of the prayer of the petition, and animadverted with much bitterness upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the Constitutional Association. The general scope of the Hon.

Member's argument went to this—that no blasphemy should be punished by law.

Sir T. Acland defended the Society which had instituted this prosecution, and after reading several passages from the works which formed the object of it, he justified the severity exercised towards the petitioner, as irresistibly provoked by the obstinate perseverance of herself and her family, in setting the law at defiance. The Attorney General followed on the same side. He defended at some length the practice of instituting prosecutions on the part of political associations, and resisted the doctrine which would cast upon the law-officers of the Crown the overwhelming labour and responsibility of acting as the sole guardians of public morals. Mr Ricardo gave, as the result of his most mature deliberations, the opinion, that no prosecution for blasphemy should ever be instituted. Mr Peel explained, that whenever he should think that the prolongation of the petititioner's imprisonment had expiated the offence for which the fine was imposed, he would (if then in office) recommend her discharge. Sir Francis Burdett deprecated prosecutions *for opinion*, and ridiculed the rule set up by Mr Peel, to measure the punishment of a prisoner by the conscience of a Minister. Mr Wilberforce defended the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The petition was ordered to lie on the table. Mr Hume took the opportunity of moving that the petition be printed, to reply to the arguments of Mr Peel, and was replied to by Mr Wynn, who adverted to the obvious distinction between persecutions for opinion, which every man is free to entertain, and the legal punishment of attempts to pervert the opinions of others. Mr Hume then presented a petition from the Freeholders of Cape Breton, complaining of a Proclamation issued by the Governor (Gen. Kemp) in 1820, annexing Cape Breton to Nova Scotia. Mr Hume, in a speech of some length, detailed several consequences from this arrangement, highly injurious to the people of Cape Breton; among others, the subjecting them to a legislature, in the composition of which they had no influence, and the burthening them with taxes to the imposition of which they had not consented. Mr Bernal and Mr Bright supported the prayer of the petition, which was ordered to be printed. Lord John Russel next asked Mr Canning—whether this country was bound by any Treaty to guarantee the Crown of France to Louis the XVIIIth, or the House of Bourbon? Mr Canning

answer hastily as to the pledge
ght possibly be conveyed in the
subsisting between the

countries; but he intimated, that it did not, in his opinion, proceed beyond an engagement to resist any enterprise in favour of the Family of the late Usurper (Napoleon.) In case of invasion, he said, the Allies were pledged to assist the French Government: in case of insurrection, they were to meet and consult. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved for grants for public monuments to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral to the memories of Earl St. Vincent and Lord Duncan. The Right Hon. Gentleman introduced his motion by a handsome speech, in which he gave a detail of the brilliant services of the gallant Admirals.

March 26.—Upon Mr Canning's moving an adjournment to the 10th of April, Lord A. Hamilton moved, as an amendment, to abridge the term of the recess three days. The Noble Lord, in a speech of some length, urged the necessity of a speedy re-assembling of the Legislature, by arguments drawn from the extremely critical state of our foreign relations, bound as, it seemed, we were on one side to protect the house of Bourbon from the family of Napoleon, and engaged, as we certainly were, to the defence of Portugal, and, by a necessary consequence, of Spain, against the aggressions of our French ally. The probability of a conflict between these obligations, (for it was extremely probable that Spain would retaliate upon France by proclaiming young Napoleon,) and the other perplexing questions thrown upon this country by the Holy Alliance, rendered (his Lordship contended) the most vigilant attention indispensable on the part of the House of Parliament. Mr James Macdonald, in an admirable speech, supported the amendment. The Honourable Gentleman pronounced a brilliant invective against the Holy Alliance, and lamented that Great Britain had expended so much to place the House of Bourbon in a condition to trample upon the liberties of our Allies, and treat this country with contempt. Mr Macdonald, however, concluded by professing an opinion, that we should not immediately engage in the war; but he thought that we ought to let Europe see that we are resolved to take part with Spain, whenever we can do so with advantage. Mr Canning again stated, that our Treaties with Foreign Powers only bound us to the exclusion of the family of Buonaparte from the throne of France, and not to the maintenance of any other particular family on the throne of that Monarchy. The amendment was rejected without a division, and the adjournment to the 10th of April agreed to.

April 15.—Mr Brownlow brought for-

ward his motion for censuring the conduct of the Irish Attorney General in the late state prosecutions in Dublin. The Hon. Member (who is a very young man) enforced his motion in an extremely animated and eloquent speech, of considerable length, which drew repeated cheers from both sides of the house. Mr Plunkett defended himself in a long and highly elaborate argument; he contended for the right of the Attorney General to file informations, ex-officio, after Bills had been ignored by a Grand Jury, by arguments drawn from the practice of the King's Bench, maintaining that, in this respect, the Attorney General possesses an authority co-ordinate with that possessed by that high tribunal. He next adverted to the mode in which, according to the statement of the witnesses, the Grand Jury had conducted its examination; and, lastly, imputed to the High Sheriff certain expressions and practices, which, in his opinion, proved that the Grand Jury had been impanelled with a view to party interests. Mr Plunkett then left the house. Mr W. Courtenay professed his approbation of Mr Plunkett's conduct: but thought a decision on the merits of the case likely to lead to injurious consequences, affording, as it necessarily must, a triumph to one party or the other; he therefore moved the previous question as an amendment. Colonel Barry supported the original motion. He ascribed the riot at the Theatre to the intrigues of a man of infamous character, named Atkinson, who had lately received a lucrative employment. This man had been examined in the King's Bench, but not before the Grand Jury. Colonel Barry vindicated the character of the High Sheriff, who had been accused by the Attorney General upon a statement contradicted by the oaths of seven gentlemen, who were fortunately present at the conversation to which that statement referred. Lord Milton, Mr Goulburn, Mr Brougham, and Mr Canning, spoke each shortly in favour of the amendment. On the understanding, that the question would be again opened on a motion for inquiring (on the 22d inst.) into Mr Sheriff Thorpe's conduct, of which motion Sir F. Burdett gave notice, Mr Brownlow withdrew his motion.

16.—Mr Hume presented a petition from the members of the Edinburgh Zetetic Society, complaining, that, while they had been engaged in the work of instructing each other, as well as strangers and young persons, in the doctrines of atheism, the Magistrates of Edinburgh had interrupted their proceedings, seized their books, and held the chief members to bail. They did not complain that these acts of the Magistrates were illegal, but they complained of the laws which legalised such a violation of the right of free discussion. Mr Hume enforced the prayer of the petition, and stated that those individuals, had they been convicted of blasphemy, were, by the law of Scotland, subject to be hanged. The Lord Advocate explained the Scottish law of blasphemy, and intimated that the Zetetic Society had got extremely well off.

Lord Althorpe, pursuant to his notice, moved the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill. His Lordship prefaced his motion with a short speech, in the course of which he admitted that neutrality is the soundest policy in the present condition of the Empire; but contended that neutrality may be as well preserved by an impartial permission to Enlish subjects to serve in the armies, or fleets, of both belligerents, as by a prohibition against serving in either. Lord Folkestone seconded the motion in a speech of more than common warmth, in which he spoke of neutrality with indignation, inveighed bitterly against the humble tone held by the Ministers in the late negociations, lamented the degradation of the nation, and attributed all its calamities and disgraces to the national debt, the interest of which, he said, must be reduced.

Mr W. Lamb opposed the motion, arguing strongly in favour of neutrality. Dr Lushington supported the motion,—contending that, sooner or later, this country must become a party to the war. Mr Marryatt opposed the Repeal of the Bill, which, he said, was necessary to render *bona fide* effectual that neutrality which the country desired. Lord J. Russell spoke at length in favour of the motion, citing the example of Elizabeth, who freely permitted her subjects to engage in the service of the Flemings, when they were struggling to throw off the Spanish yoke, though at the time she was at peace with Spain. Mr Courtenay opposed the motion; and, in reply to Lord J. Russell's argument, observed, that the conduct pursued by Elizabeth, which it was proposed to draw into an example, had been followed by a war with Spain. Sir J. Yorke opposed the motion, principally on the ground that the repeal proposed would throw a great number of British seamen into the service of foreign States. Mr Baring supported the motion, but strongly recommended neutrality. Mr Canning commenced his reply with a retort upon the violent speech of Lord Folkestone. He then retaliated upon the Opposition the taunts on the

subject of divided counsels, which they had flung upon Ministers on the evening before, observing the remarkable difference which existed amongst themselves, on the question of Peace or War. He renewed his expressions of anxious good wishes for the success of Spain; but declared his opinion, that, even if it were admitted, that, "sooner or later," this country must engage in the contest, every principle of policy directed that it should be "later." On a division, the numbers were—For the motion, 110—Against it, 216—Majority, 106.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended 5th April 1822, and 5th April 1823, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 5th April 1822.	1823.	Increase.	Decrease.	Quars. end. 5th April 1822.	1823.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	9,335,711	9,406,642	70,951		2,099,479	2,109,408	9,529	
Excise	26,695,623	25,546,922		1,148,701	5,856,798	5,656,279		200,519
Stamps	6,227,318	6,200,060		27,258	1,582,346	1,573,854		8,492
Post Office	1,288,000	1,369,000	81,000		320,000	330,000	10,000	
Taxes	7,518,708	6,874,855		643,853	980,916	861,764		119,152
Miscellaneous	320,483	426,578	106,095		63,621	76,799	13,178	
Total	51,385,843	49,824,057	258,026	1,819,812	10,903,360	10,608,104	32,707	328,163
	Deduct Increase			258,026	Deduct Increase			32,707
	Decrease on the Year			1,561,786	Decrease on the Quarter			295,456

7.—*Cock Fighting.*—The grand annual main of cocks, between Fife and Forfarshires, was fought on Thursday and Friday last at Dundee, and was decided in favour of Forfar as follows:—

First day's fighting.	Main.	Byes.
Fife	3	4
Forfar	7	1
Second day's fighting.		
Fife	5	1
Forfar	11	3

A great deal of excellent fighting on both days. Forfar, as usual, showed the white feather in the byes; and very much unlooked for. Fife displayed the same colours more than once during the main. At the conclusion of the first day's fighting, the odds were high in favour of Fife; which made the coneys on that side of the Tay look big, and they sported their blunt freely, after *Dr Lushington* made his appearance. They were all sly on Thursday; and Forfar rather down. Bobs were offered at score to bet a flimsy, but no takers. The second day it was all gammon; Lombard-Street to a China orange in favour of Forfar, and the flashmen from the south all queered.

14.—*Gold Coin.*—From the year 1817, to the 31st of October in the year now passed, the amount of gold coin, actually coined, and thrown into circulation, is as follows:—In the year 1817, there was coined £.4,275,337. In 1818, £.2,862,373. In 1819, £.3,574. In 1820, £.949,516. In 1821, £.9,520,786. In 1822, £4,796,087; making a total of nearly £.22,500,000. The silver money coined during the same period (including the year 1816) amounts to little less than seven millions and a half; thus giving to the country, in gold and silver money, the enormous sum of thirty millions.

17.—*Execution of Mary M'Kinnon, alias M'Innes.*—Yesterday morning, between eight and nine o'clock, this unfortunate woman suffered, according to her sentence, at the ordinary place of execution in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, for the murder of William Howat, on the 8th of February last. From the period of her condemnation, till Monday last, she entertained sanguine hopes that her sentence would be mitigated; and even since the failure of a second application on her behalf, which was announced to her on that forenoon, she still occasionally indulged a hope of remission.—She had all along denied her guilt, asserting, that although she saw the blow struck, it was not given by her, but by another woman, and she at one time named Macdonald. The wound, she said, was given with a large broad-pointed skewer, that would be found in her house, if searched for; and as she was innocent of the crime, she said she trusted that God would in some way interpose, to save her from her ignominious fate.—Since her condemnation, the Rev. Andrew Thomson, Dr Muir, and Mr Porteous, chaplain of the jail, have been assiduous in their endeavours to communicate to her religious instruction, on which subjects she was

found to be lamentably ignorant. She gave but little attention to their exhortations, so long as she buoyed herself up with the hopes of pardon; but afterwards, she gave more heed to their instructions, and, in the end, her mind seemed to be deeply impressed with the awful scene that was before her.—About half-past eight, the criminal, leaning on the arms of the two reverend gentlemen, and preceded by Bailies Hill and Dallas, with the city officers, proceeded from the lock-up-house to the platform at the head of Liberton's Wynd, about half-past eight o'clock. On the way, Mrs M'Kinnon recognised some of her acquaintances, to whom she beckoned with her hand, and bade farewell to the bystanders. She ascended the scaffold slowly but steadily, where Mr Thomson again prayed, in which, by the motion of her hands, and occasionally lifting her eyes upwards, she seemed fervently to join. At one period, having become somewhat faint, she leaned her head on Mr Porteous's shoulder; but having drunk a glass of water, she again completely revived. Here she addressed the Magistrates in an earnest tone, and most solemnly asserted her innocence of the crime for which she was about to suffer. It was her intention, she added, to have spoken to the multitude, with a view that some circumstances of which she complained on her trial might come to the ears of her Judges; but having been dissuaded from indulging feelings of resentment in her last moments, she said she would refrain, and die in peace with all mankind.—After the executioner had made the necessary preparations, she was left alone on the platform, where she stood erect for a few seconds, and after waving an adieu to the spectators, and ejaculating a short prayer for mercy, she dropt the signal, and died without a struggle. An immense concourse of people, we should suppose not fewer than 20,000, witnessed the execution, numbers of whom, we understand, had arrived, on the preceding day, from various parts of the country. A great number of women were in the crowd. From the site of the old Weigh-House to the Exchange, the multitude presented a solid mass; and the windows and house-tops within that space were also covered with spectators. A most extraordinary deception had been practised by this unfortunate woman, which she kept up almost to the very last. It appears that her name was not M'Kinnon, but M'Innes, and that her father was a private soldier. Her mother and two sisters visited her during the last few days of her existence. It appears she had been mistaken for the daughter of a Quartermaster M'Kinnon, and found it her interest to keep up the deception, which was the cause of the evidence given by Captain Brown on her trial. She was, by her own account, only thirty-two years of age.

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.—SOUTH.—*Jedburgh, April* 4.—At this court there were only two criminal indictments, viz. Nicol Burton, a young man, of eighteen years, who pleaded guilty of maliciously slaughtering four sheep, and was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment, and John Scott, a man far advanced in years, against whom it was charged, that, at eleven different periods, from 1st September 1817, to 11th June 1818, he had stolen no fewer than 132 sheep, from various individuals. The old man pleaded guilty to three of the charges, and was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

Dumfries, April 9.—Jean Dowall, or M'Dowall, was sentenced to 12 months imprisonment for concealment of pregnancy. John M'Kana, and Joseph and William Richardson, were found guilty of uttering, as genuine, forged notes of the Glasgow Ship Bank, and were sentenced to be executed on the 14th May. (Joseph Richardson has been since respited.)

Ayr, April 14.—There were thirteen cases for trial at this circuit. The only conviction of consequence was that of David Earl, for uttering forged notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland, and who was sentenced to be executed on the 16th May, but has since been respited.

WEST.—*Stirling, April* 19.—John Forrest, student of medicine, along with two other men, one of them the grave-digger, was indicted for violating the sepulchres of the dead. Forrest, the principal, not appearing, was outlawed in the usual manner; and the Advocate-Depute, conceiving the evidence defective with regard to the other two, moved the diet to be deserted against them, which was done accordingly. This was the occasion of a serious disturbance in the town, the people assembling in great numbers, and attacking and demolishing the windows of two houses where the culprits had taken refuge, and also beating and pelting them in a most outrageous manner, until rescued from their vengeance by the civil power, assisted by a detachment of military from the Castle. In the tumult, several people were slightly wounded by the bayonets of the soldiers, and who also fired among the crowd without orders, but happily also without bad consequences. Five of the soldiers were taken into custody.

Glasgow, April 24-29.—The indictments at this court were more than or-

dinarily numerous; but there was scarcely any case of peculiar interest, with the exception of that of John Baillie, who was charged with perjury. The indictment stated, that the whole estates of Robert Smellie, spirit-dealer in Calton, having been sequestrated under an act of the Court of Session, dated 6th August 1821, a meeting of the creditors was appointed to take place in Glasgow, on the 11th September following, for naming a trustee, and John Baillie laid claim as a creditor, on the said sequestrated estate, and lodged an affidavit, made before John Douglas, writer in Glasgow, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to the verity thereof, to the amount of £. 4164, 0s. 2d. That the said John Baillie did attend the said meeting of creditors, held on the 11th September, and produced this false and fraudulent affidavit, and did vote thereon for the election of a trustee. Evidence having been led, the Jury were addressed by Mr Dundas for the Crown, and by Mr Jardine for the pannel. Lord Gillies summed up the evidence, and the Jury, without a moment's hesitation, returned a verdict of Guilty. Lord Succoth then moved, that, as it was rather an extraordinary case, the punishment should be referred to the High Court of Justiciary.—The other trials before the Court were chiefly for housebreaking, thefts, assaults, and minor offences. James Wilson and John Macdonald, for housebreaking and theft, were sentenced to be executed on the 4th of June. Six individuals were sentenced to transportation for various periods, for different acts of theft, robbery, and housebreaking, and one for a very aggravated assault. A number of individuals were imprisoned for different periods. Several was outlawed for non-appearance; and one case was certified to the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh.

NORTH.—*Perth, April* 4–7.—The roll here was pretty heavy, but there were no cases of importance. Several cases of petty theft were visited with imprisonment of from six to twelve months. Two individuals were sentenced to transportation for 14 years, and one to 7 years. The latter, Peter M'Ewan, during his trial, behaved with the greatest levity and hardened effrontery; and upon receiving sentence, bowing profoundly, in mock respect, to the bench, exclaimed—"Thank you, my Lord; it's better than a bad marriage—perhaps I'll take your watch yet;" and immediately left the bar.

Aberdeen, April 10–12.—Two persons, Neil M'Leod, for housebreaking and theft, and Peter Scott, flesher in Aberdeen, for murder, were sentenced to be executed on the 23d May. The charge against the latter was for wounding with a pen-knife, or other lethal weapon, Alexander Reid, late mason in Aberdeen, upon the 13th day of the month of Dec. last, of which wound the said Alex. Reid languished until the morning of the 17th day of that month, when he died. He pleaded Not Guilty. This trial originated in a dispute and scuffle which the panel had with the deceased.—The Jury earnestly recommended the prisoner to mercy, and his sentence has since been commuted to transportation for life. Two individuals were sentenced to be transported for seven years, for theft and housebreaking. Various sentences of imprisonment were pronounced for minor offences; and one case, that of Alexander Morton, accused of a rape committed upon a young woman who was deaf and dumb, was remitted to the High Court of Justiciary, there being as yet no instance in the criminal practice of this kingdom of a person in such a state being admitted as a witness.

Inverness, April 17–18.—John M'Gill, accused of theft, was found Guilty, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. Angus Levach, itinerant bookseller, accused of rape, pleaded Guilty of the minor offence, *i. e.* of assault with intent to ravish, but Not Guilty of rape. The Public Prosecutor having restricted the libel, the Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, in terms of his own confession. He was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. Alex. Ingram, from Elgin accused of housebreaking and theft, pleaded Guilty of the theft, but not of the housebreaking, and was sentenced to transportation for seven years. George Cormack, from Fochabers, was put to the bar, accused of hamesucken, theft, and assaulting his father. The prisoner having pleaded Guilty of theft and assault, he was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. Six persons were brought to the bar, accused of mobbing and rioting at Croy, being of the number who had collected to prevent the admission to the Church of the Rev. Mr Campbell, who had been appointed by the patron to succeed the Rev. Mr Hugh Calder in the parish. On account of some particular circumstance, the Public Prosecutor deserted the diet, and moved for a warrant, in order to enable him to bring the case before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, which he was determined to do.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

March 21.—The Marquis of Londonderry created a British Peer, under the titles of Viscount Seaham and Earl Vane.

Lord Beresford promoted to the dignity of Viscount, under the title of Viscount Beresford.

April 3.—The Earl of Kinnoull has appointed George Clerk Craigie, Esq. of Dumbarnie, to be Lyon Depute; and Edward Auriel Hay, Esq. to be Clerk to the Court and Office of the Lord Lyon of Scotland.

April 11.—The Earl of Morton to be his Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

19.—M. Masclet to be Consul in Edinburgh for the King of France.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

March 20.—The Rev. Wm. Vassie admitted Minister of West Kilbryde, Ayrshire.

April 3.—The South United Associate Congregation of Perth, under the Ministry of the Rev. Mr Aikman, gave a most unanimous call to Mr John Newlands, preacher, to be their Minister, in conjunction with their present Pastor.

5.—The Rev. David Logan of Innerwick presented by Mrs Hamilton Nisbet Ferguson, of Dirleton, to the parish of Stenton.

10.—The Rev. James Martin presented by the King to the church and parish of Glamis, in the Presbytery of Meigle and county of Forfar, void by the death of Mr Andrew Burns.

17.—The Rev. Dr Duncan Macfarlane presented by the King to the church and parish of St Mungo, otherwise called the Inner High Church, [illegible]

25.—Mr Alex. Lochore presented by the King to the church and parish of Drymen, Presbytery of Dumbarton.

— The Rev. Mr Clerk admitted Minister of the Chapel of Ease, New Street, Canongate.

— The Rev. Duncan M'Kegg admitted Minister of the Gaelic Chapel, Horse Wynd, Edinburgh.

— Mr Nathaniel Morren chosen Minister of Blackhall Street Chapel, Greenock.

— The Rev. John Macarthur presented by the Duke of Argyle to the united parishes of Kilcalmonel and Kilberry.

30.—The first United Associate Congregation of Brechin gave a unanimous call to the Rev. John Craig, late of Kinkell, to be their Minister.

May 7.—The Rev. David Thom ordained Minister of the New Scottish Congregation at Liverpool.

III. MILITARY—FOR APRIL.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Gore, Col-ist. Gds.
Major Davis, 7 Dr. Gds.
Hosp. Assist. Dixon.

Reinstated.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. H. A Bayley.

Superseded.

Paym. Garratt, Tipperrary Mil.
Hosp. Assist. Dr. Barry.

Dismissed.

Assist. Surg. Lenon, 92 F.

Deaths.

General James Balfour, Colonel of 85 F. London 18 March 1823.
——— Sir George Beckwith, G.C.B. Colonel of 89 F. London 20 do.
Lieut. Gen. H. M. Gordon, Colonel of 16 F. London March.
Colonel Hon. Sir R. Le Poer Trench, 74 F. Cheltenham 14 March 1823.
Lieut. Col. Jenkinson, h. p. Royal Art. London 21 do.
——— Davis, h. p. 99 F. Jamaica 11 Jan. 1822.
Capt. Jarmy, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 26 Sept.
——— John Grant, Royal Eng. Sierra Leone 19 Dec.
——— Willett, h. p. 25 F. St James's Abbey, near Exeter 17 Feb. 1823.
——— Edgell, h. p. 60 F. 28 do.
Lieut. Knox, Gren. Gds. 15 March.
——— Gordon, 82 F. Calcutta 28 Aug. 1822.
——— Battie, Quart. Mast. Berwick Mil. Coldstream 7 Feb.
——— Kyah, Invalids, Tower of London 31 Jan. 1823.
——— Moss, late 1 Vet. Bn. Penzance, 25 Feb.
——— Fazackerly, late 4 Vet. Bn. Fort-Clarence, Chatham 4 March.
——— Richardson, h. p. 71 F. Bath 5 Feb.
——— Perret, h. p. Meuron's Regt. France 30 Dec. 1822.
Cornet Wright, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds. Quarnden, Leicestershire 18 Nov.
Ensign Beech, Invalids, Westminster 15 Feb. 1823.
——— Hurst, h. p. 66 F. Westbury, near Bristol 4 March.
——— Downham, h. p. 96 F. Emsworth, Hants 7 Feb.
Surgeon Gaisford, Royal Art. Malta 26 Dec. 1822
Assist. Surg. Dr. Fawcett, 24 F. Sligo 6 Feb. 1823.
——— Spry, h. p. 1 W. I. R. Chelsea 2 March.

MILITARY—FOR MAY.

Brevet. M. Gen. Sir E. Barnes, K.C.B. Local Rank of Lieut. Gen. in Ceylon 26 March 1823.
1 Life G. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Fletcher, Lieut. by purch. vice Gore, ret. 4 April.
Cornet Hon. H. T. Lesson, from h. p. 1 Dr. Cor. and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Hall, prom. 3 do.
Hon. H. S. Lawe, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Fletcher 4 do.
4 Lieut. Ravenhill, Capt. by purch. vice King, ret. 27 March.
Cornet Brooke, Lieut. by purch. do.
G. M. Keane, Cornet by purch. do.
5 Capt. Cane, Major, vice Walker, dead 20 do.
Lieut. and Adj. Jackson, Capt. do.
Lieut. Griffith, (Quart. Mast.) Adj. and Lieut. vice Jackson 10 April.
Serj. Maj. Atkinson, Quart. Mast. do.
2 Dr. Gds. R. G. Crauford, Cornet by purch. vice Charles Craufurd, ret. 17 April.
2 Dr. J. Carnegie, Cornet by purch. vice Lindsay, prom. 57 F. 17 do.
3 Lieut. Baker, Adj. vice Crabtree, res. Adj. only do.
7 Capt. Fraser, Major by purch. vice Williams, ret. 27 Feb.
Lieut. Hon. G. D. R. F. Strangways, Capt. by purch. do.
Cornet Smyth, Lieut. by purch. do.
John, Lord Hope, Cornet by purch. 20 March.
10 Cornet Brandling, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Yarmouth, prom. Cape Corps 25 do.
George L. L. Kaye, Cornet by purch. do.
11 Cornet Bishop, Lieut. vice Brisco, dead 30 July 1822.
Ens. Lawrie, from 46 F. Cornet do.
12 Serj. Maj. Bull, Quart. Mast. vice Sidley, dead 20 March 1823.
Cold. Gds. Maj. Wedderburn, Capt. and Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Sowerby, ret. 17 April.
Lieut. Short, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. do.

Cold Gds. Capt. Beaufoy, Adjut. vice Wedderburn 17th April 1823
6 F. Lieut. Bonamy, Capt. by purch. vice Sandys, ret. 24 Jan.
Ensign Yelverton, Lieut. by purch. 17 April.
W. Eyre, Ens. by purch do.
14 Quart. Mast. Serj. Goddard, Quart. Mast. vice Harris, ret. full pay 20 March.
15 Lieut. Bannister, Adj. vice Hutchinson, resigns adj. only 27 do.
17 Ens. Grindlay, from 43 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Cary, 89 F. 20 do.
21 Serj. Maj. Young, Adj. with Rank of 2d Lieut. vice Keane, dead 13 do.
31 Capt. Waller, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Knox, h. p. 2d Gar. Bn. 10 April.
32 F. D. Hodges, Ens by purch. vice Power, prom. 38 F. 17 do.
36 Ens. Montgomery, Lieut. vice Dowman, dead 20 March.
F. Paget, Ens. do.
38 Ens. Power, from 32 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Moncton, prom. 45 F. 17 April.
39 Lieut. Smyth, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.
Ens. Sturt, Lieut. by purch. do.
J. D. Forbes, Ens. by purch. do.
40 Lieut. Hibbert, Capt. by purch. vice Bowen, ret. 6 do.
Ens. Master, Lieut. by purch. do.
J. A. Robertson, Ens. by purch. do.
41 Capt. Macleod, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Lord G. Bentinck, h. p. W. I. R. do.
Ens. Gossip, Lieut. vice Home, dead 23 July 1822.
43 Gent. Cadet, Sir R. J. Fletcher, Bart. from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Grindlay, 17 F. 20 March 1823.
45 Lieut. Hon. C. T. Moncton, from 38 F. Capt. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 27 do.
46 Ens. Stuart, Lieut. vice Hamilton, Ceylon Reg. 26 do.
R. Swetenham, Ens. vice Lawrie, 11 Dr. 30 July 1822.
C. C. Taylor, Ens. vice Stuart 26 March 1823.
47 Ens. W. T. R. Smith, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Loughborough, prom. Cape Cav. 17 April.
Edmund T. Smith, Ens. by purch. do.
48 Gent. Cadet, C. D. O'Brien, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Haggerstone, Ceylon, Reg. 26 March 1823.
49 Lieut. Maxwell, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major Williams, ret. 13 April.
53 2d Lieut. Hon. C. Grey, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. by purch. vice Bristow, 66 F. do.
57 Lieut. Logan, Capt. by purch. vice M'Lauchlan, ret. 3 do.
Ens. Bainbrigge, Lieut. by purch. do.
J. Mitchell, Ens. by purch. do.
Cornet G. H. Lindsay, from 2 Dr. Lieut. by purch. vice Ferrier, ret. 10 do.
58 Lieut. Harding, from 66 F. Capt. by purch. vice East, ret. 13 March.
61 Ens. Macdonnell, Lieut. vice Campbell, Ceylon Reg. 27 do.
R. Blunt, Ens. do.
66 Lieut. Bristow, from 53 F. Capt. by purch. vice Richards, ret. 13 do.
Ens. Gould, Lieut. by purch. vice Harding, 58 F. do.
Gent. Cadet J. H. Anstruther, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
67 Capt. Hore, Major by purch. vice James, ret. 27 do.
Lieut Cassidy, Capt. by purch. do.
69 Hosp. Assist. Muir, Assist. Surg. vice Brown, dead 10 April.
74 Major Mein, Lieut. Col. vice Trench, dead, 20 March.
Bt. Major More, Major do.
Lieut. Patterson, Capt. do.
81 Arthur, Marquis of Douro, Ens. by purch. vice Hammond, Ceylon Reg. do.
85 Capt. Law, from 1 W. I. R. Capt. vice Fraser, 93 F. do.
83 F. Ens. Johnson, from h. p. 98 F. Ens. vice Smith, dead, 20 March 1823.
Assist. Surg. M'Queen, from h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg. Assist. Surg. vice Tonnere, Staff Assist. Surg. do.
Lieut. Greig, from h. p. 81 F. Paymaster vice Harrison, dead 10 April.
87
89 ——— & G.C.H. Colonel, vice Gen. Sir G. Beckwith, dead 24 March.
Lieut. Cary, from 17 F. Lieut. vice Campbell, ret. 20 do.
Rifle Brig. Gent. Cadet H. Stewart, from Royal Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Grey, 53 F. 10 April.
R. Staff C. Lieut. Harriott, Capt. 13 March.
Ens. Gale, Lieut. do.
Ens. Wilford, Lieut. 14 do.
Lieut. Cleather, from h. p. Lieut. 15 do.
R. M. Westmacott, [illegible] 13 do.
F. Shearman, Ens. 14 do.
Gent. Cadet C. Stoddart, from Mil. Coll. Ens. 15 do.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Macdonald, from h. p. 93 F. Capt. vice Law, 85 F. 20 do.
2 Lieut. Cartwright, from h. p. Royal African Corps, Lieut. 25 April 1822.
Ceyl. Reg. Lieut. Braybrooke, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major Abbey, ret. 6 March 1823.
Capt. Antill, from 2 Ceylon Reg. Capt. 25 June 1822.
——— Parker, from 2 Ceylon Reg. Capt. do.
——— Dunne, from h. p. 66 F. Capt. 25 March 1823.
Lieut. Hamilton, from 46 F. Capt. 26 do.
——— Campbell, from 61 F. Capt. 27 do.
——— Burke, from 2 Ceylon Reg. Lieut. 25 June 1822.
——— Smith, from 2 Ceylon Reg. Lieut. do.
——— Fretz, from 2 Ceylon Reg. Lieut. do.
Ens. Hammond, from 81 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Braybrooke 20 March 1823.
Lieut. Auber, from h. p. 73 F. Lieut. 25 do.
Ens. Haggerstone, from 48 F. Lieut. 26 do.
2d Lieut. Warburton, from 2 Ceylon Reg. 2d Lieut. 25 June 1822.
——— Meaden, from 2 Ceylon Reg. 2d Lieut. do.
J. S. Rodney, from 2 Ceylon Reg. 2d Lieut. 25 March 1823.
H. Van Kempen, 2d Lieut. 26 do.
Capt. Bolton, from h. p. 14 F. Capt. 3 April.
Cape C. Cav. ——— H. Somerset, Major by purch. 25 March.
Lieut. Lord Loughborough, from 47 F. Capt. by purch. do.
——— R. S. C. Earl of Yarmouth, from 10 Dr. Capt. do.
Capt. Molesworth, from h. p. 20 Dr. Capt. vice Lord Loughborough, exchange 15 April.
Cornet Heathcote, Lieut. by purch. do.
J. Jervis, Cornet by purch. 10 April.
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Hyde, from h. p. W. I. R. Capt. vice Macleod, 41 F. 6 March.
——— Fawcett, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Waller, 31 F. 10 April.

Staff.

Col. Gardiner, 6 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. Ireland, vice Col. Thornton, res. 25 March.

Garrisons.

J. Frost, Adj. at Fort Wellington, Town Maj. at Quebec, vice Lewin, dead 6 Dec. 1822.
Capt. Fraser, from 85 F. Fort Maj. and Adj. at Jersey, vice Lister, res. 25 March 1823.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Hartle, Dep. Insp. of Hospitals by Brevet 6 March.
Assist. Surg. Tonnere, from 83 F. Assist. Surg. 20 do.
Hosp. Assist. Mullarky, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Barry, superseded 6 do.
——— Carter, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Dempster, res. do.
——— O'Donnell, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Butler, cancelled do.
——— Munkitterick, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Dixon, res. do.
——— Jer. Simoens, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Cannon, h. p. 25 April
Hosp. Assist. J. Stuart, upon h. p. resigned 7 do.

Memoranda.

The appointment of Maj. Gorrequer, 18 F. to be Lieut. Col. in the Army, should have been dated 5th of August 1819, instead of 5th of July 1821.

The Exchange between Capt. Ford, of 1 F. and Capt. Deane, h. p. 24 Dr. is without the difference.—Capt. Ford having repaid the sum received by him to the half-pay fund.

The application of Lieut. Macpherson of late 5 W. I. R. to be Lieut. in 2 W. I. R. vice Williams, exch. is not to take place.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Fitz-Gerald, from 7 F. with Major Carter, 72 F.
——— Couper, from 92 F. with Bt. Lieut Col. Fulton, h. p. Canada Fencibles.
Capt. White, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Barlow, h. p. 40 F.
—— Ward, from 14 Dr. with Capt. Sir T. Ormsby, Cape Corps.
—— Page, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Prosser, h. p. Gren. Gds.
—— Castill, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Campbell, h. p. 92 F.
—— Wilson, from 24 F. with Capt. Franklyn, 58 F.
—— Miles, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hall, h. p. 55 F.
Capt. Furnace, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Burnside, h. p. 60 F.
—— Coleman, from 81 F. with Capt. Cradock, 93 F.
—— Ward, from Cape Corps, rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. C. T. Monckton, h. p. 45 F.
Lieut. Lord F. Conyngham, from 1 Life Gds. with Lieut. Hall, 17 Dr.
—— Locke, from 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Westenra, h. p.
—— Crabtree, from 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Baker, h. p. 5 Dr. Gds.
—— Pounden, from 1 F. with Lieut. Nicholson, h. p. 42 F.
—— Bruce, from 1 F. with Lieut. Gray, 53 F.
—— Nunn, from 2 F. with Lieut. Jones, 59 F.
—— O'Kelly, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut Mitchell, h. p. 4 F.
—— O'Halloran, from 17 F. with Lieut. Trimmer, 38 F.
—— Robinson, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Reoch, h. p. 50 F.
—— Dunlevie, from 44 F. with Lieut. Donithorne, 65 F.
—— Macdonnell, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Peach, h. p. 34 F.
Cornet Knox, from 4 Dr. with Cornet Broomwich, 17 Dr.
Ensign Robbins, from 20 F. with Ensign Knox, 67 F.
—— Stewart, from 28 F. with Ensign Berkeley, h. p. 62 F.
Paymaster Wildey, from 19 F. with Capt. Farewell, h. p. 40 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Williams, 7 Dr.
——— James, 67 F.
——— Abbey, Ceylon Reg.
Capt. King, 4 Dr. Gds.
——— Bowen, 40 F.
——— Gordon, 45 F.
——— Williams, 49 F.
——— M'Lauchlan, 57 F.
——— East, 58 F.
——— Richards, 66 F.
Lieut. Gore, 1 Life Gds.
——— Campbell, 89 F.

FIARS OF SCOTLAND FOR CROP 1822.

ARERDEENSHIRE.

	£.	s.	d.
Farm Meal, 8 stone,	0	12	6
Oats, with fodder,	1	2	0
Ditto, without fodder,	0	15	3
Ditto, 2d quality, with fodder,	1	0	6
Ditto, ditto, without fodder,	0	13	9
Bear, with fodder,	1	3	0
Ditto, without fodder,	0	17	6
Barley, with fodder,	1	4	6
Ditto, without fodder,	0	19	0
Market malt, duty included,	1	12	0
Wheat, with straw,	1	6	0
Ditto, without straw,	1	0	0
Pease, Linlithgow measure,	0	11	6

AYRSHIRE.

Meal,	12s. 9½d.	a-boll of 8st. Dutch Wt.
Bear,	21s. 7½d.	ditto of 8st. Win. Bush.
Wheat,	17s. 0½d.	ditto of 4st. ditto
Barley,	25s. 3d.	ditto of 8st. ditto
Pease & Beans,	15s. 2d.	ditto of 4st. ditto
White Corn,	14s. 6d.	ditto of 8st. ditto

BANFFSHIRE.

	£.	s.	d.
Wheat,	0	17	6
Potatoe Oats, with fodder,	1	5	6
Ditto, wittout ditto,	0	13	6
Common Oats, with ditto,	1	2	0
Ditto, without ditto,	0	12	0
Barley, with ditto,	1	8	0
Ditto, without ditto,	1	0	6
Best Bear, with ditto,	1	6	6
Ditto, without ditto,	0	18	6
Second Bear, with ditto,	1	5	0
Ditto, without ditto,	L.0	17	0
Oatmeal, 8 stone,	0	15	0
Pease and Beans,	0	13	0

BERWICKSHIRE.

	£.	s.	d.	
Wheat, per boll,	0	18	2	
Mersc Barley,	0	17	1	11-12ths.
Lammermuir Barley,	0	17	1	11-12ths.
Rough Bear, (no evidence)	0	0	0	
Merse Oats,	0	14	9	9-12ths.
Lammermuir Oats,	0	13	9	
Pense,	0	13	3	4-12ths.
Oatmeal, 8 stone per boll,	0	14	10	9-12ths.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Wheat,	0	18	5	Oatmeal,	0	14	6
Kerse Barley	1	0	6	White KerseOats,	0	14	6
Dryfield ditto,	0	19	0	Dryfield Oats,	0	13	2
Muirland ditto,	0	16	0	Pease and Beans,	0	13	0
				Malt,	1	12	6

DUMFRIES-SHIRE.

Per Winchester bushel.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat,	4	7	Potatoe Oats,	1	10½
Barley,	3	0	Common ditto,	1	8
Bear,	2	7	Oatmeal,	1	5
			Malt,	8	0

COUNTY OF EDINBURGH.

	£.	s.	d.		L.	s.	d.
Best Wheat,	1	0	6	Best Oats,	0	15	0
Second ditto,	0	19	6	Second ditto,	0	13	6
Best Barley,	0	19	6	Best Oatmeal,	0	14	3
Second ditto,	0	17	0	Pease & Beans,	0	12	9
Third ditto,	0	14	0				

COUNTY OF ELGIN.

Wheat, per boll,	£.0 17 10
Barley, or Bear,	1 2 0
Oats, 5 firlots,	0 17 3
Oatmeal, 9 st.	0 17 5
Ditto, 8 st.	0 15 5 10-12
Pease, Beans, and Rye,	0 16 0

FIFESHIRE.

White Wheat,	£.0 19 0	Meal, by wt.	£.0 14 3
Red Wheat,	0 18 0	Meal, by meas.	0 13 3
Barley,	0 16 10	Pease & Beans,	0 10 10
Bear,	0 15 10	Rye,	0 11 1
Oats,	0 13 6	Malt,	1 12 10

FORFARSHIRE.

	s. d.		s. d.
Wheat,	19 10	Oatmeal,	14 3
Barley,	19 10	Chester Bear,	17 5
Potatoe Oats,	14 10	Pease and Beans,	11 1
Common ditto,	13 10		

ARCHBISHOPRIC OF GLASGOW.

	s. d.		s. d.
Best Barley, ℔ boll,	20 0	Salmon, each	6 8
Ditto Meal, ditto,	15 1	Capons, ditto,	2
Ditto Oats, ditto,	13 4	Poultry, ditto,	1 8

COMMISSARIAT OF GLASGOW.

Meal, a boll,	£.0 14 0
Bear, ditto,	0 17 8

HADDINGTONSHIRE.

	First.	Second.	Third.
Wheat,	£.1 1 8	£.1 0 7¾	£.0 19 8½
Barley,	1 1 2½	0 19 9½	0 18 5½
Oats,	0 15 5½	0 14 5½	0 13 9
Pease,	0 13 0½	0 12 5	0 12 1½

COMMISSARIAT of HAMILTON & CAMPSIE.

Meal,	£.0 13 10 8-12ths.
Bear,	0 18 3

INVERNESS SHIRE.

Oatmeal, 9 stone,	£.0 16 0
White Oats, 5 firlots,	0 17 0
Ditto, with Straw,	1 3 0
Black Oats, 5 firlots,	0 8 4
Ditto, with Straw,	0 14 5
Oatmeal, Black Oats,	0 15 0
Barley,	1 4 0
Ditto, with Straw,	1 8 0
Bear, or Bigg,	1 2 0
Ditto, with fodder,	1 6 6
Pease and Rye,	0 16 0
Wheat,	0 18 0

KINCARDINESHIRE.

Oatmeal, per boll,	£.0 13 8
White Oats, without fodder, ditto,	0 12 8
Ditto, with fodder, ditto,	0 18 8
Potatoe Oats, without fodder, ditto,	0 14 0
Ditto, with fodder, ditto,	1 0 0
Bear, without fodder, ditto,	0 16 10
Ditto, with fodder, ditto,	1 1 10
Pease, without fodder, ditto,	0 10 9
Ditto, with fodder, ditto, no evidence,	0 0 0
Barley, without fodder, ditto,	0 18 8
Ditto, with fodder, ditto,	1 2 8
Wheat, without fodder, ditto,	1 0 0
Ditto, without fodder, ditto,	1 6 0
Beans, without fodder, ditto,	0 10 9
Ditto, with fodder, ditto, no evidence,	0 0 0

The Boll being the Statute or Linlinthgow measure.

STEWARTRY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

The boll of common oats, viz. 8 pecks Kirkcudbright measure, or 11 Winchester bushels.	℔ boll. £.0 17 5	℔ bush. £.0 1 7
Potatoe Oats, same measure,	1 0 4½	0 1 10½
Bear, same measure,	0 0 0	0 0 0
Barley, same measure,	1 11 7½	0 2 10
Oatmeal, of 16 stones troy,	1 2 0	0 1 4½
Wheat, per Winchester bush.		0 4 3½

LANARKSHIRE.

	Crop 1821.	Crop 1822.
First Wheat,	£.1 7 5	£.0 19 8
Second ditto,	1 5 4	0 17 10
First Barley,	0 18 8½	0 18 3
Second ditto,	0 16 11½	
First Bear,	0 15 7	0 16 7
Second ditto,		0 15 11
First Oats,	0 15 1	0 13 6
Second ditto,	0 12 9	0 12 0
Oatmeal,	0 16 7	0 13 10
Second ditto,		0 13 4
First Pease,	0 18 8	0 15 0
Second ditto	0 15 0	0 12 4

MORAYSHIRE.

Wheat,	£.0 17 10
Barley,	1 2 0
Oats,	0 17 3
Oatmeal, eight stones,	0 15 5
Pease and Rye	0 16 0

NAIRNSHIRE.

Wheat,	£.0 17 6
Barley,	1 4 6
Oats, 5 firlots,	0 16 6
Oatmeal, 9 stone,	0 15 6
Oats, Corn and Straw, 5 firlots,	1 2 6
Barley and Straw	1 10 0

COUNTY OF PERTH.

Wheat, best,	£.1 0 6	Ditto, second,	£.0 12 9
Ditto, second	0 19 0	Pease,	0 11 6
Barley, best,	0 19 0	Rye,	0 11 6
Ditto, second,	0 17 0	Meal, by weight,	0 14 0
Oats, best,	0 13 8	Meal, by measure,	0 14 0

ROSS-SHIRE.

Wheat, first quality,	£.0 17 0
Ditto, second ditto,	0 16 0
Barley, first quality,	1 4 0
Ditto, second ditto,	1 0 0
Oats, first quality, 4 firlots,	0 16 6
Ditto, second ditto,	0 15 0
Oatmeal, 9 stones,	0 18 0
Barley ditto, 10 stones,	0 16 0
Pease and Beans,	0 17 3

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

Wheat,	All by the Teviotdale Boll.	£.1 2 2 8-12
Pease,		0 15 8 10-12
Beans,		0 15 8 4-12
Barley,		1 0 0
Oats,		0 16 2
Oatmeal, by the Load of 16 Stones,		1 6 6

STIRLINGSHIRE.

The boll of Wheat,	£.0 18 9
The boll of Kerse Barley,	0 19 0
The boll of Dryfield Barley,	0 18 6
The boll of Barley Malt, duty included	1 13 0
The boll of Pease and Beans,	0 13 0
The boll of Kerse Oats,	0 13 6
The boll of Dryfield Oats,	0 12 0
The boll of Oatmeal, 8 stone, per boll,	0 13 6

COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND.

Barley, per boll,	L.1 5 6
Bear, per ditto,	1 0 6
Oats, best, or Potatoe, 4 firlots to the boll,	0 18 0
Ditto, second, ditto, ditto,	0 15 0
Oatmeal, per boll, of 8½ stones, Dutch weight, being the county standard boll for Oatmeal,	0 18 6

WIGTONSHIRE.

Oatmeal, per Galloway boll,	L.1 2 0
Barley, per ditto,	1 13 0
Bear, per ditto,	1 8 6
Malt, per ditto,	3 12 6
Potatoe Oats, per ditto,	1 1 6
Common ditto, per ditto,	0 17 6
Rye, per ditto,	1 10 0
Wheat, per quarter, of 5 Winchester bushels,	1 12 0
Beans and Pease, per ditto,	1 4 0
Potatoes, per boll,	0 5 0
Labourer's wages per day,	0 1 1
Farm servants, per year,	L.8 to 9 10 0
Cottar ditto,	L.17 to 19 0 0

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
April 1	M.37	29.472	M.50	W.	Rain morn.	Apr. 16	M.39	29.517	M.53	NW.	Morn. hail,
	A. 51	.450	A. 51		fair day.		A. 51	.532	A. 52		day dull.
2	M.42	28.999	M.51	Cble.	Fair day,	17	M.40	.453	M.53	Cble.	Morn. hail,
	A. 49	.894	A. 47		rain night.		A. 47	.256	A. 48		very cold day
3	M.32	.996	M.47	NW.	Fair day,	18	M.30	28.998	M.48	Cble.	Snow and
	A. 41	.996	A. 45		sn. on hills.		A. 41	29.102	A. 48		hail.
4	M.32	.940	M.46	Cble.	Sh. hail day,	19	M.30	.256	M.45	Cble.	Day cold,
	A. 42	.901	A. 46		night sleet.		A. 57	.320	A. 45		shs. hail,
5	M.30½	.825	M.46	Cble.	Fair, cold,	20	M.27	.608	M.45	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.954	A. 45		sn. on hills.		A. 38	.610	A. 45		fair day.
6	M.35	29.168	M.45	N.	Fair, sunsh.	21	M.30	.610	M.47	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.455	A. 43		but cold.		A. 40	.591	A. 46		
7	M.32	.652	M.47	NE.	Fair, dull,	22	M.27	.496	M.44	Cble.	Snow and
	A. 43	.655	A. 47		and cold.		A. 47	.425	A. 41		sleet, cold.
8	M.28	.702	M.47	NE.	Frost morn.	23	M.35	.252	M.45	SE.	Sunsh. forn.
	A. 45	.730	A. 49		warm day.		A. 44	.272	A. 45		dull cold aft
9	M.34	.752	M.44	E.	Dull, and	24	M.32	.464	M.44	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A. 39	.750	A. 45		very cold.		A. 45	.416	A. 46		hail aftern.
10	M.31	.930	M.48	E.	Cold morn.	25	M.35	.580	M.48	E.	Fair, with
	A. 42	.968	A. 47		sunsh. day.		A. 45	.542	A. 47		sunsh. cold.
11	M.32½	.994	M.49	E.	Fair, but cold	26	M.30	.615	M.48	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 43	.999	A. 46		and dull.		A. 39	.702	A. 47		sunsh. day.
12	M.30½	.956	M.46	E.	Cold morn.	27	M.30	.842	M.49	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 42	.916	A. 46		sunsh. day.		A. 44	.842	A. 43		sunshine.
13	M.32	.907	M.46	E.	Fair but	28	M.35	.635	M.46	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 42	.762	A. 45		dull.		A. 45	.798	A. 48		day sunsh.
14	M.34	.857	M.46	Cble.	Sunsh. forcn.	29	M.32	.925	M.50	W.	Ditto.
	A. 42	.965	A. 49		dull aftern.		A. 46	.999	A. 51		
15	M.37½	.999	M.50	W.	Sunsh. forcn.	30	M.38	.995	M.53	NW.	Dull, and
	A. 44	.816	A. 51		aftern cold.		A. 49	.992	A. 52		very cold.

Average of Rain, 1.073 Inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the date of our last, the weather continued cold and dry throughout the month of April. The mercury in the thermometer often fell to the freezing point at night; and the mean temperature, from the 15th to the 30th, did not much exceed 43°. The temperature became more elevated about the beginning of May, and the mean for the twelve days that is past is something above 51°, or rather more than four degrees higher than during the corresponding days last season.

Wheat, on light land, assumed a yellow appearance about the beginning of the present month. The dry state of the soil rendered the braird of oats rather unequal on stubborn land. Pasture, or sown grass, had made no progress; and from the protracted demand for fodder, barn-yards were almost empty; and hay sold at 1s. 2d. per stone. Straw, where offered to sale, brought 9d. per stone, and the scarcity of food for bestial forced more than the ordinary number of cattle into the spring markets, which was accompanied by dull sale, and low prices. On the 7th, it began to rain, and from that period, the weather has been warm and dropping. The effects of the late genial showers, after so long a tract of dry weather, is already visible.

In some instances, wheat was too forward to improve in the tillering process by the rains, but they cannot fail to impart vigour to the plant. Vegetation is now making rapid progress, and fruit-trees will not be much later than usual in opening their blossoms, of which an abundant shew will soon adorn apple orchards. It is seldom that so rich a blossom has been observed to succeed a plentiful crop; but dry weather in the early part of autumn, while the blossom-buds are forming, has a tendency to form blossom, which, in moist seasons, are formed into wood-buds.

Prices of grain rose a little about the beginning of this month. The scarcity of oats causes a brisk demand. Barley is also in request, and beans meet with a ready sale.

Wheat brings from 24s. to 28s. Barley, 20s. to 24s. Oats, 15s. to 18s. Pease and beans, 14s. to 16s. 6d. Potatoes are still plenty, and sell at 7s. per weighed boll. Labourers' wages, 1s 4d. to 1s. 6d. per day.

Perthshire, 13th May.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat. Bls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av.pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1823.	Oatmeal. Bls.	Oatmeal. Peck.	B.& P.Meal Bls.	B.& P.Meal Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
April 16	421	21 0 30 0	26 4	27 0 30 0	18 0 21 0	16 0 18 0	8	8	April 15	359	1 3	51	1 0
23	538	24 0 29 6	27 0	25 0 29 0	17 6 22 0	15 6 18 0	8	8	22	314	1 3	49	0
30	507	25 6 33 0	29 9	27 6 32 0	17 6 23 0	16 0 19 0	8	8	29	363	1 4	59	0
May 7	844	26 0 32 6	29 6	25 6 28 6	17 6 22 6	17 6 19 6	8	8	May 6	550	1 4	56	0
14	934	25 0 32 0	28 10	23 6 28 0	17 6 23 0	16 6 18 6	9	8	13	1351	1 4	62	1 0

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs. Dantzic.	Wheat, 240 lbs. For. red.	Wheat, 240 lbs. British.	Oats, 264 lbs. Irish.	Oats, 264 lbs. British.	Barley, 320 lbs. English.	Barley, 320 lbs. Scots.	Bns. & Peas Stirl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.
April 17	30 30	— —	25 0 29 0	17 6 20 0	18 0 22 0	30 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	20 0 22 0	17 6 19 0	42 41
24	— —	— —	28 0 30 0	17 0 20 6	18 0 23 6	31 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	20 0 23 0	18 0 20 0	40 42
May 1	— —	— —	29 0 32 6	18 0 21 6	18 0 23 6	31 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	21 0 23 0	18 0 20 0	40 45
8	— —	— —	29 0 31 0	17 0 22 0	19 6 24 6	30 0 31 0	26 0 27 0	20 0 22 0	17 0 21 4	48 50
15	— —	— —	28 0 32 6	18 0 22 0	18 6 24 6	29 0 30 0	25 0 27 0	20 0 21 0	18 0 21 4	48 50

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat. Bolls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
April 18	547	21 6 27 6	25 6	22 28 0	16 20 0	11 15 6	11 16 0
25	608	22 6 30 0	27 7	22 27 0	17 22 0	11 15 6	15 17 0
May 2	569	24 0 32 0	29 5	23 28 0	18 23 0	11 16 0	12 17 6
9	569	23 0 30 6	27 9	23 27 0	18 22 0	14 18 0	14 18 0
15	629	25 0 31 6	29 3	22 27 6	17 23 0	15 18 0	15 18 0

Dalkeith.

1823.	Oatmeal. Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
April 14	16 6 17 6	1 2
21	17 0 18 6	1 2
28	18 6 19 6	1 3
May 5	18 0 19 0	1 3
12	18 6 19 6	1 3

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. Fd & Pol	Oats. Potat.	Beans. Pigeon.	Beans. Tick.	Pease. Boiling.	Pease. Grey.	Flour, 280 lb. Fine.	Flour, 280 lb. 2d.	Quar. Loaf.
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
April 14	35 58	24 28	26 38	18 25	22 28	28 34	24 29	36 40	32 34	15 50	38 41	— 8
21	40 65	26 32	26 38	20 27	24 30	30 36	26 34	36 40	34 36	50 55	41 46	— 9
28	45 66	26 32	26 38	20 27	24 30	32 38	28 33	38 42	35 37	50 55	44 46	— 9
May 5	44 64	26 32	26 39	22 30	26 32	32 38	28 33	38 42	35 37	50 55	44 46	— 9
12	46 66	28 34	28 40	24 32	27 34	35 38	29 34	38 42	35 37	55 60	46 54	— 10

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour. Eng. 240 lb.	Flour. Irish.	Flour. Amer. 196 lb.	Oatm. 240 lb. Eng.	Oatm. 240 lb. Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
April 15	5 6 8 3	2 10 3 2	4 0 5 0	27 29	28 35	25 40	33 36	32 35	28 34	24 27	22 25
22	6 4 8 6	2 11 3 4	4 0 5 0	27 29	28 33	25 40	34 37	33 36	28 34	24 27	22 25
29	6 0 9 0	3 2 3 7	4 0 5 0	27 29	30 35	28 52	37 41	36 37	28 34	27 31	27 31
May 6	6 0 9 0	3 2 3 7	4 0 4 9	27 29	30 37	28 52	36 40	35 38	28 34	27 30	27 31
13	6 0 9 0	3 2 3 7	4 0 4 9	27 29	30 38	28 54	15 48	44 46	28 34	27 30	27 31

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
April 5	50 9	26 9	32 7	21 11	30 1	34 0	—
12	50 3	28 11	31 11	22 2	29 1	33 7	—
19	50 4	28 5	32 7	22 8	29 4	33 8	—
26	51 4	30 11	32 9	22 11	29 9	34 2	—
May 5	54 7	29 4	33 2	24 1	31 0	36 1	—

Course of Exchange, London, May 13.

Amsterdam,....12 10 C. F.	Berlin,.....7 9		Venice,.....28 10
Ditto at Sight,..12 7	Vienna,....10 36 *Eff. flo.*		Naples,.....38¼
Rotterdam,.....12 11	Trieste,....10 36		Lisbon,.....51
Antwerp,.....12 11	Madrid,.....36¼		Rio Janeiro,....46
Hamburgh,.....38 4	Bilboa,..... 36		Genoa,.....43
Altona,.....38 5	Seville,.....35⅛		Malta,.....45
Paris, 3 days sight, 25 90	Cadiz,.....35¾		Palermo,.....115
Ditto,.....26 15	Barcelona,.....35⅛		Oporto,.....52
Bordeaux,.....26 15	Gibraltar,.....30¼		Bahia.....46
Frankfort-on-the-Main, 159	Malaga		Dublin,.....9⅝ per cent.
Petersburgh,...8¾ 3 U	Leghorn,.....46¼		Cork,.....9½

Prices of Bullion, ℔ oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £.0ıı0ıı0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3ıı17ıı6.—New Doubloons, £.3ıı15ıı0.—New Dollars, £.0ıı4ıı9.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0ıı4ıı10¾.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast, 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s. *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from April 16*th to May* 14*th* 1823.

	April 16.	April 22.	April 30.	May 7.	May 14.
Bank Stock	210	211⅛	214¾	218	—
3 ℔ cent. reduced	75⅛	76	76½	78¾	77⅜
3 ℔ cent. consols	76⅛	76⅜	77⅜	79¼	78½
3½ ℔ cent. do.	87¾	88⅜	88¼	91½	—
4 ℔ cent. do.	93¾	94½	95⅜	97½	96
Ditto New	96⅝	97⅜	97½	99⅞	99
India Stock	242½	243	243½	250	—
—— Bonds	34	38 pr.	38 pr.	39 40 pr.	38 40 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)	17 pr.	16 18 pr.	17 14 pr.	18 20 pr.	17 20 pr.
Consols for account	76¾	76⅞	77⅛	79⅝	78⅝
French 5 ℔ cents.	83 fr. —	—	85 fr. —	87 fr. —	86 fr. —

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of March and the 20th of April 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbott, F. cooper, Stocklinch Ottersay, Somersetshire.
Alderson, J. K. Norwich, plumber and glazier.
Banbury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer.
Barry, H. Minories, chart-seller.
Barker, J. Crane-court, Fleet-street, stock-factor.
Bedford, R. St. Martin's-le-grand, plumber.
Berthoud, H. jun. Regent's Quadrant, Piccadilly, bookseller.
Bignold, W. Colchester-street, Savage-gardens, wine and porter merchant.
Bird, J. and H. Poultry, and Bartlett's-buildings, jewellers.
Binson, J. Edward-street, Portman-square, ironmonger.
Brown, P. Warton, Lancashire, dealer.
Brandt, C. L. Jermyn-street, watchmaker.
Brown, W. Cannock, Staffordshire, miller.
Carpenter, J. Wellington, Somersetshire, banker.
Chaband, H. Plumtree-street, Bloomsbury-square, jeweller and engraver.
Clements, F. Norwich, coach-maker.
Clement, J. T. Broad-street, insurance-broker.
Colvin, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
Cout, R. and W. Haigh, Leeds, dyers.
Crawford, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, coach-maker.
Cunningham, Birmingham, linen-draper.
Darbon, S. Mary-le-bone street, Golden-square, wine-cooper.
Dicken, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, hatter.
Dickinson, S. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, money-scrivener.
Dryden, J. Rathbone-place, haberdasher.
Evans, H. P. Birmingham, broker.
Flack, R. Shepherd-street, Oxford-street, cabinet-maker.
Frost, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.
Freelove, W. Brighton, grocer.
Fredericks, F. Crickhowell, Breconshire, banker.
Garnons, J. H. Newgate-street, silversmith.
Gooch, W. Harlow, Essex, wine-merchant.
Graham, D. Lothbury, cotton-manufacturer.
Grant, J. G. Oxford, bookseller.
Green, J. and J. Warminster, brewers and grocers.
Gunston, W. and T. St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, cheesemongers.
Hardern, P. and J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturers.
Hayward, J. W. Bread-street, coal-merchant.
Heinzell, E. W. White Lion wharf, Upper Thames-street, corn-dealer.
Hewitt, H. Princes-street, Drury-lane, printer.
Hedgers, J. Bristol, grocer.
Hellicar, J. Andover, linen-draper.
Hill, B. Bath, furniture-broker.
Holt, T. Arnold, Nottinghamshire, dealer.
Hilder, W. New Windsor, saddler.
Hodgson, S. Dover-street, Piccadilly, hotel-keeper.
Hopkins, J. jun. Cholsey, Berkshire, farmer.
Huntinton, T. Gilsland, Cumberland, innkeeper.
Isaacs, T. Chatham, slopseller and silversmith.

Jackson, J. Holborn-hill, wine-merchant.
Johnson, B. Tardibeg, Worcestershire, farmer.
Jones, D. Brighton, stone-mason.
Kirby, J. Chelsea, linen-draper.
Levitt, Q. Hull, merchant.
Leonard, W. Norfolk-place, Newington-butts, tea-dealer.
Lewis, L. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner.
Lloyd, T. Ross, Herefordshire, grocer.
Lyney, R. Libre-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant.
Maxfield, T. Salisbury, linen-draper.
Miller, H. F. T. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, scrivener.
Mitchell, W. Wansted, Essex, butcher.
Morris, J. Claines, Worcestershire, carpenter.
Moss, C. Cheltenham, fishmonger.
Mundell, J. Liverpool, draper.
Nail, W. Lisson-street, Lisson-grove, ironmonger.
Nash, D. Finsbury-place, livery-stable keeper.
Newhouse, R. Huddersfield, plumber.
Oliver, J. L. Broad-street, Golden-square, woollen-draper.
Petit, R. College-hill, packer.
Piper, W. Hammersmith, barge-maker.
Pluckley, W. H. Charing, Kent, smith.
Powell, J. and T. Bristol, maltsters.
Pratt, R. Archer-street, Westminster, iron-foundor.
Purley, J. Old Kent-road, egg-salesman.
Rigby, A. T. Liverpool, porter-dealer.
Sage, G. W. Walcot, Somersetshire, timber-merchant.
Scotts, W. and J. Smith, Ashford, Kent, grocers.
Shields, A. W. St. John's-street, cheesemonger.
Sheriff, M. A. Duke-street, St. James's, dress-maker.
Sinclair, J. Bow-lane, warehouseman.
Smallwood, T. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, banker.
Smith, J. Bath, grocer.
Smith, J. Newbury, baker.
Southbrook, E. C. Covent Garden Chambers, merchant.
Sowden, J. jun. Wakefield, corn-factor.
Spillers, C. Bethnal-green, bookseller.
Squire, J. Kendal, watchmaker.
Tabberner, S. City-road, linen-draper.
Taylor, J. Leominster, skinner.
Tucker, W. H. High Holborn, window-glass cutter
Watson, A. Warwick-place, Bedford-row, carpet-dealer.
Wainwright, H. and J. Liverpool, timber-merchants.
Whiddon, J. Exeter, grocer.
Wood, B. Liverpool, mathematical-instrument maker

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced April 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Aitken, John, merchant in Ayr.
Baird, Robert, victual and cattle-dealer, Duncanrigg, Lanarkshire.
Dalmarnock Dye-work Company, and Greenhead Foundry Company.
M'Ewan, James, ropemaker in Perth.
M'Lauchlan, Charles, Greenock, and John Young & Co. St Vincent's, West Indies, merchants.
Paton, George, & Co. brush-makers and wood-merchants in Glasgow.
Rait, James, draper and haberdasher in Glasgow.
Robertson, Wm. distiller in Gillybanks, near Perth.
Sloan, Robert, merchant in Penpont.
Stewart, John, merchant in Inverness.
Stephen, John, jun. cabinet-maker and upholsterer in Dundee.
Tweddle, John, grocer and spirit-dealer, Hamilton.
Watson, James, wright and builder, Primrose-street, near Leith.
Willis, Hugh, hardware merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Cotton, Elijah, china-merchant in Edinburgh; by W. H. Brown, china merchant there.
Cowan, Robert, and Sons, grain merchants in Glasgow; by A. Fullarton, agent there.
Gordon, William, corn-merchant in St Andrews; at the town-clerk's office there.
Hill, Peter, & Co. booksellers in Edinburgh; by D. Paterson, accountant there.
M'Kellar & Co. merchants & drapers in Greenock; by Alex. Patten, merchant there.
M'Vee, Duncan, druggist in Glasgow; by A. Fullarton, agent there.
Newham, Thomas, dealer in cotton-wool in Glasgow, &c.; by the trustee there.
Wright, Francis, jeweller in Edinburgh; by Robert Burns, banker there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. March 26. At Greenock, the Lady of Geo. Noble, Esq. a son.
27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Touch, Maderty, a son.
28. At Kersebridge, near Alloa, the Lady of Captain Stupart, a daughter.
— At New Garden, near Queensferry, Mrs Ramage Liston, a daughter.
29. At Kirkcudbright, the Lady of Dr Shand, a son.
— The Lady of Frederick William Campbell, Esq. of Barbreck, a daughter.
— At Aberdeen, Mrs Knowles, a son.
April 2. At Netherwood, Mrs Brown, of Netherwood, a daughter.
— At Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, the Lady of Major James Dennistoun Brown, a son.
3. At Stead Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Paterson, a son.
5. At Camis-Eskan, Mrs Dennistoun, of Colgrain, a son.
6. At Corniston, Mrs Forrest, a son.
8. At his house at the Admiralty, the Lady of Sir G. Clerk, Bart. M.P. a son.
9. Mrs Dickson, 132, George-Street, a son.
10. At Hill-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Bell, a son.
— At Bank-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Rymer, a son.
— At Manse of Luss, Mrs Carr, a son.
11. At Queen-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Hunter, a son.
12. At Glasgow, the Lady of Mr Keith Macdonald Macalister, East India Company's service, a son.
April 14. At Portobello, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Macneill, of the 91st regiment, a daughter.
16. At St John-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Macallan, a son.
17. At Bathfield House, Leith, the Lady of Thomas Henderson, Esq. of the Prince of Wales revenue brig, a daughter.
18. At Walton Park, Galloway, Mrs Major Campbell, a daughter.
22. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William D. Gillon, Esq. younger of Wallhouse, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Nov. At Matoonga, near Bombay, Dandeson C. Bell, Esq. Surgeon, in the East India Company's service, to Jane, daughter of Mr Smyttan, Haughend, Perthshire.
1823. March 20. At Paris, Captain C. H. Ballingall, of the Royal Marines, to Charles, second daughter of the late Thomas M'Clelland, Esq. Agent of the Bank of Scotland, at Ayr.
31. Charles Calvert, Esq. M.P. to Jane, youngest daughter of Sir William Rowley, Bart. M.P. for Suffolk.
— At Cupar, the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, minister of Cults, to Janet, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Campbell, one of the ministers of Cupar.
— At Craig Lodge, Haddington, Lieut. D. Sheriff, Bengal service, to Catharine, only daughter of the late Mr Ker Richardson.
31. At London, Sir James Dalrymple Hay, of Park Place, Baronet, to Ann, eldest daughter of Geo. Hathorn, Esq. of Brunswick Square, youngest son of the late Hugh Hathorn, of Castlewigg, Esq.

April 1. At Ardwell, in Kirkcolm, by Stranraer, Mr Andrew Agnew, High Portencalzie, to Jane, only daughter of Andrew Agnew, Esq. Ardwell.

2. At Eccles, the Rev. P. S. Dale, of Caddishead, near Warrington, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Mr John Girvan, of Sleathat, in Dumfries-shire.

— At London, Captain James Lindsay, of the grenadier guards, eldest son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay, of Balcarres, to Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, of Grosvenor Square, Baronet.

3. At Edinburgh, Captain William Murray, of the Hon. East India Company's service, Madras establishment, to Mrs Campbell, widow of Colonel Alex. Campbell, of Ballochyle, Argyleshire.

9. At Edinburgh, James Robert Scott, Esq. of Coudhouse, Roxburghshire, and Thirlestaine House, Gloucestershire, to Harriet, daughter of Thomas Gray, Esq. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

12. At London, Captain Archibald Crawfurd, of the Hon. Company's artillery, to Octavia, daughter of the late James Phelp, Esq. of Coston House, Leicestershire.

14. At London, James Edmund Leslie, Esq. eldest son of James Leslie, Esq. of Leslie Hall, Antrim, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, Edinburgh.

15. At Glendaruel House, Lieut.-Col. Alexander Limond, of the Madras establishment, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Neil Campbell, Esq.

17. At Westminster, William Barwell Carter, M. D. of the 8th hussars, to Margaret, daughter of Robert Downie, Esq. of Appin, M. P.

— At Kilmarnock, the Rev. John Ross, of Glasgow, lately appointed missionary to Caffraria, to Miss Helen Blair, Kilmarnock.

20. At London, the Hon. William Keppell Barrington, eldest son of Viscount Barrington, to the Hon. Jane Elizabeth Liddell.

21. At Ingliston, Alexander Robson, Esq. surgeon, to Mary Gordon, eldest daughter of John Heron, Esq. of Ingliston.

22. At Restalrig House, Capt. the Hon. Henry Duncan, Royal Navy, C. B. to Mary Simpson, daughter of Captain James Coutts Crawford, royal navy, and grand-daughter of the late Alexander Duncan, Esq. of Restalrig.

— At Inverness, John Anderson, Esq. W.S. to Elizabeth, only daughter of Alex. Mackenzie, Esq. of Woodside, Commissary of Inverness.

25. At Merchiston House, Rector of Turvey, Bedford, Captain James Peckett, of the corps of engineers on the Bengal establishment, to Catherine Gordon, second daughter of Robt. Hepburne, Esq. of Clarkington.

24. At Glasgow, Mr Angus Fletcher, second son of the deceased Donald Fletcher, Esq. of Birnie, to Miss Wilhelmina Aird, third daughter of the deceased Robert Aird, Esq. of Crossflats, Ayrshire.

25. At Glasgow, Alexander M'Lachlan, Esq. of Aukintroig, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr James Harvey, Gartenstarry.

DEATHS.

1822. Aug. 3. At Bhaugulpoor, East Indies, John Glas, Esq. of that Ilk, and Sauchie, M.D. aged 82 years, surgeon to the station and corps of hill rangers, a detachment of which volunteered to carry him to the grave. Few Europeans were more respected than Dr Glas; he was looked up to by them as their common father. To the full knowledge of his profession he added that gentleness and mildness of manners that made him much beloved by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Oct. 11. At Allahabad, East Indies, Jessie Bremner, daughter of the late Mr Hugh Bremner, accountant in Edinburgh, and spouse of Lieutenant Thomas Sanderson, of the 8th regiment of Bengal cavalry, adjutant of native invalids, and paymaster to native pensioners at Allahabad.

Dec. 2. 1822. At Gourdie, Perthshire, of Typhus fever, John Goodchild, Esq. of Pallion, County of Durham, in the 56th year of his age. "The highest marks of respect have been paid to the memory of the above in the Parish where he formerly resided; the church bells were tolled several hours during the morning of the day he was buried in Scotland; most of the respectable inhabitants, poor as well as rich, appeared in mourning the following Sunday at divine service. We have been induced to notice these circumstances, as reflecting great credit on the inhabitants of Wearmouth and Sunderland. Wealth can always commend outward marks of respect, but those we now notice can only proceed from spontaneous feelings to the memory of an honest man, whose estimable qualities can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed his undeviating integrity, both in prosperity and adversity." (Durham Advertiser, 13th Dec. 1822.)

Dec. 31. At Philadelphia, Mr John Melish, aged 56, a native of Scotland, and well known as the author of a Book of Travels, a Statistical Account of the United States, and various American maps.

1823. Jan. 19. At Crane Wharf, Black River, Jamaica, Mr Alex. Ledingham, merchant, late of Leith.

27. At Falmouth, Jamaica, Mr Francis Bell, of Carruthers, eldest son of the late Mr John Bell, writer in Lockerbie.

Feb. 6. At Malta, Mr Robert Adam, merchant.

— At Weybridge, near London, A. Gibson, Esq.

6. At Spottes, Charles Muirhead, Esq. of Logan, W. S.

— At Hermitage Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh in her 20th year, Miss Susannah Elizabeth Phillips Jones, eldest daughter of the late Richard Jones, Esq. of the Customs.

— At Edinburgh, John M'Alpine, Esq. son of the Rev. Walter M'Alpine, Culross.

— At Wormistone, Patrick Lindsay, of Esq Wormistone.

— At Arbroath, Mr James Bremner, merchant, in the 63d year of his age.

— Old Ellen Tate, well known to all who have of late years been acquainted with the Liverpool workhouse, at the age of 110 years. She was born on Christmas day, 1712, in the reign of Queen Ann, at Leslie Taylor, a small village on the border of Lough Neagh, in the parish of Killede, county of Antrim, Ireland. Her maiden name was Craigh. She was married to John Tate, a schoolmaster, at the age of thirty years, and she has now been a widow between thirty and forty years. She has had four children, but they are all dead. She enjoyed her sight so as to be able to read the Bible, until a few years ago. Her grandmother, she said, attained the age of 108 years.

7. At Houston, Renfrewshire, Charles Martyne, weaver, in his 100th year.

— At Tulliallan House, in the 70th year of his age, and 45th of his ministry, the Rev. Dr George Skene Keith.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. Colonel Benjamin Williamson, of Marlefield.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Martha Scott, relict of the late William Brown, Esq. R. N.

— At London, Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Edmondstone, daughter of the late Governor Edmondstone.

9. At London, the Right Hon. Mary, Countess Dowager of Rosebery.

10. At Boroughbridge Hall, Yorkshire, in his 51st year, Marmaduke Lawson, Esq. late M. P. for Boroughbridge.

— Suddenly, at Tulliallan Castle, the Right Hon. Viscount Lord Keith.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Williamson. aged 74, who for upwards of forty years held the situation of King's messenger for Scotland.

11. At Leith, Mr James Turnbull, shipmaster there, in the 85th year of his age.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Grace Campbell, relict of Alexander Buchannan, Esq. some time of the Island of Tobago.

— At Bouland, after a few hours illness, Capt. Campbell, Bouland.

13. Robert Craig of Riccarton, Esq. the last male heir of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, the great feudal lawyer of Scotland, at his house in Prince's-Street, in the 93d year of his age. Mr Craig was admitted Advocate in 1754, and was one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, the duties of which situation he executed to the entire satisfaction of every one connected with it. He resigned the office many years ago, and has long been the senior member of the Faculty of Advocates. It is a remarkable circumstance, that his father's elder brother succeeded to the estate of Riccarton in January 1681, so that there has been only one descent in the family for one hundred and forty-two years.

— At Lillisleaf, in the 84th year of his age, Mr John Cochrane, farmer of Easter Lilliesleaf.

1823. Feb. 13. At Edinburgh, Mary Honyman, youngest daughter of the late John Murray, Esq. accountant to the Bank of Scotland.

— At Paris, Andrew MacKenzie Greive, Esq. of Glenure, M. D. late inspector of hospitals in Scotland.

14. At Turville Park, near Henley-upon-Thames in his 85th year, the celebrated General Dumourier.

March 2. At Rome, Robert C. Mowbray, eldest son of Mr W. Mowbray, merchant in Leith.

19. At Happisburgh, in the county of Norfolk, on his way to Scotland, Major Alexander Gibson, of the 5th regiment of native infantry on the Bombay establishment.

20. At Dunfermline, Lieut. Thomas Thomson, late of his Majesty's 97th regiment.

21. At Taap Hall, near Leith, Mr Alex. Cameron, of Invergusseran.

22. At Parkhead of Maryculter, Elspet Archie, widow of George Fyfe, crofter in Elsick, at the advanced age of 102. She retained her mental faculties, in full vigour, to the last, and was able to walk about, and attend to domestic concerns, until within four days of her death.

23. Mrs Catharine Rattray, daughter of the late Andrew Rattray, Esq. of Dalruzian, and wife to Mr Stewart, teacher of dancing in Dundee.

— At Strathaven, William Gilmour, Esq. of Dovecastle, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Whitby, aged 86, Mr Wm. Mills, a pensioner of Greenwich Hospital. He lost part of one of his thighs in the engagement with the memorable Paul Jones, off Flambro' Head.

— At Glasgow, James Dunlop, junior, Esq.

— At Aberdeen, Robert Charles Grant, Esq. of Balgowan, advocate in Aberdeen.

— At Lisburn, Catherine, only daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Traul.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Murdoch Adair, Esq. W. S.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Fleming.

25. At sea, on board the Hon. Company's ship Berwickshire, Dr George Grant, aged 25.

26. At Towie, Mrs Irvine, wife of Wm. Irvine, Esq. Towie.

27. At London, Major Macleod of Attadale, second son of the late John Macleod, Esq. of Rasay.

— At Portpatrick, Mrs Hardy, spouse of David Hardy, Esq. civil engineer, Portpatrick.

— At Edinburgh, aged 71, Alexander Renton, of Lamberton, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Berwickshire light dragoons.

— At Jersey, aged 68, the Very Rev. Edward Dupre, LL.D. dean of that island, and rector of St Helier's.

28. At Cheltenham, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, Elizabeth Grant Hart, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Geo. Vaughan Hart, of Kilderry, M.P. for the county of Donegal.

— At Garscube House, Sir Islay Campbell, of Succoth, Bart.

29. At Glasgow, the Rev. Dr Taylor, one of the ministers of the High Church of Glasgow, and principal of the University.

— At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Murdoch, relict of the late Mr John Murdoch, Comptroller of the Customs.

— At Pitbright Lodge, Surrey, Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpellier.

— At St Andrew's, in the 17th year of his age, Mr Andrew Morison, eldest son of Dr Alexander Morison, Edinburgh.

— At his lodge, in Downing College, Edward Christian, Esq. Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, and Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge.

— At Brighton, Sir J. Eamer, Alderman of London, in his 74th year.

30. At his seat, Leap Castle, King's County, Ireland, Admiral Sir Henry D'Esterre Darby, K.C.B.

31. Suddenly, at Prestolee, near Bolton, Lancashire, in the 54th year of his age, Mr John Todd, manufacturer.

April 1. At Lauriston, Jas. Stewart, Esq. Royal Navy.

— At Kiln Croft, parish of Holywood, Edward Elton, Esq. of Kiln Croft, in the 87th year of his age.

— Adam Crooks Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

April 1. At Braehead, Mrs Eliz. Howison Craufurd, of Braehead and Craufurdland, wife of the Rev. James Howison Moody Craufurd of Braehead. She was the representative of the ancient families of Howison of Braehead and Craufurd of Craufurdland.

— In the prime of life, Mr William Roberton, writer in Dalkeith.

2. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Bisset, relict of the late Alexander Syme, Esq. merchant, Dundee.

— At Woodcote, Dollar, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Dr John Gordon, physician, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Sivright, daughter of the deceased John Sivright, Esq. of Southhouse.

3. At Leith Walk, Mr John Anderson, eldest son of John Anderson, Esq. of Gladswood.

— At Miln Bank, near Glasgow, Archibald Newbigging, Esq.

— At Carrahoney, near Maguiresbridge, Ireland, Mr Thomas Govan, aged 107. For the last 70 years he had not been known to complain of illness of any kind.

4. At Niddrie, Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie Marischall.

5. At Glasgow, in the 77th year of his age, Wm. Calderhead, Esq. merchant, formerly of Virginia.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Stuart, widow of the late James Stuart, Esq. Blairhall.

— At Kingsbarns, Mrs Janet Carstairs, wife of Lieut. Charles Gray, Royal marine forces.

6. At Greenock, Mrs Buchanan, spouse of Capt. John Greig, R. N.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Cunningham, wife of Thomas Alexander, Esq. surgeon.

7. At Peebles, Mrs Marion Davidson, wife of the Rev. Duncan Stalker, much and justly regretted.

— At Newington, Mrs Margaret Scotland, relict of Mr John Lauder, coppersmith, Edinburgh, aged 81.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Jean Graham, relict of the late Robert Wilson, Esq. Bantaskine.

— At Turfhills, Michael Henderson, Esq. of Turfhills, convener of the county of Kincardine, in the 80th year of his age.

8. At Aberdeen, James Cruickshank, some time wine merchant there, aged 75.

— At Dunfermline, William Campbell, Esq. Head Well.

— At London, in the 40th year of his age, Charles Chisholme, Esq. of Chisholme, in the county of Roxburghe.

— At Haddington, Mrs Barbara Henderson, aged 84, relict of William Marshall, Esq. Chillingham Barns, Northumberland.

— At St Andrew's, Robert Meldrum, Esq. late Provost of that city.

9. At Brompton, to the inexpressible grief of her family, aged 19, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir James Mackintosh.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Agnes Hutcheson, widow of the late David Hutcheson, Esq. Sheriff Substitute of Renfrewshire.

10. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Davidson, late surveyor of taxes.

— At Dunfermline, the Rev. Jas. Macfarlane, in the 64th year of his age, and 39th of his ministry.

— At London, Lieut.-Colonel David Lumsden, late in the Hon. East India Company's service.

11. At Edinburgh, John Macdonald, Esq. late of Kintyre, Berbice.

13. At Manse of Luss, Mrs Isabella Lyle, wife of the Rev. Robert Carr, and on the 14th their infant son.

14. At Courtown House, the Right Hon. Lady Mary, Countess of Courtown. This illustrious lady was the never-ceasing dispenser of happiness and comfort to all within her influence and observation. She lived amongst her numerous tenantry with the humility of a Christian, and the benevolence of a philanthropist; while the munificent practice of her life kept pace with the charitable designs of her heart. The Countess of Courtown was the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, by Mary, the present Duchess of Buccleuch, and co-heiress of the late Duke of Montague. Her Ladyship died in consequence of bilious affection, which terminated in inflammation.—She was in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

J. Ruthven & Son, Printers.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JUNE 1823.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Notices to Correspondents.	
The History of John and his Household	649
Biographical Memoir of Don J. A. Llorente, the Historian of the Inquisition	657
Account of Captain Franklin's Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea	665
Sketches from Nature	672
Reminiscences of Auld Langsyne.—*No. V*	677
Lines, on a Soldier found lying dead on the Field of Battle	688
Dr Niemeyer's Visit to Sir William Herschell and Sir Joseph Banks	689
Stanzas, written under a Painting of Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter	693
Memoirs of an Artist—*(Concluded)*	694
Cardinal Beaton: a Drama. By William Tennant, author of "Anster Fair,"	706
Clergy of Scotland—Mr Hume's Motion—Principal Nicol's Circular. *(Concluded)*	709
Home	716
The "Clerical Jubilee,"	718
Invocation to Rosa	722
The Works of Garcilasso de la Vega. Translated by J. H. Wiffen	723
Journal of the Count de Las Cases. *(Continued)*	729
Night	738
John Bull's Letter	739
To the Writer of the Article entitled "The Opposition," in No. LV. of the Quarterly Review—*Letter II.*	744
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Works preparing for Publication	753
Monthly List of New Publications	755
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Foreign Intelligence	759
Proceedings in Parliament	761
British Chronicle	765
Appointments, Promotions, &c.	768
Meteorological Table	771
Agricultural Report	ib.
Markets	772
Course of Exchange—Bankrupts	773
Births and Marriages	774
Deaths	775
Index	777

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. July 1823.	Morn. H.	Morn. M.	Even. H.	Even. M.	Days. July 1823.	Morn. H.	Morn. M.	Even. H.	Even. M.
Tu. 1	7	3	7	31	Th. 17	9	27	10	10
W. 2	8	0	8	32	Fr. 18	10	48	11	24
Th. 3	9	10	9	49	Sa. 19	11	56	—	—
Fr. 4	10	26	11	4	Su. 20	0	22	0	45
Sa. 5	11	39	—	—	M. 21	1	6	1	23
Su. 6	0	14	0	46	Tu. 22	1	44	1	58
M. 7	1	15	1	43	W. 23	2	19	2	35
Tu. 8	2	10	2	36	Th. 24	2	53	3	10
W. 9	3	0	3	24	Fr. 25	3	25	3	41
Th. 10	3	45	4	8	Sa. 26	3	57	4	13
Fr. 11	4	29	4	49	Su. 27	4	29	4	46
Sa. 12	5	9	5	29	M. 28	5	3	5	22
Su. 13	5	48	6	10	Tu. 29	5	42	6	2
M. 14	6	29	6	53	W. 30	6	25	6	52
Tu. 15	7	18	7	45	Th. 31	7	21	7	57
W. 16	8	15	8	49					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.
Last Quart.— Tu.	1.	21	past 1 after.
New Moon,— Tu.	8.	32	— 6 morn.
First Quart.— Tu.	15.	13	— 1 morn.
Full Moon,— W.	23.	21	— 3 morn.
Last Quart.— W.	30.	43	— 10 after.

TERMS, &c.

July

8. Royal Burghs Meet.
11. Court of Session rises.
19. King George IV. crowned.

*** The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JUNE 1823.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

MR EDITOR,

On a certain evening, lately, I had been perusing the far-famed "Tale of a Tub," and was pondering, in deep meditation, the import of the many surprising transactions therein recorded. When a literary person falls into drowsy contemplations towards the close of evening, any one can anticipate the result. "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat amore:" and, in like manner, whenever Apollo, or the genius of invention, or whatever name suits the inspirer of ingenious writers, wishes to make a communication of an extraordinary nature, he generally puts the happy mortal, whom he means thus to favour, into a dream!—and into a dream, Sir, did I fall, more wonderful than that of the Prince of dreamers, John Bunyan; though neither so long nor so edifying as his. And behold, as I lay in my easy chair, methought a man in black, (it is material to observe, that he was not black himself, but only dressed in black,) a man with a sharp piercing visage tapped me on the shoulder; and when I looked up in astonishment, he, without saying a word, put a manuscript into my hand, making signs to me to read it. This I began to do, but could not at all comprehend the meaning of what it contained (for I saw there was more in it than met the eye;) I thought, however, there was no occasion to let him see I was puzzled; so, pretending to look knowing, I stammered out, "By my faith, a good joke,—ay,—yes, I understand it,—very good indeed,—here is a sharp hit at"—— and here, to be sure, I began to find myself a little beyond my depth; but all my interjections, and exclamations, and pretences, could not lead my companion to break in upon me with one single hint to keep my head above water. I now began to scratch my head, and was really looking somewhat foolish, (which, I must own, was very silly,—to be abashed by a mere ghost, a vapour, a phantom; but you will observe, Sir, I was in a dream:) and now comes the catastrophe; for my ghostly visitant, putting on a countenance, not quite the same as that of Hamlet's father, got into a rage, as quickly, and as heartily, as if he had been flesh and blood!—and what did he do?—would any one believe it?—why, Sir, he had the assurance to spit in my face, and call me a thick-skulled booby! I had never been treated in such a manner in my life before, whether asleep or awake; and I determined that I would not put up with it, let him be who he might. But starting up, as was very natural, I knocked my head against something that stood in the way, and so awoke, and behold it was *not* a dream, and it was a dream too, and, in short, I know not what it was; for, to my utter amazement and dismay, I found, with eyes broad open, the identical manuscript in my hand which the testy gentleman, now vanished, had given me when asleep! My first impulse was, to throw it away, as some

bait or contrivance of the Evil One for my destruction; but here I called to mind the lines in the history of Sir Balaam, giving an account of the proficiency made in wisdom, in latter times, by the personage alluded to *; from whence I inferred that his manners had, no doubt, received a corresponding improvement. Concluding, then, that if it had been he that had appeared, he would certainly have behaved with common civility at first, (more especially if he had any design in view,) I thought there could be no harm in taking the manuscript up again. I did so; I weighed it in my hand; I felt it, I smelled it; it seemed, to all intents and purposes, material, bodily, corporeal, earthly writing paper. I then tried if it would bear to be written upon; and I wrote, not with a steady hand, (as you may see) the words "England," "America," "France," "King," Ministry," "House of Commons," &c., on different parts of it; and all that I remarked was, that these words appeared fainter than when written elsewhere. I called in my wife, and my son Christopher, (a very forward boy for his years,) and asked them what that was on the table? "What should it be," said the boy, "but a writing-book?" I now asked my wife, if she had seen any one come in? but, instead of giving me an answer to my question, she immediately said, "I am afraid, Mr Vision, you have been visiting your friend Mr Goodfellow to-night." I was very much nettled at this remark of my helpmate, but could not resent it as I wished; for, between ourselves, Mr Editor, I must confess, that one evening, after having spent a few hours with Mr Goodfellow, at the sign of the Barrel and Jug, I was visited, during the succeeding hours of the night, with sundry notions, which I could not exactly arrange, or reconcile with "the conclusions of right reason," next morning: and, among other things, I complained, (for we had been talking politics in the evening, and some of the expressions were still running in my head,) of a certain "revolutionary movement" in the room where I was sitting, to which I in vain attempted, in my own mind, to apply the principles of the centripetal and centrifugal forces: nor were the devices which I suggested to my wife, for the prevention of this restless disposition on the part of our domicile, attended to with that deference which their ingenuity no doubt merited. Having thus given what the lawyers call *probabilis causa* for my consort's suspicions, I was for the present tied up; and accordingly thought it best to pocket the affront and the manuscript together, which I now send to you,—I mean the manuscript, for far be it from me, Sir, to send an affront to you, or any respectable person. But, Sir, if the said manuscript should perchance vanish into air, or otherwise disappear on the road, (as who could promise but it might?) and if you should chance, by that means, to receive only a bit of brown paper and a string; or if it should be metamorphosed into an old wig, or a pack of cards, or any thing else, then, Sir, you would be apt to imagine that I really meant to offer you an affront. But, that I may not be suspected of such discourteous behaviour, I send you herewith a certificate by two notariespublic, that I did, on the day therein named, put what was, to all appearance, a manuscript into a brown cover, and did deliver the same into the hands of the —— carrier. But I must own, that, in doing so, when I saw him throw it, like a common parcel, into the middle of his load, I felt divers compunctious qualms, for not giving the poor man some advertisement of what he was carrying. For, who knows, thought I, but this bunch of paper may blow up like a sky-rocket, or a barrel of gunpowder, and thus illustrate, upon the carrier's cart, the doctrine of the divisibility of matter; or, at least, put his parcels into circulation without due regard to their several directions. But let me hope, Sir, that the manuscript contains nothing of an inflammatory, or explosive nature.

I would now, however, beg your particular attention to what I am going to say, which is this: that, if there be any thing libellous or seditious in the manuscript, (and, for

---

" For Satan, now, is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor."

my part, I do not even yet pretend to understand it fully,) you will do well to be upon your guard; because it would puzzle the whole Constitutional Association to lay hands upon the author. For what is Carlile, Sir, with all his tricks, to one that can go through a key-hole! as he who gave me the manuscript must have done. This being the case, Sir, you know you or I would have to answer for it; and take notice, Sir, I am a peaceable man, that wish to give no offence; and I cannot help what appears to me in my sleep, and I hold myself clear of all consequences.

What is meant by saying, at the end of the manuscript, that "the rest will be told afterwards," I profess not to comprehend. But this I say, that if you, or any other person, wish to have more of the same story, I shall be on the watch,—that is, I shall fall asleep, to have another interview with my dreaming friend; and all his impertinence shall be borne, (as far as a gentleman can possibly do so,) by,

Sir,
Your very respectful servant,
ANTHONY VISION.

Drowsy Hall, near Rookbridge,
May 1823.

The Manuscript.

"A headstrong allegory from the banks of the Nile." *Mrs Malaprop.*

ONCE upon a time there lived a certain worthy gentleman whose name was John; a bluff, hale, well-favoured person, who liked roast-beef better than water-gruel, and would rather abuse you before your face than behind your back. Now, like other gentlemen in that country, John would needs have a steward to manage his matters, and much plague did it cost him before he could find one to his mind; for he tried several, and could get no sort of a life with them. For, no sooner would any one of them enter John's door than he would have every thing his own way, and speak of himself as a better gentleman than his master, which was very hard to be borne with. To be sure, friend John was, at times, a little difficult to manage; and would now and then, especially in his cups, get into a fury, and play a great many mischievous tricks, unless some prudent person were at hand to keep him out of harm's way. Now this made some of his stewards pretend, that the man was not fit to be his own master, or to be trusted with any care of his own matters. But whatever way it happened, so it was, that almost every steward that John employed treated him the same way; and the poor gentleman, at times, durst scarcely open his mouth in his own house. Some of them, indeed, would abuse him in every manner of way; they would take his money, and entertain themselves and their friends with it; and then, if he made any noise about it, (and John was one that would tell his mind,) they would tie his hands behind his back and beat him. But, as any body may suppose, this was more than could be put up with; and at last there was one fellow of a steward that provoked John so much, that he rose up in a rage, and fairly made an end of him; and swore that, from that time forth, he would manage his matters himself, and that the devil a steward should enter his door again. But some of John's friends, who knew his temper, saw that would not do, and that all his matters were going the wrong way, and he himself often getting in liquor, and doing mischief to himself and others; and so they got him persuaded to take another steward. So John again tried, first one, and then another; and what did this last fellow do? why, he would have John's chaplain, whose name was Martin, turned off, and another, a friend of his own, one Peter, (a meddling, interfering fellow like himself,)—as I say, he would have this Peter brought into the house, and did bring him in; which so enraged John, that one day he kicked them both out of doors together, and desired them to go about their business. In truth, this Peter had been in John's house before, and had been sent a-packing for his own bad behaviour; which made the thing worse.

But after this, John would make a right bargain with his stewards before engaging them; and indeed he was now lucky enough to fall in with

some very prudent, well-disposed men, who, when they were comfortable themselves, wished John to be comfortable also. And there was a lad in the house called Stephen, (a great talker indeed, and somewhat obstinate, but withal serviceable;) and John had hired this lad to attend upon himself, and he desired him to keep a sharp look-out upon what was going on in the house, and gave him his purse to keep, and told him to give, neither to the steward nor to any other body, more money than they had just occasion for.

Well, John now saw that he could not want a steward, and that nothing could be got by falling out with him, but trouble to himself; so he resolved that he would look well to the other servants, because he thought that the steward could not do much harm without their help. And so, when any thing went wrong in the house, he would not, as he used to do, go and pick a quarrel with his steward; but he would call all the people in the house together, and ask them, saying, "Which of you, my lads, did so and so?" and being told the person, he would straightway take a stick and lay it upon his shoulders till he roared again. Sometimes the poor lad, to save his own carcase, would bawl out, "Please you, Sir, his worship the steward ordered me to do so." Whereat John would say, "You lie, you dog! the steward is a devilish good fellow, and would do no such thing." And indeed when he was angry at any thing the steward had done, he would only say to him, "Some person hath done so and so;" and the first servant that came in the way, he would say, "I reckon it hath been this fellow;" and therefore would fall upon him with a cudgel, as hath been described.

But the servants seeing that, by this method that John had taken, they themselves would always have to pay the reckoning, whoever should drink the liquor, began to say to the steward, when he would order them to do so and so, "Nay, friend! it may be an easy matter for thee; but if Master John should catch us at this, our bones will ache for it;" and then they would have their own way. And the steward began to see, that it was best for him to let them alone, and allow them to take care of their own backs. Now, strange though it be, it came to pass in this way, in process of time, that some one of the servants would get above his neighbours, and be the greatest man in the whole house. Some of them indeed, in this way grew so insolent, by having so much of their own will, that when the steward quarrelled them, and threatened to complain to John, they would snap their fingers in his face, and tell him they did not care a rush for John nor him either!

Nobody knows how John's servants came to get the management of his affairs so much as they afterwards did, but so it was: indeed, for one thing, it was said that the upper servant, (who, as we have told, was now the best gentleman in the house,) began to get too well acquainted with Stephen, who kept the purse. He was sometimes seen taking Stephen into the larder, and giving him some of the good things that lay there, and a glass or two of wine to put him in good humour. He would then say: "Dear Stephen, you see how I am pinched for money; for John will have good things at his table, and keep a full house; and the steward needs a great deal of money, and we all need a great deal of money; and you know we have many expenses that John must not know of, and indeed some that we would not like any body to know of. For instance, my dear Stephen, if we break a glass or a bottle, (which you know, Stephen, the best servant will do at a time,) we must keep it out of John's sight, and get a new one, which we cannot get for nothing; and even if we should taste a little for our comfort, (as you and I are doing just now, Stephen, and very good wine it is;—here's to our worthy master's health,) even this must be done under the rose. And then we must give a small present, now and then, to the servants of the gentlemen round about, who bring letters and messages to John; because we get from them, Stephen, you know, when we are sent to their houses:—and many more things that I could tell you of. Now, dear Stephen, (pray take another glass—it will do you good, Stephen, this cold day,)—do let me have a guinea or

two,—John will never miss it,—he will overlook it in the account, as he is always in a hurry, and does not like to trouble himself looking over long sums." Whereupon he would pat Stephen on the shoulder, and make much of him: but Stephen, who was a blustering, swaggering fellow, would straightway fall into a passion. "What the devil do you mean, Sir," he would say, "do you think I would betray my trust, Sir? you don't know whom you speak to, Sir." Then the other would say, "Mercy on us! my dear Sir, you mistake me quite. I would sooner be flayed alive, than do any such thing as you say: only you know, Stephen;" and thereupon he would make long speeches, until Stephen's brains, (which were none of the brightest,) began to get so muddled, (for Stephen was a raw country lad, and knew little besides country matters, at first, though he afterwards improved himself a little, and then, indeed, he pretended to know every thing,)—Stephen's brains, as I say, began to get so muddled, that, at last, he would say to himself: "Why, this is a clever, sensible, civil fellow. I cannot, for the soul of me, disoblige one who is so reasonable. John is a stingy curmudgeon, and does not know what's good for him; and this gentleman here desires nothing but his welfare." Then speaking aloud, "Why, Sir, when I consider the thing as you point it out,—well, Sir,—to be short,—so many guineas you want, do you?—here, Sir,—much good may they do you. Upon my soul, Sir, you seem a very discreet, worthy fellow, and too much of a gentleman to do any thing dirty or mean; and I shall be glad to be better acquainted with you, Sir." Whereupon they would shake hands and part. But Stephen could not help being a little afraid of John's hearing of these doings; for John had hired him to attend upon himself, and had told him, that he would turn him off, if he caught him about any mischief, or even too intimate with the other servants, whom he was desired to keep a watch upon. Now, the other servants were engaged by the steward, and John allowed him to deal with them as he to the upper servant, when he asked him for money. But he, being a sharp, shrewd, brazen-faced fellow, told Stephen never to mind that; "Leave that to me, master Stephen," he would say, "I shall manage John, and you sha'n't be dismissed."

And Stephen told all this

But, to say the truth, John was better treated now than ever he had been before. And as he was a good-natured fellow, and did not like to make a noise about trifles, he agreed very well with his people. John indeed sometimes thought they might manage matters better; but for peace' sake, he would let them have their own way.

But like every other man, whether bachelor or married, John would have his troubles, and some of them I am now going to tell of.

He had a mighty deal of plague with a son of his own, whose name was Jonathan. Jonathan, it seems, from a child, had been something of an idle fellow, and would never take to his book, but ran about like a colt among all the vagabonds in the neighbourhood. Now John having taken his two brothers, Patrick and Andrew, into the house with him, (as shall be told,) found he had little enough room, and so wished to get Jonathan set up by himself. The truth is, John was desirous to get clear of him; for Jonathan had some vicious tricks, and would sometimes pick up silver spoons, and other things, that did not belong to him, when they fell in his way about the house. So taking him one day, John said to him, "Harkee, Jonathan, my lad, you are now become a likely fellow, and it is high time you were setting out in the world, as I your father did, Jonathan, long before I was come to your years. There is some waste land of mine on the other side of the river, to the west of my house—excellent good land, Jonathan, if it be well farmed; so you shall go and live there, and build a house for yourself, and get a wife, if you please, and be your own master, my lad, and what more could you desire." Now Jonathan, who was always ready for any such project, immediately began to collect his companions, calling out: "Hurrah! my lads, follow me, and I will make gentlemen of you all: I warrant you we

shall hold up our heads with the best of 'em;"—and away he scampered, with a string of raggamuffins at his heels, and crossed the river, (John very glad to get rid of them;) and they built a house, and began to plough the land, and John heard no word of them for a while, and thought all was going on well. And all went on accordingly, until the year's end, when John's steward sent over to Jonathan to demand his rent. "Rent, indeed! with a pox upon you," cried Jonathan,—"rent for my own land that I have tilled, and for my own house that I have built! By my faith, master steward, you and dad may go whistle for your rent, for the deuce a rent you get here, I promise you." Now, when this was told to the steward, he got into such a rage that nothing could be like it, indeed nobody had ever seen him in such a fury; for he verily danced again, and well-nigh foamed at the mouth for pure anger. He swore he would make him pay the last farthing of the rent, if he should sell the coat off his back. It would give him pleasure, he said, to see the fellow go to the work-house, or even to the gallows, for which he seemed designed. He went straightway to John, and told him all that had happened, and what an undutiful cub his son had grown, and how Jonathan must be made an example of to all disobedient children. John at first heard him very coolly, and told him that Jonathan had always been such an untoward, stubborn booby, that he never expected any good of him. But the steward knew John's temper, and worked upon him till he had him nearly in as great a rage as himself; for John was easily nettled when he thought any one made light of him, and always loved to be master, both in his own house and every other way. So he took up his crab stick, and vowed he would teach his son better manners. But John forgot that Jonathan was now a great overgrown fellow, and past his father's correction, and this he found to his woeful cost. For no sooner had he passed the river, than Jonathan came out upon him and belaboured him, as if there had not been a drop's-blood between them. And there was a black, ill-looking fellow, called Yanky, without even a vine leaf to cover his nakedness; a fellow that would fight on any body's side that would give him a dram: and this fellow began to lay about him, sometimes here, and sometimes there, and put every thing into confusion; and after they had all fought together for a long time, John saw that he could make nothing of it, and was obliged to give it up. And all that he had done, was to give Jonathan some knocks on the skull, and to break a few of his windows. But what vexed John and his steward worst of all, was, that he was obliged to go without his rent after all. And so he came home with black eyes and a bloody nose, and without his hat or wig, and his coat nearly torn off his back; and all his neighbours, in the mean time, laughing and making game of him, that he could not rule his own son. And John slunk home as quietly as possible, and could scarcely hold up his head from pure shame and vexation. Now this was the worst business that ever John was concerned in, and he could never suffer to hear of it afterwards; for what had he got for all his pains? why, a shirtful of sore bones, and was laughed at into the bargain!

As for Jonathan, he began about this time to take up house in a regular way; for, before that, he had lived about public-houses, or any way that happened; and he hired servants, and began to hold up his head among his neighbours. But he had taken such a grudge against all stewards whatsoever, on account of the quarrel that he had had with his father's steward, that he would never suffer the sight of one about his house, but managed his matters himself the best way he could. Indeed he had but few servants of any kind, and what he had he gave but scanty fare to, and as scanty wages (on which account he was hated by all the servants round.) Being always a graceless cur, he would not be at the expense of a chaplain,—not he; but would go and hear any field-preacher that came strolling about; that is, when he had a mind for any preaching at all, which I suppose would be but seldom. By this time he had grown a great, raw-boned, rough-looking fellow; and, it was

thought, would soon be as strong a man, and perhaps as rich as his father; and some people said he was a very good lad at bottom. But others, who had gone to see him, said, he kept a dirty ill-ordered house, and neither spoke, nor dressed, nor behaved himself like a gentleman.

It should have been told before, that John had two brothers living in the house with him, whose names were Patrick and Andrew. They had both come to live with John, to save expense, as one steward served all; and Stephen also, and the other servants, would do little jobs for the other two, as well as for John. But Stephen always looked upon John as his master, and paid little regard to Patrick, and almost none at all to Andrew. Indeed he was grown a saucy jackanapes, and even John himself had his own ado with him. Patrick was a tall, broad-shouldered, half-witted fellow; drank like a fish, and counted fighting the best friendship. Andrew was a staid, sober, considerate gentleman; minded his own affairs, and no other body's, but when he could make something by it; would rather flatter a fool than fight him, and liked to keep company with his betters. Andrew had not succeeded very well in the world until he came to live with John. Indeed some people, that did not like him, said he was too much for John. But this was not true; for though a saving, prudent person, he was really a very honest man, and would scorn to take advantage of any body—particularly his own relations. Patrick had a sort of steward of his own, (not being very expert in business himself;) and Andrew had a chaplain called Jack, of whom he was very fond, because he was a grave, quiet man, like himself. Jack, at first, it seems, had been a stiff, long-faced, sulky fellow; but after he came into John's house, he became more civil and good-humoured, and was very well spoken of, by all in the house. Now, it should have been told, that at the time John killed his steward, (as hath been described,) he was seized with a religious craze, and would expound texts, and sing psalms from morn till night. And when he was in this mood, Andrew advised him to send Martin his own chaplain away, and to take his friend Jack. But Martin was a cunning fellow, and would not go away, but loitered about the house until John and he became friends again. Now John and his brothers loved one another very cordially, and went hand in hand in every thing that was done. And when John quarrelled with any of his neighbours, (some of whom were very troublesome) Patrick and Andrew would say as he said, and fight along with him. For though Andrew was a peaceable, harmless man, yet when his blood was up he would fight like a game-cock. Only the poor gentleman was a little vain of his courage, for he would always be calling out: "Look at me, my brave boys, how I maul them: match that if you can." But every one has his foible. And the three brothers had soon enough of fighting upon their hands, as is here to be related.

A little to the south-east of John's house, at the other side of a small stream, lived a gentleman called Francis; and a very odd sort of gentleman he was, for he thought nobody had any manners but himself. And he prided himself upon being always at the top of the fashion; wore a fine coat, and a powdered wig, danced, took snuff, and made faces. But the truth is, he was an idle, dissipated fellow, went about continually among playhouses, and taverns, and brothels, and kept several mistresses, though he was a married man: the more shame to him! He would never mind his household matters, and so would have a steward to do it for him: and every one that he got became completely his master, and poor Frank had nothing to say in his own house. And this was the way in all this country, as any one may see that reads this history,—only that John ruled his house better than any of them. Indeed in Francis's house it was, as the proverb saith, "like master, like man;" for the steward was generally not a whit behind Frank in every kind of debauchery. And for that matter, from the butler to the shoeblack, it could scarcely be said that any one was better than his neighbour. One may suppose what sort of a family this was, and what they

would come to at last, and this we shall see presently. As has been said, Frank was nothing at all among them; and whoever was steward, would abuse him to the utmost. They would lie with his wife; and then if Frank complained, (and who could blame him?) they would shut him up in a cellar. Not content with this, they squandered away all Frank's substance, and got him into debt, and almost ruined him. But at length, as was very natural, Frank began to determine in his own mind, that he would no longer suffer such usage. And he told the steward one day, that he would have his household affairs looked into, and put to rights. And the steward, like a booby, began to argue with him, and put him off, and behold what followed. Why, Frank got into a passion, as if he had been possessed. So, forthwith, taking the steward by the throat, "Harkee, Sirrah," quoth he, "I have no peace in mine own house and be d——d to you? You have used me worse than a dog, Sir; you can't deny it yourself, Sir. Have you not abused me, and beat me, and lain with my wife, and wasted my substance, and what not, Sir? I tell you, you have, Sir; and I'll be the death of you, Sir." And before he would give the poor man time to answer, (and indeed he had not been nearly so bad as many more in his situation,) Frank gave him such a knock with a hatchet he had chanced to lay his hands upon, that poor Bourby, (for that was his name,) fell down and never rose again. But the matter did not end here; for Frank, without more ado, fell upon the rest of the household. He would take first one, and saying, "Did you not do so and so, Sir?" would straightway knock him down; and then another in the same way, "Did you not do so and so, Sir? to be sure you did, Sir;" and down with him also, without more ceremony. After this he would ask no questions at all, but going up to one, he would say, "This fellow was whispering something against me;" and to another, "This fellow hath an ill look;" and would knock them both down immediately. At last he began to lay about him on all sides, without caring a straw what he was doing: but by this time, all his people that were not frightened out of their wits began to take to their heels; run through doors, and windows, and every way they could think of. And indeed it was high time, for Frank had now become raving mad. He tossed his Bible and prayer-book out of the window: he stripped himself to the shirt: he danced, and kicked, and jumped, and roared, and swore like a dragoon, and sung bawdy songs. never was man seen in such a condition; and, in short, it was the opinion of the whole neighbourhood that poor Frank had fairly lost his senses.

But when it came out that Frank had really laid violent hands on the steward, and several of his household, then, to be sure, there arose a great clamour, and all the neighbourhood was soon in an uproar. They said such doings were a scandal in a Christian country: they would have the rascal to jail: they would have him hanged, they said, if he were the best gentleman that ever wore a shirt. Now John had been at first very glad to hear that his neighbour Frank had begun to shew some spirit, and that he was going to behave himself like a man; and indeed he would oftentimes before that, have given Frank a nod or a wink, as much as to say, "If I had such an insolent puppy of a steward, I would teach him to mend his manners." But when he heard that Frank had let his passion get the better of him so much, he became very vexed, and even angry and when he was in this mood all his own household got about him; and, as they were all afraid of their own places, and even of their lives, in case John should take it in his head to play the same game; and were all in a terrible rage at Frank for what he had done, which, they thought, would be a bad example to all the gentlemen round, and the servants would have no life of it, if Francis were allowed to pass; (indeed Francis, they were sure, would never rest until he had got every steward in the country sent a-packing; and, to tell the truth, he had been heard to say as much.) Well, as I said, they all got about John, and told him how careful he should

keep his temper, and take ad- from sensible people who could it to him; and what a mercy it there were wiser heads about than his own, to keep him out of such mad pranks: they said they uld not be surprised if Frank, in of his raging fits, should come r and cut all their throats, or set house in fire about their ears: y advised him, if he valued his n life or theirs, to go, with the t of his neighbours, and get Frank l by the heels, and brought to stice, or else sent to Bedlam, if he re really mad, which seemed the kelier case; for it was not fit, they id, that such a fellow should be lowed to run wild about the coun- y, to the terror and danger of caceable people—and a number of her things, to the same purpose. ow when John had heard this, he id, "By my faith, my lads, there sense in what you say: nobody nows what the poor distracted gen- tleman may take into his head, and therefore we shall have him put into a strait jacket, and given into the are of his friends, until he come to is senses again—which I pray he nay, in due time." Now, John was plain, straight-forward gentleman, nd every thing with him was no oner said than done:—so forthwith ut he sallied, and was soon at the ead of the mob, who, by this time, were gathering round Frank's house, nd trying to burst open his door. And then, to be sure, there arose a confusion and disturbance, in the neighbourhood, that nobody remem- bered any thing like it;—for when- ever Francis saw what was brewing, he began to consider what he was about, and what a predicament he was in; and by the time the first of the mob drew near his house, they saw him standing up very coolly, clenching his fists, and squaring with his arms, as if to let them know that there would be cracked crowns before they should get hold of him. And he happened to cast his eye upon a little, ragged, well- built, sharp-looking fellow, standing by, to whom he said, "Look you, my lad, you seem a tight little gen- tleman; I will find you employment if you have a mind for it." Now this fellow, whose name was Ferrara, and whom a game at fistycuffs did more good than his dinner, imme- diately replied, "Ay, marry, with all my heart, Sir," and jumped at the offer: and he soon shewed his mettle;—for no sooner did the peo- ple come up and attack the house, than he flew upon them like a wild cat; and bit, and scratched, and spit, and hissed, and laid about him, sometimes with one hand, sometimes with another; now with a stick and then with a stone; at one time he would be fifty yards away from you, the very next moment he would have you by the throat. In short, what with his strength, and what with his contrivances and his tricks, (for he had more tricks than a chained monkey), the people began to think he could be nothing other than a devil incarnate, and were glad to escape, with life in their bo- dies, to their own houses. But John kept him in work for all his tricks. And so much, in the mean time, for Ferrara:—the rest of the story will be told afterwards, if any one should wish to hear it.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF DON J. A. LLORENTE, THE HISTORIAN OF THE INQUISITION *.

J. A. Llorente, born the 30th of March 1756, at Rincon del Soto, near Calahorra, in Arragon, was the son of Don J. F. Llorente y Alcarraz, and of Donna Maria Manuela Gon- zales y Mendizabal, both of an an- cient and noble family, but possessed of a very moderate estate. The ma- ternal uncle of the young Llorente, a beneficiary priest of the city of Calahorra, undertook the superin- tendence of his education. After having passed through his philoso- phical studies at Tarragona, he re-

* Translated from an able article by M. Mahul, in the *Revue Encyclopédique* (for April,) to which, during the last four years, M. Llorente had been a frequent and va- luable contributor.

ceived the clerical tonsure from the hands of the Bishop of Calahorra, on the 21st of December 1770, being then in the fourteenth year of his age. The three following years, according to scholastic usage, were occupied by courses of logic, at the expiry of which Llorente maintained a public disputation on physics and metaphysics. These courses had been delivered in a convent of the order of Mercy; and the fathers, in conformity with an odd enough custom, generally celebrated the conclusion of them by the representation of a comedy, which was performed by the students in the interior of the convent. On this occasion, a piece, entitled *The Prudent Abigail*, was selected; the part of Abigail, first the wife of Nabal, and afterwards the spouse of King David, being assigned to Llorente, on account of his agreeable physiognomy. The canons of the cathedral, the magistrates, and the principal inhabitants of the city, were invited to witness this spectacle; and so well did the young actors succeed in the representation, that the piece was several times repeated.

In the month of October 1773, Llorente went to Saragossa to study law. Although the course at this seminary continued four years, nothing was taught but the Institutes of Justinian, and the Pandects. During the vacation of 1775, the subject of this memoir made his first journey to Madrid, where he frequented the two principal theatres, and imbibed that taste for dramatic composition which, after having read and meditated attentively the Poetics of Aristotle, (translated into Spanish by J. Gonzales de Salas), and Horace's Epistle to the Pisos, (translated into Spanish verse by D. Vincent Espinel,) led him to attempt the composition of a comedy, which he called *Matrimonial Disgust*, and which he afterwards thought a very mediocre performance. It should be recollected, that, in Spain as in Italy, ecclesiastics might shew themselves, without incurring scandal, in the public theatres. In 1776, M. Llorente took his degree as Bachelor of Laws; the year following he was elected Beneficiary of the Chapter of Calahorra, and received, successively, the four minor orders, and the subdeaconship; which last fixes a man, irrevocably, as an ecclesiastic. He afterwards studied canon law, taught at that period in the University of Saragossa, by an Italian canonist; according to whom the learned Van Espen was held suspected of the imperceptible heresy which the Jesuits have called *Jansenism*. This canonist founded his prelections upon the ultramontane principles, and the false decretals. The sound understanding and extensive knowledge of M. Llorente preserved him from these erroneous notions, and prepared him to become, in due time, one of the warmest advocates for religious liberty. At length he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Calahorra, his diocesan, in 1779, in consequence of a dispensation procured for that purpose, being then little more than twenty-three years of age*. In the course of a month, he was authorised to confess men, but did not receive power to confess women till after the expiry of four years. A little after his sacerdotal ordination, M. Llorente, having finished his course of study, went to Valentia to receive the bonnet of Doctor in Canon Law. Such was even then the soundness and liberality of his ideas, that he exerted himself greatly, though unsuccessfully, to prevent an aged Ecclesiastic from devising his property in favour of the monks, to the exclusion of his own relations.

Having returned to Madrid, for the second time, in 1781, M. Llorente, after undergoing a profound examination on the civil and common law of the country, was admitted an advocate before the Supreme Council of Castille; and was the same year received as a member of the Royal Academy of the Holy Canons, of the Liturgy, and of Ecclesiastical History of Spain, established at Madrid under the protection of St Isidore.

The office of Ecclesiastical *Promoteur-fiscal-général* (Proctor-General) of the Bishopric of Calahorra having become vacant in 1782, M. Llorente was appointed to it by his bishop, who, at the same time, con-

* The age fixed by the canons in use is twenty-five; by the ancient canons, forty.

ferred upon him the title of Vicar-general; and he himself tells us, that, even amidst the multiplied occupations of these two offices, he stole a few hours from sleep, to compose a dramatic work, known in Spain under the title of *Operetta*, and which bears some analogy to our *melodrames*. The piece, interspersed with ariettes, modelled on the Italian airs then in vogue, was entitled *The Galician Recruiting Officer*, and was successfully represented in a private house. M. Llorente preserved long his taste for dramatic poetry, and at a latter period composed a tragedy called *Euric, King of the Goths*, in which he attempted to sketch an outline of the intrigues and vicissitude which then agitated his country: this performance was never published. In 1783, M. Llorente addressed a representation to King Charles III. in order to obtain some reduction in the taxes paid by the inhabitants of his native province; and he had not only the honour to succeed in his object, but the King, over and above, placed at his disposal abundant means for relieving the distress which then prevailed, and appointed him to distribute them.

"The year 1784," says M. Llorente, in his Biographical Notice, written by himself *, "was the period at which I abandoned, entirely, the Italian principles in matter of discipline, the scholastic doctrines in theology, and the peripatetic maxims in philosophy and the natural sciences. A learned and judicious person, who then lived in Calahorra, made me sensible that a great part of my knowledge rested on prejudices, or was drawn from books full of errors. He offered to superintend my reading. I had observed that he possessed knowledge superior to that of either the clergy or laity of Calahorra, and that he gave expression to ideas and reflections which I had not met with in my favourite authors. 'Every thing here below,' he used to say to me, 'may be resolved into facts, or reasonings; never believe the first without authentic and credible testimony; never cling to the second, whatever be the authority by which they are supported, at least until you comprehend the evidence upon which they are grounded: for there is no authority beyond ourselves competent to subdue the reason which Nature has given us.'" Under the influence of these ideas, M. Llorente made rapid progress in this new path. Hence it is obvious that the reasoning philosophy of M. Llorente was exceedingly different from that which M. L'Abbé de La Mennais pretends he has recently discovered, and which, as is well known, admits no other road to the discovery of truth, except through the medium of authority.

It must be confessed, that the Inquisition of Spain was at this period very ill advised; for in 1785 the tribunal of the Holy Office at Logrono chose M. Llorente as its commissary. It was necessary for him to prove that his family, for three generations back, had incurred no punishment from the Holy Office, and that they were descended neither from Jews, Moors, nor Heretics: a formality sufficiently annoying, at least as far as regards the second point; for he who, to expurgate his race from all contamination, should go back to the epoch of the establishment of the Inquisition, would find it necessary to prove that 4064 persons (calculating from the mean term of the duration of human life) were neither Moors, Jews, nor Heretics. However, the name of none of his ancestors being found inscribed in the Registers of the Holy Office, they were satisfied. M. Llorente likewise applied himself, with some success, to preaching, till, in 1788, the Duchess of Sotomayor, first Lady to Queen Louisa, wife of Charles IV. received him into her service, under the title of *Consultor de Camara*: subsequently he became one of the testamentary executors of this lady, in conjunction with Grandees of Spain, Bishops, and Members of the Council of Castille; and, lastly, tutor of the present Duke of Sotomayor, one of the richest proprietors of Spain.

At the commencement of 1789 the Grand Inquisitor General, D. Augustin Rubin de Cevallos, Bishop of Jaen, named M. Llorente Secre-

* Paris, 1818, one Vol. 12mo. in Spanish.

tary-General of the Inquisition, a post which he held till 1791, and which placed at his disposal the archives of the Holy Office, which he was one day to disclose to the world. The same year he was twice admitted to the presence of Charles IV., and the Queen his wife, in order to place in their hands the different pious legacies of the Duchess of Sotomayor; and their Majesties were pleased to signify their approbation of his conduct, by presenting him with a prebend in the church of Calahorra. This benefice appeared to him preferable to the more eminent post of Inquisitor of Carthagena in the Indies, which D. Augustin Rubin at the same time offered him. The Count Florida Blanca was at this period the principal Minister who governed Spain. This able and enlightened statesman, thinking that the movement which had already begun to agitate Europe required rather to be seconded and governed by power, than irritated by ill-timed resistance, had applied himself to accelerate in Spain the progress of knowledge and civilization. With this view he instituted at Madrid an academy of history, of which M. Llorente became a member, and even supported public theses on important points of the national history. Some notice has been preserved of one of these literary exhibitions, celebrated in the Royal Monastery of St Isidore, at which the most distinguished personages of the capital assisted, and where the Cardinal de Lorenzana, then Archbishop of Toledo, and Primate of the kingdom, did not disdain to place himself among the number of the disputants. The thesis of M. Llorente had for its object to develope the plans proposed for the restoration of literary pursuits in Christendom, by Cassiodorus in Italy, during the 6th century,—St Isidore of Seville, in Spain during the 7th,—Charlemagne in France, aided by Alcuin, towards the end of the 8th,—and to determine if any of these plans was adapted to the present time, and with what modifications. M. Llorente laboured to establish the superiority of St Isidore, to whom the ecclesiastical sciences in Spain have been indebted for all their success. His dissertation, analyzed in the Madrid Gazette, has not been printed. It procured him, however, the office of Censor, which he exercised with discernment and forbearance.

At the commencement of 1791, and in consequence of some court intrigues, M. Llorente was obliged to quit Madrid, and retire to his prebend at Calahorra. It was then that he had the good fortune to offer hospitality to a considerable number of French priests, whom the fury of the Revolution had forced to seek an asylum in Spain. He found himself the only person at Calahorra who understood the French language, which circumstance naturally led him to act as interpreter between the exiles and the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the country. It was he who verified the papers of the proscribed, provided for their lodging and support, catechised those who were thought fit to exercise the functions of the holy ministry, and procured for them fees for saying mass, and even employment in different parishes. Besides these personal attentions, M. Llorente interested in favour of the French priests, the generosity of several distinguished personages in Spain, from whom he obtained considerable sums, and among whom he cites the Cardinal de Lorenzana, Archbishop of Toledo, the Archbishop of Seville, the Bishop of Cordoba, and other prelates. We shall find in the sequel, that, when exiled in his turn, not many years afterwards, M. Llorente was repaid for these benefits with the basest ingratitude.

The year following, M. Llorente wrote a History of the Emigration of the French Clergy to Spain, which was intended to form a volume in quarto; but in passing through the hands of different persons to whose examination it was submitted, the manuscript was lost: the *procureur-fiscal*, however, endeavoured to console him for this loss, by assuring him that circumstances would not have permitted the publication of the work. About this period, D. Manuel Abad La Sierra, an enlightened man, though Inquisitor-General of Spain, cast his eyes upon M. Llorente, (precisely on account of his moderate and philosophical opinions,) as

a proper person to digest and arrange the plan of some important modifications which he wished to introduce in the internal constitution and forms of procedure of the Inquisition. But a court intrigue soon displaced the honest Inquisitor, who was dismissed before he could carry his projects into execution. Subsequently, however, M. Llorente was invited by a person of influence to recommence the exposition of these plans, which there was still some hope of carrying into effect; and he set himself to the work, in concert with his Diocesan, the Bishop of Calahorra, to whose intelligence and wisdom he has thought proper to pay a warm tribute, although we have since seen the same prelate, in the Cortes of Cadiz, voting for the continuance of the Inquisition. When the labour was completed, M. Llorente took a journey to Madrid, in order to watch over, and, if possible, contribute to its success. The scheme was patronized by the Prince of the Peace, (Godoy,) then the all-powerful Minister and favourite; and M. de Cabarrus, and M. de Jovellanos, entered into it with the greatest zeal. Nothing less was contemplated than giving publicity to the hitherto dark and mysterious proceedings of the Holy Office. M. de Jovellanos having been called to the Ministry of Grace and Justice, M. Llorente acquired new credit and influence; but the too sudden fall of that able and enlightened minister, once more postponed, to an indefinite period, these contemplated improvements. In 1796, and the years following, the Sovereign Council of the Royal Chamber of the Indies placed the name of M. Llorente on the lists of presentation submitted to the King for the Bishopries of Mechoacan, and of Buenos Ayres, and for the Archbishopric of Manilla.

But the agents of the Inquisition were already preparing for M. Llorente his first persecutions. He had had the courage to pay his respects to the fallen Minister, M. de Jovellanos, as he passed through Calahorra to the place of his exile; and among the papers of that Minister his enemies had discovered the scheme of M. Llorente for modifying and ameliorating the proceedings of the Inquisition. This was in 1801; and that abominable tribunal, whose modern benignity has been sometimes of late boasted of, persecuted, under different pretences, and, among others, that of Jansenism, the most respectable persons who had had any connection with M. de Jovellanos. D. Antonio de la Cuesta, Archdeacon of the Cathedral of Avila, was thrown into a dungeon, where he remained for five years. D. Geronimo, his brother, penitentiary canon of the same church, was compelled to save himself by retiring to France. Both were declared innocent, and they were so in fact; but without powerful protection their innocence would have been of little avail. Processes were also instituted by the Inquisition against the Countess of Montijo, notwithstanding her high rank; against her cousin D. Antonio Palafox, Bishop of Cuença; against D. Antonio Tabira, Bishop of Salamanca; against D. Augustin Abad La Sierra, Bishop of Barcelona; and against several canons of St Isidore at Madrid. These recent examples deserve to be cited, as furnishing sufficient proof, that if the knowledge of the age, and that refinement of manners which it has produced, have caused the Familiars of the Holy Office to slumber a little in their den, the madness of party spirit is at any time sufficient to restore to that sacrilegious institution all its native ferocity. At the post-office at Madrid, the correspondence of M. de Llorente with the Countess of Montijo had been opened, copies taken, and the letters suffered to reach their destination, that the replies might also be obtained. The collection was transmitted to the Inquisitor-General, and M. de Llorente received orders to place himself as prisoner in a convent, where, a few days after, a member of the Supreme Council of the Inquisition came to intimate to him a decree of that tribunal, which deposed him from his situations of Secretary and Commissary to the Holy Office, condemned him to pay a fine of fifty ducats, and to continue in confinement for a month in the convent. As to the motive which provoked the sentence, he was left in utter ignorance; but in restoring him his papers which had been seized, all those which related to the In-

quisition, together with some writings in defence of the liberties of the Spanish Church, and in opposition to the pretensions of the Court of Rome, were withheld.

The disgrace of M. Llorente continued till 1805: this period he passed in his province, devoting himself to literary research and to works of piety and usefulness. Recalled at length to Madrid, to engage in some historical inquiries which interested the government, he was nominated by the King, in 1806, as Canon of the Metropolitan church of Toledo; then *Ecolâtre* (Master of the Schools) of the same chapter, an office united to the place of Chancellor of the University of that city; and in the following year he was instituted as Ecclesiastical Chevalier of the order of Charles III., after having given the proofs of nobility required by the statutes of the order.

Till this period, the career of M. Llorente had been almost wholly religious; it now changed its character, and became political. The French had invaded Spain: in the month of June 1808, an order of Joachim Murat, then Grand Duke of Berg, and who commanded the armies of Napoleon, enjoined M. Llorente to repair to Bayonne, to form part of an assembly of Spanish Notables, convoked to reform the government of the monarchy, and to prepare a political constitution. He took part in the deliberations of that assembly, and his name is found at the bottom of the constitutional act which it concocted. Thus engaged in the party of Joseph Buonaparte, he was soon called to the office of Counsellor of State, and after his first reverses, followed the King, to whose fortunes he had thus been led to attach himself; for the victory of Baylen awakening the national energy, had spread the insurrection to Madrid and Toledo. M. Llorente took refuge at Vittoria in the suite of Joseph Buonaparte. He accompanied him also in the progress he made through Arragon, and obtained various boons for his native province.

The year 1809 witnessed the fall of the Inquisition, which had been abolished in Spain, by a decree of the new King; and M. Llorente was chosen to examine its vast archives, and to write the history of that infamous tribunal. During two years, several persons were employed under his directions, in copying, or extracting the original pieces which were found in these archives. The combination of these valuable materials, with those which he had been employed in collecting since 1789, enabled him to draw that picture of the Holy Office which has gained for him the surname of the *Suetonius of the Inquisition* *. In the same year, the monastic orders having been suppressed, he was charged with carrying, gradually, this suppression into effect, and with collecting the moveables and effects of the convents which had been shut up. He acquitted himself of this difficult task in such a manner as to soften its rigour and severity. The important situation of director-general of the national property was then entrusted to him; the property of all those who had gone to join the government at Cadiz, or the Juntas who obeyed it, and who failed to return to their respective residences within the time specified by the decrees of the new government, having been declared national. Engaged in so fatal a cause, however, M. Llorente soon found he might prevent some evil, but could no longer do good: it was thus he succeeded in inducing the government to entrust the administration of the confiscated property to the wives, children, or relations of the refugees; in corroboration of which he appeals to some of the most illustrious names in Spain, —and the appeal has not been made in vain. But he did not long retain this painful office, and, to recompense him for the loss, Joseph nominated him Apostolical Commissary General of the *Holy Crusade*,

* We confess we do not see very clearly the point of this agnomen. Suetonius, though an honest, is a very coarse and indelicate writer; and, while he exposes, without mercy, the vices of the Cæsars, exhibits proofs of the very licentiousness he condemns. Not so M. Llorente. Nor is there much affinity between the subjects of these writers,—the biography of the first twelve Cæsars, and the History of the Spanish Inquisition.

an office which confers the general distribution of the royal alms; a species of bounty sufficiently ill understood, if it be considered in relation to the principles of political economy, but which, from the monastic spirit which has so long predominated in Spain, has become in that country a sort of national usage.

While occupied with these employments, so important and so diversified, M. Llorente published in Spain (a circumstance which required some courage on his part,) the first outline of his *History of the Inquisition.* Subsequently, he recast the work, and published it in French; it is since this latter period that his name became known throughout Europe.

In the month of August 1812, in consequence of the loss of the battle of Arapiles, (Salamanca,) the court of Joseph having been obliged to evacuate Madrid, M. Llorente followed it to Valentia, and published in that city some pamphlets in favour of his party. These brochures exhibit in their author a melancholy blindness to the public opinion of his nation, and to its real interests: one of them is even directed against the Cortes of Cadiz, and the principles of their celebrated Constitution. Such were the deplorable consequences of the first fatal deviation from the honourable path of genuine patriotism. At length, the successive reverses of the French armies forced M. Llorente to follow them across the Pyrenees: he entered France by Oleron, and, having visited Bourdeaux, Toulouse, and other cities of the South of France, he arrived in Paris in the month of March 1814. The great events of that year were accomplished, and Ferdinand ascended the throne preserved for him by the heroism of his people.

The party of Joseph, which had never employed any other argument than that of force, disappeared when it no longer had that argument to support it; and few of his adherents made any difficulty in submitting to Ferdinand. Governed by the counsels of a few courtiers, who drove him on to acts of the most implacable cruelty, this miserable despot soon began to overturn the work of those who had defended his crown while he was in captivity, and to proscribe at once the generous citizens who had steadfastly adhered to their country and the cause of independence, and those Spaniards, known by the name of *Josephinos*, whose offers of submission were rejected with disdain. As one of these, M. Llorente suffered the double punishment of perpetual banishment and confiscation of his property; and, among other things, lost, in consequence of this measure, a library of 8000 volumes, which he had left at Madrid, and which consisted of a great number of MSS., and of rare and valuable books. He found himself despoiled at once of his preferments and of his ecclesiastical revenues. In his quality of canon and dignitary of the church of Toledo, he protested against these consequences of the royal decree, and demanded to be regularly heard and tried; which protestation he published. The rules and principles of discipline acknowledged by the Catholic church were certainly in his favour; for when, at the commencement of the Revolution, the French priests and bishops protested against several severe measures of which they were the objects, they appealed to the same principles with M. Llorente. It is therefore a little surprising that these principles were so totally unsuccessful with the very persons who, at the time they were appealed to by the French refugees, had declared themselves their most zealous and ardent patrons and admirers.

During the year 1814, M. Llorente made a voyage to London, but the climate disagreeing with him, he resolved to establish himself definitively at Paris. The riches of, and ready access to the public libraries, and the honourable and pleasant society of the learned men of that capital, who vied with each other in doing justice to the merit of the learned Spanish priest, caused him to find charms in this foreign residence; and he devoted himself to those literary researches for which he was so eminently qualified. Different writings relative to the ancient and modern history of Spain were the fruits of his diligence in this retreat; and on one occasion he even appeared on the political arena, with that eclat which so well becomes calumniated innocence, when

a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who had not yet accustomed the tribune to the audacity of his recriminations, insulted French generosity, by recommending the withholding the bread granted to the Spaniards, whom the French invasion of their country, and the subsequent reverses of Napoleon, had deprived of their property and rank, and forced to seek an asylum from the nation which had been the cause of their calamities. With that warmth of heart, and pomp of diction, which characterize his talent, M. Lainé instantly came forward to render justice to the feelings of the nation. On his part, M. Llorente spoke in justification, at least, of the intentions of the individuals who groaned with him under a common misfortune; exposed a crowd of gross errors which M. Clausel de Coussergues had committed; and replied to the ignorant assertion, that there had been no *auto da fé* since 1680, by proving, that from 1700 till 1808, 1578 persons had perished under the faggots of the Inquisition. The publication of the complete annals of the Holy Office followed soon after, and circulated through the whole of Europe and America; so that, translated into English, German, and Italian, the *History of the Inquisition* is now to be met with in almost every respectable library. The success of this book is to be ascribed, not to the style, which is destitute of brilliancy and elegance,—not to the able arrangement of the materials, to the energy of the portraits, the depth of the views, or the acuteness of the observations; but to the authenticity of the important pieces which it contains, the exactitude and novelty of the details which it discloses, and the striking truth of the simple, unadorned narrative, which have sufficed to bestow upon this book the character of an historical source: in other words, no one can henceforth speak or write of the Inquisition, without consulting and citing the testimony of this honest and impartial annalist.

But, till this hour, no one has ever been able to level a blow at intolerance and fanaticism with impunity; yet the generous men who have attempted it, possess particular claims to our esteem and regard, as it was easy for them to foresee the long responsibility which such attempts would entail on them. M. Llorente presents a new and melancholy example of the implacability of those who call themselves the disciples of a Master who taught nothing but Peace and Love. Scarcely was the *History of the Inquisition* published, when the Tribunal of Penitence, where he consoled some exiles of the most Catholic nation, was shut up against him. He had been in the habit of celebrating mass at the church of *Saint Eustache*, and the small pittance which a pious charity had attached to the service, contributed scantily to provide for the necessities of his old age. The ecclesiastical superiors of the diocese of Paris caused it to be signified to him that he was forbid to celebrate the holy mysteries of his religion. In a word, he who had been a dignitary of one of the richest churches in the Romish Communion, Counsellor of State to the brother of Napoleon, Director of the National Property, and Distributor of the Royal Bounty, considered himself fortunate in gaining honourably a very moderate income, by instructing young Frenchmen, in a boarding-house of Paris, to repeat the accents of that fine Castilian tongue, of which Raynal has said, "*qu'elle est éclatante comme l'or et sonore comme l'argent.*" Will it be believed that intolerance was sufficiently powerful, and legislation sufficiently cruel, to interdict M. Llorente, in the name of the University of Paris, from giving lessons in Spanish in a private institution! The director of that establishment exerted himself to obtain the recal of the prohibition, but his efforts were fruitless. In spite of his enemies, however, M. Llorente continued to find, in the treasures of his own erudition, in his laborious industry, in the public favour, and in the solicitude and zeal of esteem and friendship, the conveniences which his frugal and temperate habits required, and of which the unfeeling brutality of power would have deprived him.

The publication of the *Political Portraits of the Popes* filled up the measure of those resentments which the writings of M. Llorente had already accumulated against him.

This performance is a work of vast erudition, and unhappily furnishes matter of amusement and derision, to those whom the abuses engrafted on the Catholic religion, together with the vices of its ministers, have rendered its enemies. But besides that, the author has collected a mass of particulars of more than doubtful authenticity, (as, for instance, the story of the pretended *Popess* Joan, the apocryphal character of which is now pretty generally admitted,) the reader, if a Catholic, will remark, with sorrow and regret, that the subject, the aim, and even the tone of the work, are little consonant with the character of a Catholic priest, whose honour is, in some sort, inseparable from that of the Apostolic see, whatever reasonable liberty he may take in exposing the errors which pretend to shelter themselves under that grave authority. But having frankly stated our personal opinion of the work, we may be permitted, at the same time, to express the honest indignation with which the severity exercised towards its author has filled every truly Christian mind. In the beginning of December 1822 he was ordered to quit Paris in three days, and France without delay. After the Revolution of 1820, M. Llorente might have returned to his native country; but as he could not recover the property and the honours of which preceding events had despoiled him, and as, moreover, he enjoyed at Paris that security and consideration which his period of life required, he had resolved to finish his days in that capital. His abrupt and violent expulsion from his adopted country was therefore to him like a second exile. Efforts were made by the friends of M. Llorente to suspend at least the execution of this arbitrary order, which could not fail to prove fatal; but these were unsuccessful, and the venerable Septuagenarian set out, consoled with the marks of esteem and affection, and the generous succours tendered to him by several praiseworthy citizens, always ready to brave calumny in order to remain faithful to misfortune.

M. Llorente rapidly passed through France at the moment when the whole of its surface was covered with snow, and was not even indulged with a few days rest at Bayonne. From the moment he entered the confines of his native country, he was received with the most marked expressions of public regard; and, doubtless, he would not have failed to receive more substantial proofs of the esteem and veneration of his countrymen, which might perhaps have induced him to relinquish the intention he had formed of accepting a chair which had been offered him in the University of St. Domingo. But a few days after his arrival at Madrid, namely, on the 5th of February 1823, he fell the victim of the extraordinary fatigues to which he had been so cruelly condemned. His obsequies took place on the 8th, in the church of San Pedro, with becoming pomp, and his body was deposited in the cemetery of Funcarral, after a model of his bust had been taken in plaster. Before he died, M. Llorente pronounced his forgiveness of his persecutors: God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, may also pardon their crime, if they repent; but on earth they will never be forgiven, because men of a high moral superiority acquire an inviolable right, which affixes an indelible stain on those by whom they have been proscribed.

Religion, politics, and history, were, in their turn, indebted for important services to M. Llorente; sometimes, also, they had to regret his errors. Without doubt, he has deserved well of religion, in unmasking the sanguinary fanaticism by which its purity has so often been sullied and dishonoured. He has been able to rally, under its banners, many generous spirits whom odious and false interpretations had estranged, and he has contributed to disengage it from that leprosy of superstition which so frequently attaches to its works; but too exclusively devoted to search into and abuses, he has sometimes [illegible] against those traditions of [illegible] origin, which the true Catholic venerates as much as the dogmas of his faith. The errors committed by M. Llorente, in his political career, present also a point of view in which they may be extenuated or excused. He was one of the first individuals

in Spain who adopted and disseminated the liberal and philosophical opinions of the age. In 1808, Buonsparte was still the Revolution to many foreigners, who had had no opportunity of appreciating the character of the one, and the true principles of the other. On the other hand, till the standard of liberty was erected at Cadiz, the party of Ferdinand appeared that of the ancient regime, with all its abuses, not even excepting the Inquisition. This last King Joseph abolished; he attacked the tree of feudality at the core; he sapped by the base the column of superstition. It was under the influence of these prepossessions that M. Llorente formed his first political connections. These motives, however, constituted only a part of the reasons which he alleged in justification of his conduct, in which he persisted to the last in maintaining that he could discover no error. When the resistance commenced, he used to say, success appeared impossible; it delivered Spain to all the horrors of civil war and devastation; and, in a word, that he had been able to do more good to his country, and his fellow-citizens, by attaching himself to the party of Joseph, than if he had followed the government of Cadiz. This species of justification will doubtless appear inadmissible; for it tends to confound force with right, and a national government with a foreign usurpation. But if M. Llorente was deceived, he was nevertheless sincere; and when, at a subsequent period, the Constitution of Cadiz had been proclaimed and recognized by a part of Spain, the perseverance with which M. Llorente adhered to the cause of Joseph ought to be ascribed to the force of prior engagements, and the necessity of his situation. We may add here, that he saw with exultation the Revolution of 1820, and that he constantly shewed himself its zealous defender, although he had still some difficulty in freeing himself from suspicion of those persons who in 1812 saved Spain at Cadiz, and had never ceased to view the events of that period with a prejudiced eye.

M. Llorente possessed vast knowledge, particularly in subjects of an ecclesiastical or historical kind; but his erudition wanted that rigorous precision required by the learned in England, France, and Germany. Though his mind was not deficient in clearness and method, yet the art of arranging a book, such as it is now understood in France, (and we may add, in England,) was unknown to him. In his vernacular language, his style, as far as we may be permitted to judge, was correct and perspicuous, but distinguished by no brilliant quality: he spoke French with difficulty, seldom accurately, and wrote it accordingly. Like his countenance, his conversation was animated, and full of just ideas, interesting recollections, and curious facts. He was of the middle size, his eyes black and sparkling, his complexion bronzed, his physiognomy austere, his forehead elevated; altogether presenting a type of that heroic Spanish Nation, the annals of which his name and works are calculated to adorn *.

* M. Llorente was a very prolific writer. A list of his published works, and of the MSS. he has left behind him, is appended to the article in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, from which the preceding memoir has been translated. But, besides his *History of the Inquisition*, and his *Political Portraits of the Popes* already mentioned, the only other work requiring particular notice, is his *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Espagne, avec des pièces justificatives par M. Nellerto*, (the Anagram of Llorente) 3 vols. 8vo: Paris, 1815 and 1819. It is to this work that Mr. Southey has been indebted for so large a portion of the materials from which he has compiled his account of the Spanish Revolution. The manuscript works, nineteen in number, which M. Llorente has left behind him, are all written in Spanish, and it is to be hoped that the most valuable of them may soon be permitted to see the light.

ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA.

This interesting expedition is one of those arising out of the very laudable zeal felt by the present Government, to extend the knowledge of geography and navigation. Its object was to co-operate with that under Captain Parry, in the great desideratum of fixing the northern boundaries of America, and exploring a coast, eighty degrees in extent, which has remained wholly unknown to our boasted science. Although this expedition, through the serious and terrible obstacles which it encountered, was able to accomplish only a small part of the objects contemplated, and though it effected its return only through a fearful train of disaster, it was yet executed in a manner creditable to the individuals concerned, and has brought by no means a trifling accesssion to our geographical knowledge.

Mr Franklin and his companions sailed from England on the 23d May, 1820; but we need not fill our pages by going over so beaten a tract as that of the voyage thence to the Hudson's Bay Factory at York Fort. They arrived on the 30th of August, consequently were unable to set out till the 9th of Sept., when they could hope to effect only a part of their course to the shores of the northern ocean. They were universally advised to take the beaten track of the fur-traders by Cumberland House, and the Great Slave Lake, as being, not indeed the most direct, but the best known, and where they could alone meet with the supplies and assistance which were essential.

The first operation was to ascend Hill River, a laborious course, as the boats were generally to be dragged up by ropes; sometimes through narrow rocky channels, and several portages occurring, across which it was necessary to take out and carry the goods. This river derives its name from numerous little hills which rise on its banks, the highest to 600 feet, whence there is said to be a prospect of thirty-six lakes. The scenery was very pleasing.

The head of Hill River is separated only by a rocky barrier from the small stream of the Echimamis, which flows in an opposite direction towards Winnipeg Lake. On this large body of water is Norway House, a small factory of the Hudson's Bay Company. Crossing Winnipeg Lake, they came to the mouth of the Saskatchawan, which is to be ascended, in order to reach Cumberland House on the Pine-Island Lake. Here the woods nearly disappear, and are replaced by low muddy banks, covered with willows and reeds.

Cumberland House, situated on Pine-Island Lake, is a settlement farmed by the Companies with a view to the fur trade. The habitations are constructed without much attention to comfort, being merely log-houses, surrounded by lofty stockades, and flanked with wooden bastions. Being deterred by the difficulty of conveyance from the use of glass, they supply its place very imperfectly by parchment. The settlement is entirely dependent for food upon the hunting of the Indians, which affords often a very precarious supply. However, the present governor, Williams, is attempting many improvements. He is rearing pot-herbs, grain, and domestic animals; all of which, with proper attention, the soil is capable of producing. There are thirty men belonging to the Hudson's Bay, and a greater number belonging to the North-West Company.

The Indians attached to this settlement, and who supply it with food and valuable furs, do not exceed a hundred and twenty, or, including their women and children, five hundred. This is the whole population scattered over an extent of about twenty thousand square miles. They consist of the Cree Indians, or what the French call *Knistenaux*. Their character has undergone considerable changes from their connection with Europeans. Protected from the assaults of their neighbours, they are no longer that warlike race which, according to the earliest accounts, made them the terror of this part of the continent. It might be well if this were all; but their passion for that liquid poison which the traders employ as their principal medium of

exchange, keeps them in a perpetual state of squalid poverty, and tempts them to the most humiliating expedients. Notwithstanding this passion, they continue honest in a wonderful degree. All the implements of their chace are advanced to them in the autumn, in the confidence of its products being brought for sale to the traders who have furnished them. Food, and other articles, after being paid for with the quickly-consumed commodity of spirits, are often left at their houses till an opportunity of conveyance occurs, without any dread of a failure in delivery. If the Indian ever fails, it is reluctantly, at the solicitation of rival traders, who scruple at nothing to supplant each other, and tempt him with the irresistible boon of rum. Generosity, a savage virtue, seems also retained in great perfection. While a hunter has food, he shares it with the rest of the encampment; and even his rum furnishes equally the means of intoxication to the others as to himself. While this last case continues, indeed, he assumes a very lofty and commanding air, and his pretensions to superiority are readily admitted by those to whom he stands in so grateful a position. The Crees are enormous boasters, which our author attempts to palliate on the plea that that it is merely on a principle of self-defence, to terrify all aggressors.

The female sex is not quite so harshly treated as is usual among the North-American Indians. They are indeed exposed to a good deal of outward contempt, and are not admitted on any solemn occasion, to eat in presence of their lords. Their work, however, is not much more severe than naturally falls to the lot of the sex; cooking, making the hut, dressing the skins, &c., but, in case of sickness, the husband assists, and treats them with a good deal of kindness. We are sorry to find, in return, that the fair Crees do not adhere so strictly to the duties of their sex, as among some other Indian tribes. Not only is their conduct very unguarded before marriage, but matrimonial slips are not unfrequent; and the affair usually terminates by some act of revenge, not bloody, but pretty severe, of the husband against the seducer. Sometimes, however, the former makes a regular sale of his wife, at a rate fixed according to her age and other qualifications; though in the case of the most accomplished fair one, it never equals the price of a team of dogs. These poor Cree damsels have, we suspect, been little improved by their European connexion; especially as there appears to be a very numerous race of half-breeds, combining the bad qualities of the natives both of Europe and America.

These Indians have a more complicated mythology than their circumstances would have led us to expect. They worship Waesack-ootchacht, and Kepoochikawn, to whom they ascribe various adventures, too like, in many respects, to those which the Pagans ascribe to their Jupiter. Their chief act of worship consists in stewing themselves, for more than half an hour, in a hot vapour bath, after which they make presents, sometimes considerable. These are accompanied with a speech, in which the god is carefully warned of their value, and called upon to shew his gratitude. They have conjurors, in whose supernatural powers they place an implicit trust, and who exacts from them large contributions. The chief proof of their divinity, which these persons give, is to make themselves be tied hand and foot, and placed in a conjuring house, when they undertake to liberate their persons by the exertion of supernatural energies. Such a person came to Cumberland House while our party was there, and undertook, on condition of receiving a *capot*, or great-coat, to exhibit this mark of his powers. A conjuring house was therefore constructed, by striking four willows into the ground, joining their tops, and throwing a moose-skin over the whole. The wonder-working man being then fast tied, and placed under this covert, the Europeans and Indians formed a ring round him, to view his atchievement. For about half an hour he continued merely chaunting a monotonous hymn, but at the end of that time the conjuring house began to shake violently. The Indians now called out that the devils were beginning to act. The agitation, however, continued, without any result. In fact, the inclosed impostor had calculated on being tied by an Indian knot, which a very small dexterity is

sufficient to shake loose; instead of which, he had been put into the hands of a British tar, and Jack had made a point of shewing himself no novice in the art. After long perseverance, he was obliged to give in, and to cry for help. After so miserable an exposure, he could no longer shew his face at Cumberland House, but took the earliest opportunity of decamping. He faired better than another juggler, who was so imprudent as to boast of having caused the death of an Indian child recently dead. The father, justly fired with indignation, snatched his gun, and shot him dead on the spot.

As soon as Mr Franklin and his party arrived at Cumberland House, they found the frost set in so intensely as to put out of the question their advance, during this season, to the Polar Sea. His zeal, however, induced him to push on to the more advanced settlement of Carlton House, on the Athabasca Lake, where he expected to obtain much fuller information respecting the countries on the Great Slave Lake, and Copper-mine river. Dr Richardson and Lieutenant Hood remained at Cumberland House, with instructions to bring forward the stores and materials as early in the spring as the weather would permit. Mr Franklin set out, therefore, with all the equipments of an Arctic journey,—the snow-shoe, so skilfully contrived, that European art has been unable to improve it; the dog sledge, made of thin wooden boards; the *capot*, or great-coat, with hood going under the fur cap; the leathern trowsers, and a blanket over all. A weight of three hundred pounds is usually placed upon a sledge drawn by three dogs, which, however, does not travel more than fifteen miles a-day.

Carlton-House, very different from the splendid mansion of that name in the metropolis, is a mere provision-post, the quantity of furs obtained there being inconsiderable. The neighbourhood is occupied by the Stone Indians, a quite different race from the Crees. Their appearance is prepossessing, their countenances affable and pleasing, their eyes large and expressive, with a bold forehead, and rather high cheek-bones. Their figure is good, rather above the middle size; their colour a light copper, their face and ears shaded with a profusion of very black hair. They are by no means, however, such a docile and manageable race as the Crees. On the subject of animals, they have adopted a creed, that God created them for the common behoof of mankind, and that every person is entitled to them that has use for them. Nor does this remain in their minds a mere barren belief, but is reduced to practice to the utmost extent that circumstances admit. Should they find any person disposed to proceed upon a different view of the subject, they do not hesitate to make good their argument by shooting him through the body. There being here a variation of sentiment between them and the colonists, the strictest vigilance is necessary on the part of the latter, who cannot safely go to any distance, unless in parties, and well armed.

The travellers had here an opportunity of seeing the mode of catching the buffalo in what is called a *pound*; a process somewhat similar that by which elephants are caught in Ceylon. A space of a hundred yards diameter is inclosed, and the entrance banked up with snow. For about a mile on each side stakes are driven into the ground at equal distances, intended to frighten the animals by wearing the appearance of men. Horsemen with loud shouts, and men starting up from ambush, and firing guns, terrify the buffaloes, first into the space planted with stakes, and then into the interior inclosure, where, being pressed together, they are quickly dispatched.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the goitre, with all its accompaniments of deformity and idiotism, prevails strongly at Edmonton, a post on the Saskatchawan. All the hypotheses founded on a high mountain position, that of snow-water most particularly, fail here; for the hunters who, travelling a great part of the winter, drink nothing else, recover; but as soon as they return to the fort, and drink the rivulets in its vicinity, the disease returns. It seems traced, with great probability, to calcareous impregnations, particularly with a species of new magnesian limestone. In this case, some process of purifying the water might preserve

the inhabitants from this frightful malady.

From this place, a most extensive plain is said to reach as far as the sources of the Assiniboin, and the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains.

On the 26th March, Mr Franklin arrived at Fort Chepewyan, on the Athabasca Lake, after a dreary winter journey of eight hundred and fifty-seven miles. It is an establishment of considerable extent, situated on a rocky point, with a tower for the purpose of watching the Indians. During winter, it depends entirely for food on the fishing in the Lake. Early in June, however, the snow melts, when the country appears well wooded, and is covered, in a few days, with a very brilliant vegetation. About two hundred and forty Indians bring their furs to this post. The Chepewyan Indians have been described by Hearne and Mackenzie. They have an appearance by no means prepossessing; broad faces, projecting cheek-bones, and wide nostrils. They are reserved, selfish, indefatigable beggars, neither graceful in receiving nor bestowing a gift: at the same time, instances of theft are rare. They have a high national pride, and call themselves, by way of pre-eminence, "the people;" while all other nations are designated by their own particular appellations. They formerly derived the greatest benefit from the services of the dog; but as they believe themselves to have originally sprung from this animal, a fanatic, some years ago, represented to them the impropriety of laying heavy burdens on their venerable progenitor. This wrought so powerfully on the nation, that they not only gave up using the dog, but by some process of reasoning, which it seems difficult to comprehend, destroyed the whole race, and are now obliged to drag the sledges with their own hands.

The party being all collected, set out from Fort Chepewyan, accompanied by Akaitcho, an Indian chief, two guides, and seven hunters. On the 1st of September they arrived at a spot on Point Lake, where they erected a house, which they denominated Fort Enterprise. They had travelled along the shores of the Great Slave Lake, of which, and of other parts of the road, minute details are given, in which, however, there is nothing particularly interesting. Numerous difficulties and obstacles opposed their progress, but much of their severest suffering arose from the mosquito, which flourishes in this climate from May to September, but most particularly in July. It can penetrate the hide of a buffalo, and, if left undisturbed, soon swells into a transparent globe. The wound does not swell like that of the African mosquito, but is excessively painful; and to its tortures are added those inflicted by the horse fly, and by the sand fly, known in Canada by the name of *Brulot*.

Fort Enterprise exhibited a Lapland climate; and the surrounding country was entirely covered with herds of rein-deer. The neighbourhood is inhabited by the Copper Indians, whose numbers are estimated at 190 souls; 80 men and boys, 110 women and little children. They bear a general resemblance to the Chepewyans, but are considered more amiable, and have often manifested great kindness of disposition. Though they display that contempt of women which is so general among Indians, they treat their wives well, and live happily with them. Only a few have more than one wife; the principal chief alone has three.

On the 14th of June 1821 the party set out from Fort Enterprise, in the confidence of reaching the Polar sea that summer. They passed rapidly over a number of lakes, the surface of which being frozen allowed the canoes to travel over it. This, however, was not unattended with danger, as the ice was broken in many places; they had also the discomfort of being obliged to wade in waist-deep before they could reach the solid surface.

On the 1st of July the party reached the Copper-mine River, the descent of which was to bring them to the ocean. They found themselves for three miles involved in a succession of rapids, the canoes shooting through large stones, a single stroke of which would have destroyed them. Once entered, they could not recede, and were obliged to depend upon the skill of the bowmen and steersmen. The channel, too, was still not wholly cleared of drift-ice and snow. After

leaving the rapids, the stream was about 300 yards wide, flowing between banks of sand thinly wooded.

As the party approached the sea, small parties of Esquimaux began to appear. The Copper-mine Indians had given the most alarming accounts of the ferocity of this tribe; but our party discovered nothing but terror, which induced them to fly at first sight, and rendered it scarcely possible to obtain any parley with them. It seems very clear that the Indians had been the aggressors against these poor people, and that there was nothing on their part but self-defence and retaliation. As their parties, however, multiplied, the Indians were seized with a panic that they would be surrounded, and their return cut off. Under the influence of this impression, they formed the resolution of taking their departure, from which no entreaty or remonstrance could dissuade them. This was a serious blow to the expedition, and was aggravated, when the interpreters expressed an earnest wish to follow the example, representing that their services were no longer of use, when there were no Indians whose words they could interpret. As they were the only good hunters remaining, however, the party enforced the original agreement which bound them to remain, but were obliged to watch them carefully till the Indians were out of reach.

On the 21st of July, after a voyage of 334 miles from Fort Enterprise, Mr Franklin and his companions embarked on the Arctic Ocean. As they were now on the scene, with a view to which the expedition had been undertaken, we shall enter into their transactions in somewhat greater detail.

The vessels turned to the eastward, and for four days found a coast stretching almost due in that direction. Notwithstanding occasional impediments from winds, ice, and fogs, they made four degrees of longitude. The coast was at first well covered with vegetation, but afterwards presented the most sterile and inhospitable aspect that could be imagined, being nothing but a succession of trap-rocks, the debris of which covered all the intervening valleys. The sea immediately along the coast presented an open channel, on the outside of which were crowded ranges of islands, rocky and barren, presenting high cliffs of a columnar structure. To successive groups of these were given the names of Couper Berens, (Governor of Hudson's Bay Company;) Sir Graham Moore, Lawford, (Vice Admiral;) Sir Everard Home, Jameson, (Professor.) One important feature was the appearance of a considerable quantity of small driftwood, of which no trace had appeared in the Copper-mine River, and which was not known to be brought down by any stream on this coast, except Mackenzie's River. Its appearance here, therefore, indicated a current from the westward, and consequently an open sea on that side.

On the 25th, the boats were involved in a very thick fog, and the sea was incumbered with large masses of drift-ice, through which it was extremely difficult to make their way amid the darkness. The coast, composed of craggy granite cliffs, admitted no landing, so that nothing could be more dreary, desolate, and perilous, than their situation. On the 26th, the fog having partially cleared away, they found that they had doubled a bold cape, to which they gave the name of Barrow. They then made their way through a narrow and ice-entangled channel, between what they supposed to be an island and the main; but when they were fairly through, it proved that both sides had been continent, and that they were in a close bay or harbour. The same wind, too, which had blown them in, rendered it impossible for them to get out; and they were kept some days inclosed here, while there was a fair wind for them in the open sea. This harbour, to which they gave the name of Detention, is good, situated in latitude 67·53 N., longitude 110·41 W.

It was the 29th before, by favour of a land-breeze, the party were able to extricate themselves from this unfortunate position. Then having passed what they called Moor's Bay, and rounded Point Kater, they entered a deep bay, to which they gave the name of Arctic Sound. A change in the colour of the water indicated a river, which, accordingly, they found; and as their provisions were

becoming spoiled, and, moreover, scanty, and the season wearing on, a party was dispatched upward, to open, if possible, a communication with some Esquimaux hunters. They found no Esquimaux, but two deer, and a brown bear, the paws of which were boiled by the officers, and found excellent.

The expedition now proceeded along the eastern shore of Arctic Sound, to which they gave the name of Banks's Peninsula; and after sounding Point Woollaston, found themselves in another large opening. They were unable to decide whether it was a bay or a passage between islands, and were thus obliged to spend several days in exploring it. They at length ascertained it to be a very long inlet, stretching from north to south. They gave it the name of Bathurst's Inlet, and to several large islands, on its western side, the names of Goulburn, Elliot, and Cockburn.

It was the 10th of August before the boats were again in the open sea, and after some detention by bad weather, they were proceeding prosperously between the continent and what they supposed to be a large island, when they were dismayed to find that they were again in the heart of a large bay, which they could get out of only by retracing their steps. They gave the name of this bay to Lord Melville, and of several smaller bays branching out of it, to Sir W. J. Hope, Sir G. Warrender, and Captain Parry. The land was flat and barren, and the head-lands bore traces of visits from the Esquimaux, but none of them recent.

On emerging again into the open sea, the attention of the commander was strongly called by his companions, to the state of the expedition. They were reduced to three days provisions, were destitute of fuel, and there was every appearance of the season becoming unfavourable. In consequence of the time lost in exploring so many sounds and inlets, there could no longer be any hope of reaching Hudson's Bay, and ascertaining its connection with the ocean, which washes the northern coast of America. Under all these circumstances, Mr Franklin conceived himself not justified in exposing himself and companions to almost certain destruction, by attempting to proceed farther. He merely sailed three days on to Cape Turnagain, in latitude 68·18 N., and longitude 109.25 W. The coast, from the entry of Melville Sound to this point, runs due north; but there was an appearance of its then again trending to the east. Although Cape Turnagain is only six degrees and a half east of Coppermine River, they had sailed 555 geographic miles.

The question was now to return, and it was necessary for them to effect this without food or any provision for traversing so vast an extent of the frozen regions. The route by which they came had the advantage of being known; but it was very circuitous, and could afford little of those supplies of food, of which they were in urgent want. After full consideration, therefore, it was resolved to endeavour to penetrate direct to Fort Enterprise from Arctic Sound, by way of the river called Hood's River, which fell into it. This journey affords one of the most dreadful tales of human misery on record, but of which an abridgment can give only a very faint idea. Every degree of physical suffering which the extremes of hunger and cold could inflict, was from the first experienced. The country was found entirely barren; and it was only occasionally that a deer or a partridge, divided among the members of the expedition, afforded a few morsels to each. The only vegetable supply was of a disgusting substance, called *tripe de roche*, which they found by digging in the snow among the rocks. They had no adequate means of overcoming the natural obstacles of mountains, lakes, and rivers, which they encountered. The necessity of laborious travelling in this state of inanition, produced fatigue, faintness, and often an entire loss of the power of motion. Portions of the expedition successively dropped, and putting together such log-huts as they could, waited till the more vigorous could push forward and send them succour. The first, however, who reached Fort Enterprise met with a woeful disappointment. They found it totally desolate, the Indians, who were expected to be found there with

food and supplies, having proceeded to the southward. There was nothing left, but to follow them indefinitely over this vast tract, in the hope of at last overtaking them. The detachment which suffered most dismally was that under Dr Richardson. There was with it an Iroquois Indian of the name of Michel, in whom the *malesuada fames* had developed all the ferocious and treacherous propensities of his tribe. He appears certainly to have killed two of the party, one of whom was Lieutenant Hood, a leader, and a highly promising young officer. As there appeared every reason to believe that he was meditating similar purposes against the rest, Dr Richardson conceived himself reduced to the dreadful necessity of shooting him. At length all the party, except the advanced guard in chace of the Indians, had dragged itself forward to Fort Enterprise, where they found shelter, but were about to yield to famine, when they were surprised by the report of a musket, and soon saw three Indians running up to the fort. Their miseries might now be considered as terminated; they were tended and supplied with the utmost care by these kind Indians, till they were able to travel. In the course of the following summer they reached the Hudson's Bay Factory, after a journey of 5550 miles.

Although this expedition did not attain all its objects, it yet made an important addition to our knowledge of the northern boundaries of America. It completely established the fact of an ocean on that side, and in a somewhat lower latitude than had been commonly supposed. It delineated a certain extent of the shores of that ocean, and enabled us to form conjectures respecting its ulterior direction. In regard to the style, it has no peculiar animation or interest; at the same time, we are not disposed to quarrel with such narratives, when they contain useful matter, given in a style, plain, honest, and without pretension. We can only complain of its being spun out to too great a length. The navigation of the Polar Sea, indeed, comprising only 30 pages out of the 500, is rather too short; but the return is so eventful, as to be worthy of all the detail that is given of it. But to spend 350 pages in minute topographical details of so monotonous a country as that which extends from the Hudson's Bay Fort to the Polar Sea, is too much. It can interest us very little to hear, over and over, that they found a wood here, a rock there, and shot a deer for dinner. Doubtless, a man, who has travelled five thousand miles, and navigated the frozen ocean, is entitled to charge four guineas for his book. We wish, however, that the tax could be levied on our purses only, and not on our time. We make no objections to the getting up of the volume. The embellishments are copious, and many of them elegant.

This interesting journey affords some data, bearing upon that question which keeps us all in breathless anxiety—the progress and fate of Captain Parry. There seems no longer any reasonable doubt, that Hudson's Bay opens into the Americo-Arctic ocean. Besides several circumstances mentioned in this work, it seems clear, that if Parry had stuck anywhere short of the Coppermine River, he must either have returned, or been heard of. Then the occurrence of Kotzebue's Sound, and the mouth of Mackenzie's River, in nearly the same latitude with the coast surveyed by the present expedition, suggests strongly the idea of a continuous line of coast, such as we find very commonly in the grand outlines of continents. At the same time, Nature observes no such uniformity, as not to make it extremely possible that some great promontory may stretch out to the north, or that islands may cluster so close, and their channels be so obstructed with ice, as to bar a passage. On the whole, we may perhaps say that it is not at all certain, but yet more likely than otherwise, that the passage may be effected. When we consider the various causes of detention, which appear on the face of his own and of Mr Franklin's journal, we cannot wonder that Captain Parry should have taken two summers to work his way through. We have been accustomed to look with alarm to the lapse of a third summer without his appearance. On consideration, however, it may be remarked, that, sup-

posing the navigation of the two last summers to have brought him near Behring's Straits, and that he there finds some impassable obstacle, it may cost him two more summers to make his way back. He is provisioned, we understand, for only two winters; but by our author's account, the quantity of deer and fish, or, if it came to the worst, of seals and bears, which he would be able to catch, would easily enable him to husband his stock for another season. We hope still better things, however, and are not a little sanguine, that in the course of the present summer, we may hear, across Asiatic Russia, of his appearance at the mouth of the strait which separates Asia from America.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *March* 1818.

I SHALL just resume my recital where I left it, viz. at the village of E——, and beg you to allow your fancy to accompany me on my way a little, until we get over this momentous history of my travelling adventures. Immediately upon the storm appearing to slacken, I set out again, being desirous to get as far forward as possible, in order to make my next day's journey the easier. But, alas! the brightening of the sky which had caused me think the blast was blown over, had been one of these fallacious smiles of hope, which only allure us to drink the deeper of the cup of sorrow and disappointment. Short way had I gone when it began to darken down all around me, and the snow to drive thicker and faster. I never could endure the thought of being vanquished, therefore would not turn again, but hastened on towards the next village, which was about three miles distant. When I was about half way, and taking a nearer path across a field, which lay high and exposed, the tempest seemed to collect all its might, and darkened, and howled, and descended upon me with tenfold violence, till, encumbered as I was with my umbrella and bundle, it literally dashed me to the ground, and raged, and battered upon me with pitiless fury. In that moment I felt as if an outcast from the whole human race, unaided, unpitied, exposed to all the force of the storms,—the sport of the malignant demons of the air,—and my heart almost died within me:—I thought life a burden of woe and weariness, the sooner shaken off the better; and I almost wished never more to rise from the storm-drenched ground. Conscience, however, told me that such thoughts were sinful,—I trembled at my own madness, and getting up in a better frame of mind, made the best of my way to the village of W——, where I took up my quarters for the night. The house into which I went was kept by two sisters, middle-aged women; the one a widow, the other, one of that denomination for which I bear the most profound respect, *old maids*. I got placed comfortably beside a good fire, and finding myself tolerably at ease, after the bitter blast I had endured, began to make my observations. The widow appeared to assume the chief power, as mistress, looking after the wants of her guests, the work of the house, and other such like occupations; and calling occasionally upon her daughter, a fine-looking handsome young woman, apparently about seventeen years of age, to lend her assistance. The *old maid* was one to whom Nature had been unfavourable; she was lame of one of her legs, and her left arm was stiff at the elbow; while her right was shorter than its due proportion, and her shoulders very much raised. Yet, there she sat upon a low-cushioned chair, industriously and actively carrying on her trade of mantua-maker and milliner, apparently quite cheerful and happy, aided by her niece, when she could be spared from the household occupations. When I entered "the room," she turned her head, and displayed a face which had been formerly more than commonly handsome; a smile of content seemed habitually fixed upon her lips, and her light-blue eyes glanced and sparkled with something of a keen romantic vivacity. She accosted me kindly, welcomed me to a seat at the warmest side

of the fire, and very soon became quite familiar with me, telling me all the news of the place, and no doubt expecting a similar confidence and freedom from me. I told her just what I chose concerning myself, but contrived to maintain her good opinion so much, that she continued her village-news quite freely: in particular, she gave me a very full account of an attempt that had been made by the young people of the village and neighbourhood, to act the Gentle Shepherd, in which her niece (for whom she seemed to have a great liking,) had performed the part of Peggy with much applause. At length, when the conversation was beginning to grow languid, she, having learned from myself that I came from G——, put a number of questions to me concerning various places in it, several of which I could not answer to her satisfaction. She appeared chiefly desirous to be informed concerning the ancient places of defence, and chief seats of the once-powerful families of Maxwell and Herries, in the lower part of Galloway: and upon my asking her why she inquired for such places and families, she told me that her mother came from that part of the country, and used to relate traditional tales, and sing old ballads about the Maxwells and Herrieses. I then asked her, if she herself could repeat any of the old ballads. She answered, she imagined she could nearly repeat some of them, and would try one, to amuse me till bedtime should draw near. You know I have long been in the habit of carrying paper and pencil with me wherever I went, that I might note down any thing worth while that should occur. I immediately prepared my writing materials, and, by making all the speed in my power, I noted down the most of her old ballad, as she sung, or rather chaunted it in a slow, Chevy-Chace tone. Since I came here, I wrote out a fair copy of it, and send it here inclosed, as I imagine you will find it a little interesting, since all the places mentioned must be quite familiar to you.

Lord Herries.

THE cloud that hang on the high Cairns-muir,
In many an airy fold,
Flang back the gleams o' the setting sun,
In crimson and in gold.

The wind that had rav'd wi' a madman's wrath,
The hale o' the lee-lang day,
Sank, sighing saft in a whispering tone,
An' murmur'd its fury away.

Fast 'gan the cloak o' the gloamin' gray
O'er hill an' glen to spread;
Till hid was the brier, and the glossy slae,
An' the gleam o' the heather red.

An' down the glens, and around the hills,
The mist spread deep an' high,
Till the tufted firs on yon wee hill-tap
Seem'd leaning against the sky.

Where, ocean-like, on the Cowan-moss,
The mist lay deep an' drear,
The sounding clank of a steed was heard
Approaching fast an' near.

An' louder the shrill an' the wailing cry
Of a lady's voice o' grief,
Mix'd wi' the rude an' boisterous words
Of Corra's red-hair'd chief:

"Oh wae to the day, Lord Herries!" she cried,
That first my face ye saw,
When I sat by my mither's knee, an' sang
In my father's peacefu' ha'.

"Oh why did ye gaze on me sae lang,
Wi' the glances o' love in your e'e?
An' why did ye ask again for the sang,
Sae saft an' sae tenderly?

"An' why did ye tak' your costly chain
O red gold burnish'd clear,
An' throw't o'er my neck, as ye meltingly breath'd
A tale o' fond love in my ear.

"Ye guardian spirits! oh where war ye gane?
Nae help, nae aid could ye gie:
Thy Mary, sae flatter'd, an' left to hersel',
Dear Allan, was faithless to thee."

"Now cease, bonnie Mary!" the Knight replied,
Nor blame me sae bitterlie,
I've won ye through peril, an' strife, an' blood,
An' the joy o' my tower ye maun be.

" An' see whare the lights o' my castle gleam
Through the mist-cloud rolling gray ;
Ye shall be the lady there yoursel',
An' nane to say ye nay.

" I'll big ye a bower whare ye may sing
Fu' sweet an' melodiouslie ;
An' wae to the wight wha wad dare to come,
An' tak' my wee bird frae me.

" Then cease your complaint, my bonnie Mary !
Nae langer vainly pine,
Though the ha' o' your father is low in the dust,
A better ye'se share o' mine."

His bugle blew loud, an' the draw-bridge fell,
An' the gate stood open wide ;—
" Come, warrior and maiden," Lord Herries cried,
" An' welcome my bonnie bride."

But when they lifted her aff the steed,
Pale grew her cheek and wan ;
An' chill through her limbs, when she touch'd the ground,
A shuddering faintness ran.

An' when she was borne to Lord Herries's bower,
A'e death-shriek uttered she ;
A'e heave gi'ed her heart, an' then lay still,
An' life forsook her dim e'e.

They bathed her brow in the cauldest spring,
To bring her to life again ;
Hadst thou ne'er come alive, O lady ! it had sav'd
Thee warlds o' sorrow an' pain !

But the light o' life glimmered again in her e'e,
An' fluttered again in her heart ;
It trembled alang in her warming veins,
Wi' a slow an' a shuddering start.

Wi' e'e half opened she look'd up to Heaven,
For aid as if she wad seek ;
An' the big roun' tears gush'd out fu' fast,
An' ran down o'er her cheek.

The lang lang night the fair maiden lay
Like ane in a dream o' fear,
Wha weakly struggles in horror an' pain,
To wake frae the vision drear.

Fast panted her heart, an' fast her blude
Ran burnin' through ilka vein ;
An' aft, like fire through a murky cloud,
Fell thoughts gaed through her brain.

Yet wakened she not, but aften moan'd
In murmurs low an' weak ;
Till echoed the ha' wi' the wild war-shout,
An' woman's wailing shriek.

But here, unfortunately, there was 'a hole in the ballad.' She had quite forgot what came next, and all her efforts to recollect it were in vain ; however, after a few unconnected lines here and there, she came at last near the termination of the story, to a part more entire, and which she continued as follows :

To the tower's high tap she frantic ran,
An' gazed out on the green ;
But, oh ! what a sight o' horror wild
There met that maiden's e'en !

On the gory bank, in the thraws o' death,
Her Allan she beheld ;
An' fast frae a gash on his comely breast
A stream o' his heart's-bluid well'd.

A'e moment in agony breathless she stood,—
Nae tear wet her death-set e'e ;
She scream'd, " My Allan ! is this the reward
For a' thy love to me ?

" Lord Herries ! the curse o' a broken heart
Hing aye thy head abune,
An' abune thy race, till they perish a',
For the bluidy deed thou hast dune !

" An' crush'd fu' soon be thy tower o' pride !
Ay, crush'd for ever mair ;
Nae man big up its ruin'd wa's,
Nor mak' his dwelling there !

" My murdered love ! my Allan, stay !
Thy Mary's faults forgi'e !
Lord Herries ne'er shall share the hand
Sae fondly vowed to thee !

" We'll join in death !"—she headlong sprung
Frae aff the turret high ;
An' plunging sank within the stream
That bubbled bluidy by.

The water-lily's gory leaf,
That floated on the wave,
Dash'd wide beneath the maiden's fa',
Then closing, form'd her grave.

Whether there had been any more of the ballad she could not tell, but rather imagined it ended there; at any rate, she knew no more of it. You may guess my surprise, when I heard in that old fragment a curse denounced on the name and residence of the Herries' family, which seems so completely accomplished. The family, you know, has long been extinct; and the old tower of Corra is falling piece-meal into utter ruin, without an effort being made to repair it, though it yet might easily be rendered habitable. After this ballad, we had a good deal of talk about old ruined or haunted castles, and such like stories; more, by a great deal, than I can either recollect or repeat, or than you would care about hearing.

In this manner the evening passed on much more agreeably than I could have imagined it possible, and at length I retired to bed, where, fatigued as I was in body, and depressed in mind, I really slept soundly; not so much as interrupted by a dream, which had not been the case for some time before, occasioned, perhaps, by the thought of my approaching departure, which continually weighed down my heart, and hung upon my fancy, like the night-mare.

Morning came; the bustle of the people in the house awoke me pretty early: I gazed around me, and for a considerable while could not conceive where I was: the events of the preceding day appeared to me like the fragments of some confused dream, half remembered by one half awake. But, alas! a little reflection and observation, joined to the sound of unknown voices, soon informed me of the sad reality, and admonished me of the journey which yet lay before me. I hastily prepared myself, paid my reckoning, and set off, without seeing either my favourite the old maid, who had entertained me so agreeably the preceding evening, or her niece. After getting fairly out of the village, I turned, and looked round me with a heavy heart; and the appearance of Nature was by no means adapted to dispel my gloomy feelings. The sun shone out from between huge broken masses of dark clouds, the fragments of yesterday's storm, with a cold, forbidding glare; the earth half covered with snow and sleet, reflected his rays with a cheerless, mirror-like coldness. To look on the cold bleak scene around me made me tremble to the very heart, and I hasted on as fast as possible, both to warm myself by my increased speed, and to dispel the pain of thinking. After crossing a wild brown muir, I arrived at the village of L——, which is situated very pleasantly at the confluence of two fine little rivers. The sun had by this time acquired considerable strength, and the snowy garb was rapidly vanishing from the fields, and trees, and hill-sides, wherever they were exposed to the sunshine. I gazed down upon the village, felt that it was a pleasant place indeed, and that I could almost like to live there; but the recollection of a dearer scene, and beloved friends, came over my mind, with a power so deep, so sad, that, to prevent my feelings from entirely unmanning me, I was compelled to hurry into the village, and, by mingling with the real bustle of life, avoid the tortures of memory. From L—— I continued my journey through a country whose features were entirely new to me. The greater part of the road lies in a kind of glen, between two ranges of immensely high hills; beautiful indeed, but how unlike our Galloway hills! In vain did I look for the stern, bold, and rough grey cliff of granite,—in vain for the lovely romantic robe of red wide-waving heather; instead of these, if there appears any thing like rock, it is a brown sand-stone, of a strange corroded decaying appearance, and the hill-sides are smooth, or varied into wavy heights, and hollowed like snow-wreaths, completely green; except where some strong spring has burst out, and formed a red scaur, having pushed the outer sward down the hill by its first torrent, and afterwards worn itself a channel: some of these appear to be dry, and now growing up; others seem but lately broken forth. There are several species of grass, and other wild plants, upon the sides of the road, new to me, but not one tuft of heather that I could see. Some of the hills appear very steep, and of great height; in particular, one called the Wisp. I could not help gazing with utter astonishment upon the flocks of sheep feeding upon

places so high, and, as I thought, so abrupt, that I would have held it impossible for any other creature than a goat to have clambered upon them with any degree of safety.

I met with no adventure, and fell in with no fellow-traveller, but held on my lonely journey, gazing and wondering at all around me, till I came to H——, where I now am, but where I have no great wish to remain for any length of time. When I arrived here, my first business was to seek a convenient lodging, and other things of the same nature, which was soon accomplished; and when I seated myself by the fire, my little bundle lying beside me, and my stick and umbrella set into the corner, and found myself really and completely in H——, I cannot tell you how I felt. Far from all my friends, alone in a world with which I was utterly unacquainted, the strongly-excited state of resolution which had hitherto supported me subsided; not a friendly face to smile upon me, not the dear accents of a friendly voice to cheer my drooping spirits,—I was indeed sick at heart. I sat and thought of the friends and scenes of my home, painting in my mind how they were all employed,—arranged my parents, brothers, and sisters, round the dear fire-side I had so recently left,—saw my own empty seat,—heard them speak of me, and saw the tears of my youngest sister,—till thought was no longer supportable, and I crept to bed like a beaten school-boy.

I ought now to tell you what I think of this place, but I must beg you to be content with a very few remarks upon it, for two reasons; my paper is nearly full, and my mind is, I fear, rather prejudiced. I cannot avoid comparing H—— to D——, and the comparison is not fair; indeed, few places will bear comparison with D——, situated as it is in one of the finest vallies ever Nature formed, and guarded from every inclement blast by a noble amphitheatre of beautiful hills, wooded, and cultivated to the very summits. Here there is neither the grand nor the beautiful; the hills, of which there are plenty, are by no means picturesque or pleasant; woods there are none, and the only thing of that appearance is here and there a stunted, unthriving patch of brushwood, in which vegetation seems scarce alive. The town and neighbourhood is plentifully supplied with fine water from innumerable mountain streams; but fuel is extremely scarce, the country producing neither coal, peat, nor wood. What a difference between this place and the place I have just left—it may be for ever!—the beautiful, the fertile fields of my own home! You will be surprised when I inform you that I have attempted to write a few verses, with the view of employing an idle hour till my books arrive, and keeping away melancholy. I insert them, in order to fill the remaining corner of my paper.

Cargen Water.

Nae mair in Cargen's woody glens
And rocky streams I'll lonely stray;
Or where, meand'ring through the plains,
It winds amang the meadows gay:
Nae mair, slow wand'ring down its side,
The sweet primroses I will pu';
Nae mair amang the hazels hide,
And bid the noisy world adieu.

Nae mair beneath th espreading trees
That shade its bank I'll roam along,
To hear, soft swelling on the breeze,
The Linnet tune its sweetest song:
Nae mair, when gloamin' hides the hill,
And thick'ning shades invade the glen,
I'll hear its murmurs, slow and still,
Far frae the busy haunts of men.

Nae mair wi' gamesome youthfu' glee,
I'll sport yon lofty woods amang;
Or view the distant swelling sea,
Its foaming surges sweep alang.
Though distant far I lonely stray,
And heavy griefs my bosom swell,
On these fair scenes of life's young day
Yet Memory fondly loves to dwell!

REMINISCENCES OF AULD LANGSYNE.

No. V.

When the sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.

Lee's Oedipus.

The love of life is so natural to man, that he who deliberately and uniformly wishes for death, may be considered as the victim of extraordinary misfortune, or dreadfully diseased either in body or mind. It is often, perhaps, not so much from a reluctance to renounce our present enjoyments, as from the anticipation of some imaginary bliss still before us, that we grasp so keenly at life. We are content with the present, but expect to be delighted with the future. Like travellers in a strange country, instead of lingering in a flowery meadow, we hurry forward from one ascent to another, impatient to contemplate the landscape, our view of which is dim and indistinct from its distance, or obstructed by intervening objects. The youthful nobleman, who extends and new-models his pleasure grounds, hopes to linger in the shades of trees just planted. The wealthy father views his son and heir, as he bestrides the hobby horse, and expects to see him a great man; while the fond mother contemplates the daughter at her feet dressing her doll, and wishes to live till she see her well married. The Abbé Morellet was wont to declare, that, in spite of his overwhelming infirmities, he still clung to life, in the hope of seeing how the French Revolution would end. I have heard of a gentleman possessed of an entailed estate, who said he could die contented to-morrow, provided he could hear of the heir-of-entail being dead to-night; and I knew an old woman, who wished to live till the name of K—— should be extinct in the parish.

Such were my reflections and reminiscences, as I stood in the kirk-yard of ——, looking at a tombstone, which recorded the death of a youthful acquaintance, whom I once heard express a motive for wishing to live, which, although perhaps nearly akin to those often felt and indulged, are seldom so frankly avowed. What I am now to relate happened forty years ago, but the circumstance lives on my mind like a tale of yesterday.

At that period, penny-weddings were general among the lower classes. I might here describe the economy and hilarity of these rural *fêtes*, now fast falling into desuetude, and which, probably, the rising generation will know only as having heard them talked of among the customs of auld langsyne. But this has already been done in your Miscellany for November 1818, with a graphic fidelity of which, in my early days, I often had ocular demonstration. At the time to which I particularly allude there was to be a penny-wedding in a village near by,—the number of guests being limited to three or four score; at some occasions of this kind they amounted to as many hundreds. Among those now invited were four young men, all in the heyday of youth, and none of them were under six feet in height; they were all associates, generally reckoned the beaux, and on some occasions the bullies of the parish. At the wedding of which I write, they had preconcerted to be so, by engaging all the finest and bonniest lasses; to the great mortification of the swains, to whom Nature had been less favourable in their external appearance. According to the custom of these entertainments, the barn was turned into a ball-room, and the bridegroom's bed-chamber converted into a tippling-house. In the former, fiddling and dancing were the order of the day, or rather of the night; for the fun was generally kept up far beyond "witching time of night." In the latter, the lads regaled themselves in the com-

pany of maidens and matrons, with copious libations of rum punch; and all was love, laughter, and good-humour. Our four beaux, already mentioned, arranged matters so, that two kept possession of the floor in the barn, dancing with the prettiest girls left; while their confederates had their post in the bridegroom's ben-house, with half a score of the bonniest lasses round them; and as the young men exchanged situations alternately, they succeeded in gratifying their own vanity, by disappointing their rivals. They never ceased dancing till in a state of profuse perspiration, and then had recourse to the stimulating beverage prepared for them by their coadjuthese pleasures being intergeably prolonged to "the wee hour ayont the twall." This was about the beginning of harvest, when an epidemic fever was prevalent in that part of the country, and the young man, whose death I have noticed as recorded on the stone, had said, that his only fear of the fever was, lest he should die before David R——'s marriage. Alas! how weak and blind are mortals! "Our favoured bliss becomes our bane." He was one of the four beaux whose feats of gallantry I have just now recorded:—before Christmas, he and two of his companions were in their graves: the fourth lingered till the approach of summer, when he also fell the victim of his own vanity and folly.

I had walked to the church-yard before breakfast, and the stone which reminded me of this catastrophe was the first that caught my eye. As I sauntered over the dwellings of the dead, every step called up recollections of langsyne;

Of youth, and love, in days of yore,
Of feuds and friendships now no more;
Of manners chang'd, and fashions new—
The past still present to my view.

I paused at the grave of an old woman, while a host of associations crowded on my mind, carrying me back, not only to childhood, but to times far more remote. My foot now pressed the turf that covered the dust of Lizzie R——, whom I once knew a living chronicle, beyond all with whom I was ever acquainted: her mind was a storehouse, where truth and fable were so blended as to defy separation; she recollected whatever she had heard from her grandmother; and what she heard she readily believed, making no distinction between

All that the nurse, and all the priest had taught.

When I first knew her, she was an aged widow, residing almost close by my grandfather's. No modern farmer of spirit and taste would tolerate such a propensity in his dependents; and many a long winter evening did I pass, in the company of Lizzie and her cat: in fact, from four to eight or nine years of age, her ingle-cheek was almost my nightly haunt. She possessed untiring garrulity; and there was such fascination in her narratives, that I was never wearied listening, for her stock of the marvellous was inexhaustible. She described, with loquacious minuteness, the battles of Pentland Hills and Bothwell Bridge; and entertained an opinion of Claverhouse very different from that expressed in the Tales of my Landlord; as she never mentioned his name without one or more adjectives prefixed, generally those of "bloody," or "blood-thirsty dog." She firmly believed and asserted, that he had, what she termed, a compact with the Evil One, that lead should never kill him, and that he was shot at Killicrankie by a silver button from Mackay's coat. She also told, that when an infant, his nurse was in the practice of wounding her breast, so as to make him suck blood, instead of milk; also, that when a child, but fit to walk in the garden, he one day caught a live toad, which he had most voraciously devoured, all but one limb, before it was discovered: his nurse tore away the remains of his foul repast; but he went into a paroxysm of rage, which nothing could pacify, till the remainder of his horrible banquet was restored to him, which he finished with the delight of an epicure. On these the good, but credulous woman, founded that ferociousness which afterwards marked his character.

From her I heard and believed, that the Aurora Borealis, or, as she

termed it, the Pretty Dancers, were never seen in Britain till the beginning of Mar's year, (1715); and this opinion is still entertained by many. Of the distresses of that period she spoke frequently, and with great feeling; and with still more of the intestine strife of 1745, which came more particularly under her own observation.

From these events she would make an apparently easy transition to the Fairies, who seemed to be almost her intimate acquaintances. She affirming, that she had seen them both in and out of doors, and knew their haunts and general places of residence, from Catterthun on the north, to Merlin's craig and Panton's hillock on the south; and from Kinpurnie on the west, to Cairn-Conan on the east. Lizzie represented them as troublesome, rather than dangerous; delighting in playing wanton tricks, rather than in perpetrating mischief, and sometimes performing acts of kindness and benevolence.

After these came a host of demoniacal imps; such as Spunkie, (ignis fatuus,) who led the benighted traveller astray, to drown him in a bog, or break his neck over a precipice; Water-kelpie, (Spirit of the waters,) who stood by the side of a stream, especially after storms and winter thaws, like a pony ready to mount, but always shaking off his rider in deep water, and then vanishing with a wild unearthly laugh. Then came Shelly-coat, a mysterious being. If I recollect rightly, this monster was represented as a human being under a spell, by which he was transformed into a ferocious demon, whose cruelty was insatiable, and his power irresistible. Lastly, came the Witches, in league with Satan, and gratifying all the baneful and malignant passions of which the human heart is susceptible. Lizzie described their midnight orgies and incantations so minutely, and the ingredients of which their spells were composed, that one could almost have believed she had witnessed their operation: fern seed, hemlock roots, dew from unhallowed graves, with other things far more horrible. But she was also well acquainted with many substances in Nature, of talismanic virtue, and many cunning operations to be performed for counteracting the influence of these hags. Among the former, were the rowan-tree, St John's wort, four-leaved trefoil, and a certain kind of stone, to be found within flood-mark. Of the latter, were straws crossed on the threshold going backwards to bed, wearing the petticoat with the wrong side foremost, and many others, the relation of which I consider as "more honoured in the breach than the observance." To confirm what she related of this foul infernal crew, she gave me Satan's Invisible World, which she made me read aloud. Of this book I have long since lost all recollection, except that there was a Major Weir who held a conspicuous place in its pages; but I still remember, that as I read, I drew my stool more closely to the side of the old woman's chair, and would not for any bribe have looked behind me. She every night accompanied me to my grandfather's door; and although it was nothing uncommon for me to dream of these hobgoblins, and awake in bewildered fright, so stimulating was this mental food, and so keenly did I relish it, that next evening I eagerly returned to the seductive and poisonous banquet. This was laying a dreadful foundation for the ductile mind, and it was late in life before I could altogether shake off the superstition in which I had been thus early fettered.

Often, since I began to study the human heart, have I thought upon Lizzie, and wondered at the strange construction of her mind, which seemed to brood with delight on all at which human nature revolts: the more horrible the tale, she told it with the greater animation: she had also a most abundant stock of traditionary and legendary ballads and tales in verse. To the amiable Bishop of Dromore, Ritson, or Jamieson, her mind would have been an inestimable treasure. One legendary tale of great length she repeated often; I am certain it consisted of not less than six or eight hundred lines; although I have never since heard or seen any part of it, I am inclined to think it was akin to the Italian tales of Berni and Tasso. I have forgotten almost every thing concerning it, except that the hero, whom she

named Sir Lydas, had many wonderful adventures, and performed many valorous atchievements, in which ladies were always concerned. On one occasion he burst into some enchanted castle, or prison; and I recollect a couplet ran thus:

With ladies' blood the floor was wet,
Their hair, like hay, lay 'mong his feet.

This tale she would chaunt in an impassioned tone, accompanied by the drowsy and monotonous hum of her spinning-wheel, which she still kept whirling, with slow but steady motion. Her son was a weaver, and conducted his business in a small shop adjoining; he possessed rather more than an ordinary taste for reading, and had a tolerable collection of books. It was from him I first had the pleasure of perusing the delightful adventures of Robinson Crusoe; and I recollect well the price I paid for the perusal: he permitted me to read till Crusoe was landed on his desert island, and then placed the book beyond my reach, stipulating, that I should, before knowing more of my hero, read aloud to him the Cloud of Witnesses, from beginning to end. This was an irksome task—I was not of an age to relish the book, and impatient to resume the adventures of my favourite. Twenty times in an evening was I reprimanded for reading too fast—often made to turn back and read a page a second time. To this man I am indebted for much early information and improvement: my schoolmaster taught me to read, but the weaver taught me to think and understand: he explained to me the allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress, the Vision of Mirza, and several other papers in the Spectator: he also taught me the first elements of Geography and Astronomy. Happily for society, there are now few such as his mother, while young men, like him, anxious for improvement, are every day becoming more common.

I now approached a grassy hillock, with no stone to tell the sleeper's name, but it was associated in my mind with recollections which time has been unable to obliterate. It was the grave of a young woman, a stranger, who came to reside with one of the cottagers on my grandfather's farm, when I was in my tenth year; and although I must have been a very imperfect judge of female grace, from what I have since heard, she must have been, to external appearance, a lovely woman. She was tall of stature, in the meridian of life, and noontide blaze of beauty; her age could not be less than twenty-five, perhaps a year or two more. Except my mother's, her's was the first female smile that had ever found its way to my heart; and she the only woman on whom I had looked with delight; but I continued to gaze on her whenever I could find an opportunity, not as a woman, but as some being more elevated and refined, although of what nature I could not define.

Fondly and tenderly as I have since loved, never in my life has my heart been more deeply in love, than before I had completed the eleventh year of my age. But it was a love unlike what I have since felt; I might adopt the language of Moore, in The Loves of the Angels, and say of my passion, as he describes that of Lea,

'Twas not of man as mortal—no;
Nothing of earth was in that glow;
I lov'd her, but as one of race
Angelic.

Although at a loss how to describe it, I may say it had all the pleasures of love without the pains. It was a sunbright and cloudless sky—the rose of Eden without a thorn. It could not merit the name of Platonic, for there could be no congeniality of mind between a beautiful and accomplished woman, and a mere child. To see her, to be in her company, was enough: if she looked at me, I became giddy with delight; but if she smiled, it was ecstacy almost too keen for mortal feelings to enjoy. I have already said that I thought not of her sex; I saw her only as a being whom my imagination had invested with perfections more than human. Yet there was something paradoxical in my romantic attachment, which I have, ever since, been unable to explain to my own satisfaction; for while I revered, and could have worshipped the object of my adoration, I was also a voluptuary, feasting on ideal pleasures, and still languishing for

others. There was a child in the cottage where she resided, and where I now spent every hour I could command from school. I would sit and gaze upon her, as she fondled this infant, till tears would start in my eyes; and while conscious that she considered me also as a child, I sighed with deep regret, that my years were too many for permitting me to shew my fondness, and nestle in her bosom.

I should not obtain credit, were I to relate the devices I contrived to attract her notice, and even to touch the clothes she had worn. I have wilfully and deliberately pricked my fingers with thistles and furze thorns, that I might enjoy the inexpressibly delightful sensation which I felt while she was picking them out. She was too modest and dignified for romping with the rural swains, whom she contrived to keep at a respectable distance, without losing their regard, or forfeiting their esteem. Only on one occasion did she condescend to toy with me, as young women will often do with children. A change of weather was anticipated, and my grandfather had solicited her assistance in coiling a field of hay. I was present, and endeavoured to seat myself next to her on the field at dinner; after the meal was finished, some of the young men attempted that rustic dalliance with her, not unusual in the intervals of rural labour; she repelled their advances, and, laying her arm around me, said, "This is my beau." To describe my feelings is impossible; all that I have read of the effects of opium, or the nitrous oxide gas of Davy, on the human frame, fall far short of my exquisite emotions at that moment; all external objects were annihilated; —a new creation,—an Elysium of bliss spread around me; my face glowed,—I sighed,—but it was the sigh of ecstacy;—and as her arm encircled my neck, my head sunk on her bosom, where I lay still and motionless. I was then, and still am, utterly unconscious whether this new and blissful state of existence continued only for one minute, or for twenty; but I recollect, I imagined it worth all of life that I had hitherto enjoyed. It was the essence of many month's adoration, concentrated in a single drop; and when she raised my head with a smile, at what she believed my bashfulness, I felt as if awakened from a dream of rapture, which would never return.

The reader may smile at my folly, perhaps question my veracity; I shall therefore conclude this subject, by stating, that before I had closed my twelfth year, the object of my idolatrous affection was mingled with the clods of the valley. It was with difficulty I could be brought to believe she was dead; I had always considered her as something too pure to die. Her's was the first corpse I had ever seen; the attendant uncovered her face, and I imagined she smiled. At that moment I felt all that David expressed for Absalom, but still believed that she would awake; and had she at that moment arisen, I am certain I should not have been alarmed. I stood motionless, with my eyes fixed on the lifeless form before me, till they led me away; but I shed no tear, nor even heaved a sigh. It was not till I saw the turf spread on her grave that I was fully convinced body and spirit were separated. It had been observed, that I shewed a liking for her company, and an indifference to every other female on the farm; but no one ever suspected my extraordinary and romantic attachment, of which she herself was equally ignorant. What might have been its result had she lived, it is impossible for me to conjecture; but my subsequent likings, and love for any other of her sex, did not commence till fully five years after; and they had then nothing to distinguish them from those of my companions. She had been buried in a corner of the church-yard appropriated to strangers, and I visited her grave daily for long after. Half a century had now rolled away, and I found her grave still undisturbed. After having mused on this strange liking of langsyne, I insensibly came to think of my more rational love for my Ellen—of our many years of uninterrupted felicity, which then appeared only like a summer day, and now returned as the memory of a pleasant dream.

I now passed heedlessly by many

stones, which, doubtless, recorded the death of former friends and acquaintances; but the string which had been touched was too finely delicate for responding to other emotions than those of love; and, for the second time since my arrival in my native vale, my heart, and all its best affections, hovered in the Greyfriars: I took a turn around the mansions of mortality, and the hallowed pile which stood in the centre, to compose my mind before I went in to breakfast. Although I believe the practice of burying the dead in the vicinity of a church had its origin in superstition, I endeavoured to persuade myself that it had arisen from piety and affectionate feelings, delicately blended.

It was certainly natural for those who had lost dearly beloved friends, to lay them where they could weekly see their bed of rest, when their minds were abstracted from worldly cares; while, at the same time, devotional feelings would be more keenly awakened. And when they reflected that they were surrounded by the dust of their ancestors, and that neither youth, beauty, wealth, talents, nor any other accomplishments, could avert the stroke of the universal destroyer, their hearts and hopes would more readily rise to happier regions, and abodes of more permanent felicity, to which they had the happiness of believing their friends had gone before them. With these, and similar reflections, I went in to breakfast.

Having promised to visit my old friend, Saunders Mitchell and his Mary, before my departure, I that morning walked over to his cottage, and found him alone. Expressing my hope that Mary was well; "Quite weel, I thank you, Sir; she's only out wi' ane o' our neebour wives; I expect her in soon—ye manna gang awa' till she come—I wadna like to send for her; an' I'm no fond o' lockin' her out; sae we'll just tak' a crack at the fire-side, or a turn round the kail-yard—I see the flaw o' reek's fashin' you sair; an' you like we'll stap out a wee."

We observed several people passing, dressed in their holiday clothes, some in black. "Where are these people going?" said I. "To a farmer's funeral, on the ither side o' the hill," replied Saunders; "he has died in the prime o' life, an' left a large family." "But, as the Englishmen say, I hope he has died well." "I'm very doubtfu' about that, or rather, atween oursel's, I've nae doubts about the matter. It's o'er weel kent, that he held the day and the night alike lang, as we say; I've gryte fears his family will be but bauchly provided for: you may-be kent him,—I'm sure ye ken the farm o' Braidriggs." "Ay, he succeeded his father I think in an old lease, and certainly ought to have saved money." "Nae doubt; mair than you think that—but he married a bra' wife frae the brugh; they fell into a large family; an' a' the sons were bred to be gentlemen, scampering about wi' their dogs an' guns, when they should ha'e been shoggin' atween the ploughstilts; the dochters too, fine ladies, strumming awa' at the piano, instead o' reaming the cogues in the dairy, an' makin' the cheese. Then there were sic rackets o' company-keeping; merchants an' bankers frae the brugh, an' e'en some country lairds; twa or three chaises standing at the door in an afternoon: ye may be sure sic gentry were na dinnered upo' deaf nits; an' the wine skinking about like dub water. To the sad misfortune of the family, the tack being on the life-rent, in his ain name, it's at an end. I might tell many instances of the farmer's imprudence, an' the family's extravagance; but he's now at rest, an' we'll let his follies sleep wi' him." "Was not his father a very different man?" "Ay, he was sae; he left his son wi' a cheap tack, an' a weel-stocked farm, an' ga'e ilka ane o' his dochters five hundred pound o' a tocher; but he lived langsyne, an' didna seek to follow the fashions." "And, notwithstanding what you have told me, there will be a large company at the funeral to-day; dining and drinking for several hours after, many of them intoxicated before they rise." "No, Sir; that's a langsyne fashion now changed for the better; we ha'e few dairgie dinners now; an' nae instances o' the guests getting fou'; that was a' barbarism which is now out o' fashion: since I mind, it was

nae uncommon thing for a widow to spend ten or fifteen pounds on a burial dinner, when she wistna how to fetch up her family. I wish I could see the [illegible] vanity o' headstanes as fairly abolished; for maist part o' them, instead o' doing honour to the dead, are evidences o' the vanity o' the livin'. For instance, maist ane an' a' o' them begin thus: 'This stone was erected by ——' perhaps some obscure tradesman; but after his occupation and residence have been minutely related, there comes the name of the dead, with a long bead-roll of family names, on the ither side o' the stane—

With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculptur'd deck'd,
' Enough to rouse a dead man into rage.'

I have seen a tailor's headstane wi' a goose, surmounted by a pair of gaping shears, each of them a foot in length: was not that ridiculous?" "It certainly was, but scarcely more so, than the pompous, and often lying eulogiums, in polished verse, on the marble monuments of the great; and you, my friend, have forgotten, that the unlettered muse is often more chaste:

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

The desire of posthumous fame is a laudable passion; it stimulates to virtuous exertion, and I do not wish to see the practice of monumental stones abolished." "I am not against the use, but the abuse of the thing: I wad ha'e less cutting an' carving, fewer words, an' mair common sense: but when I see a poor man, who maun take credit of a bow o' meal for his bairns' parritch, flingin' awa' twa or three pounds for a stane, made by some gilly-gapus, wi' a heap o' whigmaleries upon a'e side, an' a parcel o' blaeflummery on the tither, I consider it as an evidence baith o' his vanity an' folly. But I see Mary come hame, an' we'll stap in." After we were seated, and mutual compliments had passed, Saunders said, "Weel, Mary, is the job o'er?" "O, ay! Susie's laid fu' canty in her bed, wi' her first-born son in her bosom, an' her gudeman's as blithe as you like; but there's Tibbie Donaldson coming o'er the butts; she'll deave us wi' her claiks, I'll gang butt the house an' meet her." "Let her come ben, Mary, she'll divert our friend a wee." "Is that her, whom we used to call lang-tongu'd Tib?" said I. "The same." "O, by all means, let her come in; she is an old acquaintance of mine." "Come awa', Tibbie," said Mary, as her neighbour entered. "O I didna ken ye had strangers," cried she, lingering in the room-door. "How do you do, Isobel?" said I. "Losh me! can that be possible?—ay, sure enough ye're Charlie * * * * *.—I never thought to see you upon our hillock-head again—an' fresh an' hearty you are lookin'—but I'se warrant you get bits o' the best o't, an' a drap gude drink to put them down wi'—are you an Embro' bailie yet?" "No, Isobel, I have not arrived at that honour." "Weel, we maun ha'e a' the news o' Auld Reekie frae you; but in the meantime, Mary, how did you leave the crying wife?" "In a fair way, wi' her first-born in her arms." "An' what bairns?" "A fine, stately laddie." "An' wha had you there?" "Nane but the canny wife an' mysel'." "Haith, ye're far ben! ye may think o't!" "Na; I'm sure it was only because I happened to be the nearest neighbour; had you been that, ye wad ha'e been in my place." "There was room for us baith: young folk maun follow the fashion; but I've seen anither day: when I was in that way, there was never fewer than eight or ten wives, maybe a dozen, round me, an' muckle gude sport they made, it helpit to keep up a body's heart—I wadna wish'd a better ploy than sittin' up a night amo' half-a-dozen o' my neebor wives; we get a' the news o' the parish at an occasion o' that kind. Syne we had the blithe-meat—fine, rich buttered saps, an' capfu's o' nappy ale, that gart our lugs crack. Now, though ane do happen to be ta'en out, there's neither news nor a laugh to be gotten; an' at the end, a dribble o' tea, wi' the offer o' a dram, that a body canna' tak', though they likit it, wi' nae ane to keep them in countenance. Forby, in auld times we had the up-drinking—that was aye a merry night, plenty o' gude meat an' gude drink, that set a' our

tongues a waggin', wi' funny cracks an' pauky tales; then we had commonly a christening feast, that was anither gude ploy. But thae times are awa', and hardly an honest woman sees anither in the face now, at ony occasion o' the kind!" "D'ye mind the auld bye-word, Tibbie? 'The mair cooks, the waur kail,'" said Mary. "I'm an' auld fashioned wife; but I'm no bigoted to auld customs, when I think the new better; and I think the times you speak o' are weel awa': I've mony a time been wae for a poor woman, wi' half-a-dozen, or mair, claiking gossips around her, minding naething but their ain clavers. Then, at last, when the poor woman had need of peace an' quietness, they wad sit eating, drinking, rairing an' laughing, till her head was aching. Your up-drinkings an' christening feasts I'se no speak about—ye ken yoursel' what kind o' cracks were aften there,—sae the new fashion has my hearty approbation." "Weel, Mary, I own, that I mysel' ha'e had a sair head wi' their lang tongues, an' wished them a' weel out o' the house; but I just took my mends o' them at anither time."

After a pause, which took place in the conversation, Isobel, who disliked silence, addressed me, saying, "Ye'll ken an unco change, Sir, baith upon the folk an' the face of the country, sin' ye left it." "I do, indeed, observe a great alteration." "Ay, an' if ye were to bide here, ye wad see mair ilka day. Ye've seen our new kirk, an' heard our new minister; he brought in a hantle o' new fashions, an', amang the lave, ye wad see, that, like the folk in the muckle kirks in the borrows-towns, we gather a' our offerin' at the kirk-door now." "I observe so; and does it make any difference?" "The elders say it does; but it's o'er the left shouther. It's an easy matter for ony ane, wha has little charity in the heart, to pass the plate in the throng, and keep their han' out o' their pouch. It wasna sae, when the elders gade o'er a' the kirk wi' the lang-shankit ladles; they kent ilka body in the seat, an' had their een upon them; forby, a' their neebours were lookin' at them, an' the bawbee boot to come out. I've seen an elder rest the ladle upon the buik-board, before a billie, wha wasna like to draw; nae doubt, there was mony ane ga'e because they didna like to be singular; pride maybe did the work o' charity, but the puir's-box was the better." "There I heartily agree wi' you, Isobel," said Saunders, "an' think we have changed for the worse." "See! there's anither new fashion," cried Isobel, "the hearse gaun awa' for the farmer of Braidriggs; he mith come to the kirk-yard in a cart, as his father did,—but a coffin in a cart wad be a ferly now-a-days; an' I mind sin' a hearse was sic a wonder, that young an' auld wad ha'e been at the door to see't. But I kenna what the world will turn to belyve. What do you think, Sirs? I saw ane o' the servant lasses frae Braidriggs yestreen, wha tald me, that as soon's her master's dead claes were on, he was steek-it up in a room, an' at night the door was locked,—no sae muckle as a candle beside the puir man, an' sin' ever he was kisted the door has never been opened! What wad his lucky-daddy thought o' that? I mind as weel's it were yestreen, o' being at his late-wake; a' the lads an' lasses about the town were there, an' it cudna be expeckit that I should be ahint them; for I was just out o' my teens, an' likit a spree, an' a while's daffin wi' the callants; an' muckle gude sport we had that night. We played at *Jock bids ye wag*, till maist feck, baith lads and lasses, had lost a' thing they could put in for wads (forfeits;) it was syne that the sport began before they could get their wads back; there was nae little towzlin' between the callants and the cummers, an' some cuddlin' ahint the ha' door. I mind weel, that night was the first time that him wha's my gudeman now, ever measured mou's wi' me; an' he said he was unco proud o't, that I wadna' let ane tak' sic a freedom after him a' night. I believe there was the foundation o' mair marriages than mine laid that night, an' mair nor me thought mornin' cam' o'er soon." "An' do you no think that was a very unbecoming way o' watching the dead?" said Mary. "Ou, 'deed, to be plain, we didna tak' up our heads about the dead; we just wished to get a ploy, an' a night's diversion, an' ye ken it

was the fashion." "An' a very unseemly fashion it was," said Saunders. "It was a sma' sign o' respect for the dead, an' a poor sample of the good sense of the company, to be not only merry, but foolish, in the presence of a dead man." "I canna think it was in his presence, for he surely neither saw nor heard us, sae he was nae waur; an' though we had a' sitten down an' grutten, wad he been ony better?" "That question does not deserve an answer; but I tell you, sic conduct, on sic an occasion, was a disgrace to be heard o' in a civilized country, although I've been at ploys o' that kind, as you term them, but never since I left herding the nowt." "It's a' very true, Saunders; but what'll you say?—young folk, when they meet, maun ay ha'e their sport, ye ken, though they've little outbrak now. I was ance a hallakit cummer, an' never liked o'er mim-mou'd maidens; but I wad be forc'd to be douce now, though it were in my daftest days; hardly a penny marriage in a' the countryside, an' scarcely sic a thing as a maiden-feast in a' the parish. There's your cousin's hairst to be done the morn. I've seen the time when we wad ha'e ca'd it takin' the maiden; but thae days are awa', wi' ither gude auld fashions. Whan the hindmost clip's shorn, the morn at e'en, the poor bodies, young an' auld, will a' get their day's, or their ouk's wages, at the rig-end, an' get leave to hirple to their ain hames, as if nae sic thing had happened. Willawins! it's far frae the days o' langsyne,—the day o' the maiden-feast was a thrang day at the ha'; boiling an' roasting, wi' ither preparations for a supper, that mith ha'e served a nobleman's family. Syne, in the gloamin', some bonnie lassie rinning hame wi' the maiden in her han' *; ilka ane hurrying to busk in their best, to eat and drink, dance, an' be heartsome, till braid day-light in the morning."

"Yes, Isobel," said Saunders, "thae times are awa', an' mair than you have spoken of has gane wi' them. A farmer in thae days was something like a Highlan' chief at the head of his clan: frae the ha', to the meanest cottar-house on a' the farm, young and auld, lookit on him as a friend; mony ane as a father, a' the year round, an' frae ae year to anither; for there was na sic a flitting an' ca'ing about among servants in thae days, except wi' some restless fo'k that could never settle in a part. Your grandfather, Sir, had some cottar men, who were married in his service in the prime o' life, an' saw their bairns married frae the same biggin. The maiden feast, that Isobel's murmuring o'er, was aye a blithe night to a' on the farm; for young an' auld, man, wife, widow, an' wean, were a' at the supper table, the goodman at the board-head. Nae doubt, his heart glowed wi' honest pride, whan he lookit o'er the company, an' saw sae mony weel buskit young men an' women, an' sae mony happy faces; for, as we country fo'k very expressively, yet nonsensically say, ilka ane was happier than anither." "Ay, nae wonder though they were happy," interrupted Tibbie, "wi' sic a night's diversion afore their hand. I'm sure I've danced till I could hardly lift a leg the neist day. O but youth's a pleasant time, when ane is light frae the heart to the heel; but, like the gude auld fashion, it's awa' frae us a' now." Observing me smile, Saunders said, "Ye forget the lightest part about young fo'k; for maist feck o' them have heads still lighter than their hearts. D'ye think you cou'd dance a reel yet, Isobel?" "I cudna loup sae lightly as I have done; but an' I heard the fiddle playing Dainty Davie, an' as mony merry faces in the floor as I've seen, wi' a menzie o' bairns in the ither end o' the barn, warping through ither like bees in a byke, I daresay it's like enough I wad forget how mony simmers I had seen, an' believe mysel' young again. Them that likit me anes ca'd me a lightsome lassie; an' some sour-mou'd maidens said, I was a glaikit hizzie: what car'd I about their says? an' I care as little yet; for I'll no deny, I'm a cadgie auld wife, an' like to mind upon auld langsyne." "Weel, Isobel, I think upon that too; although not perhaps exactly in the same way," said Saunders. "We were speaking of the farmers, an' the

* The last handful of corn cut is termed the Maiden.

changes in their mode of managing their business; I believe your cousin Charles," addressing me, "had ane o' his servants at the court lately, for refusing to work, at what he deemed unreasonable hours: in my young days sic a thing was never heard of; an' had it happened, wad ha'e been a crack to the hale country; a farmer's servants wad ha'e done his bidding late an' ear, at ony hour o' the day or night; for they considered themsel's as belanging to the family. When your grandfather came to the grave, like a shock o' corn in its season, there was mony a watery e'e an' bluthered cheek wi' baith young an' auld: keeping out o' their ain families, I'm doubtfu' if there wad be as muckle dool now, although a' the farmers in the parish were laid in the yird: that's a link in the chain of society, nae langer to be seen; baith master an' servant are o'er proud an' selfish now, for being obliged to ither: there's nae giffgaff now; illa ane considers what was his bargain, an' no ane o' the parties wad gang a strae-breadth beyond it: there's a' kind o' mutual jealousy between the parties; ilka ane seems to think that the ither is encroaching upon their rights; an' while luxury an' learning have both made a rapid progress in the world, within the last half century, I'm sorry to say, that the former is mair conspicuous among the farmers, an' their servants, than the latter. Nae doubt there are, an' I ken several honourable exceptions; but I speak o' society in general, an' I think there wad be nae difficulty in finding mair information in a shop among half-a dozen o' mechanics, than among a' the farm-servants in the parish." "I'm sorry to hear you say so," said I; "but as agriculture is now become a science, a farmer, to be skilful in his own vocation, must read occasionally; and he who has a relish for reading in any one department, will sometimes be seduced out of the path he wishes to pursue, and thus, as it were in spite of himself, acquire some general knowledge; farmers and their servants certainly have good opportunity for this during the long winter evenings." "Ye speak aye about farmers an' their servants," said Isobel, "as if they belanged to ae class. It's no as it was in my daft days, when man an' master sat at the same table; the gudeman an' gudewife cracking their jokes wi' the hiremen, at the ingle-cheek, in the lang winter nights; now they're a' packed up in a bothie, no ane o' them dare set their fit in-o'er the kitchen door."

I had discovered that there was a peculiar fire apparent in my friend's eyes when he heard what he imagined a rash, or foolish assertion; and I now observed them scintillate keenly, as he replied, "Weel, Isobel, you think that a sign o' pride: I anes thought sae too; but we are never o'er auld to learn, an' it's now lang since I began to look at baith sides of a question ere I passed an opinion; an' I've nae hesitation in saying, that I think there's prudence in that alteration frae the fashions o' langsyne." "Weel, I ferly at that! What ill came frae our auld-style fashion, or what gude can spring frae the new?" "I'm no an advocate for that pride which springs frae warld's gear; nor am I for the poor being considered a different species of beings frae the rich; and I'll even grant, that we may find servants wi' mair common sense an' information than their masters, although this is no generally to be expected; but I'm clear upon't, that where there's nae respect paid to distinction in rank, confusion and disorderly conduct will soon ensue. To prove what I am ettling at, I may just request you to look o'er the parish. We have twa farmers in't, who keep up what you seem to think the gude-auld fashioned plan; their men-servants victual in the house, and mix wi' the family at a' hours; the father and mither, as I'm weel informed, gang to their beds, an' leave the callants sitting round the ingle wi' their dochters, an' what's been the upshot? In the twa families there's been three marriages, the ha' maidens buckled to their father's servants; but although the rank o' the parties had been equal, they were a' imprudent marriages; for there's ane o' them a drunken-ne'er-do-weel; anither a doited havrel, wi' hardly a mouthfu' o' common sense; an' the third a bit hafflin laddie, wha had mair need of a hale coat than a wife. But what could

the parents do? There was nae ither way to cover up the shame an' disgrace o' their bairns, wha, in three or four months after their respective marriages, were ilka ane sitting in a bit hole o' a house upon the farm, wi' a bairn in her lap, an' no ane o' the three out o' their teens. Now, I'm may be wrang, but I canna help thinking, had the men-servants been keepit out o' the house, thae mistakes wadna' have happened." "Oh, Saunders, I wonder to hear you!" replied Isobel. "There's an ordination in thae things, an' fo'k canna get past what's afore their hand; we maun just trust to Providence." "But you steek the stile, Isobel, to keep the cow out o' your kail-yard; ye wadna put fire and tow thegither, an' trust to Providence that your house wadna be burnt."

This loquacious wife was just about to reply, when she was sent for, to come home instantly; and she went away with seeming reluctance, saying, "Ye maun stap in an' see me, before ye gang awa', Sir. Ye ken I want a' your Embro' news yet; an' I wad like to ha'e a crack wi' you about auld langsyne."

"Weel, what think you of your auld acquaintance?" said Saunders. "Why, she was a strange character when I knew her, and she seems so still." "Ay, Sir, you'll find that maxim of Pope's haud good, nineteen times out of twenty,

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

What I most dislike about Isobel, is a want of that delicacy, or even modesty, without which I never thought any woman lovely; and there is a levity in her discourse quite unbecoming her age." "I observed something of that." "Your presence laid her under restraint today, although she seldom studies either time or place; I dislike prudery and affectation, and am far from being the advocate of foolish talking, but an observation may be made, or a joke passed innocently, among people of a certain age, which I would consider as highly criminal to utter in the presence of the young of either sex; and there I think Isobel errs: she has continued to speak and act before her children, till her dochters, now that they are grown up, have just as little sense of propriety as hersel'; although, otherwise, they are what we term dainty lasses." "Delicacy, strictly so called, we are not to expect in vulgar life; but there is a degree of modesty which we look for in every woman not of an abandoned character, and yet there are great differences in that respect: of these I had a striking instance to-day, as I passed the washing-green of the village, on which were several women; two of them employed in a practice, which, although very common langsyne, I thought had now become obselete on this side of the Grampians, always excepting the kingdom of Fife, where, I understand, it is still fashionable." Here Mary nodded her head with a knowing smile, and I continued, "The two women I allude to, were each standing upright in a washing-tub, with their petticoats kilted, engaged in what we Angus fo'k term skeel-tramping. They were close by the road; but one of them, the moment she saw me approach, left the tub, and let her clothes fall, contriving to employ herself otherwise; although I had to pass within the breadth of this room where she was, the other, a bare-headed bouncing wench, continued her operation, and just as I had passed I heard her set up a hearty laugh." "I ken them baith," cried Mary; "the bare-headed cummer wha keepit her post is a dochter o' Tibbie Donaldson's, an' her behaviour just confirms what my gudeman was saying; the other is a married wife, wi' twa or three bairns."

I sat an hour or two longer, talking over old byeganes, which, although interesting to us, would have no attraction for the reader of these Reminiscences.

Our parting made all of us in some degree melancholy: for this, many reasons might be assigned: we all respected each other, and meeting had called up many recollections and associations in our minds, which continued to haunt and hover around us, like the ghosts of departed joys: and, lastly, we parted without the slightest probability of meeting again in this world, and with the firm conviction, that the period was near, when all of us must close our eyes for ever on sublunary objects.

The parting with my cousin and his family produced no great emotion on either side, least, I have reason to believe, on theirs. The sons and daughters were in the morning of life, their hearts bounding with delighted anticipation of the long and sunbright day of felicity which appeared before them. The parents, although their sun had passed his meridian, were still basking in his beams, and if they thought of evening at all, considered it as at an immeasurable distance; while, to me, the sun was hovering on the horizon, the journey of life nearly closed, a considerable part of which I had been left to perform alone, after having been deprived of a companion, who had heightened every bliss and alleviated every care. As I could not expect those around me to sympathize with my feelings, I endeavoured to disguise them; but when I thought that I should never again tread the vale that gave me birth, I hastened away, unable longer to hide the emotions of my heart.

In planning the outlines of this and the foregoing Reminiscences of Auld Langsyne, I once intended to give an account of a supper in company with the Schoolmaster, and also to relate the observations which I made, and some incidents that occured on my way home; but my narrative has already extended farther than I expected; and as it is better to disappoint, by saying too little, than to weary, by talking too long, or too much, I shall here close my recollections, with sincere thanks to such readers as have kindly kept me company; and if they have had pleasure in the perusal, in proportion as the composition has beguiled me of care, I have not written in vain.

You, Mr Editor, may perhaps have thought me a little too garrulous; but as every year will make you more my apologist, I sincerely wish you may live, till you stand forth my warm advocate. Meantime,

I am,

Very respectfully, yours,

SENEX.

Lines,

ON A SOLDIER FOUND LYING DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away!
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame!
Stripp'd of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destin'd to obey!

The light of that fix'd eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow;
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clench'd the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasp'd the battle brand!

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn!
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?—
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who cannot hear—
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!—
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell,—
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

J. M.

DR NIEMEYER'S VISIT TO SIR WILLIAM HERSCHELL AND SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

MR EDITOR,

THE recent death of two such distinguished characters in science, as *Sir William Herschell*, and *Sir Joseph Banks*, gives an additional interest to the following account of them, extracted from the "*Observations on Travels*," by *Dr D. A. H. Niemeyer*, Chancellor of the University of Halle. In requesting you to assign the same a corner in your distinguished Miscellany, I cannot help noticing an observation made in the *London Magazine* for August last, in an introductory letter to an article on the English Universities, extracted from Dr Niemeyer's work. After some justly-merited encomiums on the work in general, the writer says, "*The account of the English Universities he appears to have drawn up with considerable care, and* TOLERABLE *accuracy.*" To a man like Dr Niemeyer, whose age, character, situation, and patriarchal rank in literature in general, but more particularly in its theological branches *, entitle him to a higher degree of consideration than most travellers can lay claim to, as being in themselves a sufficient guarantee that he would write nothing inaccurate, if accuracy on the subject were attainable, the epithet "*tolerable*" could not prove very palatable. In the chapter on the English Universities, wherever personal observation did not enable him to speak with certainty, he gave the information he received from some of their leading members on the spot, and in lately alluding to this expression, the worthy Chancellor says, "*If he had but said what was inaccurate! Generally speaking, I wish he had not confined his translation to those parts with which every Englishman is already acquainted* †, *but had rather given my remarks on the Colleges, and an account of the impression made on my mind by Oxford and Cambridge.*"

Dr N. would, I am sure, be very grateful to any person who would kindly point out to him what appeared erroneous in his work, and would not be slow to correct it in the next edition (which its rapid sale will doubtless soon render necessary); it is therefore to be hoped that the writer in question will communicate to him what the inaccuracies were, that limited his opinion to the expression, "*tolerable accuracy.*"

Visit to Dr William Herschell.

The discoverer * of the Vesta and the Pallas had commissioned me to convey his greetings to the discoverer of the Georgium Sidus, if I found him still alive, and his advanced age allowed him to receive visitors. At *Eton* I was only half an hour's walk from *Slough*, the rural residence of our celebrated countryman, Dr Herschell, and I therefore took advantage of the serene summer evening to direct my pilgrimage thither, conducted by Mr Dupuis, the Eton master, from whom I had received so many complacent attentions.

The way led us over a velvet carpet of flowery meadows, and verdant greens, where the Eton youth generally pursue their sports. A considerable number of the greater ones were then eagerly engaged in their favourite amusement of *cricket*, which I understand they frequently continue to enjoy, even at the maturer age of manhood. Small, but very hard balls, are struck with wooden clubs, or cricket-sticks, (bats) made broad and heavy in the under part. One of the players (the bowler) rolls or bowls the balls at certain sticks, (wickets) stuck upright, which another defends with his cricket-stick, endeavouring to strike back the ball. When the latter succeeds in striking the ball to any distance, he runs to the former's place and back again, in the interval, while it is being fetched, for which he gets marks (notches). The bowler, however, has his people (fags)

---

* Most of his numerous works have gone through several editions. A seventh edition of his great work on Education was published last year.

† Here, I fear, the learned Chancellor gives my countrymen credit for more than they are entitled to.

* Dr Olbers of Bremen.

out on all sides, who stop, or run after the ball, when struck, as fast as possible, and throw it at the little staves, and if the latter are thrown down before the runner returns, he loses his play (is out). In general, eight, and often twenty-two, form a party *. Younger boys drive their hoops, or exercise their powers by running and wrestling, or in playing at ball in our manner.

Attractive as the view of cheerful youth was to me, and agreeably as it recalled to my mind the endeared institution to which I have devoted so large a portion of my life, yet we were obliged to hasten forwards, in order not to miss the object of our walk, were it only for the sake of taking back with me to my native country the image of so remarkable a contemporary, whose high rank among living astronomers is too well known to require being noticed by me. The peculiar course, however, that his mind took, through the regions of another art, to that sublime science to which he afterwards entirely devoted his life, may, perhaps, not be so generally known. Being on the point of conducting my readers into his presence, a short biographical sketch will, I hope, make the way seem as much shorter to them, as my conversation about him with my companion then did to me.

Herschell's father was a musician at Hanover, and the son was intended for the same profession. For the elements of the higher sciences he was indebted to one of his masters, who, at an early age, perceived in him great talents, and a speculative mind. In 1759, both father and son went to England with the Hanoverian troops. When the father returned, the son remained in England, obtained an organist's situation at Halifax, studied music scientifically, and endeavoured to retrieve his deficiencies in ancient and modern languages; mathematics, however, attracted him most. A tour to Italy improved him in his profession. The means of defraying his expenses on his return, he procured by an original kind of concert he gave at Genoa, in which he played on the harp and on two horns fastened on his shoulders, at the same time. Being afterwards appointed to an organist's place at Bath, he led the band at the theatre, conducted oratorios, and instructed some able pupils in that city. His days were devoted to his profession, his nights to the sciences, and particularly to the study of *Euclid* and *Newton*, or more properly to astronomy and optics. From the period of his first observing the universe in all its grandeur and glory on moonlight nights, small instruments no longer satisfied him. Precluded from buying the larger ones by their high prices, and yet burning with the desire of possessing a Newtonian five-foot reflecting telescope, he shunned no labour, spared no trouble, to manufacture one for himself, and at length succeeded in accomplishing his task. No species of improvement in them then seemed to him impossible, he therefore proceeded with his labour; five feet became ten—and he conceived the bold idea of doubling this latter length. He succeeded in his efforts, and felt himself amply rewarded for all his exertions, when, on the 31st of May 1781, a new planet, *the Uranus*, or, as he in gratitude to his royal neighbour and patron called it, the *Georgium Sidus*, first became visible through his telescope. His merits were fully acknowledged. In what better manner can the rulers of this earth acknowledge merit, than by enabling thinking and inquiring minds, to free themselves from the fetters of business, and devote an untroubled leisure to the studies they pursue. A house and observatory were built for him in a fine country near Windsor, in order that the King, who was himself so desirous of knowledge, might be immediately informed of every thing worth communicating.

We were not long in reaching this delightful retreat, embowered in fragrant flowers and blooming shrubs. Here this indefatigable observer has pondered, during more than forty years, over the wonders of Nature, extending the limits of her known dominions more than any of his predecessors. The harmony of his

* *Note* by *the author*.—At Eton, I bought directions for this game under the title of "the Cricketer's Guide, or a Treatise on the noble Game of Cricket."

chords has, it is true, become mute, since he first discovered the harmony of the spheres, but though his ear ceased to enjoy the former, his eye has continued to penetrate further and further into the regions of infinite space, and his mind has become more and more convinced of the eternal laws of harmony that rule the spheric motions. The ancients had already a presentiment, that the galaxy, or *milky way*, was the united radiance of a countless number of constellations. But since, by the powers of Herschell's telescopes and large reflectors, that which only appeared a lucid mist has proved to be an innumerable host of fixed stars, how has all that formerly was only an idea, become an evident certainty to the eye! After the invention of these instruments, unknown to the ancient world, *I. H. Schroeder*, the celebrated astronomer of *Lilienthal*, might well compute the fixed stars, in the southern and northern hemispheres, at more than twelve millions in number; and—a continued increase in the powers of these telescopes being at least imaginable—how much reason had he to presume that the regions of creation would continue to become more and more extensively known to us, and that perhaps a new solar system may begin where we now scarcely descry the last dim star! Judging analogically from what Herschell and similar observers have already discovered, who can doubt the possibility of this?

We announced ourselves at his peaceful dwelling, and were shewn into a parlour, where a servant soon came to inform us, that his master would presently join us, and that in the interval he was desired to show us his instruments.

The machinery required to support his enormous telescope, being too large for a close building, is placed in the open air immediately adjoining the house. It consists of pillars, bars, ladders, and chains, and forms a sort of pyramid. The pedestal, or base, is fixed on twenty moveable rollers, by means of which, it can be moved about with astonishing ease and certainty, and directed to any point desired. In the middle of this stage hangs the long tube of the telescope, almost twenty ells long *, of wrought-iron-plate, weighing above 4000 pounds. The reflector, a composition of copper, zink, antimony, and arsenic, lies at the bottom of the tube. In this, every object appears to which the upper end of the telescope is directed. There is a railed gallery where the observer stands, and from whence, on looking down by a peculiar contrivance, the whole appears before his eyes, without its being obscured by his looking in at the telescope. It magnifies the fixed stars to 3000 times their apparent size. Herschell has often known more than 50,000 pass before his sight within an hour. By means of this instrument, he further discovered the volcano in the moon, the ring in the Georgium Sidus, and the six satellites of this new planet.

While we were standing by this machine, which we more admired than comprehended, its master appeared, a cheerful old man, aged 81. How unassumingly did he make his communications! how lightly did he ascend the steps to the gallery! with what calm pleasure did he seem to enjoy the success of his efforts in life. All accounts from his native country appeared to please him, although the German language had become somewhat less familiar to his ear. After a short conversation, we took our leave, charged with friendly greetings to all beyond sea, who might still remember him.

Herschell is unmarried, but his sister Caroline resides with him, not only as a superintendant of his household, and support of his old age, but also as a partaker of his studies. She has been his constant assistant in his labours, and has made some discoveries herself, among which were five comets in the years 1786, 1791, a dissertation on which she laid before the Royal Society. Both of them enjoy the love and esteem of all that approach them.

Herchell's earthly labour is now, I presume, at an end, and the time cannot be far distant when we shall be able to say of him,

Candidus consuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque,—nubes et sidera videt.

* Probably German ells, of two feet each.

An evening at Sir Joseph Banks's.

In England, people have long been accustomed to associate with their recollections of their late revered Monarch, the names of those two veterans in science, Herschell and Banks, both, not only of nearly the same age with the King, but also distinguished by him with peculiar favour and frequent personal intercourse. All the three members of this singular triumvirate were still living when I visited England; now the astronomer is the only surviver.

I had scarcely ventured to entertain a hope of becoming personally acquainted with Sir Joseph, it being reported with us, that, on account of his advanced age, he was inaccessible to strangers, but I found the case exactly reversed. On Sunday the 2d of June I was introduced into the circle which was accustomed to assemble at his house every Sunday evening.

None but the eldest portion of my readers will, like me, remember the intense interest excited in Germany by the great voyage round the world, undertaken exactly fifty years ago, in vessels fitted out for the purpose by the English Government, to which we are indebted for so important a portion of Geography, the accurate knowledge of a new division of the globe. The aged alone will remember the eagerness with which the *Hawkesworth Collection* was read as soon as it appeared in a translation. Then it was that we became acquainted with this great Naturalist, who made the first South Sea voyage with *Cook*, (as the two Forsters did the second a few years afterwards,) and who, after having surmounted all the dangers of the sea, and explored Islands never trodden by any European before, returned home with so rich a harvest for the sciences. Thenceforward foreign lands joined his own, in honouring his indefatigable endeavours to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and ascertain the *certainty* of what the voyages of discovery performed by Magellan and other Spanish and Belgic mariners, and those of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, and Bougainville, about the middle of the last century, had only rendered probable.

Possessed of a large fortune, treated by his king as a friend, invested with every honourable and distinctive mark of merit, and undisturbed by public business, he has devoted nearly half a century to the sciences. His house, enriched with a library almost unparalleled as far as regards Natural History, and which, notwithstanding his valuable presents to the British Museum, contains so many rarities in the departments of Botany and Natural History, was open to all men of science every day. Every forenoon they were allowed the free use of his rooms, for reading, inspection, or reference, and they were sure to find every interesting periodical, or other literary production, on the tables for their perusal.

On Sunday evenings, Sir Joseph's house was more peculiarly the rendezvous of no inconsiderable number of Naturalists, Chemists, Physicians, and other learned men and travellers, who assembled there, in order to communicate to their host whatever had occurred in the various fields of science worthy of notice, and to maintain a scientific intercourse with each other.

I found the veteran in the middle library, in full dress, with the broad ribbon of the Order of the *Bath* over his shoulder and breast; just as he used to appear when presiding at the meetings of the Royal Society, to which we are indebted for the very instructive *Philosophical Transactions* that have appeared since 1766. Being infirm in the feet, Sir Joseph sat in an arm chair on rollers, his left arm resting on a table near him. He was, it is true, scarcely more than the outward shell of a mind formerly so animated; both his apprehension and recollection being weak, but his features bore a most engaging expression. Every stranger was at least announced to him; and if he had any thing to shew or communicate, he immediately laid it before him. At his house, I had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with one *Lichtenstein*, whom I had several times missed being introduced to at *Berlin*, and who had the kindness to point out to me the most important persons present, some of whom had met together here from the remotest parts of the earth; but still my eye kept returning to the celebrated circumnavigator, whose presence seem-

ed to rejoice the company, like that of a sacred relic.

But very few, who have not shone as writers, have forwarded Natural History so long, actively and powerfully, as Sir Joseph Banks. With good reason did *Cuvier*, in the panegyric he pronounced on him before the French Academy, assert, that "*whenever a useful undertaking in this science succeeded, he was assistant in it, both with his advice and personal exertions; whenever a worthy disciple, or man of letters, fell in his way, he opened to them his treasures of nature with the greatest liberality.*" Many of these have extracted largely from them, so that his extraordinary and fruitful observations and collections, have been mostly communicated to the world, though but little by himself. During his voyage with *Cook*, he was always the mediator and peace-maker, which was no easy matter with a man of Cook's character. How richly did he dispense, to the remote Southern isles, the seeds of the European world, bringing us back in return, a great quantity of their seeds, which he liberally distributed to all botanic gardens! To Iceland, which he visited a few years after his voyage round the world, he afterwards proved a benefactor, having, when that island was afflicted with a famine, sent the suffering inhabitants whole cargoes of provisions at his own expense.

In the long and bloody war between England and France, when so many laws of men and nations were violated, he constantly distinguished himself as the generous protector of men of letters and travellers, as well as of all the scientific enterprizes of hostile France. To him the English literati who had been made prisoners, were indebted for the intercession of the *National Institute* at Paris in their favour.

During the voyage of La Pérouse, the French circumnavigator, Sir Joseph induced the British Government, notwithstanding the exasperation that then existed between the two nations, to allow him to sail in all seas unmolested. He himself endeavoured, by means of his extensive correspondence, to procure some certain accounts as to the disastrous result. When a considerable collection of natural curiosities, which *Labillardière* had sent to France during his voyage, fell into the hands of English privateers, and became the property of the English Government, Sir Joseph generously exerted his interest again, and the result was, that the cases were immediately sent to France without having even been opened. Thus do men act, in whose minds the human species in general outweighs the citizens of a single state, and the kingdom of science, the mutable empires of the earth.

It might be between ten and eleven o'clock when this venerable old man left the company; the latter, however, remained together till a much later hour. He was rolled in his chair to his bed-chamber by two of his servants.

It is now about a year since his remains were committed to their resting-place, in the bosom of that earth he once circumnavigated, exploring and investigating all she produces or creates under all her zones, in a manner equalled by few. N.

Stanzas,

Written under a painting of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter.

Departed Werter—if thy shade
Should yet delight to hover here,
O mark how Charlotte's beauties fade,
And count each penitential tear.

Of Werter's admiration vain,
To Virtue true—to Prudence blind;
'Twas her's to forge the fatal chain,
By thoughtless Folly fondly twin'd.

Yet fly the scene—no hallow'd loves
Around this hapless urn shall weep;
Here sullen Pride indignant roves,
And Furies midnight vigils keep!

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST.

(Concluded.)

The visitors at P'—— house were numerous, consisting principally of young persons in nearly equal numbers of ladies and gentlemen. Novelty is at all times pleasing; but at the end of the first week, I was heartily tired of a life, which was, in every respect, as monotonous as that of a mill-horse. Every morning, about seven o'clock, a servant entered my room, made a fire, aired my linen, turned down my stockings, cleaned and warmed my shoes, took the wrinkles out of my knee-strings with a hot iron, and then left me. About nine I rose, put on my morning dress, and went down stairs at ten; at eleven we sat down to breakfast, finished a little before one, after which the company divided into groupes, took different routes, paid morning visits in the *afternoon*, rode on horseback, in carriages, walked on foot, or remained within, to read the last new play, or a novel from the nearest circulating library. The conversation at breakfast was as trifling as could be wished; it consisted of "small talk," childish and disgusting in the extreme. If any person chanced to drop a moral sentiment, some one inquired if he had entered into holy orders; if any kind of learning was only hinted at, the company were desired to listen to the pedagogue. On this account, the conversation was often more frothy than that of the crowd of gossips sometimes convened at a christening, in a country village. At dinner we had another mess of the same slip-slop, as void of interest, and as free from any mixture of common-sense argument, as the discourse at a market ordinary, where *farmers* meet to discuss the prices of corn and cattle; or of a company of sportsmen, who, besides *swearing*, talk of greyhounds, pointers, spaniels, and hunters, or wrangle about the pedigrees of race-horses—and decide all differences by appealing to the racing calendar. After breakfast, I generally walked out with my sister; she was anxious to know how I became acquainted with Miss P——, where I had been, and how I had fared since I left them. I related to her the principal circumstances in the order in which they had happened, and I observed that she was extremely interested in the destiny of Mr and Mrs Maynard. "And this, then," said she, "has been thy hard fate, my dear Lucy Barnard! the most lovely, amiable, virtuous, and most accomplished of thy sex. Thy prospects once appeared to be gilded with sunshine, and looked bright and cheering; but they were soon overshadowed by murky skies, the harbingers of ruin and misery! But what a glorious object is suffering virtue—cheerful in distress, pious in affliction, and patient under every privation!"

It is an odious practice, and merits the severest reprehension, to rise at nine o'clock in the morning, to spend an hour in dressing, and then to sit for an hour and a half eating toast or biscuit, sipping tea or coffee, and talking nonsense by wholesale, before one begins the day. We usually dined at five, and I generally rose soon after the ladies had retired, and went to my own room, where I could improve my mind, and preserve my health: it always appeared to me to be an outrage upon decorum, to drink wine for two or three hours every day, merely for the sake of drinking. If we fall in with cheerful company, and can enjoy the feast of reason, any man may then be excused for sitting; there is then some pleasure in taking an extra glass, because the spirits are enlivened, and the heart is made glad. But to drink wine, after eating to excess of the richest viands, is sure to produce disease. I remember once having a conversation with my tailor,—on seeing his foot in a cloth-shoe, I inquired what was the matter? "Oh! Mr Rogers," said he, "I have had a severe fit of the gout." "The gout!" "Yes, Sir; and I think it rather a hard case, considering that I lead such a regular life: I seldom drink more than three pints of ale in one day: to be sure I drink about the same number of half-pint glasses of rum, or bran-

dy-punch; but I assure you I have not been tipsy, no not once, for the last seven years." "But your ale, Mr Barton, is very strong." "True, Sir, my ale is good." "And you eat pretty well at dinner." "I do." "And what have you for supper?" "Why, a chop, or a steak, or some fish, or ——" "And what exercise do you take?" "You know, Mr Rogers, I wait on my customers." "And sometimes drink with them." "Yes, Sir, sometimes; but my business is very fatiguing you know." "Certainly, Mr Barton, very much so." This man was like some of the guests at P—— house: he ate and drank every day to excess,—took no bodily exercise,—became bloated, diseased, and gouty,—and wondered how all this could happen, because, poor fellow, he was *not* a drunkard! In a short time I resumed my former habits; I arose early in the morning, made excursions to the wolds on horseback, and began, in earnest, to improve the interior of my port-folio. I could rise at five, ride ten miles, employ three hours in sketching from nature, return, and sit down to breakfast with the idlers of P—— house, at eleven o'clock. In the evenings, I now frequently strolled about the neighbourhood, to see and converse with the villagers. In one of these delightful rambles my sister and I were overtaken by one of the rural nymphs. She was beautiful,—rosy health sat on her lovely cheek,—her fine blue eyes beamed with a dazzling lustre, the cloudless beauty of a summer sky! "And where are you going, Miss?" I inquired. "Home, Sir, to yonder cottage, which just appears amongst the trees." "And you are visiting——?" "From Mr ——'s, their governess; I work for Miss Mason, the lady's dress-maker." "Have you been in London?" said my sister. "Yes, madam, I was in London for six months two years ago, and I have just returned from that city with the spring fashions." "Well," said Maria, "you shall, if you please, make a dress for me, and if it suit me, I will speak of you to Miss P——." "You do me great honour, madam, and I shall exert my best efforts to please you."

We had now arrived at the cottage gate, and the sweet girl stood holding it open: she appeared anxious for us to enter, but did not dare to ask such a favour. Willing to gratify her—"Will you go in Maria," said I, "and sit down?" "If you wish it, brother, by all means;" so we stepped forward into the garden. Eliza Porter appeared delighted at our condescension. In one corner we found an elegant little bower, with a small labyrinth at its entrance; the weeping-willow waved its pensile branches over the leafy roof, and its walls were intertwined with moss-roses and woodbines. "This, madam, is a fancy of my own," said Eliza; "I planted both the flowers and the shrubs, and you see how they have flourished under my care." At this moment she appeared like a wild rose among a wilderness of sweets. We sat down to admire this silent retreat of modesty and virtue; for through the white blossoms of the hawthorn hedge we could discern the fading beams of the descending sun, as they lengthened the shadows of the trees, till their extremities were lost in the eastern horizon. Eliza stole from us, to give notice to her parents of our approach, and to put any little article of furniture right which might have suffered by rearrangement. We soon followed: The English cottages are neatest in the world; the and the cleanest in the kingdom; whitened walls thatched roof, the latticed door, and the neat pale covered with ivy, *on the outside*, fence before neatness and industry; are modor, with here and there a the sifted sand; the white hearth, le plain old-fashioned bright oak table, and the rush-bottomed chairs, are emblems of cleanliness, and good housewifery, *within*. Mrs Porter placed her spinning wheel on one side, as we entered; and Mr Porter rose, laid down his book, and politely desired we would be seated. The book which he had been reading was a volume of Long's Astronomy; and, novice as I was in that science, I could easily perceive that *the cottager* was an adept. His greatest delight, he told me, was "to look through Nature up to Nature's God;" and that nothing gave him such sublime and grand conceptions of the "Father of Mercies," as the

contemplation of the planetary orbs, the power of gravitation, and the immense magnitudes and distances of the fixed stars; all of which are, "the work of His hands." I found him equally conversant with chemistry; he was well read in history, was acquainted with all our best poets, had a considerable knowledge of elegant literature, and, *he was entirely self-taught*. This man is certainly not a fair sample of our English cottagers, but such men are thinly scattered over the whole face of the country. It is true, that there is not one in every village; but we have no need to travel very far, in any direction, before one may be met with. I requested permission to repeat my visit, which the old gentleman readily agreed to; and I frequently afterwards left the baronet's guests after dinner, to talk *pompous nonsense* by themselves, while I was conversing, on the most interesting subjects, with the "cottager." The spring was far advanced, when Miss P—— accompanied me one day in my walk after dinner: I had designedly wandered to the "cottage;" and as I was opening the gate, the lady inquired whether it was my intention to enter? "Pray, madam." "Then, for the present, I wish you a good evening." "But will you not go in?" "No." "and I should like to walk in the garden, to Dame Porter. To introduce you to her, if you not be introduced to her, Sir, I will with pleasure." "I only wished to see how low people live, the inside of a dwelling, where you often find content, wisdom, and virtue, are frequently inmates." "Yes, Henry, but it is very degrading to be familiar with the vulgar, that I must entreat you will excuse me." "Very well." In my wayward musings, I often wonder whether there be a partition in heaven, to separate "people of rank" from "the lower orders."

As we were returning home, we were met by a poor woman, who told Jemima that she had been to the mansion, but not having found her within, she begged now to thank her for sending the doctor to her sick husband, and for allowing them six shillings a-week during his illness. Through the blessing of Providence, and her kindness, she said, he had recovered, was able to work, and they now did not need any further assistance. "That is well, Mary," and Miss P—— immediately turned away, when Mary dropped a low courtesy, and left us. What strange anomalies we every day meet with! Some do good one way, and some another,—no matter, however, if good be but done, the manner is sometimes of not much importance. How delightful this really charitable action would have appeared, if Mary's benefactress had but deigned to converse with her! I was exceedingly anxious to hear her artless tale; gratitude, I saw, was emanating from poor Mary's eyes; I was anticipating the thankful, unstudied effusions, of a simple child of nature; the big tear was already rising, to burst from her throbbing bosom; but the rising sigh was stifled,—the rising tear returned to its former abode, there to remain, or to be shed on some future occasion, whenever it should happen that joy, grief, or sympathy, should again rouse the feelings of her grateful heart.

Sir Thomas was younger than his sister; he was only forty years of age. The baronet had placed his affections on a young lady who was governess to the children of a neighbouring gentleman, and he intended to make her his wife. Miss Jemima was extremely averse to their union: what a degradation it would be to the family! "Why, my dear sister, is she not virtuous?" "Oh yes!" "And is she not accomplished in every thing that is useful, as well as elegant?" "She is a paragon of perfection for aught I know." "Yes, Jemima, she is

With wealth adorn'd
As all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable.'

"But," rejoined the sister, "to make a titled lady of the governess of Mr Toplady's children, of the daughter of old Mason the grocer, is as absurd as the measure is dishonourable." "I am of opinion, my dear sister, that if some old-fashioned lord, or baronet, like myself, did not sometimes select a partner from the 'lower orders,' the whole race of 'high life' would soon be entirely extinct; they are, even with these advan-

tages, but a very puny race; and, believe me, I am not acquainted with a "lady of quality" who is more handsome than Mrs Palmer, our housekeeper, who, you know, is almost old enough to be my grandmother." "A truly elegant comparison! but I find, Sir Thomas, that you intend to bring an indelible disgrace upon the P—— family; what an absurdity!" And she immediately left the room, and pulled the door after her with a *flap* which made every room in the house echo its thundering reverberations.

I had determined, as before mentioned, to fill my portfolio with some of the choicest views in Yorkshire before I left P—— House. The ruins of "Melsa Abbey" had caught my attention, and I had already begun to make sketches of some of its most interesting aspects. One evening I was taking a view of its eastern turret, and I was delighted with the beauty of the scene; the wild hills formed the distant back-ground,—they were tinged with the golden rays of the setting sun,—the picture was mellow, and in its lights and shades brought to my recollection some of the inimitable landscapes of Bartolozzi. Just as I had finished, and had called to Jack Stevenson, who had accompanied me, to inform him that I was ready to return home, we perceived a little hobbling creature of an old woman bustling towards us. We waited till she came up. "An' what are ye deaing here, bairns?" said she; "ye dunna ken what ye're aboot, or ye'd not be stopping so late at neet." "Let us go," said Stevenson; "what does the old gipsy mean?" "Aye, aye, gang away, bairns, or ye'll be getting a bullet thruff one or boath o' yer weams, I'm thinkin'." I wished her a good evening, and we marched off; but on our way to the Baronet's we met several strange sailor-looking men, hurrying along in the direction of the abbey. This raised my curiosity, and the next morning I inquired of the butler if he could tell me any thing about the ruins of the old abbey that lay to the east, a few miles distant from P—— House. "Only, Sir," replied Mr Benson, "that it has the reputation of being haunted by spirits of *every* description." "Is that all?" "No, Sir; it has a curious subterranean passage, which reaches as far as Beverley Cathedral!" "Were you ever in it?" "Yes, Sir; when I was a boy, another youth went in with me, and we proceeded to a considerable distance, but how far I cannot at present pretend to say; perhaps a quarter of a mile, perhaps more." "Indeed! then you have seen the legions of spirits with which it is infested?" "No, I have not; I really saw nothing but a couple of foxes, which ran from us as fast as possible." "Then at that time it was not haunted?" "I believe not; but now I am told,—and old Biddy Turnbull, my washerwoman, is my authority, and she had the information from John Rook the rag-man, and John Rook said he was told by Richard Fox, Mr Toplady's shepherd,—that strange noises have been heard, sometimes like music and dancing, as if Lucifer and his midnight crew were all in motion, and fearful sights of witches and hobgoblins, of such shapes as would be unlawful even to mention, have been seen by the said Richard Fox, and several of his companions. No man, in his sober senses, Sir, ever goes near the place, and many, who have chanced to be there late at night, have never once more been heard of! Poor old Sleight, the blind fiddler, has been missing for at least two months; the last time the poor creature was seen, he was fiddling at Mr Gawkey's, and he had the misfortune to get tipsy there, and, as the abbey lay in his way home, he was lost, and it is supposed that the foul fiend flew away with him, for, since that night, he has never once been heard of, nor has his dead body ever yet been found." My curiosity was now at a high pitch; Mr Benson's tale had set my imagination to work; the spectred haunts, inhabited by infernal beings, or by agents in their likenesses, must be horrid places indeed; but, however diabolical they might be, I was resolved to inspect them. I mentioned the circumstance to Stevenson, who was a Captain in the Navy, and he did not hesitate a moment in declaring that he would accompany me. Mr Benson was also invited, but, poor man, his fears predominated; he respectfully declined such a *hazardous* undertaking. The

next night but one was fixed upon as the most proper time for visiting the ruins; and, as the butler was fearful that some mischief might befal us in such a headlong enterprize, he very prudently informed his master of our intentions; but, to Mr Benson's astonishment, the Baronet immediately declared that he himself would make one of the party; for he had long wished, he said, to ascertain the extent of the passage.

The eventful period at length arrived, when the *trio*, and two of the Baronet's *most daring* servants, repaired to the spot: we arrived at the passage about sunset, and proceeded to enter its gloomy and dark recesses. The two servants, each of them carrying a lighted flambeaux, went before to light the way; and we had not travelled far, before we entered a large opening, in which was stowed a great number of small tubs, upon one of which sat old Sleight the blind fiddler, whose sottish look, and dirty vestments, rendered him an object of extreme disgust, and fully entitled him to his present employment, as first musician in these infernal abodes. At a small opening, into what might be called a large room, sat the little old woman who had accosted us the preceding Monday evening, as before mentioned. This diminutive but watchful portress rose very hastily, and eagerly demanded what we were ganging to dea in that place? Sir Thomas informed her, that our design in coming was to explore the passage. "For the present, then," said she, "ye had better gea ower, and all on ye gang yam as soon as ye can." The Baronet informed her that we should proceed, and abide the consequences. "Well, then," she replied, "an ye wunna gang back again, I should not wonder but in hauf an hoor ye'll all be as dead as a stean." At this moment, a little, waddling, squat figure of a woman advanced towards us; her form was short and thick, much like that of Madam Syntax,—"just like a dumpling set a-walking." With a voice at once loud and shrill, but very discordant, she commanded all of us to follow her! We hesitated; but while we were parleying with this governess of those dark regions, the distant tread of many footsteps was distinctly heard. "Follow me instantly," exclaimed the woman; "follow me, Sir Thomas, this moment, or in a few minutes you will fall a victim to your temerity!" We obeyed, and she commanded us to lie down behind some faggots that were stowed at the farther end of what might be called a room, in the middle of which was a large charcoal fire, the red glow of the embers being scarcely visible. We were ordered to lie still; and having snatched the flambeaux from the hands of the servants, she extinguished them before the party without made their appearance.

About forty men soon entered the place, some of them being armed with muskets, and one of them, who appeared to be their chief, demanded of the old woman whether the supper was ready? She replied, that the table was set in the adjoining apartment, but that she had not expected so large a party this evening. We had now some hopes of escaping from our hiding-place; but these hopes quickly vanished, when we observed that half the party remained behind, while the other half were eating; and that these latter only went out when the former party returned. The whole company having finished their repast, which, circumstances considered, did not last long, they all sat down to be merry, and a jollification ensued. The health of the chief was first drank in a bumper of brandy, after which every man partook of the liquor most suitable to his palate. We had no difficulty in perceiving that we had fallen into the hands of a gang of smugglers, and that these freebooters were the "fleeboggarts" which had given so much alarm to the simple villagers in the neighbourhood. Among the persons assembled, some were farmers, and others trades-folk, who resided in the immediate vicinity, all of whom were known to the Baronet: they had met to purchase spirits at a low rate, and might be considered as customers. Several bargains were soon made, and the whole party had then nothing to attend to but a large bowl of punch, which, indeed, appeared to draw the attention of every one present, towards its copious dimensions, and its nectareous contents.

They were now beginning to be joyful; the greater number of the guests were "half seas over," and the fiddler had almost finished one of his finest solos, when a circumstance took place which put an end to their mirth, and caused us a momentary, but terrible panic. One of the Baronet's servants, who had swallowed large draughts of ale, in order to eke out his stock of courage, which, it seems, was only of a feminine quality, had now fallen asleep, and his snoring had become as loud as the drone of a bag-pipe. His fellow-servant, frighted almost to distraction for the consequence of our being discovered, began to shake, and pull him about. But this only made the matter worse. for the fellow bawled out in his sleep, "Thomas, be quiet, or I'll wallop ye." A discovery was now inevitable; the smugglers seized their arms. What could five unarmed people do against twenty loaded muskets? We surrendered at discretion, threw ourselves upon the clemency of the victors, and awaited our doom from this self-elected tribunal. We had no cause, however, to complain of injustice. The chief, addressing himself to the Baronet, inquired what had brought him into the cavern? Sir Thomas replied, that the place had acquired the fame of being haunted, and that we had, moreover, come with the intention of exploring *its extent*.

The trundling fat lady, who took us to our hiding-place, now stepped forward, and told the chief that *she* had placed us in the situation in which we were found, because, having found us in the passage, she saw very clearly that our intentions were not mischievous; that, from the goodness of the Baronet's general character, she had no doubt of the truth of his assertion; for, said she, "had it been otherwise, they would at least have come armed with some sort of missiles, and have mustered a greater force."—"True, grandmother," was echoed from one of our opponents; "that must be true."—"Hold your clatter, you monkey-faced swab," replied the lady, "I am no grandmother of *yours*; you are older than I am, you ill-looking lantern-jawed sea-gull!" "Peace! Mrs Twaddle," retorted the other; "mind you do not fall over into the fire. Why, you put one in mind of a tun of Madeira, when it is at liberty to roll about, this way, or that. But what guarantee," he observed, "have we, if we now suffer them to depart, that they will not betray us to some of those myrmidons of the law, the officers of what is often nicknamed by the appellation of *justice*." "The greatest possible," replied the chief. "I am certain that for this offence we shall not be impeached; I have a full reliance on the honour of the three gentlemen, and with respect to the two servants, Sir Thomas will prevent them from blabbing, especially when I give him my word, that, as soon as the present stock is disposed of, I shall quit both the trade and the place for ever. No injury, however, shall be done to any one, either to Sir Thomas, his friends, or his servants; and I have nothing further to request, except that what has been seen here this evening may be kept secret for three months from this time, and that no ill-will may at any future period be done to our present customers." The Baronet pledged his word to fulfil his request; Captain Stevenson did the same, and I was not backward in complying. We took a parting-glass with them, and in about half-an-hour we retired, and made the best of our way to P—— House, the inmates of which began to be seriously alarmed for our safety.

Mr Benson, the butler, was extremely anxious to know whether we had heard or seen any thing that pertained not to flesh and blood; he was also desirous to be informed how we had been entertained in the haunted cavern. He first set before Jonathan the groom, and Thomas the coachman, who had accompanied us, a large copper full of ale, of the first quality in the cellar, real stingo, fine October, more than seven years old; and after joining them in drinking a pint-horn or two, he began by asking Thomas what he had seen. "Oh! Mr Benson," said Thomas, "we have seen the most horrid sights you can imagine."—"And what were they like, Thomas?"—"I can hardly tell you, for I was so frighted."—"Did the beings speak to you?"—"Indeed they did."—

"And could you understand them?"—"Ay, as well as I now understand you, Mr Benson."—"Were you near them?"—"Yes, close by them, within a yard, within a foot, nay I thought once that I felt one of them *touch* me."—"Mercy upon us! had they any music?"—"Yes, old Sleight was their first musician."—"Oh! heavens, and you knew him?"—"I did."—Had they any dancing?"—"No."—'Did you see the chief?"—"Yes, and he promised, that if he found me again within his dark mansion, he would do, I do not know what, to me."—"Mercy defend us! and did you hear the groans of the wicked?"—"I heard, Mr Benson, at one time, a strange kind of a droning noise, close by me, a sort of long and loud groaning, something like that made by a person who is hard asleep, but who lies in an uneasy posture, and I was frighted beyond measure; I felt my hair lift up my hat, and expected every moment to have been slain, especially when the wicked wretch called me by my name; 'Thomas,' it said, 'be quiet!' After this, we were surrounded by the whole crew of them at once: Mr Rogers looked pale, Sir Thomas was as blue as a gizzard, and Mr Stevenson as red as scarlet."—"And how did you make your escape?"—"Why, for a long time we could not stir; we were as fast as if we had been bound to the spot."—"Yes, Thomas, you were bound by Satan, as if by a spell, and you could not escape from the Evil One."—"Very true, Mr Benson, for as soon as we now began to look round the room, and found ourselves at liberty, we returned home in a very short time." Thomas rolled his eyes about, and fixing them at last steadfastly on the butler, he declared, that the same spirit that groaned so hideously in the cavern was now in the room; "for this very instant," said he, "I saw it."—"Surely not! Thomas," exclaimed the terrified butler; "where, I pray is it?" But Thomas arose, and with a majestic step walked out of the room. "Did *you* see any thing, Jonathan?" said the butler.—"What, just now? No, I did not see any thing." "But I did, I saw something flying about the candle, which at last whisked through the key-hole." "A moth perhaps."—"Oh! no, Jonathan, it was a spirit."—"Was it?"—"Indeed it was, spirits often appear in this manner. You must know, Jonathan, that one evening last winter but one,—to the best of my recollection it was an old new-year's eve,—as we were sitting in the house-keeper's room, there was, if I remember right, Mrs Ann the cook-maid, Mrs Dorothy the dairy-maid, Mrs Palmer the house-keeper, Mr Robert the Baronet's footman, (but he has since left,) aye, and Mr Alexander the gardener, and some others, whose names have escaped my memory: Yes, Mr Jonathan, as we were sitting round the fire, all at once, something began to play round the candle, and continued to do so for nearly half-a-minute; it then went towards the door, and at length flew out at the key-hole."—"That was wonderful indeed."—"Yes, Mr Jonathan, very wonderful; but two days afterwards, neither more nor less, I got a letter from my mother, which informed me of the death of my dear sister Alice, and that her spirit departed at the very *moment* that we saw something whirling round the flame of the candle. But what, Jonathan, did you see in the cavern?"—"Why, I lost my senses soon after we entered, and they were only restored to me a short time before we came away."—"Then you saw nothing?"—"Yes, I did."—"And what might it be?"—"I saw the whole gang that Thomas has described to you; moreover, I saw the Baronet's mouth open, and spirits entering into his body."—"How glad I am that I did not go with you! I suppose that neither of you will ever enter into that wicked place again?"—"That is more than I can promise, because the chief—the great spirit, or Lucifer, if you like that name better—intends in a short time to remove his head-quarters, and then you know, Mr Benson, there would be no danger."—"He may not go, Jonathan, he may still tarry; there is no belief in him, he is the father of lies."—"True, Sir, but, with your leave, I will retire to rest, for I am weary with the direful events of this night's adventure. I am fatigued, and sleep hangs heavily on my brow; and so, Mr

Benson, a good-night to you, and may your dreams be of a pleasant nature."—"Please to wait a little, Mr Jonathan, while I put the silver into the cupboard, and see me safe into my room, for I shall sleep this night with my head under cover. I am somewhat alarmed; my nerves are rather weak; you see my mind is agitated with fear; I should not like to see a ghost, or a spirit." Jonathan saw him safe in bed, covered him well up, drew the curtains close, and then left him in a state of considerable perturbation.

Mr Benson was extremely terrified at the account of the expedition to the ruins of Melsa Abbey, as given by his fellow-servants. The next morning he gave a detailed story of it, in every particular, to Miss Jemima, who, shortly afterwards, related what she had heard to her brother. The Baronet laughed very heartily at the ingenuity of Thomas and Jonathan; he sent for them, commended the manoeuvre, gave each of them five shillings, and told them, that if they persevered in keeping the whole affair a secret, they would not only merit his esteem, but would be rewarded for their fidelity.

The time being now near at hand when Sir Thomas was to lead the amiable Miss Mason to the hymeneal altar, his sister had come to the determination of leaving him, and had taken a house at York, where, in future, she intended to reside. "To call the grocer's daughter *sister*, or *Lady P——!* no, no; never." "I am sorry, madam, that Miss Mason has any flaw, or any defects, of any kind; and I am sorry also that you and the Baronet are going to separate, because it will give him great uneasiness of mind; and I am certain that he loves you with a sincere and brotherly affection." "Your language, Henry, is sometimes rather rough, but your motives are always pure; *I wish*, also, I could follow your advice: but at present it is impossible." My sister and I accompanied Miss P—— to her new residence, where we intended to stop for a few weeks, while the nuptial dresses were making, and the bride-cakes and other necessaries preparing for the ceremony. I was much pleased with the ancient city of York: its massy walls, still nearly entire, its beautiful gates, and its magnificent Cathedral, are objects at once grand and sublime,—much more so than any thing we meet with of modern date, in our modern towns, where the dull monotony of brick and mortar, dinged with smoke, is all that can in general be seen; except that now and then we meet with a little stone church, with its slender spire, pointing its graceful finger to the skies. Our fellow-passengers in the ship from France, the two Frenchmen, had here met with employment; they both attended in the same ladies' seminary, and made more than five hundred pounds a-year each! "Tell your mamma, my dear, that your dancing-master is the Count de Breton, and that you are taught to speak French by the Marquis de Mathon," was carefully infused, by the lady governess, into the head of every little miss, just before she went home at either the Christmas or mid-summer holidays. The bewitching business had a charm that could not be resisted: "My daughter is taught to dance by a Count, and she learns the true French accent from a Marquis," was mamma's tale to every visitor to whom miss had the honour of being introduced while at home. As my feelings were always of a social nature, I spent almost every evening, during my stay in York, with the two French teachers, at an hotel. Like Dr Samuel Johnson, I think that an inn is superior to any other house, even to that of a nobleman. In one of these public houses you are waited upon with pleasure, treated like a gentleman, not urged to drink, can take a large or small quantity, and of the kind that suits your palate; you can retire at any time, or sit as long as you please, together with a great many other conveniences; and when you pay the waiter, you have his smiles and his thanks for your money.

The time at length arrived when the Baronet was to be married, and the carriage was sent to York, on the day previous to the ceremony, to carry Mr Rogers and his sister to P—— House. We took a tender leave of Miss Jemima, and were, in a short time, at the end of our journey. My sister officiated as bride's-maid, and I had the honour of wait-

ing on the Knight. Sir Thomas kept open house for three days, and all was right; every eye beamed with gladness, and every heart palpitated with joy. None of the ladies of ancient family in the neighbourhood, however, deigned to pay their respects to the bride; their husbands also kept aloof, but neither of these circumstances detracted an iota from our jovialty. In a fortnight they set off for London, and the Baronet requested me to accompany them; but I was tired of a state of dependency, and refused, with all the gentleness, and all the politeness I could muster for the occasion: I wanted again to rove at large, to be master of my time, to indulge my natural disposition; I longed to mix with the world as it exists in public societies; and I sighed once more to eat, drink, and sleep, as it should best suit my convenience. At parting, Sir Thomas expressed a warmth of friendship for me which I had not anticipated, because our intercourse had been but of short duration; and after bidding me a tender farewell, he put into my hand a letter which contained an order on his banker for fifty pounds, begged my future friendship, and hoped, when my rambling disposition had forsaken me, that I would settle near him, when *he* would be my *friend*, and *I* should be his *adviser*. This was paying a compliment to my head and my heart at the same time, and was peculiarly gratifying to my feelings. It was with considerable regret that I removed from P—— House; my soul was always sensible to the endearments of friendship, and I felt sorry that I had not accompanied my friends to London, especially when I reflected that it would have afforded me an opportunity of seeing my brother. "But I could follow them." Yes, said I, "I *could* follow them, certainly, but my destiny seems to lead me, or perhaps to force me, in a different direction."

My intentions were, at first, to repair to Edinburgh, and then to resume my former line of business. The direct road to Scotland led me to York, and York was the residence of Miss P——. Could I pass on without seeing her? I stopped at the Talbot Inn, supped, and went to bed; but instead of going to sleep, I lay awake full three hours, debating the important question whether I should call upon the lady, or proceed on my way to the north without seeing her. In the morning, I felt a melancholy gloom hanging over my spirits, the cause of which I could not even hint at, except, indeed, that such fits frequently attacked me when alone, and also when any change in my affairs was about to take place. Before noon the case was decided, and I came to the resolution of calling upon her. I immediately set out, and on the way to her house I met Jemima going out to take her morning's walk. "Henry!" she exclaimed, "I thought by this time you had been in London; my brother informed me that he should request you to accompany him." "But you perceive, madam," said I, "that I am in York." "I do, and I am extremely glad to see you; but why did you not go to London?" "That is a question which I am not able to answer." "And what road are you journeying?" "To the north; I am going to Edinburgh." "And for what?" "To endeavour to live by the labour of my hands." "Your design is laudable, but you will very much gratify me, if you will be kind enough to stop in York for the ensuing winter. You can make what little excursions you please, only consider this place as your home, and return in the spring, for I intend to visit France in May, and I particularly wish *you* to accompany me. I would advise you to take a genteel lodging, as near as possible to my house, and you can dine with me as often as you find it convenient. As my establishment here is much larger than is even agreeable, we might live in the same house; but Slander has a trumpet which she frequently blows, and the people have leisure to listen to its baneful sounds." To such proposals I could find no objections, especially as I should be near the Baronet, and could sometimes visit him. She continued, moreover, to inform me that I had no occasion to give myself any concern about obtaining a livelihood; she had left me, at her decease, the whole of her property, which amounted to rather more than seven hundred pounds a-year; that, during her life, she had settled upon me three hundred pounds

per annum; and that with this sum, and these measures, she hoped I should be satisfied. I was so astonished at her generous and kind behaviour, that I could make no reply; but the smile of approbation which I gave her was sufficient.

I continued in York for more than two months; I walked with her every morning, dined with her every day, and used every effort to oblige her; for ingratitude was never found in the catalogue of my crimes. When the weather was very fine, we sometimes joined a party of pleasure in a boat on the river Ouse; and sometimes we made short rambles by land into the environs, which about this city are very agreeable: in a little time, from her amiable disposition, and always endeavouring to be pleased with the attention paid to her, I began to respect her exceedingly; nay, I fancied that I almost loved her. I soon discovered that she was tired of living in solitude, so that I had some hope of being able, ere long, to reconcile her to her brother's marriage with Miss Mason; and, in a short time, I found that the mention of it did not much disturb her. The Baronet on his return from town wrote to inform her of his arrival at P—— House: he told her also that he and his lady were in good health; still she wondered how he looked, and whether his *wife* was a good-tempered *woman*. I took an early opportunity of waiting upon him, and he received me with great cordiality and politeness.

On the second evening after my arrival, I walked as far as the cottage, to see and converse with Mr Porter, and to inquire after the health of his wife and amiable daughter. I knocked at the door, but it was opened by a stranger. "Is Mr Porter within?" "No, Sir." "Where is he?" "Dead; and his wife and daughter are gone to reside in the city of Lincoln." At this sudden event, so entirely unexpected, I was grieved beyond measure; I felt sick at heart, and returned, meditating on the vanity of earthly hopes, the precarious tenure on which life is held, and on the immense mass of human misery which falls to the lot of mortals. I now, for the first time in my life, perceived that a woman was dear to me; the image of Eliza Porter was more closely twined round my heart than I had hitherto imagined. I began to reflect on our first meeting; I saw her holding the gate open, I saw her also in the bower; I beheld her slender and beautiful form tripping lightly over the green sward, spangled with daisies; and I sighed almost in despair because she was gone. The same evening I wrote to Moulines, to inform my friend Maynard, that he might expect to see me early in the following summer; and the next morning, having borrowed one of the Baronet's horses, I set out, post-haste, for Lincoln, to find, if possible, Mrs Porter and Eliza.

I arrived in this ancient city in due time, and began to make the proper inquiries; but during the first day all my efforts were unsuccessful. Perseverance, I knew, often works wonders; but the second day was spent with the same bad success. I began almost to despair; however, on the third, being market-day, I met Eliza as I was moping along through the butter market. I inquired after her health, and that of her mother; asked where they lived, and whether they were comfortably situated? She informed me, that at present they resided at Bracebridge, a small village about a mile from Lincoln, and that her dear mother was as well as recent circumstances would admit, and that their situation was comfortable. "And are you going home shortly, Eliza?" said I. "In about an hour, Sir. I have some trifles to purchase for my mother." "Then I will accompany you, for I want very much to see your good mother." She looked ashamed at being in company with so great a gentleman, as she then thought me, but acquiesced in my proposal. Her father had been dead only two months: sorrow for the event was deeply imprinted on her sweet countenance: her sable weeds gave a sombre appearance to her modest looks: in my opinion, I had never seen one half so angelic.

A short walk brought us to her mother, who received me with a kindly welcome, but wondered that such a gentleman as I was should condescend to call upon one in so humble a station. I condoled with her on the loss of her late valuable partner,

and the big tears chaced each other in quick succession along her furrowed cheeks: Eliza wept aloud. "Be comforted, my dear child," said the widow, "thy father is now a ministring spirit before the throne of mercy; I shall, I trust, soon be with him; and the Being whom we have so fervently loved, will, I trust, protect my orphan daughter, and bring thee safely to the haven of rest, when thou hast finished thy mortal career." I endeavoured to soothe her sorrow, and to administer comfort to her wounded spirit; she was conscious of my design, and became settled and calm. "But, Oh! Mr Rogers," she continued, "you can form no idea, nor has the world any knowledge, of the real and intrinsic worth of my late husband; for all his devotional exercises were performed in private, and all his charitable deeds were done in secret; his whole soul was often wrapt up in meditation."

I took leave of them for that evening, but promised to breakfast at Bracebridge the next morning, and I was punctual to my engagement. After our morning repast was finished, and while Eliza was busy with some little matters relating to the family economy, I embraced the opportunity of explaining to Mrs Porter the purport of my present journey; I hoped she would not object to my becoming her son-in-law, for that I had an anxious desire to be allied to a family possessing so large a portion of worth and goodness. She was a little surprised at my present declaration, appeared, for a short time, lost in wonder, but at length replied, "That, as she had no doubt of my intentions being honourable,—if Eliza was agreeable, she should throw no obstacle in the way of our union as soon as the time of mourning was over." I thanked her, pressed her withered hand to my lips, and we now conversed on other subjects till her daughter returned. We dined at one o'clock, after which, I walked out with Eliza to view the neighbouring cliffs, which are finely undulated, and in some places romantic; especially when seen from the plain that stretches to a considerable distance in the opposite direction. We rambled about or a great part of the afternoon, and I was extremely anxious to know whether I had any place in Eliza's affections; and, when the case was decided in my favour, I was the happiest of mortals. During our conversation, I told her that, in the ensuing May, I was to accompany Miss P—— on a visit to France, and I begged to know if it would be agreeable to her to accompany us. If her mother was not averse to it, she said she would be certainly highly gratified with such a jaunt. As her mother was willing that she should visit France, in "such respectable company," it was so settled. Mrs Porter, however, feared that Miss P—— was very high. "Oh! never mind," said I; "that shall be my business to manage." I then begged of Eliza to employ a French master from Lincoln, and to make all the progress which so short a time would admit. I left twenty guineas with her mother, to purchase any little matters Eliza might be in want of for the expected journey, and the next morning I bade adieu to Bracebridge. The dear delighted girl accompanied me on my way to Lincoln, and I promised to write to her as soon as I arrived at York. "We must write once a-week, my Eliza," said I: "can you sacrifice so much of your precious time to oblige me?" "Yes, Sir," she replied, "I have no other wish; it will be the business of my whole life to render yours happy." We parted, "with many a lingering look behind;" but the corner of the wall of St Catharine's Priory at length hid her from my view.

The next day I arrived at P—— House, spent the following with Sir Thomas and his lady, and then repaired to York, where I found my benefactress low in spirits, and not in good health. During the winter she became worse, and I was really once afraid that she would have died. Her brother came over to see her, and behaved with so much kindness, that they were reconciled, and, when she had recovered, I wrote to the Baronet to desire him to come again, and to bring Lady P—— with him. He did so; the reconciliation was made perfect, and Miss Jemima agreed, when she returned from France, to take up her abode with her *brother* and *sis-*

ter. As the weather became finer, her health improved, and we began to prepare for our journey. One day, when she was in a very good humour, I told her it would be necessary that an intelligent female should accompany us, to which she agreed; and I begged leave to propose an acquaintance. "Eliza Porter is well educated, has lately lost her father——." "And found a friend in you, Henry," said she. "She will be of great service to you, madam, for she is humble, sensible, and——" "*Handsome*," said Miss P——. "Have you any objection to her on that account, madam." "No, Henry; your happiness is so closely connected with my own, that if it will oblige *you* that Miss Porter go with us, it shall be even as you wish."

On the 3d of May we arrived at Lincoln, in our way to Dover. I hastened down to Bracebridge, and found my dear girl ready to accompany us; and, in all this, what was there to wonder at? She had been made acquainted with the very hour when she might expect to see me. Her mother had procured a servant to assist her in her daughter's absence. As we took leave of her, she solemnly blest us both, and, looking anxiously in my face, exclaimed, "Mr Rogers! I have no fear—with *you* my dear child will be in safety."

Miss Porter, as I had expected, endeavoured to anticipate all Miss P——'s wishes, and in a few days we were all on a very friendly footing. On our arrival at Calais we put up at the inn where I had formerly met Mrs Maynard and her family; and this heightened my desire of again seeing them. It had been previously agreed upon, that we should *all* pay a visit to Mr and Mrs Maynard; for although the principal intention of Miss P——, in going to France, was to see her friends in Paris, she now wished, to visit the southern part of that fine country. Eliza was much pleased with the beauty of the climate, and the variety of the scenery. A little more than a week brought us to Moulines. It would be quite superfluous to dwell on the delight I experienced on again beholding such dearly beloved friends; it is sufficient to observe, that the meeting was extremely pleasing to all parties. Mrs Maynard paid every possible attention to Miss Jemima, and soon became very fond of Miss Porter, who had been introduced as the former lady's travelling companion: it was not long, however, before she discovered in Eliza the future Mrs Rogers, and then—yes, and then she loved and treated her as she would have loved and treated her own sister; for they were alike lovely in their persons and dispositions. After breakfast one morning, when we had been there about a month, Mr Maynard requested me to accompany him, with Mrs Maynard, to a private interview. His heart was full; but with his wife in one hand, and me in the other, he proceeded to inform us, that he had just received a letter from his late uncle's attorney, announcing the death of the said uncle, and informing him at the same time, that he had willed to him all his property, which amounted to at least five thousand pounds a-year. Turning to his wife, he said, "I can now live, my Lucy, in a stile suitable to your merit;" and clasping my hand in both his, he proceeded—"and as for you, my first, and best, and dearest friend, the worthiest of human beings, what shall I do to recompence you for all you have done for me and mine?" I begged of him to be moderate, and to make himself easy, for that I was already amply provided for. I then informed him what Miss P—— had done for me, and, moreover, that she had presented me with three thousand pounds just before we left home. He was satisfied. We now all set out for Paris; and Mr Maynard having settled his affairs at Moulines, and delivered up the concern to his worthy and benevolent friend Mr Tomlinson, in a few weeks we proceeded for England. From London, I wrote to the Baronet, who gave us all a very pressing invitation to P—— House; which Mr Maynard and the rest of us accepted. On our way we called at Bracebridge, and took Mrs Porter along with us. Forty-one years have elapsed since we arrived at P—— House; but, Mr Editor, I have thought proper to continue my memoirs no farther.

CARDINAL BEATON: A DRAMA. BY WILLIAM TENNANT, AUTHOR OF "ANSTER FAIR."

THE present work, we fear, is not calculated to advance Mr Tennant's fame. In this age of dramatic failure, the announcement of a drama by any one in whose success we feel interested, excites in us a little apprehension; and we confess we were rather more than usually startled at the proposal, from the author of Anster Fair, the whole gist of whose mind had always appeared to us to be in a totally opposite direction. We could scarce persuade ourselves, that the person who had caught the very mantle of Berni and Ariosto, and infused into our language the sportive graces of the Italian Muse, could be even on civil terms with so grave a personage as Melpomene; and we felt not a little at a loss to conjecture how he, who had accustomed himself to the slipshod ease of the comic sock, would reconcile himself to the measured step, and straitlaced dignity of the buskin. And, to say the truth, Mr Tennant is evidently by no means at ease in his new habiliments. He walks, indeed, now and then, with a sufficiently stately and imposing step, but he is eternally flying off in a gambol, or sinking into a shuffle. The jester is always visible,—whether lurking in a quibble, or peeping out in a pun, or laughing outright in the low dialogue of Anster *poissardes*, or mendicant friars; and the tragic dialogue, even in the mouths of the magnificos of the play, is constantly coloured by this tendency to familiar and ludicrous expression.

As a drama, therefore, we certainly do not think highly of Cardinal Beaton. The subject is in itself essentially undramatic. It has neither plot, character, nor progression of interest. The execution of Wishart, and the subsequent murder of the Cardinal, which are the sole incidents of the play, manifestly afford no loop on which to hang any vivid delineation of passion or character; and the episode of Beatrice and her father, which Mr Tennant has introduced from an evident consciousness of the poverty of his materials, unfortunately adheres as loosely to the main action, as a parenthesis to a sentence. Wishart is but slightly touched, and the scene of his condemnation is inefficient. The Cardinal is merely an unmixed and cold-blooded villain, without even the redeeming talent of Iago; and the congregation of Fife lairds, who are the conspirators of the piece, think more of their "sack and supper," than of the tragic purpose for which they had assembled.

And yet, with all these defects of plot, of character, and even of dialogue, it is impossible to peruse two pages of this play without perceiving that it is not the work of a common hand. There is a nervous and masculine energy in the language, which leads us to think deeply of the sentiments which it embodies; something of vigour and compression in the midst of quaintness and familiarity, which recalls the older poets to our recollection without suggesting the idea of plagiarism. There is no poet of the present day more free from the commonplace of expression than Mr Tennant. His epithets, and his imagery, though sometimes a little harsh and startling, have always the stamp of power and originality about them; and the dialogue of the drama, though strongly figurative and metaphorical, has none of the leaven of that sickly sweetness which some of our southern brethren are pleased to consider as the characteristic of the Elizabethan dramatist, and the *sine quâ non* of a modern play. At the same time, this absence of poetry, merely lyrical and descriptive, evidently proceeds from no want of power on the part of the author, as the scene which, from its unconnected nature, we are about to quote, will, we think, sufficiently prove.

Beatrice, the daughter of Captain Strang, after a vain attempt to move the pity of the unfeeling churchman in behalf of her father, who is confined in one of the dungeons of his castle, for aiding in the importation of prohibited books from Germany, retires, repulsed and disheartened, to the garden; and the following soliloquy shows how finely Mr Tennant can treat a hackneyed subject:—

Beatrice Strang.—I've seen my mother
to her couch to rest,
And I have said my evening prayers with
her;
And now I seek this flow'ry solitude,
To entertain my desolated mind
With moonlight, and the garden's silent
scenes.
How beautiful, above the sea, the moon
Has lighted up her sky-adoring torch,
Dimming th' abashed stars, and paving all
The bay's expansion, as with twinkling
sheets
Of silver fluent on the flutt'ring wave!
Nearer, the hillocks, valleys, rocks, and
shores,
Flame out in night's best glory; and the
spires
And copper-garnish'd roofs and pinnacles
Of yon Cathedral, gleam and tower on
high,
As if exulting to give back the moon
Her image, and requite her with a sight
Of her own glory flung amended back
By roofs the brightest that she sees on
earth.
The Garden, too, is proud, and plumes
herself
On her fair early flowers, which she ex-
pands
Full to the moon, as bragging how her
brother
Has busk'd her out, though she regrets
not now
His absence in his sister's sweeter beams.
Welcome, sweet light, and with thee
welcome too
Thoughts of divinely-soothing melancholy
That slide, as if by stealth, into the soul,
And fill it with a stillness calm as thine!
The day, with all its flashly glaring light,
Its brawl of bus'ness, shouts, and din of
wheels,
Is well away, and buried in the sea.
To me, and to the sorrowful of heart,
And to the pious saint, and to the lover,
This lonely hour comes on more peace-
giving,
And more accordant to their museful
mood;
For I have been in sorrow all the day,
And having wiped my tears, now forth
repair
To feed with thoughts my meditative
heart.
Haply he too, to whom my heart is vow'd,
As late he promised, will appear to bless
My solitude with his rejoicing presence.
He knows the house where I am sojourner;
This is th' appointed place, and this the
hour
He for the golden interview assign'd.

Seaton, (appearing through the bushes.)
'Tis she herself—I see the moon-
light lie
Asleep upon her neck and on her bosom,
As fain to find such precious resting-
place;
Diana is not jealous of her beauty,
Only because she's like herself so chaste;
And therefore does the comely Queen of
Night,
As if right merry to behold in her
A maiden so completely her compeer,
Concentre all her yellow streaming beams
To gild my love more ravishingly fair!—

[*To Beatrice.*

Heaven's richest happiness be with thee,
sweet,
And every joy which thy perfection merits!
O let me press to this unworthy bosom
A beauty and a worth so excellent,
It is my ardour only merits it!

Beatrice.—O, thou art come, my love,
in needful time,
To gladden me amid the household griefs
That Heaven hath sent to purify our
hearts:
How strange to meet here in a place so
strange,
In such an hour and plight so sorrowful!
How diff'rent, when we took our evening
walks
By the moons's light upon the lofty shore,
Whence we o'erlook'd the rolling ocean
from
The sea-marge, to the fiery-beacon'd May!
Then how light-hearted in our happiness!
How little boded we our present cares!
Yet there are yet, I hope, good things for
us;
He who commands this stillness, and
o'erspreads
Heaven's changeful face with such a robe
of light,
Will yet o'erspread our count'nances with
joy.

Seaton.—Oh, fair! thou canst not be
where joy is not!—
Methinks thy person is enshrin'd within
An unseen heav'nly tabernacle of joy;
And Love and Honour are the cherubim
That hover o'er thee with their golden
wings.
Where goodness is, there must be hap-
piness;
Sorrow may fly across it as a bird;
But in the virtuous bosom, as its nest,
Peace as the halcyon builds, as did the
swallow
Within God's altar at Jerusalem.

Beatrice.—Yea, Peace must be where
Patience is; and I
Can keep my spirit patient and submiss,
When God, who gives the grief, requires
sumbission,
As sign of acquiescence in his will;

That I can do, and Heaven requires no more.
But joy's rich cup, though tender'd to my lips,
I cannot, may not taste, but pass it by;
Deferring till a father's doom be clear'd
From doubt and danger, which surround it now,
The darker from to-day's occurrences.

There is also something to us very striking in the following description by Carmichael, of Wishart's execution:

Carmichael.—No sooner had th' appointed moment come,
When from the castle's gate the gentle saint
Appear'd, all radiant with sweet smiles of joy,
Amid a threat'ning multitude of spears;
His hands were shackled, yet his lips were free
To utter blessings on the guards about him:
Their ruffian faces, as they heard his words,
Stream'd down a river of unwonted tears,
Beseeching pardon, they were thus enforced
To do their office so unmercifully.
Two beggars stood by the wayside, and craved
An alms; *I have no hands to-day*, he
To give an alms, but God will give his blessing.
Thus onward all the way, serene as if
He was to mount the pulpit, not the scaffold,
Till he arrived at the prepared place:
And then he kiss'd his executioner,
Who blubber'd sorrow, as he chain'd him to
The stake, and lighted the first faggot up;
Which, when the crowd saw flaming, all its mass,
Out from the nearest to the th' extremest circle,
'Gan heave throughout with surly agitation,
Like ocean by a sudden whirlwind whipt:
Then shouts of "shame," and cries of "murder," rose;
Then had they forward press'd, and trampled out
At once both headsman's life and faggot's fire,
But that they saw, high on the castle's walls,
Their cannoniers a-tiptoe, with their reeds
Just hov'ring for th' explosion, and the mouths
Metallic, that were glutted rich with death,
Frowning upon them, ready at one volley
To sweep th' encumber'd street from end to end.
Meantime the heavens had pall'd themselves all round
In mourning of funereal thunder-clouds;
And, just as that first faggot was lit up,
Wept such a show'r of heavy drops, as soon
Quench'd into blackness the obnoxious flame.
Thrice was it fired by man, and thrice again
Heaven's rain descended to extinguish it;
Till, at the last, man's stubborn hate prevail'd:
At which the thunder mutter'd down to earth
His indignation, and the eastern sky
Let loose a blast upon the town, that shook
Men-cover'd steeples, walls, and tottering roofs,
Whereby all hearts were terrified, lest God
Was loosening the foundations of the world.

The extracts we have given, we think, will be sufficient to shew, that whatever may be the errors of the present work, in point of taste or judgment, it possesses the true stamina of poetry; and though we cannot congratulate Mr Tennant on his success as a dramatic poet, we can at least venture to say, that of the many who have entered the dangerous field of Tragedy, there are few who have effected a more skilful and honourable retreat.

CLERGY OF SCOTLAND—MR HUME'S MOTION—PRINCIPAL NICOL'S CIRCULAR.

(Concluded.)

UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR LORDSHIPS. This "understanding," we presume, is regulated, or formed, by the 96 Act, Par. 6, James IV., which ordains "all measures and weights to be made the same thorow all Scotland," and fixes "the furlat of Linlithgow to be the standart for the whole countrey, for metting of wheat, rye, beans, pease, meal, bear, malt, and oats." No mention is made of barley in this Act; nothing but bear or bigg being then grown in the country. But this Act of James IV. never took effect throughout Scotland. With the exception of "meal," every county retained and used its old weights and measures, and continues to do so to this present hour.

James VI. revived this Act of his predecessor; the 114 Act, 11 Par., again ordains "the Linlithgow firlot to be the standard as to measure." But this Act extended not to persons who were "founded by infeftment, tack, or contract, in a different measure;" these had a right to their *old* measure fully, but ordered it to be paid according to the *new* measures: as, for instance,—says Sir George Mackenzie,—"The boll of Galloway being six furlots, the master should have six furlots paid in to him; which exception," he adds, "was most just," &c. &c.

Sir George states the same reservation to those who held "conjunct fees and life-rents;" and he expressly mentions, that "Ministers in *Galloway*, and *other* places, where great measures are used, will get their Stipends according to these measures: the reason of all which, I conceive," says he, "to be, that these measures were made greater at first, because of the insufficiency of the victual of these countreys; and so the greatness of the measure does only equal the intrinsic value."

Here, then, even in these days, the Clergy were freed from the Linlithgow measure, and their Stipends were paid them by the measures and weights of their respective counties. Such an interpretation of this Act, the nobility and land-owners of these days did not relish, and were reluctant to acquiesce in. Accordingly, the Minister of Dalrymple, in 1667 obtained a decision against the Earl of Cassils on this point. The Court, in those days, found, that, by the 19th Act, Par. 1, Charles I. "victual modified by that was to be payable according to the measure of the shire where the parish was, and not according to the measure of Linlithgow."

These are the exact words of their Lordships' finding, as stated by Sir George in his Observations. This case became a leading one; the Ministers were paid in the measure of the county; and, from that hour, down to 1808, it had been constantly observed as the rule of payment for all parochial Stipends.

The 17th Article of the treaty of Union, which abrogated and annulled all our Scotch measures, and which established and fixed the *Winchester* bushel as the standard, did not *alter* the practice or rule as to the payment of Stipends. Even the Act of Sederunt, December 21st 1723, which has for its object the striking the Fiars on all sorts of grain, contains no clause which can infer that the Linlithgow boll is the legal standard for all Scotland, nor once hints that the *Fiars* are to be struck upon any other measure than the usual measure of the county. This is the more wonderful, especially, as they well knew that different weights and measures prevailed; and therefore, if they believed that the Linlithgow measure was the legal standard, instead of the *Winchester* bushel, it is somewhat surprising that they failed, then, to enforce the due observance of it. Yet no provision of the kind is found in that act, or any thing implied, contrary to the weights and measures long established before. It found, in every county, different weights and measures, which had subsistcd beyond all *memory*, and it

allowed them to remain undisturbed, thus sanctioning them by its silence, or tacit consent.

These observations establish the fact, that by the 114 Act, 11 Par., James VI; by the 19th Act, 1 Par., Charles I., and the decision in the case of the Minister of Dalrymple; by the 17th Article of the Union 1707; by the Act of Sederunt itself, and by immemorial practice, Ministers received payment of their Stipends by the weights and measures of their respective counties. Did, therefore, the understanding of the Court rest on these, we should humbly apprehend, there is no one who would not admit that it is not well founded. Seeing, then, that it is opposed by such a body of evidence, which cannot be contested by any one, it becomes necessary to inquire into the law of 1808, and to see whether or not it has *altered* the law of the country upon this point.

That law was passed "for defining and regulating the powers of the Commissioners of Tiends, in augmenting and *modifying* the Stipends of the Church of Scotland." Here, then, the alteration of the measure must be found, if it any where exist. Yet, even here no such alteration is found. Had it been intended, it is not possible to conceive how it could have been overlooked. The rule of payment was universally known. Its practical inconveniences, if it had any, could not be hid; and it affords no slight presumption, that no inconveniences were complained of, and that no intention of altering the previous practice was contemplated, when not a single hint of a contrary rule of payment was introduced into that bill.

The only section in that bill, which gives any discretionary power to the Court to enact by regulations, is the 16th. By it "the Court are empowered and required to establish rules and regulations for abridging the forms and expense of citation of heritors and others, and for ascertaining the facts and circumstances of the case, and to establish regulations for executing the business committed to them."

This, we have said, is the only section where any direction is given to the Court in this bill; and we ask, without fear of the answer, If power granted for abridging *forms* and *expense of citation*, ascertaining facts and circumstances, and establishing *regulations* for *executing* the business "committed to them," authorise the Court to fix a standard of weights and measures not previously established, known, and acted upon, and never once contemplated in the statute itself? To fix a standard of weights and measures was a thing, every one must readily see, very different from establishing "regulations for abridging forms," &c. And this their Lordships saw on the 5th of July 1809, when they made the Act of Sederunt of that date, in furtherance of this clause in the statute. In that Act, no alteration of the former practice of paying stipend is attempted. The unknown discovery, if any such there be, farther than a fellow-feeling for their brother heritors, rests slumbering in the bright recesses of their own breasts: and as they chuse to fix their *dictum* on "understanding" and "opinion," they give us the surest evidence, that they are unsupported by law or statute; for if their Lordships had these, they would never ground their interlocutors on an opinion or an understanding.

Another unfortunate error, akin to the former, arises from the heritors, their aiders and abetters; and that is, an universal complaint against *three Fiars* on the same species of grain. Their argument is, If Fiars mean only a general average of all the different qualities of the same species of grain, then assuredly there can be nothing more absurd, than to talk of three averages, or *three* medium rates. The meaning of an average, if language have any meaning at all, is to have the *middle* price, or value, of the good, bad, and indifferent qualities of that species of wealth, whatever it be, fixed and determined. Three averages, therefore, in this sense of the word, imply a contradiction in terms; and were it the object of the Legislature to give the Clergy the average Fiar-prices of all the different qualities of the same species of grain, to give them the highest of three averages or Fiars, each of them struck upon the good, bad, and indifferent, would not only be absurd, but unjust.

But this is not the view which the Legislature took of it, or which equity and fairness can take of it. The Clergy, before the Statute of 1808, possessed the "*ipsa corpora*," and those "*corpora*," as we have seen, paid in the boll of the county, or delivered at the manse, brought the fair marketable price, being always good in quality; for unless it was good marketable grain, the Minister was not obliged to take it. As, however, the "ipsa corpora" were to be taken away from the Clergy, the Legislature considered that a fair equivalent, by way of compensation, should be given them for their grain. A medium Fiar could not give them a *real* compensation: indeed no Fiar could possibly do this, Fiars being an *average*, and not the market price. Wishing to approach as near as possible to the real value of the grain taken away, "different" Fiars were therefore to be struck, and the Clergy ordered to be paid "according to the *highest* Fiar prices of the county, annually."

This is the correct view which the Legislature had in framing this bill of 1808; and this view of it rebukes also the "understanding" of the Court, when paying the Stipends by the Linlithgow boll instead of the county boll.

The whole argument, therefore, of those who plead for *one medium Fiar* by which to pay the Clergy their Stipends, procceds upon false assumptions, and wrong views of the nature of the Stipends. The more general view is, that, as the tiend was originally drawn in kind, and as the Clergy had to take what grew on the ground, and thus drew all qualities of the same species of grain, "good, bad, and indifferent," the average price on these species is not only fair, but calculated to place them on an exact footing with their predecessors of old.

The whole of this argument is excellent, provided it was well founded. If the Clergy actually, at this day, were titulars, and drew their tithe as in England and Ireland, then a *medium* average, by way of commutation, would be fair. But the case is widely different from this. The Clergy of Scotland, instead of drawing the tithes, are only *Stipendiaries*, and entitled to a living out of the *one-fifth* of the rental, not out of *one-tenth* of the produce. This alters matters entirely. But we must explain ourselves, as this matter seems not generally understood.

Every one knows, that in consequence of the decrees-arbitral by Charles I., the land in Scotland was ordered to be valued in *money*, and when valued, that one-fifth of the clear rental be set aside for the Minister of each parish. Accordingly then, as now, every valuation proceeded upon this rule. But this fifth-part in money was converted again into grain, or victual, the growth of the land; converted into the county boll, and according to the market prices of grain in that county. Hence the exception in the 114 Act, 11 Par., James VI.—the decision in the case of the Minister of Dalrymple against the Earl of Cassels,—and the immemorial practice, till 1808, of delivering to the Clergy their victual Stipend in the measure of the county.

But another reason, of much later date, exists, for giving to the Clergy the highest Fiars. The Statute 48 Geo. III., c. 148, as we have seen, orders them to be paid their Stipends "according to the highest annual Fiar prices of the county;" and the decrees of modification of their Lordships also ordain them "to be paid their Stipends, one-half meal, one-half barley, payable in money according to the highest Fiar prices of the county, annually," &c.

But this is not all. The Clergy are entitled to the measure of the county, and the highest Fiars of the county, on the principles of substantial justice between man and man. By the 9th and 10th paragraphs of the 48 of his late Majesty, their Lordships are empowered, under certain exceptions, to convert money-stipend, or money-tiend, into grain, or victual, according to a seven-year's average of the county in which each parish lies;" and by paragraphs 11, 12, and 13, it is provided, that the Stipend, whether modified out of victual-tiend, *originally* such, or money-tiend converted into victual in the way now specified, or of the two mixed, shall in all cases be modified in victual, but exigible in

money, according to the highest Fiar prices of the county, or else of two adjoining counties. The Court is in the practice, almost every day, of supporting valuations on this principle. In such cases, there is no "understanding" about the Linlithgow measure, and the abatement of the county measure to it. The Heritors are all gentle and complying: the conversion takes place on the county boll, and on the highest Fiar prices for the last seven years. All this they know; yet they are silent as the grave. Not an objection escapes their lips—not a whisper—not a breathing of discontent. And the reason is plain; because the greater the measure, and the higher the Fiars, the fewer bolls are necessary; whereas the less the measure, and the lower the Fiars, the greater are the number of bolls that must be given as an equivalent.

Suppose £.90 of money Stipend are to be converted, by the above rule, at £.20 a chalder, the equivalent would be four and a-half chalders: at £.15 a chalder, the conversion would be equivalent to six chalders. These two sums pretty nearly represent the difference of abatement in several counties, from the county boll to the Linlithgow measure. By valuing their lands according to the Statute, Heritors gain, on £.90, one chalder and a half more than they would do than if valued by the Linlithgow, and the Clergyman loses just so much from his parochial fund for Stipends.

All this is quite clear; yet the Heritors and Court will not, when adjusting Stipends, pay back in the measure and price at what they have received these very bolls! They convert the money Stipend of £.90 into four and a-half chalders of the county measure, worth £.20 each, and they pay them back to him at £.15 the chalder!

Now, we put it to any one if this be fair. If a man took £.20 from you, and would only pay it back with £.15, would he be counted an honest man, or could he have any claim to be called honourable in his transactions? If the Heritors say the law allows it, the Clergy say, the same law that allows it to you allows it to us. There is not one letter, or syllable, not an "*iota*" different in the words of the Statute. The objections you urge to the highest Fiars, and county measure, the Clergy, with equal right, urge against you. You speak not a word against the absurdity of highest Fiars when your valuations take place; but you are loud in condemning them when the Stipends are to pay. Medium Fiars alone are then reasonable and just; but all their reasonableness and justice disappear when applied to regulate the valuations. It is then, What does the law say? Yet they refuse to the Clergy a right which they claim for themselves, and deny the propriety and validity of arguments which they are compelled to use in support of their own claims.

In short, unless their lands were valued as the law directs, they would not consider it a legal and valid valuation; and unless the Clergy receive both the county measure and the highest Fiars on that measure, they are not paid their Stipends. The law ordains them to be paid according to the highest Fiars—these they cannot have, separated from the measure; and yet, unless they have the county Fiars, they get no Fiars at all. They neither receive the county Fiars, nor the Linlithgow Fiars, nor the Fiars of any other county. Instead of the county Fiars, they are often obliged to take *six* and *ten* per cent. lower, and in some places 34 per cent. by the reduction. The "understanding" of their Lordships authorises this, and by so doing sets themselves, with all due deference to their judgments, above the statute altogether. We trust a little time will clear all up. Their predecessors tenaciously maintained an opinion of their own, respecting the meaning of the commission under which they sat as a Court; and, for more than 70 years, interpreted it in favour of Heritors; warmly contending that their powers on that act and commission were at an end, and they were, "*functi officio*," immediately on granting one augmentation to a parish, and could not grant a second. But Lord *Thurlow* examined the commission with the House of Lords, and found their Lordships' understanding and interpretation of the act unsound. We trust a simi-

lar fate awaits the present "understanding" of the Court; and that it shall be found that the Clergy have a right by law, by justice, and consuetude, to be paid in the measure, and by the highest Fiars of the county.

This trust is not founded on cupidity, but impartial justice. If their Lordships' "understanding" considers the Linlithgow measure to be the legal standard, why not consider the Linlithgow Fiars to be the legal standard also? If counties, where the grain is poor and light, are to have the *less* measure when the grain is rich, and plump, and heavy; why not give them the *greater* price on this rich grain? This would go far to equalize matters; but to give the small measure when excellent in quality, and to withhold the price on it, and to fix that price according to the Fiars on the poor and light grain of distant and unfertile soils, is, in our humble apprehension, not only unjust, but oppressive.

We might illustrate this proposition, by reference to the barley prices of different counties, and from these deducting the difference betwixt their larger measure and the Linlithgow, to shew the injustice that arises from this "understanding" of the Court. One example, or two, however, shall suffice. In Roxburghshire, the Barley Fiars for crop and year 1821 were 22s. a boll: but Roxburghshire measure is fully a fourth larger than Linlithgow: call it one-fourth, and deduct from it the Linlithgow boll, and the Fiar Prices paid the Clergy are 16s. 6d. a boll, instead of 22s. But the Barley Fiars of Linlithgowshire were, in 1821, 19s. 4d. a boll; thus making a difference betwixt Roxburgh and Linlithgow of 2s. 10d. per boll of barley, or £.18, 2s. 8d. Sterling upon *eight* chalders!

This sum, their Lordships' "understanding" may conceive a mere trifle: and so it is to those who have £.2000, £.3000, and £.4000 a-year, for the performance of duties not more important to society than those of the Clergy, nor requiring more varied acquirements, or longer preparation than theirs; but to a Clergyman and to his family, it is a serious abridgment of their small comfort and independence.

In Wigtonshire, the measure of that county in relation to Linlithgow is as 201 to 100. In 1821, the boll of Wigtonshire barley was 33s.: deduct one-half from this, and it is 16s. 6d. But the Linlithgow Fiars were, as above, 19s. 4d.; making here also the difference of 2s. 10d. a boll, or £.18 2s. 8d. on eight chalders.

From these differences in other shires, important results take place, and which the Court of Tiends would do right to consider well. Owing to this, the difference betwixt the Ayrshire and Linlithgow measure, on a Stipend of twelve chalders half meal and half barley, with £.30 in money, and a Stipend of sixteen chalders paid by the Fiars, with the reduction on the barley, is £.18, 16s; thus making the twelve chalders paid by the Ayrshire boll and selling prices, better than sixteen chalders by the Fiars.

This is, at first, incredible, but, to demonstrate it, we shall put it down in figures. The market price of good barley in Ayrshire was 29s. a boll; and the price of oatmeal in the market 18s. The Fiar prices of barley were 27s. 2d., and of oatmeal, 16s. 8d. a boll.

6 chalders barley, at 29s. a boll, are equal to	£.139	4 0
6 chalders oatmeal, at 18s.	86	8 0
Money Stipend	30	0 0
12 chalders, Stipend, &c.	£.255	12 0
8 chalders barley, at 27s. 8d. per boll; deduct *one-fourth* from this, and the Fiar price of the Ayrshire boll is 20s. 4d.	£.130	2 8
8 chalders oatmeal, 16s. 8d. Fiar price	106	13 4
16 chalders, Stipend, In all	£.236	16 0
Difference in favour of twelve chalders, &c., by the market selling prices on the Ayrshire boll	£.18	16 0

From the above evidence, it is clear that a Clergyman in Ayrshire who had twelve chalders, and £.30 of money, and went into Court for an augmentation, and received sixteen chalders, payable by the Fiars and the Linlithgow measure, would lose just £.18, 16s. In other words, the Heritors would pay him less by £.18, 16s. than they would have done had he kept his *old* Stipend; and hence his Stipend, though *nominally* greater, is really less. By paying with the Linlithgow measure all other Ministers, the Court has been absolutely humbugging them with nothing, comparatively. The rule formed by the wisdom and established by the good sense of their predecessors, in 1667, viz., giving *quantity* to make up for *quality*, where the victual of the county was not equal in intrinsic value to the Linlithgow, has been laid aside, or disregarded, and the victual throughout the whole of Scotland considered equal to the rich, plump, heavy grain of Linlithgowshire.

If *fairness* be designed, then, with the Linlithgow measure, give also the Linlithgow Fiars, and there will be no room for complaint; while, in all *other* counties, it will prevent "JOBBING," in striking the barley Fiars: till this is done, the *old* rule of payment ought universally to prevail; and every Clergyman, by receiving the measure of his county, will realize his augmentation. No other rule is just and equitable. While the Court imagines it is doing a handsome thing, by giving an augmentation of two or three chalders to a Minister, they are literally "KILLING *him with kindness*," and bringing poverty and ruin into his young and rising family.

Having stated these facts, we now proceed to develope a plan, by which all these evils may easily be done away with, and peace, contentment, and good fellowship, prevail betwixt the Laity and Clergy.

PLAN, by which substantial justice may be done to all parties, should Fiars continue to be the rule of payment for the Clergy.

The principles on which this plan is founded are impartial justice and equity; a doing to others as we would be done by. Without this, no arrangement can be satisfactory. The object of the statute 1808 was to give the Clergy a fair equivalent for the grain and the money taken from them, and to make as near an approach as possible to the market selling-price. This was the object of giving them the highest Fiars; and, by sure consequence, the measure of the county. The Legislature, dealing fairly, wished that a boll of tiend victual, belonging to a Clergyman, should be equal in value, or nearly so, to a boll of the species of grain belonging to an Heritor of his parish, and that the price which the Heritor received for it, that price, or nearly so, he should pay his Clergyman.

1. To obtain this, let the Sheriffs divide their counties into districts or wards, according to the soil and climate of each: as Ayrshire into the districts of Cunningham, Kyle, and Carrick; or Lanarkshire into the Lower Ward, the Middle Ward, and Upper Ward.

2. Let them appoint, and order the keepers of the public grain markets, and the principal dealers in large towns, to keep regular books, in which shall be entered the prices of all good and sound grain, bought and sold in the market, and in their shops, or privately. Let there be a book for each kind of grain, and the prices and parcels accurately put down in it. Let these prices be published weekly in the public papers, as is done in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Haddington, and the Corn Exchange London. Let the prices be added up and signed every month; and at the end of the year, when the time of striking the Fiars arrives, all that is then to do, will be just to lay the books from the separate wards together, and strike the Fiars from the books of each ward; if three inquests are to be held, one for each ward; or add the whole sums in each book, with their average parcels, if only one inquest is to sit for the whole county.

3. Let each keeper of the markets and principal meal-weighers depone to the accuracy of the books, the prices and parcels, and be requested to point out the inferior and damaged grain, that it may not be taken into the calculation.

The process after this is simple, and we shall illustrate it by an example.

Suppose the county divided into three wards, and that these three have each of them ten dealers, with their ten books, and their average prices for the whole year struck in them: then the process would be as under:

1st Book, aver. pr.	21s. 6d.	per boll.
1st ——	21s. 0d.	——
1st ——	20s. 6d.	——
1st ——	19s. 0d.	——
1st ——	19s. 0d.	——
1st ——	19s. 0d.	——
1st ——	19s. 0d.	——
1st ——	18s. 0d.	——
1st ——	18s. 0d.	——
1st ——	17s. 6d.	——
——	——	med. Fiars.
10, No. of books,	192s. 6d.	or 19s. 3d.

Suppose that, instead of an average Fiar, the highest Fiar is to be struck; then the method is to add all the prices betwixt this medium Fiar and the highest price, and to divide by the number of books or parcels, thus:

Med. rate as above,	19s. 3d.
	20s. 6d.
	21s. 6d.
	21s. 0d.
	—— highest Fiars.
	82s. or 20s. 6d.

Suppose the lowest Fiar price is wanted; then it is just adding to the medium price all the books or parcels below it, with their prices, thus:

Med. rate as before,	19s. 3d.
	19s. 0d.
	19s. 0d.
	19s. 0d.
	19s. 0d.
	18s. 0d.
	18s. 0d.
	17s. 6d.
	—— lowest Fiars.
	148s. 9d. or 18s. 7½d.

This method is simple and easy, and perfectly workable. By it, there will be no room left for the selfishness of the Judge or Jury. It will destroy all idea of cabal and intriguing with the witnesses. It will save all improper management in putting questions to those who are examined, and all shuffling and concealment in the answers given; while it will retain the honour and dignity of the Jury, by not exposing them to the temptation of dispensing with evidence when offered, because the witness has unexpectedly stated the true, but high prices in the market. It will also save all those heart-burnings arising from mutual charges on the one hand, of bribery and corruption, and, on the other, of injustice and oppression; and restore again that milk of human kindness, which the striking of every year's Fiars seems to turn into gall and bitterness.

We have strong antipathies, however, against Fiars in all shapes. Even this plan, so well calculated to give a fair average of the prices of grain throughout the year, might, by the undue influence of the Clergy on the one hand, and of the Heritors on the other, or of the keepers of the public markets and meal weighers, produce the most pernicious consequences; especially if either party had the power of placing them in that situation, and making it one of emolument.

The incessant fluctuations * going on in the corn market, render grain a very uncertain measure for paying Stipends. Money, with all its depreciation, is much steadier. Little more than 25 per cent. has taken place on money, while 50 per cent.

---

* *Table of Fluctuations of Grain.* Continued dullness of markets, and low prices, from 1650 till 1692. The bad seasons which followed this, together with the wars of the ambitious Louis XIV., raised the markets. The peace of Utrecht, and good seasons, reduced the price, which fell exceedingly low, and continued so from 1720 to 1760. After 1764, grain rose, owing to bad seasons, and a greater demand. This continued till 1793. The war in 1794, and 1795, gave a considerable start to the corn market, and wheat rose to £. 4 a quarter, and upwards.

In 1796 the markets fell. In 1797 wheat averaged scarcely £.3; 2s. In 1798 it fell to £.2, 14s. In the bad seasons 1799 and 1800, it rose to £.5 and £.6 a quarter; a price whole unprecedented. In 1801 this price was checked, and in 1802 wheat was £.3. In 1804 wheat rose. In 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, its average was above £.4, though the seasons were not bad: this rise was owing to the war. In 1809 and 1810 wheat rose to £.5 and £.6 again: this was owing to the depreciation of money. In 1811, 1812, and 1813, wheat was still at £.6, and upwards. In 1814 markets fell. In 1815 prices were £.3 a quarter. In 1816 prices rose, and in 1817

has taken place on corn since 1817. Indeed, so great have been the fluctuations in the corn market since that year, that it is impossible for a Clergyman to count upon his income, so as to regulate his expenditure by it. One year he is at the mercy of the seasons, another subject to speculation, and every year exposed to the cupidity of unprincipled witnesses or jurors.

Is it right, is it politic, is it for the good of the country, to leave the Ministers of religion, and their provision, in the hands, and at the mercy of men who, in the emphatic language of the Commissioners of Supply for Lanarkshire, "do not deserve the name of Heritors?" We are acquainted with strange things; with a *junto* of men who are ever on the Fiars, either in the shape of jurors or witnesses, and who, on the inquest, assume both characters at one and the same time; giving their evidence this moment, and judging of their own evidence the next; and dispensing with evidence which was material for striking a fair Fiar. We hope and trust the reign of such men is at an end, and that, instead of petty Heritors, who have not £.30 Scotch of valuation,—and factors who must please their masters,—and victual-men and coal-masters who have their own ends to serve, and their revengeful passions to gratify against the cloth; instead of these, we trust the Legislature will see the propriety of excluding all such persons, and of placing the Clergy and their interests in the hands, not of *inferior* men, but in those of rank, character, and talent, possessed, at least, of £.150 Scotch valued rent, who shall personally sit on the Jury with the Clergy, who are equally interested in the result with themselves. In the conduct of such men, the most ample confidence can be placed, and there can be no doubt that they will evince the same honour, disinterestedness, and generosity, by which the conduct and character of our Scottish Nobles and Gentry have ever been, in general, so proudly and pre-eminently distinguished; especially when the question is between the rich and the poor—the strong and the weak—between themselves and the Clergy.

Home.

WHEN on the last far height, we pause, to throw
A parting look upon our home below,
And gaze in silence on the peaceful bow'rs
That gave their shelter to our happier hours;
While, through the twilight of the past, flit by
Its shadowy forms, to Memory's musing eye,
How long, ere from the summit of the hill
We turn the foot that there would linger still!
And when that scene sinks down its ridge behind,
Do they too set,—the visions of the mind?
Ah, no! the winds may waft, the billows bear
To other lands, but they will haunt us there—
The shadows of the past, that round us grow
More deep, as life's declining sun is low.

In all its wanderings still the heart is true
To that lov'd scene where its young feelings grew:
E'en when its wither'd hopes around it fall,
Like faded wreaths in some forsaken hall,
Still o'er the waste of sorrow unforgot,
Green and unfading blooms that hallow'd spot;
Its memory steals along life's sullen stream,
As breaks o'er clouded seas the setting beam.

Though brighter lands beyond the ocean lie,
And softer scenes there woo the raptur'd eye;
Yet, to the Pilgrim's heart they cannot bring
The charm that breath'd in youth, from each fair thing,
Around the haunts where pass'd his infant hours,
When life and feeling seem'd to dwell in flow'rs;
A voice in every breeze; in leaves that hung
Upon the waving woods, a whispering tongue;

were £.4, 16s. a quarter; in 1818 they were £.4; in 1819 £.3, 13s: in 1820 £.3, 4s. 7d.: and in 1821 the quarter of wheat was £.2, 14s. 2d. These fluctuations prove grain to be a most uncertain measure for paying Stipends.

When heaven and earth seem'd join'd, the skies to rest
On ocean's margin, and the mountain crest;
When, in the silent night, his infant glance
Was cast in wonder on the blue expanse,
And gazing on the stars so bright and fair,
He wish'd, e'en then, for wings to waft him there.
With tiny hands stretch'd upwards to its dome,
E'en then the heart hath sigh'd for its high home,
And wept for other worlds, ere yet its tear
Was shed o'er sorrows all undreamt of here;
Ere yet it knew, that, launch'd on life's rough wave,
Its bark must drift to that dark port, the Grave!

Thou who in foreign lands hast lonely stray'd
'Midst Nature's scenes of solitude and shade,
Know'st when the winds had wafted some sad strain,
How from oblivion broke the past again:
Seem'd not a voice to hail thee from that shore,
That home, perchance, revisited no more,
Save when in dreams, beyond the power of Fate,
The soul flies there like wild-bird to its mate—
Flies to that far, but unforgotten land,
Where first upon the eye creation dawn'd—
Where, like sweet flowers, the heart's pure feelings sprung,
Ere yet the weeds of passion round them clung?
But when the fleeting days of youth depart,
And from their dream awakes thy cheated heart,
Returning home at last, in hopes to meet
That peace the world bestow'd not in retreat,
Once more, in summer's greenest garment drest,
Thy native vale receives thee to its breast,
Oh! hope not for its former joys again,
Though fair as ever all its scenes remain;
Though steals as soft each murmuring stream along,
And sweet as e'er the wild wood's evening song;
There's something sadly changed—the heart,—the heart
That could a charm to all around impart,
E'en to the leaves that whisper'd on the stem,
Deeming that its own sweetness dwelt in them;
That heard the music of its well-tun'd strings
Flow in the sounds of dead, unconscious things—
The heart, indeed, is changed, the spell is gone,
The scene remains, but, ah! the soul is flown!
The friend of youth is miss'd, and where is he?
That starting tear too well can answer thee—
Yon Sun, that sheds o'er summer seas his beam,
Smiles on his sleep, the sleep without a dream!

But, oh! how sad his fate whom early crimes
Have doom'd to die in far and friendless climes;
Ere yet the heart, to native feelings cold,
Is heedless where its number'd throbs are told;
While rolls 'twixt him and all he loves, the wave
That parts for ever sure as doth the grave!
Ah! farther severs; for the sod we tread,
Alone divides the living from the dead!

Through the long night, the night of fate and fear,
When drifts the bark upon her dark career,
Far o'er the wintry waters doom'd to roam,
How wakes the memory of our peaceful Home!
How have they sigh'd for that!—the wanderers gone
To brave the terrors of the Frigid Zone;
To sweep those sullen seas where Winter piles
His snowy mountains and his icy isles;
And shrouds in polar glooms his hoary form,
And from his garner-house sends forth the storm;
Or while the roaring seas are tempest-toss'd,
Bids them be still, and fetters them in frost!—
Perchance e'en now their hapeless barks may be
Chain'd in the bosom of a waveless sea,
While the long night hath clos'd around them there
Like the all-circling shadow of Despair;
Or cheer'd at last, perhaps, by distant dawn,
And when in gulfs the ice began to yawn,
With such continuing roar, in masses hurl'd,
As seem'd the thunders of a rending world,—

The floating fragments each frail bark have crush'd,
And hopes and fears for ever deeply hush'd!
No—something whispers they shall yet return,
And hints that they have cross'd the dreary bourne:
The mystic pass, untraced by man, which Fate
Seem'd to have clos'd with an eternal gate!

Ye links that bend us to our place of birth!
Ye sacred feelings cherish'd at its hearth!
But that your magic makes a desart fair,
Man were a sad and homeless wanderer.
The boundless North,—earth's regions cold and rude,
Would slumber then one lifeless solitude;
Untrod by him would Switzer's mountains rise;
Unheeded were the strain on which he dies;
Unknown the rapture through his heart that thrills,
Who hails from foreign lands his native hills.

Home! where the morn of life in brightness rose!
Home! where we hope its peaceful eve will close!
Thine are the varied scenes that might beguile
E'en from a Stoic eye the tear and smile.
Oh! when like spring-buds of the parent tree,
The cherubs hang around the father's knee;
Who but a sire shall speak that purest bliss,
That thrills the heart in every infant kiss!
Thine, too, the stolen glance of secret woe,
That sees on Beauty's cheek Consumption's glow—
That rose, whose hue seems of celestial bliss,
Too fair a flower to blossom long on earth;—
With sorrow's pang, increasing day by day,
(The ceaseless drop that wears the stone away,)
The lover marks her bright unearthly bloom,
And sees her wedded to an early tomb!

What though thy joys and sorrows, deep, not loud,
Touch not the bosoms of the high-born crowd?
What though to fashion's minions all unknown?
With such a sympathy they'd blush to own,
Whose lives roll on like shallow streams that stray,
With brawl and bubble on their barren way;
With whom a sound can sanctify a sin,
A gorgeous garb redeem the fool within:
Thine the first friendship, and the earliest love,
That time and distance strengthen, not remove;
And with thy peaceful scenes are closely join'd
The thousand pleasing pictures of the mind,
That bright as stars along a cloudless sky,
Shine through the silent night of memory!

THE "CLERICAL JUBILEE."

A Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, in the midst of his every-day duties and avocations, is an interesting, though by no means an arresting, or striking object of contemplation. The quietude and regularity of his walk and demeanour tend to identify him with the stillness and uniformity of common-life, whilst his professional character commands and obtains a marked and an unquestioned respect. Whether he move in the more enlarged and remote ellipsis of a highland or island district, or revolve in a more circumscribed and central orbit; whether he affect the plaid and the tartan, or assume the more grave apparel of his sacred functions, he is still "the Minister himsel';"—a word wherewith to impose silence upon the most noisy meeting, or to procure admittance into the most private and select party. In eight hundred instances out of the nine hundred of which the Kirk of Scotland is composed, "the Minister" is indeed altogether unknown beyond the presbytery to which he belongs, and only *well* known within the limits of his own parish. But in proportion as his beams are concentrated and confined, they shine with an increased power and intensity; and it may fairly be questioned, whether any one out of the one hundred Great Guns, or the distinguished orators of the Scottish Kirk, with all their notoriety and acquirements to boot,

benefits his country more effectually than the character alluded to. In visiting the sick, in comforting the mourners in Zion, in alleviating the distress arising from poverty and misfortune, in cautioning the inexperienced and unwary, in confirming the well-disposed through every labour of Christian love and moral obedience, in instructing the ignorant, in rectifying the mistakes of prejudice and presumption, in making himself, in one word, acquainted with the temporal as well as with the spiritual condition of every infirm woman and playful child in the parish, —by these every-day duties, together with such as belong more directly and exclusively to the Sabbath, sufficient excitement and occupation are afforded to the most active and energetic labourers in God's vineyard; and in the conscientious and unremitting discharge of his duty, a Scotch clergyman of the true Creed benefits his country more than if he had convened the scattered population of a whole city, or a whole county, within the crowded walls of one parish church.

When this same humble and unobtrusive individual, however, comes up, as it is termed, in the capacity of Member to the General Assembly of the Church,—when he finds himself congregated and associated with his brethren in one common purpose, and under the same roof,—when he contemplates the representative of Majesty, condescending to grace and honour him with his presence and society in private and in public, on the throne as well as at the convivial board,—when the bonds of ancient, and occasionally of long-interrupted friendship, are found to be only strengthened by time and absence,—and when, under the exhilarating discipline of "dining and supping out," the sober moralist and deep-read divine has been converted into all the gaieté-de-coeur aspect of the bon vivants or gay Hilarios of convivial society,—his whole constitution undergoes a temporary transmutation, and he flutters out his ten days of "Jubilee," to all appearance, the mere creature of instinct, and the prey of every accident, altogether incapable for the time of serious thought or useful employment. Hence, to the eye of the mere spectator, he figures in a masquerade dress of levity and folly; and there are not a few who, being unacquainted with his real character, set him down, in their estimation, as unfit for the sacred confidence which Heaven and men have reposed in him. And yet this conduct is at once natural, and, under such restrictions as morality and good taste will ever impose, it is entirely becoming. Who have a better right to be cheerful than those very men who, having discharged their duties faithfully, can afford and can enjoy a few days' relaxation? Who have, on such occasions, a better claim on the indulgence of charity, than those whose general conduct and labours subject them to so severe a scrutiny? They have now laid aside the character of parish ministers, and, in their new capacity of representatives of a National Church, and in their association and combination with laymen, as elders, are entitled to assimilate, in some degree, to the company which they keep, to the tone of that society in which, for the time, it is their duty to move.

Such is unquestionably our own opinion, and, of consequence, the opinion of all sensible and well-informed people upon the subject. But, unfortunately for the Church of Scotland, there are many, and their numbers have of late years increased, who view the matter differently. There is a class of ladies, who have arisen amongst us, patronizing Bible and Missionary Societies, and thrusting young preachers, who stoop to be guided by them, into churches and meeting-houses, wherever their patronage or interest extends;—ladies, who have in many instances deposited all that is truly feminine and becoming in their sex, for the apostolic staff and scrip, or an association and alliance with leather aprons and barber's basins. These females uniformly consider every clergyman, who dines, during the General Assembly, without singing a psalm, or reading a chapter of the Bible, or *edifying*, by a *word* of prayer, under the designation and masquerade of a grace—as totally unworthy, as lost to all that is truly clerical in the sacred and momentous office which he has assumed. There is another class, of a somewhat lighter hue, who

have merely negatived the world and the flesh, by giving up the theatre, cards, and gay society, for a kind of hum-drum inactivity in the pursuits of godliness. These nauseate story-telling and jesting ministers; and imagine that the purity of the word cannot long be preserved, whilst committed to casks of so unhallowed a flavour. Next to these succeed, in this opposition-muster, those lately converted gentlemen who have left the bottle and the brothel for the *pious sisterhood*, and have imbibed a proportion of zeal at least equal to the discretion allotted to them: to these, any clerical conversation which does not smack of the precentor's desk, or of the pulpit cushion—of the perishing sinner at home, or of the converted heathen abroad, is downright impiety and atheism. And, last of all, comes the brother clergyman himself, the Boanerges of the day,—that gigantic amazement, which throws into insignificancy and shade every surrounding probity, and morality, and decency! Under his vituperative observations and insinuations, mere light-heartedness figures as levity, and the sallies of a momentary excitement are interpreted into a settled and confirmed character of thoughtlessness and depravity. From these, and from all similar spectators of his conduct, or participations of his social enjoyments, the decent country clergyman has every reason to pray that the Lord may deliver him. He is safer by far amidst the votaries of Allah, or under the cognizance of the followers of Bramah, than with such converts to a new and unchristianized faith.

And after all the deductions on the score of bigotry, hypocrisy, and malevolence, which are necessary to be made,—after throwing apart those man-traps and spring-guns of fanaticism, which crowd and encumber the pathway of straight-forward morality and religion, there remains a sufficiently encouraging balance of good sense, charity, and truly gospel feeling, on which clerical honesty may yet venture to trade in all the lawful enjoyments of the great Annual Jubilee.

Is it not lawful for a man who has sat all the year round moping by the chimney-cheek of his solitary manse parlour,—who has never adventured on the score of expense beyond a Presbytery club dinner, or on that of travel beyond the next market-town, when salmon was at eightpence, or good veal at threepence per pound; is it not natural, for a confirmed and conscientious bachelor of this description, after a whole twelvemonth of dull duty and monotonous study, to invest himself, upon the return of the merry month of May, in a new, sleek, and befitting habiliment; and, by the assistance of steam or wheels, of coach or boat, or both, to voyage his way, as the French have it, into the crowded and busy metropolis, there to meet his old college chums, to enjoy anew his Welsh rabbits, and talk over his society and student adventures, during the unsanctified years of his noviciate?

Is it not suitable and fitting, in the father of a small, (by which is meant to be expressed, north of the Tweed, a large,) and a dependent family, to have his college trunk brought down, once a-year, from its perennial residence, the garret, and stuffed by the hand of a careful spouse with stockings, shirts, and neckcloths, all mended, and lettered, and numbered, (together with a pair of silk stockings and breeches, for the Commissioner's dinner,) in order to his journeying towards that Central Assembly, where mutual information may be exchanged betwixt father and father, husband and husband, of half the clerical wives and brats in Scotland?

Is it not proper and becoming, in a venerable and ancient father of the church, over whose labours of love and utility forty or fifty summers and winters have passed, to shake off the torpor and inactivity of his advanced years, and to consociate in the High-Street, and in the banqueting-house, with some old and trusty crony, whom he has not met for half a century, and respecting whom he still recollects, and relates with glee, pleasing and amusing anecdotes and narratives?

Is it not natural, is it not seemly, the first year's meeting of those younger Brethren, who, by the indulgence of their respective Presbyteries, have been thus early returned in the dignified and flattering capa-

city of "Members," to grasp the hand, and enfold the arm, and flap the shoulders of their cotemporaries, in the stormy adventure of probationary life; to find themselves possessed of political influence in the church, and to receive nods and smiles from Reverend Doctors, who forgot to acknowledge their acquaintance before?

Is it not extremely flattering, to see one's name published in a newspaper, as the seconder even of a motion strangled in the birth—as the supporter or opposer of a measure about which the church has been divided in opinion; and to have aunts, cousins, nieces, and nephews, thumbing the paragraph into illegibility for many months to come? It is indeed a joyous and a delightful season, when the hospitable tables of "Auld Reekie" are loaded with viands, and furnished with every exhilarating beverage; when literary gossip is to be had for the walking across the street to supper, and the bright smiles of intoxicating beauty are commixed with the more sombre elements of evening parties; when the memory is ransacked, and, like the great devouring deep, made to give up her dead, and characters, and circumstances, and sayings, revive in the jocose tale, or caustic narrative. It is indeed a triumphant era, when men sit all day, opposite and opposed to men—in all the plenitude of independency and power, prepared to vote as Moderate or Highflyer, as Whig or Tory, as Oppositionist or Ministerialist, each according to the dictates of his own good pleasure; it is indeed a Jubilee of Christian benevolence, when the day-opponents of "the House" become the night-companions and associates of "the table;" and when the kindly and affectionate feelings are not sacrificed to any political difference of opinion or public discordancy of sentiment! Oh, it is a period of unutterable, incalculable enjoyment, in which the heart takes the lead,—and all that is generous, and juvenile, and social, in our common nature, comes forth into glee, and affection, and unsuspecting confidence! What are all your society-meetings, and council-dinnerings, and professional congregatings, to this—to this Clerical Jubilee, of which the Sovereign participates with his subjects,—in which the son of a peasant shares equally with the first nobility of the land!

When Presbytery was laid upon her back, and bound and fettered down, like Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians, by the vexatious and cramping ligatures of prelatical observations and ceremonies,—even whilst, under these circumstances, Presbyterial and Synodical Assemblies were still countenanced and held, General Assemblies were suppressed. Nor was this done at random, or without reference to political views; for well did the oppressor know, that there were such free and undaunted meetings permitted, the reign of unquestioned despotism was at an end; that the measures of an arbitrary government, and of a cruel and iniquitous administration, would be discussed and reprobated with a freedom altogether inconsistent with the interests of oppression. And the General Assembly of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-two, at which we were ourselves present, was altogether worthy of these intrepid and self-devoted ancestors, who contended, and who succeeded by contending, for its restoration, in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine. We can never forget the impression which the whole aspect of the House then made upon us,—so many venerables, so many respectables, so many intellectual and informed countenances, varying, and kindling, and shifting in expression, under the influence of an eloquence truly Doric and convincing. There is a presence of strong sense and solid reasoning powers in the General Assembly, which is perhaps peculiar to this meeting, and which the splendid eloquence of Jeffrey, or the persuasive declamation of Cockburn, can never cast into shade, or in any measure impose upon. The counsel at the bar may, indeed, astonish, and elicit various bursts of approbation and delight from the members of a court unaccustomed to the art and the trickery of professional warfare; but the mist is immediately cleared up, and the cloud divided and dispersed, when some plain, rational, country member, brings back

the question to that view and impression which every one entertained of it when the original statement was made. You then hear the whisper and murmur of conviction running along the lines of clerical deliberation, and find of how little avail the most splendid sophistry is, under the strong grasp of honest and thinking minds. Strangers, who enter the galleries without any previous knowledge of the nature of the Assembly, will undoubtedly be struck with that variety of manner, and peculiarity of dialect and pronunciation, which obtains: in this respect, every speaker follows that mode of oratory which nature prompts, or which appears to be right in his own eyes; but this absence of all rule or uniformity is more than compensated to the intelligent and closer observer, by that effect, the best test of all oratory, which is ultimately produced upon the understandings and the hearts of the court.

"The Jubilee," however, like all things earthly, must at last terminate. The Moderator and the Commissioner contrive to dismiss, as they succeeded in convening the meeting, each by a separate authority, and yet without any collision or interference, the one with the other. The Members then return to their homes, to those plain and retired residences, where their usual routine of duty awaits them. But what betwixt expences that were unavoidable, and such as were expedient, and such as were the consequence, it may be, of temptations unforeseen and irresistible, many return considerably, and inconveniently impaired in their means. Those incumbents in particular, who hold what are termed the "poor livings," cannot fail to do so, and to suffer in all their domestic comforts during the year, on account of that expence in which this Clerical Jubilee necessarily, or, by contingency, involves them. We are glad, however, to see that *this* matter is about to be taken up by the sufferers themselves: we certainly wish them all success, and hope, that men who have uniformly behaved with so much credit to themselves, and advantage to society at large, may not be frustrated in an attempt to obtain that to which they appear to us to have a claim in law and equity, as well as on the score of expediency. Our national church, and her "Annual Jubilee," are both subjects of agreeable contemplation and consideration to the kingdom at large, and we should rejoice indeed to think, that, ere the close of the present Session of Parliament, the object of the petitioners' prayers had been granted.

INVOCATION TO ROSA.

THE Sun hath sunk to his "coral cave,"
Beneath the occidental wave;
And left behind him a crimson dye,
Like the hue of the upper sanctuary,
When angels, in their bowers of bliss,
Blush for their own unworthiness;
And slowly as the day retires,
A splendid host of glorious fires
Are studding the azure vault on high,
And glowing a gorgeous Galaxy.
But the vesper star is blazing to-night
With more than her own celestial light;
She moves like the Empress of the sky,
Cloth'd in pellucid majesty;
Those lambent flames, which have downward flown,
Are couriers sent from her radiant throne;
And those countless orbs flitting swiftly by,
Are crowding to swell her pageantry.
She is the fairest star above;
Her radiance alone illum'd the grove
When Rosa first confess'd her love.

Then rise, Enchantress,—Rosa, rise,
And rival the star-beams with thine eyes;
Those gems of night will fairer shine,
When aided, my love, by eyes like thine;
Thy voice, which blesses my ravish'd ear,
Excels night's songstress caroling near;
Thy breath surpasses the sweetest breeze
That ever blew through Hesperides;
Thy saint-like smile delights me more
Than all the wealth the seas have bore.
I would sooner enjoy thy melting kiss,
Than swim in a sea of earthly bliss,
Or bask in the bowers of Paradise.

Then stir thee, Rosa, my Seraph fair,
For life is short, and bliss is rare;
O bid me hope, and bid me live,
To enjoy the rapture thou canst give;
That for a few fleeting years, were worth
A patriarchal age on earth.

V. D.

THE WORKS OF GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA. TRANSLATED BY J. H. WIFFEN LONDON. HURST, ROBINSON, & CO. 1823.

We had occasion, very lately, to offer some remarks on the early state of Spanish poetry, and to sketch (very loosely and generally indeed) the leading features of those Romantic Ballads, in which that country so eminently abounds. The present work fortunately affords us an opportunity of resuming the subject, and of tracing shortly the origin and nature of that great change in the poetical literature of the Peninsula, which characterises the remarkable era of Charles V.

We have already seen, that, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the principal part of that literature consisted of *Romances*, and short love-poems, the authors of which were generally unknown. The few compositions which do not fall under these classes, may be dispatched almost in a sentence; for, though interesting to the critic in tracing the progress of language and versification, they are of very little importance in the history of natural feeling. Moral essays, pointless and unpoetical, allegories of the most strained and fantastic nature, and ambitious imitations of the Great Poem of Dante, form the chefs-d'œuvre of those literati who graced the Court of Juan II. But the poetical precepts of Villena, the political maxims of Santillana, and the tedious "Labyrintho" of Juan de Mena, seem never to have exercised any influence on the taste of the age, and were soon deservedly forgotten. It is still customary, it is true, for some Spanish critics to allude to this period as a brilliant era in their literary annals, and to talk in very high terms of this mystical "labyrinth;" but it is one which few, we think, of the present day, will have the patience to unravel, and the eulogiums which have been bestowed upon it seem to be explicable only on the supposition that they have been accorded, not so much to the excellence of the execution, as to the pomp and pretension of the design. On the whole, the impression of the English reader undoubtedly is, that this Augustan Court of Juan were a set of arrant and prosing versifiers, and that the genuine records of manners and feelings—the true foundations on which the poetical character of Spain, in the fifteenth century, must rest—are to be sought for in those unambitious, but attractive compositions, which were the favourites of the people at large, though they wanted the patronage of a Court, or even the humbler recommendation of a name.

But, with the commencement of the sixteenth century, the situation of Spain had materially changed. The reigns of the predecessors of Ferdinand of Arragon, and Isabella of Castille, had been stained by every crime and disgraceful outrage. The nation, divided against itself, could act only with a feeble and irregular impulse against those Arabian invaders, who, though stripped of their once extensive empire, still maintained a relic of sovereignty within the rich province and strong fortifications of Granada. But the union of the two crowns had terminated these dissensions. Centuries of bloodshed were forgotten,—Granada was subjected,—the resources of the country were consolidated, and the foundations of that national greatness laid, which was afterwards destined to disturb the tranquillity of Europe. The accession of Charles V., already sovereign of the rich and industrious Netherlands, and the immense extent of the imperial domains, completed that great revolution in point of political importance, which the union of the national resources and the restoration of order had already commenced. Spain now assumed an important place on the theatre of Europe, and she made her debût in tragedy. With an empire almost as extensive as that of Charlemagne, she was still discontented that it was not completely so. She aspired to universal conquest, and menaced Europe with slavery; but, in her anxiety to subvert the liberties of other nations, she overlooked the gradual decay of her own, amidst the excitement of perpetual attack, and the intoxication of a series of victories.

The effect of these changes was soon visible on the literature of Spain. Their operation was in some points immediate, in others, gradual and progressive; and while, in the former, they produced an apparent and temporary advantage, in the latter they undoubtedly gave rise to evils but too real, and too permanent. In the effervescence of warlike enthusiasm, and the consciousness of successful exertion, the national mind was filled with lofty ideas of its own dignity. The Muses learned to speak as those having authority,—the language assumed more nerve, vigour, and flexibility,—and the whole frame of poetry more art, more taste, and more consistency. These were the first fruits of the Revolution, but, imposing as they appear, they were perhaps counterbalanced by other evils. Other principles were also put in action by the circumstances from which these advantages had resulted, and the splendid fabric which had been reared by the influence of this military inspiration, bore, within itself, the elements of its own decay. That glow of warlike enthusiasm was soon to decline, and those triumphs, by which it had been supported, to be succeeded by the most mortifying reverses; and then it was that the noxious weeds which lurked beneath this apparent harvest of glory,—that habitual callousness and cruelty which constant warfare had engendered, and that religious bigotry and despotism which had been tamely suffered to increase and multiply amidst its confusion, began to exert their baleful influence. Charles V. enjoyed the glory of improving the language,—of refining the taste,—of animating the enthusiasm of Spain; but he was preparing for the next century all that affectation, weakness, and bad taste, which reached their climax in the school of Gongora; like a prodigal heir, blazing forth with a temporary splendour, but bequeathing only a wasted and ruined inheritance to

But it is with the more immediate and more favourable effects of these changes in the political relations of Spain that we have to do at present; and of these the sudden diffusion of Italian literature, with which the Spaniards then first became familiar, is undoubtedly the most prominent. Until that period, Spain had been an insulated nation; depending entirely on her own resources, borrowing neither her matter nor her manner from other countries, she had framed for herself a literature, unequal and defective, but striking, on the whole, and intensely national. The only foreigner whose name appears to have past the Pyrenees was Dante; and, with the exception of the feeble attempt of Juan de Mena, he seems to have exercised little influence, and certainly to have left no permanent impression on the literature of the country. But when their sudden connexion with Italy unfolded to them the advanced state of Italian poetry, its apparent polish and perfection, so unlike the rude vivacity of their own, seem to have captivated the fancy, and, perhaps in a considerable degree, misled the judgment of the Castilian poets; for, possessed, as they already were, of a noble and characteristic literature, it were to be wished that, in their adoption of the Italian, they had shewn less deference, and more discrimination. It seems to us, however, to be quite certain, that at this period the taste for the poetry of Italy had become pretty general,—some time before the appearance of that poet whose name is prefixed to this article. Poets, in fact, are seldom so far in advance of the opinions of their age, as is commonly believed. They more frequently receive from the opinions of society their own particular bent and impression, than communicate, from the superiority of their minds, a new direction to national feeling: and, indeed, unless we admit the existence of some predisposition of this nature, it seems impossible to account for the complete success of the innovation introduced into Castilian poetry, by Boscan and Garcilasso; both undoubtedly men of taste and talent, but neither of them endowed with that comprehensive and commanding intellect by which the ancient habits, and cherished associations of centuries, could be altered, and the canons of a national literature uprooted and overthrown.

The last of these poets, whom his countrymen have honoured with the title of "Prince of Castilian Poets,"

was born at Toledo, in the year 1503. The principal events of his brief, but honourable life, may be stated in a few words. Like most of the Spanish poets, he early adopted the profession of arms, and signalized himself in numerous engagements. An intrigue, in which his kindness for a friend involved him, occasioned his banishment for some time to a small island on the Danube, to which he has composed a touching and melancholy address. He was recalled from banishment to accompany Charles V. in his expedition against Tunis; and his poems, which are few in number, were principally written in Sicily and at Naples, on his return from Africa. In the campaign in Provence, next year, he was entrusted with the command of a considerable body of infantry, and displayed his usual valour. But this was destined to be the last of his campaigns. In attacking a fortified tower near Frejus, into which some rustics had thrown themselves, where he was the first who mounted the scaling ladder, he was mortally wounded by the fall of a block of stone rolled down from the battlements, and terminated an eventful career at the early age of thirty-three; falling, like our own Sidney, in the meridian of life, and in the fulness of literary and military glory.

It is to his friend Boscan, who is associated with Garcilasso, almost as intimately as Beaumont with Fletcher, that the merit of the introduction of Italian measures into Spanish poetry appears to be due; but it may be safely affirmed, that, had not the innovation been supported by the finer taste, and superior talent, of Garcilasso, the new school would not have long resisted the sneers of Castillejo, and of the partizans of the old Castilian poetry. But, in the peculiar walk which he has chosen, Garcilasso is almost unrivalled. It is true, that the few compositions which he has left are not in the higher departments of poetry; but those who judge of the sonnets and pastoral eclogues of Garcilasso, by English notions, will undoubtedly form a very unfair estimate of their merit. Our own pastorals, as Mr Wiffen justly observes, in the most spirited prose sentence of his work, "are no more to be compared with the 'rime boschereccie' of Garcilasso, than the hideous distortion of the leaden satyr that squirts water from its nostrils in some city tea-garden, and that is pelted at irresistibly by every boy that passes, with the marble repose and inviolable beauty of the Piping Faun in a gallery of antique sculptures."

The most striking, and, to our minds, the most engaging feature of the poetry of Garcilasso, is the contrast which its gentle and melancholy spirit presents to the agitated and tumultuous nature of his habitual employments; a singular feature, which is common to the poetry of all his cotemporaries, soldiers like himself, and most of them, as Boscan, Montemayor, and Mendoza, habitually conversant with scenes, little adapted to soften the heart, or awaken the finer sensibilities of nature. But objects frequently appear to us desirable in proportion to the difficulty of their attainment; or perhaps these poets found a kind of apology for indulging in present schemes of ambition, in the prospect of a remote and visionary tranquillity, which, had it been placed within their grasp at the time, there is reason to fear they would have declined. Certain it is, however, that their compositions have an air of deep feeling—of longing aspiration, which we should elsewhere look for in vain. They had felt the nothingness of public life, but, still clinging to the belief of happiness, they placed her seat in retirement. Their eye turned from the summits on which they themselves were placed, to the quiet valleys that spread far below them, and they peopled every green recess and woodland solitude with unreal beauties and imaginary virtues. This amiable delusion is, in fact, the only redeeming feature in many of the Spanish classics of the reign of Charles; and when we find even the stern Mendoza, in his epistles to Boscan and Zuniga, breathing out his wishes for solitude and domestic happiness, and returning, still unsophisticated, to the first influences of natural emotion, we recollect the fine anecdote of the favourite of Schah-Abbas, who, even in the height of his prosperity, continued to visit, in secret, the cloak,

the crook, and the shepherd's pipe, which he had handled in days less brilliant, but not less happy.

But in none does this sensibility to the beauties of nature appear to be so exquisite as in Garcilasso. There is such an earnestness, such a natural freedom about his thoughts, and such an exquisite feeling in his language, that no one can doubt for a moment the sincerity of the poet. His first eclogue, composed at Naples, is worthy of the inspiration of Virgil and Sannazzaro. It is, in the original, a perfect masterpiece, and it has been translated, as our readers will presently see, with spirit and feeling, by Mr Wiffen. It is this composition, and the ode, "a la flor de Gnido," on which the fame of Garcilasso principally rests; and those who have perused these exquisite pieces in the original, will be at no loss to account for the praises which his countrymen have bestowed upon him, and that popularity which has conciliated all parties, and made his verses pass from mouth to mouth with the frequency of proverbs.

Connected with this exquisite perception of natural beauty, is his extreme delicacy of musical ear, and precise selection of words, and the rich harmony of his periods and pauses. Perhaps in some cases this is carried rather too far, and the vigour of the thought diluted away by the nicety of the expression. Garcilasso had a horror at the idea of vulgarity, and it is frequently amusing to see how he labours to raise the dignity, or disguise the meanness of some familiar image, by a peculiar pomp of expression. The same delicacy, too, which rendered him so fastidiously nice in the selection of a word, or the turn of a sentence, led him not unfrequently, (and particularly in his sonnets,) to dissect his ideas with too much minuteness, and to hinge the effect of his poems too much on those nice distinctions and resemblances which had been elicited by this laborious process of investigation; a fault which, precisely from the same cause, is observable in his master Petrarch. On the whole, however, he is more free from these "*agudezas*," than any other Spanish poet, with the exception of Luis de Leon, and weighed against his beauties, they are merely dust in the balance of his fame.

Mr Wiffen's translation is in general remarkably well executed; and it is gratifying to observe, that the finest passages in the original are the best also in the translation. There is just one slight fault which characterises them all, more or less, and that is, that the translator cannot resist the temptation of introducing, from time to time, a supernumerary idea; but he has by no means indulged in this liberty, in the present work, to the same extent as in his specimen of the fourth book of the Jerusalem Delivered. If there is any one part of the book which appears particularly objectionable, it is the translation of the Sonnets, some of which, as they appear at present, are vague and obscure to a degree. But in his translation of the Eclogues, Mr Wiffen has made ample amends; and we quote his translation of the speech of Salicio in the first, as a model of closeness, spirit, and harmonious versification.

More hard than marble to my mild complaints,
And to the lively flame with which I glow,
Cold, Galatea, cold as winter snow!
I feel that I must die, my spirit faints,
And dreads continuing life; for, alienate
From thee, life sinks into a weary weight,
To be shook off with pleasure; from all eyes
I shrink, ev'n from myself despised I turn,
And left by her for whom alone I yearn,
My cheek is tinged with crimson; heart of ice!
Dost thou the worshipped mistress scorn, to be
Of one whose cherished guest thou ever art;
Not being able for an hour to free
Thine image from my heart?
This dost thou scorn? in gentleness of woe
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
The sun shoots forth the arrows of his light
O'er hills and valleys, wakening to fresh birth
The birds, and animals, and tribes of earth,
That through the crystal air pursue their flight,
That o'er the verdant vale and craggy height
In perfect liberty and safety feed,
That with the present sun afresh proceed
To the due toils of life,

As their own wants or inclinations lead;
This wretched spirit is alone at strife
With peace, in tears at eve, in tears when bright
The morning breaks; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
And thou, without one pensive memory
Of this my life, without the slightest sign
Of pity for my pangs, dost thou consign
To the stray winds, ungrateful, every tie
Of love and faith, which thou didst vow should be
Locked in thy soul eternally for me?
Oh, righteous gods! if from on high ye view
This false, this perjured maid
Work the destruction of a friend so true,
Why leave her crime of justice unrepaid?
Dying I am with hopeless, sharp concern;
If to tried friendship this is the return
She makes, with what will she requite her foe?
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,
The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
Were sweet for thy sweet sake;
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropt with dew,
Was wished when first it blew!
Oh how completely was I in all this
Myself deceiving! oh the different part
That thou wert acting, covering with a kiss,
Of seeming love, the traitor in thy heart!
This my severe misfortune, long ago,
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
On the black storm, with hoarse sinister cry
Clearly presage; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
How oft, when slumbering in the forest brown,
(Deeming it Fancy's mystical deceit,)
Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown!
One day, methought that from the noontide heat
I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,
And, under curtain of its bordering wood,
Take my cool siesta; but, arrived, the stream,
I know not by what magic, changed its track,
And in new channels, by an unused way,
Rolled its warped waters back;
Whilst I, scorched, melting with the heat extreme,
Went ever following in their flight, astray,
The wizard waves; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
In the charmed ear of what beloved youth
Sounds thy sweet voice? on whom revolvest thou
Thy beautiful blue eyes? on whose proved truth
Anchors thy broken faith? who presses now
Thy laughing lip, and hopes thy heaven of charms,
Locked in the embraces of thy two white arms?
Say thou, for whom hast thou so rudely left
My love, or stolen, who triumphs in the theft?
I have not yet a bosom so untrue
To feeling, nor a heart of stone, to view
My darling ivy, torn from me, take root
Against another wall or prosperous pine,
To see my virgin vine
Around another elm in marriage hang
Its curling tendrils and empurpled fruit,
Without the torture of a jealous pang,
Ev'n to the loss of life; in gentle woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
What may not now be looked for to take place
In any certain or uncertain case?
What are too adverse now to join, too wild
For love to fear, too dissonant to agree?
What faith is too secure to be beguiled?
Matter for all thus being given by thee.
A signal proof didst thou, when, rude and cold,
Thou left'st my bleeding heart to break, present
To all loved youths and maids
Whom heaven in its blue beauty overshades,
That ev'n the most secure have cause to fear
The loss of that which they as sweet or dear
Cherish the most; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
Thou hast giv'n room for hope that now the mind
May work impossibilities most strange,
And jarring natures in concordance bind;
Transferring thus from me to him thy hand
And fickle heart in such swift interchange,
As ever must be voiced from land to land.
Now let mild lambs in nuptial fondness range

With savage wolves from forest brake to brake;
Now let the subtle snake
In curled caresses nest with simple doves,
Harming them not, for in your ghastly loves
Difference is yet more great; in gentle woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
My dairies always with new milk abound,
Summer and winter, all my vats run o'er
With richest creams, and my superfluous store
Of cheese and butter is afar renowned;
With as sweet songs have I amused thine ear
As could the Mantuan Tityrus of yore,
And more to be admired; nor am I, dear,
If well observed, or so uncouth or grim,
For in the watery looking-glass below
My image I can see—a shape and face
I surely never would exchange with him
Who joys in my disgrace;
My fate I might exchange; in gentle woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
How have I fallen in such contempt, how grown
So suddenly detested, or in what
Attentions have I failed thee? wert thou not
Under the power of some malignant spell,
My worth and consequence were known too well:
I should be held in pleasurable esteem,
Nor left thus in divorce, alone—alone!
Hast thou not heard, when fierce the Dog-star smites
These plains with heat and drouth,
What countless flocks to Cuenca's thymy heights
Yearly I drive, and in the winter breme,
To the warm valleys of the sheltering south?
But what avails my wealth if I decay,
And in perpetual sorrow weep away
My years of youth? in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
Over my griefs the mossy stones relent
Their natural durity, and break; the trees
Bend down their weeping boughs without a breeze,
And, full of tenderness, the listening birds,
Warbling in different notes, with me lament,
And, warbling, prophesy my death; the herds,
That in the green meads hang their heads at eve,
Wearied, and worn, and faint,
The necessary sweets of slumber leave,
And low, and listen to my wild complaint.
Thou only steel'st thy bosom to my cries,
Not ev'n once rolling thine angelic eyes
On him thy harshness kills; in gentle woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!
But though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,
Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear;
Thou may'st come freely now, without the fear
Of meeting me, for though my heart should break,
Where late forsaken I will now forsake.
Come then, if this alone detains thee, here
Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,
Woodlands, and lawns, and running waters clear,
Beloved in other days,
To which, bedewed with many a bitter tear,
I sing my last of lays.
These scenes, perhaps, when I am far removed,
At ease thou wilt frequent
With him who rifled me of all I loved:
Enough! my strength is spent;
And leaving thee in his desired embrace,
It is not much to leave him this sweet place.

The choruses in the second Eclogue, the whole of the third, and the Ode to the Flower of Gnido, are also particularly animated and harmonious.

Mr Wiffen has also prefixed to his work, an Essay well known to Spanish readers, by the celebrated Quintana, which gives the clearest and most lucid idea of Spanish poetry that we ever recollect to have seen. It is a masterpiece of rapid and spirited sketching, and the opinions of the author, himself a poet as well as a critic, are uniformly judicious and impartial.

JOURNAL OF THE COUNT DE LAS CASES. LONDON.

In our last Number, we endeavoured to present our readers with an abstract of the two first volumes of this Journal. There remain other four volumes to be noticed, the two last having been very lately published. These we propose to consider shortly, presenting such extracts to our readers as may be new or interesting. The volumes now before us possess the same character as those which were first published. They are written with the same vigour and force; and if they fail to interest so keenly, it is because they present less of novelty. Our first introduction, as it were, to the extraordinary person who is the subject of these memoirs, and who, though he was deprived of his throne, still continues to sway the sceptre of public opinion, filled our minds with unalloyed emotions of wonder and delight. To hear him, who had been so long the admiration or the terror of Europe, calmly conversing and reasoning on all the interesting topics both of his public and private life, was a gratification wholly unlooked for; it came upon us with all the effect of novelty and surprise, and on every subject treated of, new and unexpected lights were thrown. In the conversation contained in the present four volumes there is the same vigour and point, the same solid information, and the same vast and comprehensive views of policy. Every thing bears the stamp of the same master-mind. But there is less of novelty. We are more familiar with the topics discussed. Many of them were touched on in preceding conversations, of which those given, though they are by no means mere repetitions, are only amplifications. They merely fill up the details of the piece, of which the vigorous outline has been already sketched. They are less original, therefore, less new, and only give us more at large what was substantially known before. There is, however, much new information, and many new and original ideas which may be dug out of the inexhaustible mine of Napoleon's rich conversation. The subjects treated of are thrown together in the form of a journal, without any attention to method; and we shall therefore study, for the sake of clearness, and to avoid repetition, to bring together all the miscellaneous hints that lie scattered through these different volumes, relative to our subject, that we may present at once a full view of it, or rather of the sentiments of Napoleon regarding it, to the reader.

One very interesting portion of these volumes consists in the amusing and lively sketches of character with which they are every where interspersed. Talleyrand, who continued so long the counsellor of Napoleon, but who afterwards lost his favour, and was at last one of the agents of his ruin, is frequently the subject of comment; and though, if what is said of him be true, there is, as might be expected, a leaning to severity, it seems, upon the whole, to be a substantially just portrait of that able, though, crafty, and we have no doubt, unprincipled politician.

"T——," said the Emperor, "is a man of singular talent, and capable at all times of throwing great weight into the scale. T——," continued he, "was always in a state treason; but it was in participation with fortune. His circumspection was extreme; he treated his friends as if they might in future become his enemies; and he behaved to his enemies as if they might some time or other become his friends. M. de T—— had always been, in my opinion, hostile to the Faubourg St Germain. In the affair of the divorce, he was for the Empress Josephine. It was he who urged the war with Spain, though in public he had the art to appear averse to it. In short, T—— was the principal instrument, and the active cause of the death of the Duke d' Enghien."

Napoleon observed, that a celebrated actress (Mademoiselle Raucourt) had described him with great truth. "If you ask him a question, said she, he is an iron chest, whence you cannot extract a syllable; but if you ask him nothing, you will soon be unable to stop his mouth—he will become a regular gossip."

This was a foible which, at the outset, destroyed the confidence of the Emperor, and made him waver in his opinion of T——. "I had entrusted him," said Napoleon, "with a very important affair,

and a few hours after Josephine related it to me word for word. I instantly sent for the Minister, to inform him, that I had just learned from the Empress a circumstance which I had told in confidence to himself alone. The story had already passed through four or five intermediate channels."

"T——'s countenance," added the Emperor, "is so immoveable, that nothing can ever be read in it. Lannes and Murat used jokingly to say of him, that, if while he was speaking to you some one should come behind him and give him a kick, his countenance would betray no indication of the affront."

M. de T—— is mild, and even endearing in his domestic habits. His servants, and the individuals in his employment, are attached and devoted to him. Among his intimate friends he willingly and good-humouredly speaks of his ecclesiastic profession. He one day expressed his dislike of a tune which was played in his hearing. He said he had a great horror of it; it recalled to his recollection the time when he was obliged to practise church-music, and to sing at the desk.

On another occasion, discoursing of the same subject, Napoleon admits, that on his return from Leipsic, Talleyrand strongly urged him to make peace; "I must, (he observed,) do him that justice. He uniformly maintained that I deceived myself, with respect to the energy of the nation; that it would not co-operate with mine; and that it was requisite to arrange my affairs by every possible sacrifice. It appears that he was then sincere." It appears also, we think, that his penetration was on a level with his sincerity, for this was certainly one of Napoleon's great errors, that he pushed the attachment of the French people to the utmost verge of their patience. He might naturally have calculated, when the war became personal against himself, and when the French territory was ravaged, and the people exposed to all the miseries of foreign invasion, that they would naturally begin to consider for what object they were enduring those severe sufferings; and whether, since this was the price at which they purchased the imperial Government, it was not rather a burden than a blessing. No enthusiasm will stand before a severe course of physical suffering; and the bloody and unsuccessful wars in which the imperial dignity was at the last involved, diminished the popularity of the government, and finally brought about its ruin, which might have been averted, had it been possible, in time, to have followed the wise counsels of Talleyrand.

The following is a short sketch of Fouché:

The Emperor remarked that Fouché was the T—— of the clubs, and that T—— was the Fouché of the drawing-rooms. "Intrigue," he said, "was to Fouché a necessary of life. He intrigued at all times, in all places, in all ways, and with all persons. Nothing ever came to light, but he was found to have had a hand in it. He made it his sole business to look out for something that he might be meddling with. His mania was to wish to be concerned in every thing—! Always in every body's shoes." This the Emperor would often repeat.

We have some forcible and excellent remarks on the number of accomplished Generals produced by the Revolution. After observing the fact, and mentioning the names of Pichegru, Kleber, Massena, Marceau, Desaix, Hoche, &c., almost all of whom were originally private soldiers; the following just and philosophical reason is given for this profusion of military talent: "At that period, (it is observed,) every thing was submitted to competition among 30,000,000 of men, and Nature necessarily asserted her rights; while, subsequently, we were again confined within the narrower limits of order and the forms of society." He goes on in the same strain in the following passage:

"Another circumstance, no less remarkable, was the extreme youth of some of these Generals, who seemed to have started ready made from the hands of Nature. Their characters were perfectly suited to the circumstances in which they were placed, with the exception of Hoche, whose morals were by no means pure. The others had no object in view save *glory* and *patriotism*, which formed their whole circle of rotation. They were men after the antique model.

"Desaix was surnamed by the Arabs the *Just Sultan*; at the funeral of Marceau, the Austrians observed an armistice, on account of the respect they entertained for him; and young Dupbot was the emblem of perfect virtue.

"But the same commendations cannot be bestowed on those who were farther advanced in life; for they belonged in some measure to the era that had just passed away. Massena, Augereau, Brune, and many others, were merely intrepid depredators."

These volumes are enlivened with many interesting traits of the various personages who figured under the imperial regime. We have sketches of Josephine, of Maria Louisa, of Buonaparte's mother, and of his other relatives, whose characters are finished off in a peculiar strain of liveliness. It was by means of her son Eugene Beauharnois, that Josephine sought an introduction to Buonaparte. The boy was first introduced to the General, for the purpose of demanding his father's sword, and when he saw it, he burst into tears. Napoleon, touched with this incident, loaded him with caresses; and the child naturally giving a favourable representation of the General's manners and appearance, Josephine found means to be introduced to him, and their acquaintance soon terminated in a marriage. It appears that she was extremely unhappy because she had no children, and as her fortune increased, her anxiety on this subject also increased. She, no doubt, anticipated the fate which befel her. Fouché, it is remarked, was the first person who touched the fatal string of the imperial divorce. He secretly advised Josephine to dissolve her marriage for the welfare of France. In this he acted without instructions, and prematurely, and so incensed Josephine, that she earnestly solicited her husband to dismiss Fouché. When she found, afterwards, that the divorce was resolved on, she submitted with a good grace to what she had no means of preventing, and threw no obstacles in the way of the dissolution of her marriage. Josephine would willingly have seen Maria Louisa, for whom, and for her son, she always testified great interest. Maria Louisa, on her part, behaved well to Josephine's son and daughter, Eugene and Hortense; but she always manifested the utmost dislike, and even jealousy of herself, and uniformly refused to see her. Josephine was much attached to Buonaparte, of which she frequently gave the most affecting proofs, as will appear from the following account:

The Emperor said he was well convinced that he was the individual whom Josephine loved best in all the world; and he added with a smile, that he was sure she would have relinquished any assignation to attend him. She never failed to accompany him on all his journies. Neither fatigue nor privation could deter her from following him; and she employed importunity, and even artifice, to gain her point. "If I stepped into my carriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, to my surprise I found Josephine all ready prepared, though I had had no idea of her accompanying me. 'But,' I would say to her, 'you cannot possibly go; the journey is too long, and will be too fatiguing for you.'—'Not at all,' Josephine would reply. 'Besides, I must set out instantly.'—'Well, I am quite ready.'—'But you must take a great deal of luggage.'—'Oh, no! every thing is packed up;' and I was generally obliged to yield. In a word, Josephine rendered her husband happy, and constantly proved herself his sincerest friend. At all times, and on all occasions, she manifested the most perfect submission and devotedness; and thus I shall never cease to remember her with tenderness and gratitude."

We have also some interesting sketches of the political characters who figured in the early part of the Revolution; of Carnot, Rewbel, &c., and of the transactions which took place during the regime of the Directory. On reading a work on the Revolution, written by Lacratelle, Napoleon severely criticised it as deficient in energy, and rather approaching to the dryness of detail. He immediately dictated his view of the same period of the French Revolution, namely, from the assembling of the National Convention, to the death of Robespierre, and the establishment of the Directory; and we recommend this specimen of Napoleon's composition to the attention of our readers, as displaying all the vigour of his mind, and that talent for condensing his ideas, which he seems to have possessed in so remarkable a degree. We have scarcely seen so much solid and interesting information brought so happily within so small a compass, and such a luminous view given in so few words, of those awful convulsions by which France was torn to

pieces, during the sitting of the National Convention, and the reign of Terror, as it was called.

As far as can be seen from the present volumes, Buonaparte seems to have had no prejudice against the English nation. There were several individuals who had been brought under his notice, of whom he speaks in high terms; others, again, he condemns with unsparing severity. Of the policy of Lord Chatham, he speaks in terms of respect. He committed, he observes, acts of injustice; but then they were proclaimed with a boldness and energy which gave them the character of greatness. It was reserved, according to his notions, for Pitt to introduce hypocrisy and dissimulation into the Cabinet, and for Castlereagh to bring matters to the utmost extreme of turpitude and immorality. "Chatham, (he goes on to remark,) gloried in being a merchant; Lord Castlereagh, to the serious injury of his nation, has indulged himself in the satisfaction of acting the fine *gentleman*." The following is the sketch given of Lord Cornwallis and Mr Fox:

"Lord Cornwallis," said the Emperor, "is the first Englishman that gave me, in good earnest, a favourable opinion of his nation; after him Fox, and I might add to these, if it were necessary, our present Admiral (Malcolm.)

"Cornwallis was, in every sense of the word, a worthy, good, and honest man. At the time of the treaty of Amiens, the terms having been agreed upon, he had promised to sign the next day at a certain hour: something of consequence detained him at home, but he pledged his word. The evening of that same day, a courier arrived from London, proscribing certain articles of the treaty, but he answered that he had signed, and immediately came and actually signed. We understood each other perfectly well; I had placed a regiment at his disposal, and he took pleasure in seeing its *manœuvres*. I have preserved an agreeable recollection of him in every respect, and it is certain that a request from him would have had more weight with me, perhaps, than one from a crowned head. His family appears to have guessed this to be the case; some requests have been made to me in its name, which have all been granted.

"Fox came to France immediately after the peace of Amiens. He was employed in writing a history of the Stuarts, and asked my permission to search our diplomatical archives. I gave orders that every thing should be placed at his disposal. I received him often. Fame had informed me of his talents, and I soon found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. We often conversed together upon various topics, without the least prejudice; when I wished to engage in a little controversy, I turned the conversation upon the subject of the *machine infernale*; and told him that his Ministers had attempted to murder me; he would then oppose my opinion with warmth, and invariably ended the conversation by saying, in his bad French, *First Consul, pray take that out of your head.* But he was not convinced of the truth of the cause he undertook to advocate, and there is every reason to believe that he argued more in defence of his country, than of the morality of its Ministers."

We have a very lively and amusing account of the Queen of Prussia, who made use of all her address, and all her charms, in the negociations previous to the treaty of Tilsit, to extort more favourable conditions for Prussia than was supposed to be consistent with the interests of the conquering party. Her interview with the two Emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, was a scene altogether theatrical; in which the charms of beauty, wit, and address, were brought to aid the effects of expert negociation. The policy, however, of the hard-hearted Napoleon, proved an overmatch for female art; and he had to withstand the reproaches, and, which was far more intolerable, the downcast looks of the offended beauty. The Queen of Prussia appears, however, to have possessed great talents and wit, and singular powers of conversation; and the account of her appearance, along with the other actors on the great theatre of Tilsit, is extremely interesting. It is by such individual portraits that the usual dull routine of historical detail is enlivened. The following is the account of this important interview:

The Emperor declared, that the Queen received him like Mademoiselle Duchénois in the character of Chimene, thrown back into a grand attitude, demanding, calling aloud for *justice*. In one word,

it was altogether a theatrical scene; the representation was truly tragic. He was unable to speak for an instant, and thought the only way of extricating himself was that of bringing back the business to the tone of regular comedy, which he attempted by presenting her with a chair, and gently forcing her to be seated. She did not, however, discontinue the most pathetic expressions. She solicited, supplicated, implored. Magdeburg, in particular, was the object of her efforts and wishes. The Emperor kept his ground as well as he could. Fortunately, the husband made his appearance. The Queen reproved, with an expressive look, the unseasonable interruption, and shewed some pettishness. In fact, the King attempted to take part in the conversation, spoiled the whole affair, and "I was," said the Emperor, "set at liberty."

The Emperor entertained the Queen at dinner. She played off, said he, all her wit against me; she had a great deal: all her manners, which were very fascinating; all her coquetry; she was not without charms.

That night the treaty was signed, contrary to the Queen's wishes; and we have the following account of the next day's transactions.

The Queen was preparing to renew her attacks the next day, and was indignant, when she heard that the treaty was signed. She wept a great deal, and determined to see the Emperor Napoleon no more. She would not accept a second invitation to dinner. She came at length. Napoleon, who had no longer any occasion to be on his guard against her, redoubled his attentions. She played off, for a few moments, the airs of an offended coquette, and when the dinner was over, and she was about to retire, Napoleon presented his hand, and conducted her to the middle of the staircase, where he stopped. She squeezed his hand, and said with a kind of tenderness, "Is it possible, that, after having had the honour of being so near to the hero of the century and of history, he will not leave me the power and satisfaction of being enabled to assure him, that he has attached me to him for life?"—"Madam," replied the Emperor in a serious tone, "I am to be pitied; it is the result of my unhappy stars." He then took leave of her.

There is an extremely interesting sketch of the different members of the Bounaparte family, and of their various dispositions and humours. We have only space for the following portrait of Madame his mother:

Madame (he observed) carried her parsimony to a most ridiculous extreme. I offered to furnish her with a very considerable monthly income, on condition that she would spend it. She, on the other hand, was very willing to receive the money, provided she were permitted to hoard it up. This arose, not so much from coveteousness as excess of foresight; all her fear was, that she might one day be reduced to beggary. She had known the horrors of want, and they now constantly haunted her imagination. It is, however, but just to acknowledge, that she gave a great deal to her children in secret. She is indeed a kind mother.

We have, in different parts of the work, Napoleon's own exposition of the Continental System, and his views on the subject of commerce, which appear to us to be extremely fallacious; he seems to have been bigotted to the system of regulating commerce by restraints and duties, and not to have been aware of the true nature of trade, which consists in a mutual exchange of what is superfluous. The only way in which power, therefore, can assist trade, is by facilitating this exchange—by giving the buyer and the seller the freest access to each other, instead of placing in their way the obstacles of restraints and heavy duties. In what way can the interests of trade be possibly promoted by this policy? The industry of France and Britain, differing as they do in soil and climate, must, of necessity, be directed to different objects. They must each excel in the peculiar sort of purchase best adapted to their different circumstances; and having each a surplus of certain commodities above their own wants, what can they do but exchange them with each other—what can they do but send abroad what is not wanted at home, and bring back, in return, what is in greater request? Thus, by this free exchange maintained among a variety of trading nations, their surplus produce is distributed among all the different members of the confederacy, so that each is provided exactly with what he wants. The whole produce of their joint industry is thrown, as it were, into one common fund, of which each is allowed to suit himself with such articles as he may be in want of; and where there is a diversity of soil and

climate, and where nations insensibly betake themselves to different lines of industry, this exchange is absolutely necessary, to free the different countries from their surplus produce; just in the same manner as the shoemaker and the tailor, each having their own separate lines of industry, depend on afterwards exchanging with each other the produce of their respective trades. All the different parts of the commercial system are thus linked together into one great whole, and they cannot be torn asunder without great violence and confusion. The different commercial countries of Europe, and of the world at large, had been growing together for centuries into this close confederacy, in which all, pursuing their own separate plans of industry, depended on a subsequent exchange of their produce for procuring what was necessary for the supply of their wants. Great Britain has long been the storehouse of manufactured commodities for Europe, and indeed for the whole world. Her capital, her machinery, the skill of her modern artizans, give her the decided ascendancy in this department of commerce. But her inclement skies forbid the production of other luxuries, such as fruits, oils, and wines, which are the growth of more congenial climates. Hence the necessity of an exchange is laid deep in the very constitution of nature, and no human power can tear asunder the indissoluble ties by which commercial countries must be united. This, however, was what Napoleon attempted in the plenitude of his overgrown power; he was for confining the commerce of France, or of Europe, within her own territory. The sea was a forbidden element, so long as it bore the all powerful and hostile navy of England, and therefore his policy was to supersede maritime commerce; and he was engaged in a vain attempt, by chemical art and science, to rival nature in that diversity of produce which is the result of different climates. He boasted that he had naturalized sugar and indigo in France, and that he should have naturalized cotton. But, in the mean time, he did not consider that he was violently rending asunder all the ancient ties of the commercial body—that he was destroying a system on which depended the subsistence and comfort of thousands—that he was warring against the long-established habits, prejudices, and interests of mankind, —and that, in the execution of such schemes, he must resort to violence, undisguised and unsoftened, and on the most extensive scale. He frequently boasted, that, in all his measures, he carried with him the opinions of a large portion of mankind. But in his continental system, he abandoned this salutary policy, and built up the vast structure of his schemes on the basis of pure violence. He trusted to his army for the execution of his plans against commerce. But however skilfully his schemes were contrived for the ruin of this country—however truly the envenomed shaft was aimed at the mark, he ought to have considered that he had the opinion of mankind against him, and that it required all the power of his army to suppress the resentment of those who were suffering by his anti-commercial measures. Universal discontent was the consequence of so severe a proscription of commerce, and resistance broke out wherever it was practicable. It was to quell this resistance that he marched his army to perish in Russia: and when the vast structure of his power began to totter, and terror, its only support, to fail, the whole continent unanimously threw off the unnatural yoke of the continental system, now identified with his power. He who boasted that he had always the opinions of multitudes with him, forgot, in the blind confidence of his power, this salutary principle of all government; and it was the influence of that opinion, in the opposition to which he was acting, that helped to pull him down. He calculated too much on his power, and too little on the habits and interests of mankind; and though his scheme was deeply laid, and formidable to this country, which still suffers under its effects, yet it was impolitic, from the violent means necessary to enforce it, and from the unpopularity necessarily attending it. The violence of France by land was no doubt followed by Britain on the sea. Commerce was persecuted on both elements, by the navy and army of those two great powers who rival,

led each other in violence and injustice; for the Orders in Council published by this country, matched, in illegality and outrage, any of the anticommercial decrees of France. All neutrality was accordingly extinguished, and the different neutral states, according as they were exposed to the violence of the two contending powers by land or by sea, declared war against France or Britain. Russia, and the whole continent, united against Buonaparte; while America, the great neutral power of the west, took up arms in defence of her rights against Britain. There was as much oppression on the part of Great Britain as on that of France, but it was not on the same great scale; it did not light upon such extensive and powerful nations, and did not, therefore, excite such powerful opposition.

The Continental System was the central point round which revolved ed all the opposition to Napoleon's power, and it was this formidable confederacy which proved his ruin. "I stood alone (he observed, when speaking on this matter) in my opinion on the continent; and I was forced, for the moment, to employ violence every where. At length my plan began to be understood. The tree already bears its fruit. I made the beginning, time will do the rest. *Had I maintained my power,* I would have changed the course of trade, and the direction of industry." Vain and empty boast! The course of trade and industry cannot be changed but by a long course of artificial violence; and at what an expence of misery to mankind are such unnatural objects accomplished! Buonaparte, when he said that he stood alone in his opinion, never seems to have been sensible on what a precipice he was placed, and that the slightest false step would infallibly precipitate him from his giddy height into the gulph below. So long as he went forward in one unvaried course of success, his system would stand; but this could not always be calculated on; an adverse blast accordingly came; the winds and waves of public indignation beat upon his house, which fell, because it was not built upon the rock of opinion, and buried him in its ruins.

We have a long and minute criticism on the battle of Waterloo, and the previous campaign, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter. It is well known that Napoleon, after that memorable battle, was abandoned by the Legislative Body, and leading men in France; and it appears that he anxiously meditated on what was his best course to pursue. At one time, he considered whether he ought to put himself at the head of the army, and to assume an attitude of resistance, in defiance of the Legislative Body. But he wisely resolved to abandon this course, and to yield to the general impulse. After the battle of Waterloo, if the situation of France was not desperate, it was in the highest degree critical; and to repel the victorious armies which were fast approaching, the whole united energies of the people would have been required. To attempt this with a divided country would have been madness; no power could have withstood the combined opposition of foreign and domestic enemies, arrayed at that time against the imperial government; and Napoleon, unsupported by opinion, must, after an unavailing struggle, which would not have raised his character, have yielded to his numerous enemies. The following is the just and striking picture given of the state of his mind in this crisis of his fate:

"In that night of anguish and uncertainty, I had to choose between two great courses: the one was to endeavour to save France by violence; and the other was to yield to the general impulse. The measure which I pursued was, I think, most advisable. Friends and enemies—the good and the evil disposed—all were against me, and I stood alone. I surrendered; and my decision being once adopted, could not be revoked. I am not one who takes half measures; and, besides, sovereignty is not to be thrown off and on like one's cloak. The other course demanded extraordinary severity. It would have been necessary to arraign great criminals, and to decree great punishments. Blood must have been shed; and then who can tell where we should have stopped! What scenes of horror might not have been renewed! By pursuing this line of conduct, should I not have drowned my memory in the deluge of blood, crimes and abominations of every kind, with which libellists have already over-

whelmed me? Should I not hereby have seemed to justify all that they have been pleased to invent? Posterity and History would have viewed me as a second Nero or Tiberius. If, after all, if I could have saved France at such a price!—— I had energy sufficient to carry me through every difficulty!——But, is it certain that I should have succeeded? All our dangers did not come from without; the worst existed in our internal discord. Did not a party of mad fools dispute about the shades, before we had secured the triumph of the colour? How would it have been possible to persuade them that I was not labouring for myself alone, for my own personal advantage? How could I convince them of my disinterestedness, or prove that all my efforts were directed to save the country? To whom could I point out the dangers and miseries from which I sought to rescue the French people? They were evident to me, but the vulgar mass will ever remain in ignorance of them until they are crushed beneath their weight.

Respecting the treatment of the illustrious captive at St Helena, few, we suppose, who read the volumes before us, will be inclined to differ. In a former Number, containing the account of O'Meara's work, we expressed our opinion on this subject, which we have not seen any ground to alter. We can easily understand the reason of very strict regulations, to prevent the escape of the prisoner, considering the importance attached to his safe custody. But why annoy him with useless and petty vexations and insults, in matters not at all relating to his safe custody? Why, for example, when he chose the title of Emperor, call him General? What end is to be answered by this absurd piece of irritation and ill manners? Will he be more safely detained while he is styled General, than when he receives the title of Emperor? To such a pitch is this folly carried, that Sir H. Lowe actually writes a note to him, inviting him to dinner, under the title of General Buonaparte. The folly of such a proceeding is only equalled by the want of all just feeling which it evinces. Of a piece with this is the order prohibiting the French from writing to persons in the island, with whom they were in the habit of daily intercourse: and indeed it would be tedious, and painful to the feelings, to detail all the numerous acts of petty restraint and tyranny which were exercised on the prisoners of St Helena, and which were no way connected with their safe keeping.

These volumes are enlivened with some amusing anecdotes, and pointed sayings of Napoleon. The different measures of administration were, as is well known, previously debated in the Council of State, where, at times, various and interesting discussions arose. On one occasion, some difficulties were started as to those soldiers who died abroad, whether they should be considered natives of France? on which Buonaparte, then First Consul, exclaimed with vivacity, "The soldier is never abroad, when he is under the national banner. The spot where the standard of France is unfurled becomes French ground." On another occasion, Gassendi, an old artillery comrade of Napoleon, then Emperor, was advancing some positions, not at all agreeable to him. "Go, General, (he replied,) you must have fallen asleep in your office, and dreamed all this." Gassendi, who was rather irrascible, replied, "Oh! as for falling asleep in our offices, Sire, I defy any one to do that with you, you plague us too much for that."

At another time, on the parade, a young officer stepped out of the ranks, in extreme agitation, to complain that he had been ill-used, slighted, and passed over, and that he had been five years a lieutenant without being able to obtain promotion. "Calm yourself," said the Emperor; "I was seven years a lieutenant, and yet you see a man may push himself forward for all that." This calm and temperate reply suddenly cooled the young officer's wrath, and he returned to his place amid general laughter.

At St Helena there was a great scarcity of butcher-meat, of which the price rose in proportion. One of the inhabitants, speaking on this subject, said, "It is reported that you at Longwood complain, and consider yourselves unhappy; but we are at a loss to make it out, for it is said you have beef every day, while we cannot get it but three or four times a-year, and then we pay for it at the rate of fifteen or twenty pence

a-pou[illegible] "You ought to have informed him," said the Emperor, "that it cost us several *crowns*."

There are several anecdotes which shew the good temper of Napoleon, and the kindness of his disposition. The following, relating to M. Daru, Secretary of State, exhibits a characteristic trait:—

Business seemed to be M. Daru's element; he was incessantly occupied. Soon after he was appointed Secretary of State, one of his friends was expressing a fear that the immense business in which he would thenceforth be absorbed might prove too much for him. "On the contrary," replied Daru, "I assure you that since I have entered upon my new functions, I seem to have absolutely nothing to do." On one occasion only was his vigour ever known to relax. The Emperor called him up, after midnight, to write to his dictation: M. Daru was so completely overcome by fatigue, that he scarcely knew what he was writing; at length he could hold out no longer, and he fell asleep over his paper. After enjoying a refreshed nap, he awoke, and, to his astonishment, perceived the Emperor by his side quietly engaged in writing. The shortness of the candles informed him that his slumber had been of tolerable duration. While he sat for a few moments overwhelmed with confusion, his eyes met those of the Emperor, who said to him, "Well, Sir, you see I have been doing your work, since you would not do it yourself. I suppose you have eaten a hearty supper, and passed a pleasant evening; but business must not be neglected."—"I pass a pleasant evening, Sire!" said M. Daru; "I have been for several nights without sleep, and closely engaged. Of this your Majesty now sees the consequence, and I am exceedingly sorry for it."—"Why did you not inform me of this?" said the Emperor, "I do not want to kill you. Go to bed. Good-night, M. Daru."

There is an extremely interesting account of an interference between Napoleon and Larrey, the army surgeon, which reflects honour on both, more especially on the latter. In the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, there had been, it appears, an extraordinary number of wounded, and it had been reported to Buonaparte, on the authority of different persons, that many had wounded themselves in the hand, from their aversion to the war. Struck with surprise and indignation, he repeated his inquiries, and found them always attended with the same result. Larrey was of opinion that the wounds were occasioned by the awkwardness and inexperience of the young recruits in avoiding danger. But the Emperor, not satisfied with this explanation, named a commission, with Larrey at its head, to examine the wounded. Larrey, notwithstanding, persisted in his opinion, which he boldly expressed. But Napoleon, incensed at his obstinacy, as he supposed, which had been greatly magnified to him by some of his courtiers, said to him with severity, "Sir, you will make your observations to me officially; go and fulfil your duty." Larrey immediately set about the business; and in a few days prepared his report, which he waited upon the Emperor to present to him personally. He was warned of the delicate situation in which he was placed, but he remained firm. The following is the account of the interview which took place on the occasion:

"Well, Sir," said the Emperor, "do you still persist in your opinion?"—"More than that, Sire, I am come to prove to your Majesty that I was right; these brave young men were basely calumniated: I have spent a considerable time in the strictest investigation, and I have not found one single man guilty: there is a deposition in writing on the individual case of every one of those wounded men: bales of them follow me; your Majesty may order them to be examined." The Emperor looked at him with a gloomy expression, and taking his report with a kind of emotion, he said, "Very well, Sir, I will look into it;" and he paced the room with rapid strides, with an air of agitation and indecision; at last coming up to Larrey with an open countenance, he shook him cordially by the hand, and said with emotion, "Farewell, M. Larrey, a sovereign is truly fortunate to have with such men as you are: you [illegible] my orders." M. Larrey received the same evening, from Napoleon, his picture set in diamonds, 3000 francs in gold, and a pension on the State of 3000 francs; independent, it was said, of every other reward to which he might be entitled by his rank, his seniority, and his future services.

The conversation happening to turn on the subject of memory, Buonaparte remarked that his was a useful kind of memory. It was not general and absolute, but relative, faithful, and only retentive of what was necessary. Some one observed, that his memory was like his sight, confused by the distance of places and objects; on which Napoleon, with great feeling, replied, "That his memory was like his heart, it preserved a faithful impression of whatever was dear to him." The same idea was also very happily expressed on another occasion. One day, while describing some of his engagements in Egypt, he named numerically the eight or ten demi-brigades which had been engaged. Madame Bertrand expressing surprise, that, after such a length of time, he could recollect all these numbers, "Madam, (he replied) this is a man's recollection of his former mistresses."

The following traits shew that Napoleon's disposition was not wanting in kindness or in gratitude for the attachment shewn to him by his followers:

I usually sat beside my son (says Las Cases) while he wrote to the Emperor's dictation. The Emperor always walked about the room when dictating, and he frequently stood for a moment behind my chair, to look over the writing, so that he might know where to take up the thread of his dictation. When in this situation, how many times has my head been enclosed between his arms, and even slightly pressed to his bosom. Then immediately checking himself, he seemed to have been merely leaning over my shoulders, or playfully bearing all his weight upon me, as if to try my strength.

The Emperor was very fond of my son, and I have often seen him bestow a sort of manual caress on him; and then, as it were, to do away with the effect of this motion, he would immediately accompany it by some words uttered in a loud and somewhat sharp tone of voice. One day as he was entering the drawing-room, in a moment of good-humour and forgetfulness, I saw him take Madame Bertrand's hand and affectionately raise it to his lips; but suddenly recollecting himself, he turned away, in a manner that would have had a very awkward effect, had not Madame Bertrand, with that exquisite grace for which she is so peculiarly distinguished, removed all embarrassment, by impressing a kiss on the hand that had been extended to her.

On the whole, we may conclude with remarking, that we have seldom met with a work of greater interest than these volumes. They are replete with information on all the important parts of the history of our own time; they contain the most lively and striking portraits of distinguished individuals, whose names have long filled all Europe; and they admit us, in a manner, to the familiar conversation of one whose character and history form one of the grandest subjects of history. The work is not only, therefore, extremely amusing, but it is a treasure of historical information, which we cannot prize at too high a value.

Night.

O LOVELY hour!—how calm,—how innocent!
How Sabbath-like looks Earth since day has clos'd!
The very tree-tops seem on slumber bent,
And every little floweret as it dos'd
Upon its leafy couch; while forward sent,
Till O[illegible]n's bosom to the eye's disclos'd,
As [illegible] some young star, the crescent Moon
Just [illegible]er back upon the glistening sea,
And [illegible] regretting that so soon
She must fore[illegible]uch tranquillity;
And weary zep[illegible]ap'd on flowers, lie down,
Nor shake one diamond drop from bush or tree,—
Oh! 't seems as if the Spirit of all rest
Had hush'd the sinful world, and made it blest!

John Bull's Letter.

[The admirable portrait of JOHN BULL, given in the Sketch-Book, must still be fresh in the recollection of every reader; and it cannot be denied that Geoffrey Crayon has contrived to present a wonderfully striking and faithful likeness of that renowned personage. But we have always had a notion, that, all pretensions to the contrary notwithstanding, nobody understands a man's character so well as he himself, provided he chuses to act an honest part, and speak plainly out what he thinks to be true; and we are the more confirmed in this opinion, as we happened lately to stumble on a letter from no less a personage than Master John himself, disclosing a little of his previous history, and being particularly full and communicative on the subject of the difficulties, and troubles, and perplexities with which the honest fellow (for he *is* an honest fellow, whatever his enemies may say to the contrary,) is at this very moment surrounded. How John took a fancy to pass by the whole tribe of the "Gentlemen of the Press" in his own good City of London, and quietly to put his letter into the hands of the ingenious Editor of the *Weekly Journal*, (in whose paper of the 6th May it appears,) is a matter which we trust he can explain to the satisfaction of the said "Gentlemen," though it does not materially concern us at present. We know the thing has been said to be no better than an arrant forgery, a mere jeu d'espirit, "the idle coinage of a brain," which has certainly produced many fine things, and, among others, the "*Lady of the Lake, &c. &c.;*" but we would have our readers pay no regard whatever to such a silly story: the document is unquestionably authentic, and, as a record of John's present perplexities, we think it too precious to be lost.]

DEAR MR JOURNALIST,

To save long introductions, be pleased to know, that I am the same John Bull of whom Sir Humphrey Polesworth long ago wrote a much-esteemed history. But little did honest Sir Numps dream of what was to befall this neighbourhood after he was dead and gone, or how often I should have to repeat his favourite proverb, "Law is a bottomless pit." I have been in that pit and out of it, half-a-dozen of times since his day, and now I am in such a quandary at the thought of another dip in it, that I cannot help applying to you, Sir, as a judicious man, for some of that counsel which you weekly bestow on public men and matters. As they never appear much to mind you, I am sure you had better bestow a little of your wisdom on a perplexed individual like myself, who would be at least thankful for the favour.

You know very well that my principal shop is one of the best frequented and best situated in the neighbourhood, and hath been so for this many a day; I have got two others besides—one a sort of back-shop which looks into a steep lane, to the north of my principal messuage. A queer sort of place it was in former days, and very inconvenient to my shop, being under the same roof, but possessed by a set of poor rascals, who were perpetually quarrelling with my people. They drove a petty trade in aqua-vitæ, oatmeal, sulphur, and such huckstry wares, and were monstrously apt to pay their debts in old iron. Since a fortunate right of inheritance threw the place into my hands, matters are much mended; we are all under the same management, have no brawls whatever, the back-shop is wonderfully brushed up, and the occupants become civil, decent, neighbourly sort of people. Then I have a third shop on the other side of the navigable canal, very fine premises indeed, a capital potato cellar, Mr Journalist, with excellent vaults for usquebaugh. A fine high-spirited, light-hearted sort of geniuses, are the folks that live there, but they are rather wilful and frolicsome, and the distance makes it hard for me to manage them; but, on the whole, I see none of my neighbours whose situation in the world is more comfortable than mine. Yet I have my troubles, Mr Journalist, and those which press me at present are of a whimsical complexion.

Sir, that my affairs are managed by a head of the firm, who has the usual power to employ the company's firm, go to law in their name, make compositions, and so forth. But he cannot touch the funds of the house, without the consent of the younger partners, who

have thus a complete check upon any irregularity; and so advantageous have I found this balance of management, that I am perhaps a little too apt to despise those who carry on business on any other principle. But indeed I believe it was, till some time ago, the general mode of conducting business in the whole neighbourhood, until the heads of some establishments made encroachments, and in many cases turned the junior partners out of the firm, or retained them only as clerks and shop-boys.

This was especially the case in Louis Baboon's family till some five-and-twenty or thirty years since, when the clerks and underlings took heart of grace, and asserted their right to be consulted in the management. If they had stopped here, it had been well. But, instead of the example which I had set them on a similar occasion, they threw the head of the house (a very good sort of man) down stairs, and the house itself out of window, hired the organist to play Up-tails all, and sallied out, bludgeon in hand, to set at liberty, as they called it, all the clerks in the neighbourhood, and chop down all the leading partners.

To law we went, (myself among others, Mr Journalist,) and many a weary term we had of it, in Westminster Hall, for more than twenty years. Never was the noble uncertainty of the law displayed to more advantage. The dispute took alternately all the colours of the rainbow, and the parties were so jostled to and fro, that nobody knew which hand to turn to. At last the management of the Baboon matters fell entirely into the hands of a little dapper fellow called Nicholas, who had been bred an attorney's clerk in old Louis's service, and a clever fellow he was. Out of the counting-room he kicked the insurgent pa[illegible] who had brought him in [illegible] all into his own hands, [illegible] a very devil at ma[illegible] executions at on[illegible] every house in [illegible] except my [illegible] cash—rummaged the [illegible] stroyed the ledgers and bill-[illegible] was particularly vexed for the inroads he made on my good quiet neighbour, Lord Strutt, a man who, if you would give him leave, would sit with a segar in his mouth the whole day long—pay every thing in gold and silver—never look at any part of the bill but the sum total—a very jewel of a customer. As such I stood up for him; and when Nicholas wanted to pop his brother Joe into the management of Strutt's house [illegible] the leave of the partners, [illegible] a bit, said I; "you must [illegible] and claw before John Bull will see his old neighbour robbed and plundered before his face." And so to law we went more fiercely than ever; and though I had one of the best attornies that ever wrote court-hand to manage that part of the law-suit, and though he gained me several verdicts, yet many a fair pound did it cost me, Mr Journalist, ere I got the damned little fellow ejected from the premises. Nay, I don't know that ever I should have been able to manage it, but that Nicholas, like the pitcher that went too often to the well, got too venturous, and [illegible] in a bloody row with Mr [illegible] the Russian merchant, [illegible] he licked him the first two [illegible] rounds, yet at length Saunders, who is a huge hulking fellow, came down a-top of Nick with all his weight; and as he fell into the fire in Saunder's counting-room, it was a signal for all and sundry to be on his jacket, so soon as they smelled the singeing. Corporal Koenigsberg, who had become his gamekeeper, Esquire South, who had given him a daughter in marriage, even his namesake, Nick Frog, who had been his errand-boy, were all down on his tibby at once. But although, with my help, they drove him out of Westminster Hall and Louis Baboon's premises at once, and placed a second Louis, a brother of him who had suffered at the commencement of the row, at the head of the establishment, yet, though Nicholas was thus tilted out of the saddle, Saunders, (who piques himself on doing things in a gentleman-like way,) and Esquire South, (who, as I said before, was Nick's father-in-law,) insisted he should be at liberty to use the same firm as before, and set him up with a handsome stock in trade, of awls and old shoes, in a cobler's stall, opposite to the splendid premises he had so la[illegible]

occupied. There was more generosity than prudence in this arrangement; for before Louis, who is something old and gouty, had half settled his affairs, in whips you Master Nicholas, trundles himself up, and Louis down stairs, and so we went to law again more briskly than ever. Happily this was but a short job. My attorney, Mr Arthur, whom I mentioned before, settled matters in a single pleading—got a verdict, with costs—and Nicholas, instead of being restored to his cobler's stall, was sent to the Fleet prison, where he died, after having spent a few unhappy years in squabbling with the turnkey.

I was sorry for the poor devil, as is my nature on such occasions; but, after all, we were best rid of him, and, good easy man that I was, I thought, that after so much stirring work, we might live for a few years like loving neighbours, under our vines and fig-trees, and so forth, and have time to look a little into our own affairs, which (I speak for one,) were thrown rather into confusion by this long law-suit. But we are not yet come so far, it seems, as Rest and be Thankful. Another cursed job has been brought out in the neighbourhood, of which I will endeavour to give you some notion.

You must know, that after the great law-suit was ended, four of my principal neighbours formed a sort of club—a Bible Society they called it, though I believe the Bible had little to do with the matter—which was to meet weekly, and oftener if necessary, at the sign of the Crown. These were Mr Saunders, who has ridden the fore-horse ever since Nicholas fell into his counting-room fire, (which, by the way, burned a good part of Saunders's premises,) Squire South, Corporal Kœnigsberg, and Louis Baboon. "And John," said they to me, "you will make one?" But I declared off, for I jealoused that these gentry, being all heads and managing partners in their several concerns, have an eye to the maintenance and extension of their own arbitrary authority over all their subordinates, and have settled to stick by each other through thick and thin, to keep down those who, after all, as they [illegible] the piper, have, I think, some right to chuse the tune. I thanked them civilly, however, and said, in the way of apology, that my constitution, of which I have been always particularly careful, did not permit me to attend these meetings.

I own I did not think this Bible Society was like to do much good; but having no fancy to intermeddle with my neighbours' affairs, I sat myself down seriously to arrange my own, which, in the course of my long law-suit, had fallen into some confusion. In fact, I found, what with accounts to be paid, bills to be called in, goods hanging on hand, or rotting in the warehouse, complaints from my farmers of bad seasons and low markets, and murmurs among my servants, that it required the utmost degree of retrenchment, even on my comforts and my charities, and the most accurate attention to both sides of a shilling before parting with it, to enable me to maintain my credit as a merchant and housekeeper, in a style becoming my situation.

But we have been all thrown back by an unlucky affair in neighbour Strutt's family. After the end of the great law-suit, when the old head of the firm, who had been kidnapped by the little Nicholas I told you of, was restored to his own place, he would needs take the same absolute sway in the counting-house which he had enjoyed before. But the younger partners objected to this, I think, reasonably enough. They alleged that, after he had suffered himself to be humbugged by Nicholas, and sent to a spunging-house, they had taken upon themselves the management of the affairs of the concern, and, with my assistance, at length brought the law-suit to an honourable conclusion; and that, therefore, it was the height of injustice to expel them from the management, now that quiet times were come round. And indeed, to speak my own opinion, as I judged the head partner, Diego, was too ambitious and [illegible] grasping at more power than he could make use of, so I [illegible] young fellows did not [illegible] consult the stability of their [illegible] establishment, in wishing to skin him so close as to leave him little more than the empty honour of hearing his name stand first in the firm. This, however, was their own affair,

not mine, and to work they went—pull devil, pull baker—till the watchmen, whom Diego had forgot to pay their day's wages, broke into the counting-room to help the younger partners, and to put matters on a new footing, in which the whole management of every kind was vested in them, leaving Diego only the privilege of sitting in the counting-house on a high three-legged stool, with a cocked hat on his head, but without power so much as to look into the ledger; while the junior partners, who transacted the whole business, were accommodated with red night-caps, and affected an odd humour of going without their shirts, as the rascals who began the great general law-suit used to go without their breeches. Most people think they would have turned Diego out to graze entirely; but there were a sort of people about the house, who were so much habituated to see him on the three-legged stool, and wearing the cocked hat, that it was thought they could hardly have been brought to submit to any direction to which these august symbols were not annexed. Besides, the chaplain had a great deal to say with some of the household, and the younger partners had imprudently enough stopped his salary, and withheld his tithe-pig, so that he was a determined enemy to the new form of management, and talked of nothing else but restoring Don Diego to his plenitude of power. In short, the family fell at variance among themselves; and though the new managers put the best face on it they could, it was impossible to hide from their neighbours that the house was more than once actually on fire.

Now, Sir, I was very sorry for all this. I cannot say I approved of my neighbour's new arrangements. I always thought the cocked hat a decent dress on Ex[illegible] and for gentlemen to go [illegible] shirts or breeches (unless they belong to the Celtic Society) [illegible] be acting no hero. So, though I did not approve of my head-[illegible] ing a hat like Mr Saunders's, Corporal's, or Squire South's, [illegible] are cut on the mould of Ancient Pistol's, yet I not only permit him to have one of modern dimensions, but [illegible] him to wear a cockade in it, and to hold the paper-ruler in his hands, for keeping up order among the younger gentry. When he lays about him needlessly, or rashly, I know how to check him.

But though this is mine own practice, Mr Journalist, I hold that every man is entitled to do [illegible] he pleases; and so long as he [illegible] bills regularly, and acts [illegible] good neighbour, he shall, for me, have it at his own pleasure what to put on his head, or wherewithal to cover his bottom. But my neighbours view the thing very differently.

The radical changes in the management of Strutt's affairs failed not to attract the notice of the Bible Society, who, taking it upon them as a matter in which they were nearly interested, sent a solemn message to the Strutts, desiring them to replace Don Diego in the privileges appertaining to the three-footed stool and the cocked hat of a head partner, and a ruler of the larger size, by way of truncheon, or to stand by the consequences. Now, though [illegible] have, and always will [illegible] my own head partner in his [illegible] prerogative, yet really, Mr Journalist, I see no business that either I or these biblical gentlemen have to impose upon others the form of doing business which we have found most convenient in the Bull family; and accordingly I dispatched Mr Arthur, my attorney, to enter my protest against the measure, and to expostulate with them on the injustice of going to law with the Strutts on what concerned them not, and to offer my own services as referee to bring about an amicable compromise;—and certainly if ever faith is on any occasion to be placed in an attorney, it is when he advises you not to go to law. But these gentlemen were too much fixed in their own opinions to be altered by the remonstrances of Mr Arthur, although he be one of the cleverest attornies who ever lived, and an honest man into the bargain. And so they settled, that, with their full countenance and approbation, Louis Baboon should raise a suit against the house of Strutt & Co., and the action has been entered accordingly, counsel are retained, and the cause is put out for trial.

Now, Sir, in this unfortunate dispute amongst neighbours, I would be willing to do my duty, could I but accurately discover how far that duty extends. I am always in the habit of taking the advice of the younger partners of our mercantile house on such occasions, and I find that, as usual, they are very much divided in opinion. I say as usual: for it is very rarely that they are unanimous, even on the most common topics; and, to say truth, I am pleased it should be so, since I have thereby an opportunity of hearing every subject discussed to the bottom.

The majority of these junior partners, who consist of the same individuals who so strongly urged the supporting the Strutts against Nicholas, are now much against my becoming a party to this new law-suit brought against them by Louis. They admit that the interference of the latter, with his neighbour's internal arrangements, is altogether unjustifiable; but they urged, that, if the Strutts had not been utterly pig-headed, they might have averted the crisis, by such an alteration in their arrangements as would at once have satisfied Louis, and been better for themselves. And although they admit that Strutt & Co. (for Diego, notwithstanding his three-cocked hat and high stool, has been wheeled into the coal-hole as a piece of useless lumber,) were entitled to resist even the most obvious improvement at the hands of Louis Baboon, yet, with respect to their claim upon us for assistance, that must, in a great measure, depend upon shewing that their law-suit was not only just, but necessary and unavoidable; for, admitting in its utmost extent their title to make good their right to the farthest iota by their own power, it did not appear that they were entitled to involve third parties in their quarrel, if they themselves could get out of it by the sacrifice of a punctilio. A man assaulted by robbers has a right to the assistance of every passenger; but if he be engaged in a duel, on account of a point of honour, it does not seem that third parties are equally called upon to commit themselves. And, therefore, since neither party would listen to our friendly advice, these honest gentlemen thought the best thing I could do was to look on and see fair play, taking care, in the meantime, not to have my pockets picked.

On the other hand, there are several of the company's partners (very smart clever fellows, I assure you) who would have me bristle up on Strutt's part, and make myself a party to his law-suit. It is a shame, they say, to see such a pretty spirit as that which the Strutts have lately shewn, put down by old Louis and his assertions of legitimate rights—and they put it to me how I should like to be hollowing myself hoarse for assistance when robbers were breaking my door, without having any one to stir to my assistance.

Really, Mr Journalist, I scarce know what to say to all this. It goes to my heart that I should lose, in my old days, the character of general redresser of wrongs in my neighbourhood; for since I could write man, John Bull with his blunderbuss was always more ready at the cry of "watch," than the Charlie with his rattle. On the other hand, it is not holding up my hand will do. I know, by sad experience, I must thrust them deep into my pockets; and, to say truth, I cannot find so much there as I used to do. My money is become like a wild colt; I must herd it into a corner before I can catch it. Besides, Mr Journalist, I was just beginning to let out a reef, as my dear boy Jack calls it, after all my retrenchments. I had just settled to allow myself the use of the buggy once more, a decent pot of double ale after dinner, and was thinking of clearing out my drawing-room, and having another foot-boy. But all those indulgences must be given up if I go again into Westminster Hall, and Heaven knows when I may have the good luck to get out of it. The last law-suit, which was only to have lasted a winter or two, in fact was drawn out to two

My dear, [illegible] my servants and partners honest men enough, yet I [illegible] in their hearts they are a little partial—the one party of them to the cocked hat, and the other to the red night-cap. No one so ready to go to law in behalf of Diego as the first class—none so full of doubts

and fears as the other. Now they have changed hands, and the former gentlefolks see all the dangers of a law-suit, to which the latter shut their eyes. I would fain have your advice, as an impartial person, what I ought to do, and especially on these two points:—Whether you think the having a fair excuse for going to law, if a man choose, obliges him to do so whether he has money to carry on a law-suit or no? Secondly, if you see a neighbour falling from the top of his house, whether you are obliged, by Christian charity and neighbourly love, to place your own person below him, so as to give some chance of intercepting his fall, at the risk of yourself receiving such a damnable squelch that you may never be your own man again?

If you cannot answer these queries yourself, you may put them in your paper for the consideration of the learned.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BULL.

TO THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ENTITLED "THE OPPOSITION," IN NO. LV. OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Letter II.

SIR,

You may be a person of a very lively imagination, but I apprehend your judgment is none of the strongest. The idea, you observe, which manifestly gives birth to your whole theory, turns out to be quite visionary and valueless, examined by what criterion you will. In the first place, it is a very suspicious-looking idea of itself, and such as any sensible man, not half-seas-over, would be exceedingly reluctant to assent to, except upon the most irresistible evidence. But, in the second place, the evidence by which you would support it, instead of being, as it ought to be, more than usually cogent, is, in reality, no evidence at all, being merely a recital of a few well-known facts, arising, quite naturally, from the operation of ordinary and familiar causes, and no more symptomatic of the strange and alarming state of things which your hypothesis implies, than of a revolution among the stars of the firmament. Now, really, when a man will insist, not only upon advocating a set of opinions which nobody else entertains, but also upon employing a species of logic peculiar to himself, which nobody else can understand, his case is certainly rather of a puzzling description, and one that I do not know very well what to think of.

Having already explained myself at so much length in my former letter, it may be thought needless to spend any more argument about the matter. When we find the foundation of an edifice to be mere shadow, we may pretty safely conclude that the superstructure, however stately it look to the eye, is not a piece of very substantial architecture. You have got possessed by an unfortunate delusion, upon a certain point which evidently colours and distorts your notions, about all subjects connected, by the most remote degree of relationship; and you are perhaps sufficiently refuted when this great pervading misconception has been examined and exposed. But it will be, at any rate, amusing, even although it be almost a work of supererogation, to pursue you through a few of your remaining absurdities; and I shall now, therefore, run rapidly over such of your paragraphs as have not come already under review, and point out the singular perversion of facts and principles by which the progress, not less than the commencement of your reasoning, is distinguished.

I confess I cannot make a great deal of the bouncing and precipitous style in which you conduct your argument about the effects of Libellous Publications. There may be something very imposing, perhaps, to certain understandings, in the array of capital letters, which you have placed at the head of your alarming announcement; there are some people, it is said, who instinctively take every thing for gospel they see in print, and to those who feel any such constitutional veneration,

for the common alphabet, great capitals must of course be quite overwhelming. Others, again, who labour under a natural antipathy against reasoning in any shape, from a variety of causes—a peculiarity of intellectual construction, perhaps, which prevents them, in general, from deriving much benefit from it, or [illegible] of parental tenderness for their favourite opinions and principles, which makes them avoid, as much as possible, exposing them to the dangers of examination and discussion—will no doubt be perfectly delighted with a writer who, in laying down one of the most questionable positions that ever was hazarded, has nothing more tedious to say in its behalf, than that "it would be idle to offer proofs of it." But really this brevity of yours gets somewhat excessive occasionally; and if it does not produce obscurity, must be allowed, at the same time, to be not very well calculated for producing conviction either. We naturally feel at times a little suspicious of a reasoner who posts to his conclusions with equal self-complacency, whether the premises from which he starts be true or false, and who does not seem to be in the least disconcerted, even when he happens not to have any premises to start from at all. In the present case, for instance, where you seem to be in the last-mentioned predicament, you cannot complain, although we should not feel quite so well satisfied as to the truth of your proposition, as we might perhaps have been, had you condescended to argue it a little more after the ordinary fashion. What do you mean by telling us, that "not many months ago, the intelligent part of the community bore public testimony to the fact, and no other evidence is necessary?" Why, the fact in question, namely, the alleged deterioration of the national character, by the influence of libellous publications, does not depend upon the testimony of any set of people whatever, but involves matter of opinion, with which testimony has little or nothing to do. The determination of this fact, which you would have us consider as of so very simple a nature, that it may be [illegible]ved merely because it has been [illegible]d, involves, in the first place, the settlement of the dispute, as to the [illegible] existence of the supposed national degeneracy, or, in other words, the consideration of the true import of the several statements from which that supposition has been deduced; a dispute in which, as I have already attempted to shew, wherever the strong assertions may be found, the strong arguments, at least, do not belong exclusively to the side espoused by you and your friends. But, even supposing this point settled, or rather conceded, for a moment, to your satisfaction, the elucidation of the alleged fact still demands from you, in the second place, a proof that such a connection may be established between this national degeneracy and the publications alluded to, as that the one may be fairly considered as the sole cause of the other; a demand which, however difficult it may be for you to answer it, is surely not to be either complied with or evaded, by a mere appeal to the authority of a parcel of individuals. We are long ago done with the days of infallibility, both at Rome and elsewhere; and I must beg leave to inform "the intelligent part of the community," whoever they be, that even their testimony cannot be admitted now-a-days, either as a substitute for sound logic, or a passport for its opposite. But who, after all, are these same testifying sages, to whose *ipse dixit* we are thus turned over by this compendious method of proving a proposition? In your lack of argument of your own, it might have been at least expected, that your references to others should have been good; but you treat your readers no better than a swindler, who, when his creditors hint a wish for a little cash, if quite convenient, gravely remarks, that it would be idle to offer it, but that if they doubt his ability to pay them ten times the amount of their demands, he can refer them to a most respectable voucher; and thereupon very coolly presents them with the address of a person [illegible]sted. The fact is, that [illegible]stimony, borne by the [illegible]part of the community, [illegible]quote with so much easy assurance, is nothing more or less than a mere fiction of your own dreaming. I would not, of course, be

understood to insinuate that you were at all aware of the nonsense you were inditing at the time when you made this singular appeal; it arose, no doubt, purely from the treachery of a warm imagination, excited by the interest of the subject; but certain it is, that no public declaration of the description alluded to has issued, for a great many months, from any set of people whatever, unless, possibly, something of the kind may be found among the denunciations of Sir John Sewel, and his association of old women, who could hardly, however, after what has passed, be well styled, by way of eminence, the *intelligent part of the community*, except by a very bitter sarcasm indeed.

The truth is, that this idea of yours, about libellous publications, is, like most of your other ideas, a very absurd one. You have heard your Tory acquaintances talk so much, in their figurative and forcible way, about the kingdom being inundated with libels, that you seem actually, at last, to have taken the expression in its literal acceptation, and to be haunted with a sort of belief, that your miserable fellow-countrymen have, in these latter days, been regularly visited, every season, with a *bona fide* flood of sedition and blasphemy, whose poisonous waters rushing in upon their understandings, by mouth, ears, and nostrils at once, have never failed, in a short time, to soak and intoxicate them so effectually, as to make them quite impenetrable, for the rest of the year, to the voice both of reason and religion. If this is not exactly your notion of the matter, it is plain enough, at least, that you have got possessed by some other, not much less extraordinary. Some time about the close of the year 1815, according to you, a sudden and complete perversion of the character of the people of England was effected by the dissemination among them of a few dozen political pamphlets, there being nothing else whatever in the circumstances of that particular period which could have assisted in accomplishing the [illegible]. Not only so, but the moral taint, it would seem, with which we were inoculated in this singular manner, at that unfortunate era, has been ever since kept alive, and in vigour, solely by the repeated application of the virus by which it was at first communicated, and continues at the present moment, as it has all along done, to resist, with the most unaccountable obstinacy, every attempt that can be made, either to subdue it or to mitigate its violence; for these same libellous publications, which have done all this mischief, have been opposed by as many checks and counter-charms, as, one should think, would have kept most evil influences in order. They have been prosecuted by the Attorney-General, and bullied by the Constitutional Association, and frowned upon by the assembled wisdom of Parliament, and subjected to restrictions and penalties which have immensely increased both the difficulty and the danger of circulating them; and, as you yourself inform us, discountenanced and reprobated by all the intelligent part of the community; and not only cut up, confuted, and confounded, by the eloquence and argument of the ablest writers in the kingdom, but, as if all this were not enough to neutralize or annihilate them, more than sufficiently answered and exposed by their own inherent folly and absurdity. And yet, in the very teeth of all these formidable obstacles, and in spite of this imputed weakness and impotence, do they contrive, according to you, to go on extending and strengthening their dominion; and the superior ability, and more dexterous and powerful reasoning, by which their nonsense has been met and repelled, have been equally unsuccessful in diminishing their influence with the punishments of judicial authority, and the anathemas of your men of intelligence, and the pounds, shillings, and pence, of those who possess neither the one attribute nor the other. Now, really, I must be excused for saying, that all this, standing unexplained and unqualified as it does, is what I, for one, cannot exactly undertake to digest. It may be a very splendid poetical conception; but, in plain prose, it sounds somewhat extravagant and incredible. Why, fines and imprisonments may be very preposterous applications, to be sure, for curing a man, either of his irreligion or his disaffection, as well as rather incongruous

auxiliaries for the cause of Christianity to ally itself withal; and the indicting and sentencing, therefore, which has been so very busily at work, has undoubtedly had considerable effect in propagating the very evil which it was perhaps intended to check; but the Press, at least, is as available to the advocates of one side of the question, as to those of the other; and men are surely not so perversely in love with bad logic, as that they should all, or a great majority of them, prefer it, without any temptation, to its opposite. There is only, I suspect, one conclusion to which sensible and unprejudiced men will be disposed to come in the circumstances of the case, namely, that of the publications which you have thought proper to characterize so sweepingly by the epithet libellous; a very large proportion, however disagreeable to you and your friends, may not have been, on that account, the less deserving of attention and confidence from the more independent part of the community; and that such of them as may have been really objectionable, must, if they did any injury worth speaking of at all, have derived their most effectual strength from the unfortunate political circumstances of the times, and especially from those measures of an obstinate and incapable administration, already enumerated, which have done so much, both to multiply the enemies of the Constitution, and to alarm and disgust its friends. It were a libel upon reason and religion themselves, as well as upon human nature, to suppose any thing else.

Discrediting and denying, then, as I am compelled to do, your whole theory upon this subject, in as far as it involves the notion of a change in the national character, occasioned either by the influence of libellous publications, or by any other cause, I shall take the liberty, in jotting down the few remarks I intend to offer upon the remainder of your effusion, to overlook any connection which it may be intended to have with the portion already discussed, and consider it simply upon its own merits, as a separate and independant speculation. It consists principi- of an attempt to shew, that, whatever success has of late years attended the publication of seditious and blasphemous libels, has arisen entirely from the conduct pursued, and the doctrines advanced in reference to this subject, by the Opposition party in Parliament; and without indulging in any farther controversy about the amount of that success, I shall merely endeavour, as briefly as I can, to expose the absurdity of the argument by which you pretend to trace and assign its cause. With the reasons which you give for engaging in the investigation of this matter at the present moment, I have nothing to do, except to remark, that the first, in which you talk of the likelihood that the calm the nation at present enjoys may be broken by the next season of scarcity or manufacturing distress, is in direct contradiction to one of your own fundamental positions already laid down, and, in fact, involves an acknowledgment that all your previous assertions about the unassisted influence of libellous publications, in disturbing the tranquillity of the country, were quite extravagant and unfounded; and that the second, in as far as it is intelligible, (for there is a good deal of your rumbling rhetorick about the "gigantic sect of the anarchists," and other such terrific imaginations, which I certainly do not profess to comprehend,) if it does not contain any thing particularly applicable to the point in hand, is at least valuable, as a pretty fair specimen of the candour, liberality and correctness we are to expect in the sequel. I am sorry I cannot join with you in your decorous expressions of regret, that "the representative Governments which have been lately established, have each of them what is called an Opposition," and that "the Press has, in France, become comparatively free;" nor so much as understand your meaning, when you assert, that the same "mighty engine plots in this country in uncircumscribed licentiousness, and in some other nations publishes scarcely any thing that is not directed against the best interests of mankind." The dominions of their enlightened Majesties of Prussia and Austria are surely not the regions of the earth to which this last de-

scription is meant to apply; although that explanation, to be sure, would give it a meaning which most people would be ready enough both to understand and assent to. As for your third and last reason, founded, as it is, upon the determination which, it seems, you and your friends have recently adopted, to "act no longer on the defensive, but to carry the war into the camp of the enemy," I can only say, that I believe none of those to whom it is addressed will feel at all alarmed, either by the martial phraseology in which it is couched, or by the recollection of the Bulls, Beacons, and other abortions of Tory blackguardism, whether rotting in their infamy above ground or beneath, which it is intended to suggest.

To enter, however, upon more important matters: in my preceding observations, I have had abundant occasion to expose your miserable inefficiency as a reasoner, as well as to remark the singular mixture of prejudice and simplicity by which you appear to be guided in the selection and statement of the facts upon which your reasonings are founded. These, however, are insignificant charges, compared to those which I felt myself compelled to make with reference to the remaining part of your effusion. The argument to the consideration of which I am now about to proceed, is certainly quite as inconclusive and absurd as any of those which have been already examined, and the references which you make in the course of it, to matters of fact, are as incorrect and perverse as usual; but your unfairness, both of statement and inference, which, as formerly displayed, might perhaps have been regarded, by a slight stretch of charity, as nothing worse than the result of ignorance and credulity, is now accompanied with so many incontestible indications of a bad heart, that it will be impossible, I am afraid, any longer to admit its claim to so favourable a construction. I pledge myself, before I have done with this portion of your lucubrations, to do more than demolish the feeble and unmortared fabric to which you have given something like the shape, at least, of an argument. I will convict you of a few offences of an infinitely more discreditable complexion than bad logic. I will prove you to be addicted to a system of random asseveration, which leads you, whenever your argument requires it, to assume as true, what, to speak in the mildest terms, it is impossible you can have ascertained. I will prove you to be uniformly guilty of the grossest and most despicable illiberality in your interpretation of the motives of those who differ from you in their political professions and conduct. I will prove you to be a disbeliever and contemner of all generous or ennobling views of human nature. I will prove you to be a busy scatterer of calumnies, which a high-minded man would not have so much as listened to. I will prove you to be as coarse and brutal in the expression of your sentiments, as you are uncandid, intolerant, and unscrupulous in the formation of them. Lastly, I will prove you to be a bigotted hater of whatever breathes the spirit, or bears the name of Liberty, the friend and eulogist of despots, and the ready defender of whatever tends to abridge the rights of mankind. I will prove all these charges by quotations from, or references to, our own recorded exposition of your your opinions.

You commence your attack, it must be confessed, with a sufficiently frank and intrepid disregard of ceremony, when you describe a Parliamentary Opposition in general, as a political body, "which, continually coming in contact with the interests of the nation, invariably regards them as secondary to its own;" and inform us afterwards, in the same downright and comprehensive style of assertion, that "it daily resorts to every imaginable artifice to strengthen its interest, and promote the dismissal of its opponents," and in fact, in the constant habit of "assailing the Ministry, only because it is the Ministry." This is a sample of the sort of thing which we must be contented, it seems, to accept as fair, moderate, and gentlemanly writing, when it comes from a pen in the pay of Mr Gifford, or the Government. What would be said of a writer on the unprivileged side of the question, who should audaciously as-

pire to imitate this free and easy fashion of discussing the character of his political antagonists. Suppose some unfortunate Whig, in the ardour of his opposition against the existing administration, should be so far left to himself, as to be induced to aver, without qualification, that every Ministry is in fact nothing better than a public enemy, advantageously posted for the purposes of plunder and delusion, and that all who support or approve its measures may be divided, by a very simple classification, into a majority of knaves, and a minority of fools. Why, if any thing of this kind were to happen, we should never hear enough about *the withering influence of faction*, and *the illiberality of what are called liberal politics*, and the other commodious texts upon which the Editor of the Courier is in the habit of exercising his gift, whenever there is nothing in the last arrivals from Paris to make the exposition of a new set of principles expedient. But the most provoking thing of all is, that, indefensible and intolerable as this dashing species of rhetorick would be considered any where else, even if offered as mere declamation or invective, it is absolutely presented to us, in the Quarterly Review, as so much sober reasoning, and we are compelled to accept of it as the introductory demonstration of a long and elaborate induction. It is certainly a demonstration which, it must be admitted, has at least the merit of being unanswerable; and if this, in the present instance, be somewhat like the security of Juvenal's *vacuus viator*, a property of a negative, rather than a positive description, it is to be hoped that nobody will think the less of it on account of so very trivial a peculiarity.

Having assumed your first position in this brilliant and effective style, you go on, in the second place, after merrily remarking, as you pass, that the public voice is, in this country, the chief arbiter of power, to discuss the nature and character of the daily Press, as being, in your judgment, the principal instrument by which the public opinion is determined. If the fact be really so, it is undoubtedly a very deplorable one; for, at present, according to you, the occupation of the Press of England, so far as the public prints are concerned, is neither more nor less than "to do every thing that honour and honesty shrink from." There is no mincing of matters here certainly; and, in truth, when a man has a point to gain, either sword in hand or pen in hand, there is nothing like dealing about him with a little vigour. This manifestly seems to be, at all events, your mode of going to work; your main concern is to make your assertions as emphatic as possible; and as for any scruples about their correctness, and so forth, why, you wisely leave them to those who have nothing more important to attend to. And thus you establish your argument, if not to the entire satisfaction of your readers, at least as completely as it is possible for such an argument to be established. Our newspapers, say you, originate with our political parties; but these newspapers are themselves libellous, and their conductors necessarily licentious; "from this, *and this alone*, springs the clamour which is raised by them, whenever libels are prosecuted; and hence the impunity with which libels are circulated, and all the long et cetera of its accompanying evils."

Our newspapers, it seems, are necessarily libellous; but then, "the libels circulated by the Ministerial prints must be altogether different from (meaning much more harmless than) those circulated by the Opposition ones;" and for this very sapient reason, that "they cannot support the Ministry, without supporting the Constitution, the laws, religion, and social order." Of a truth, some people have got an assortment of marvellously enlightened notions about the Constitution, the laws, religion, and social order. According to the current philosophy in certain circles, the venerable personages so much talked of under these four names, are, with reverence be it spoken, a set of as unstable and capricious old gentlemen as ever pestered their nurses, and made themselves ridiculous by their ever-shifting humours and fantasies. They have absolutely no more constancy or fixedness about them, than so many well-oiled weathercocks. The Constitution!—why,

to change the gender of the metaphor, it has been successively the kept-mistress of all the ruling factions, from the Revolution downwards, to say nothing of its occasional services under the earlier history of the Monarchy. It allowed itself to be transferred from the possession of the Whigs under King William, to that of the Tories under Queen Anne, with all the grace and good-humour imaginable; it wore one sort of countenance during the reign of George II., and threw it aside for another, without either shame or reluctance, to suit a new connection, shortly after the accession of his successor; it was keenly attached to Reform with the Mr Pitt of 1782, and as keenly opposed to it with the Mr Pitt of 1793; it was a cold-blooded, continental, slavish-hearted Constitution, under my Lord Castlereagh; and has been hitherto very nearly as bad, except by fits and starts, under our present harmonious and effective cabinet. To support the Constitution, in short, according to the phraseology of these accurate talkers, means, and has always meant, nothing more, than to be ready to repeat all the dicta, and laud all the measures of his Majesty's servants for the time being; and the truly Constitutional man, in their estimation, is the quick-sighted and dexterous politician, who can enter, whenever he finds it convenient, into a new set of opinions, with the same facility with which other men can put on a new suit of clothes, and who never suffers the line of his conduct and conversation to differ by the minutest shade, from that of the ascendant luminary of the day, any more than if the one were merely a reflection from the other. As to with the laws, religion, and social order. With the individuals in question, all these words are merely so many cant terms, with something of a solemn and imposing sound. To support the laws, meant, only a few generations ago, to vindicate and applaud the injustice of Judge Jeffries. To support religion, means, at the present day, among a great variety of other things, to eulogize all the atrocious absurdities of the Irish establishment, and to resist all attempts to remove or diminish them. And as for the cause of social order, as these people employ the phrase, why, it was the cause of King John before the meeting at Runnymede, and of King James before the Revolution, and always will be, as it has always been, the cause of the King or the Tyrant, who may happen to fill the throne,—and nothing more. It is an idle mockery, therefore, to tell us that the public prints, in the interest of the Ministry, must at all times be necessarily the supporters of the Constitution, the laws, religion, and social order. The proposition either asserts nothing at all, or it asserts a great deal which is palpably untrue. If the words are used in any higher sense than that which has just been explained, the Opposition journals are at least just as likely as the Ministerial ones to be entitled to the credit of supporting the cause described by them. "The majority, at least, of the measures of the Ministry," say you, "are intended to benefit the nation." This is a favourite aphorism, I am aware, with all such of your thick-and-thin worshippers of the powers that be, as are weak enough to pretend to any thing like a conscience. They delight to wrap themselves up, in this comfortable theoretical generality, from the recollection of whatever individual follies or crimes they may have found it necessary to sanction in the course of their practice. And, in truth, if it could be satisfactorily established, that every acting Ministry must, from its very nature, be in general right in the measures it pursues, as it would follow, of course, that its opponents must be almost alway wrong, it would undoubtedly be the policy of all honest and prudent n to endeavour to support it in pow in spite of the few errors into which it might occasionally run,—up sound and salutary principle

"Makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others which we know not of."

But it is impossible to establish any thing of the kind. I do not stop to debate with you about the necessary *intentions* of every possible administration; but certain it is, that a set of men may very easily be conceived to get into power in this country, the whole course of whose policy shall

be, in *effect*, (which is the only point worth attending to,) more detrimental to the interests, and derogatory to the honour, of the people whom they pretend to serve. Their inattention, it may be from mistaken views, to all the most important concerns of their situation, may be so flagrant, and so persevering, or their incapacity may be so lamentably injurious, or the principles by the guidance of which they conduct themselves may, without being absolutely the result of any thing like a determination to degrade or ruin their country, be nevertheless so utterly vicious in their nature, and so destructive in their tendency, that it were a species of criminal insanity to permit them to remain at the helm of affairs. It is the duty of all true patriots to unite in opposition to every such mischievous administration, whatever be the purity of intention in which its measures originate. Of what importance is it to tell us, that the Minister is nothing worse than weak or misled, when the whole empire is paying for, or suffering under, and all the rest of Europe laughing at, his blunders?

I am now come to the character you are pleased, with so much liberality of abuse, to bestow upon the existing Opposition; and in quoting a few sentences from the frantic invective in which you indulge under this head, I shall have a further opportunity of illustrating, according to the pledge I have given above, the very gentlemanly and charitable manner in which you advocate your peculiar opinions. What does the reader think of such pithy writing as the following? "The nation has, for some time, had a Whig Opposition, placed in such circumstances, and composed of such men, as have been exactly calculated to make it produce the very utmost measure of public calamity." An Opposition of this description had been denominated, by the bye, in a preceding sentence, "a base, unprincipled, patricidal faction," by a somewhat more brief, though certainly not less energetic burst of moral eloquence. "The Whigs," moreover, we are told by this very clever, as well as liberal-minded person, a few sentences afterwards, "have become men of slender talents and pliant honesty; all whose talents were above those of the third class have been removed from their ranks, and, if they have been replaced at all, it has been by men of the most common-place intellects, and the most questionable principles." Again they are described, a little way down, after the same decorous fashion, as "men greedy of office, of violent passions, desperate hopes, and questionable honesty;" and of the party to which they belong it is sweepingly remarked, that "it is formed for the purpose of opposing, indiscriminately, all the measures of the Ministers, without any reference to their merits, and of driving them from their office, however disastrous the consequences may prove to the nation." "It struggles," it is added, "not for the good of the country, but for personal profit and aggrandizement at the public cost." This is the correct and cautious language of your champion of religion, and eulogist of social order,—of your courtly enemy of plebeian rudeness, and revolutionary extravagance,—of your sensitive abhorrer of all libels, public and private, and dignified and consistent reprover of the misdemeanours of a licentious Press. It is, it must be confessed, particularly disinterested in you to endeavour to compensate, in this way, for the weakness of your arguments, by affording so very disgusting an exhibition, in your own practice, of the vices against which you preach. You are disposed, you say, to praise the Revolution of 1688 as highly as any body, but for a reason of your own. It was a measure, it seems, "of defence, and not of aggression, of preservation, and not of change." If this be really the imagined peculiarity which has procured for it the meed of your approval, I am afraid its pretensions to that honour will hardly stand a very strict examination. A measure of defence and preservation it undoubtedly was; but to assert that it was not a measure of change and aggression too, amounts really to such an aristocratic defiance of the evidence of facts, as neither to deserve nor admit of an answer. I deny, also, your other assertion, that this memorable event "formed a precedent of a dangerous nature." Perhaps the very first of the benefits which it brought along

with it, was the noble precedent which it established. Without, in the slightest degree, under-rating its other blessings, it may be fairly asserted, that the better part of their value consisted in their being associated with, and indeed founded upon, the recognition of the principle which admits the right of subjects to change, whenever it may seem to them expedient, the form of the government under which they live. I state the matter in these broad and unqualified terms, because I am quite unable to discern those delicate lines of distinction, which some nice speculators pretend to trace between certain measures actually pursued by our ancestors at the period of the Revolution, and certain others, sanctioned, seemingly, by the same principles which, from a regard to expediency, were not resorted to. It is the practice, of course, now-a-days, for every body to pretend to admire the Constitution as established at the Revolution; and none are more prolix in their professions, or more obstreperous with their huzzas, upon this subject, than the sworn and unrelenting enemies of all other revolutions, and the admirers and defenders of all existing unregenerated despotisms. These very consistent persons are, it may be supposed, not a little puzzled occasionally, to reconcile the several articles of their motley creed, and to remove the unpleasant suspicion which a censorious world is somewhat apt to entertain, that the plaudits which they lavish upon the Revolutionary government under which they live, do not originate exactly in those purely patriotic motives to which they are so fond of referring them; but are bestowed rather because it would not accord with their interests to withhold them, than because they actually approve in their hearts, of what they so vociferously panegyrize. Among other expedients to which they are in the habit of having recourse, for the vindication of their consistency, is the one to which you, I observe, have lent the aid of your able goose-quill. It consists merely in a very modest attempt to persuade us that the Revolution of 1688 was, in fact, hardly a Revolution at all, and that therefore those only are its genuine admirers, by whom all revolutionary movements are reprobated, and held in detestation. In order to make out this very simple and conclusive proposition, nothing more is deemed necessary than to hazard a few bold assertions about the matter, as usual, without any very scrupulous respect for the evidence of the facts to which they allude. The people, for instance, on that occasion, proceeded, to be sure, to adjust their dislocated government, without asking, or waiting for the concurrence of its established head; but then Mr Burke has told us, that no nation can do a thing of this kind more than once, and that our ancestors, therefore, by availing themselves of their singular privilege, at the period in question, did virtually,—that, I think, is his expression,—preclude their posterity from the repetition of any thing similar, for all succeeding generations. In the same, or a similar manner, are these ingenious casuists in the habit of dealing with all the other difficulties of the subject; till at last, by certain occult processes of ratiocination, they contrive to strip, what has been hitherto very erroneously denominated a Revolution, of every thing about it of a Revolutionary character. Even when you press upon them the awkward circumstance of the dethronement of the Monarch, and the disinheritance of his family, you find them abundantly supplied with a variety of commodious expedients in which to take refuge. They will tell you, for example, that King James never was dethroned at all; that, properly speaking, he only abdicated the throne; as if a man, who has been compelled to abandon a certain valuable possession, will account himself much the better off in his misfortune, for having a long Latin law-term appropriated to his use, instead of some vulgar English monosyllable. Or, if this is not sufficiently satisfactory, they will just speak out at once, and assert, that the principle which sanctioned the dethroning of the Monarch, if any thing of the kind actually took place, was, to use your own language, "of all the principles of that period the only one which was of doubtful truth." As if this were not the very principle, not to have acted upon which would have rendered every thing else that was ex-

pected useless or absurd, and to deny the truth of which is just the same thing as to maintain that the Revolution was a piece of outrageous criminality altogether, in its origin, its progress, and its consummation.

If the crime, therefore, which you charge against the members of the present Opposition be merely their veneration for the Revolution of 1688, not only as having been a measure of great practical benefit at the time, but as likewise affording an invaluable precedent for the guidance and the warning of posterity, the imputation is one in which they are well entitled to glory, as equally honourable to the consistency and the moral purity of the faith to which they are attached. I have not left myself space to pursue you at much length, through your strictures upon their conduct, in reference to certain more recent events of a similar character, nor is it at all necessary that I should. The frothy farrago of assertion and declamation which you pour forth upon this subject is fortunately very nearly as impotent as it is rancorous. It affords, however, one or two admirable specimens of the despicable and disgusting vulgarity with which you are in the habit of talking of the motives of your political opponents. The Whigs, you are, for instance, weak enough to believe, or at least wicked enough to assert, were induced to embrace the principles of the French Revolution, "through party interest," "although they perceived," you elegantly add, "that the new opinions were but vampings up of dead old sophisms and falsehoods." I reply, without hesitation, to this wretched piece of drivelling, that the charge which it contains is as absurd and incredible as it is incapable of being substantiated, although it were true. It is a charge advanced without proof, and in spite of probability—a charge such as no man whatever is entitled, and, as I should have imagined, before perusing your pages, no man pretending to the rank of a gentleman would have descended to make against another. If the Whigs are to be condemned for the generous enthusiasm with which they greeted the dawn of the French Revolution, or for the still more generous intrepidity with which they continued, after that fair sky was overcast, to adhere to their principles, in spite of evil times and evil tongues,—as condemned they will be, by all the cold-blooded crew who acknowledge no other test of the value of any principles, except the profit to be made by professing them; let them, at least, be judged candidly and dispassionately upon the evidence of facts, by minds capable of dissenting from an opinion, without questioning the honesty of those who hold it. They are in the habit of praising Revolutions, you assert, merely as such, without either inquiring or caring whether the Governments overturned by them may or may not have deserved their fate. The best, and indeed the only way of proving such an accusation as this, if nonsense so palpable merits any other treatment than instant and indignant rejection, would be, one should think, to produce at least one instance in which something like what is alleged has actually and undeniably taken place. But, instead of any thing of this kind, which would have set the question at rest at once, all we have from you, is a reference to the irrelevant cases of France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont. There is not one of these countries, surely, in which any body will pretend to say that the Government did not imperiously demand a radical and comprehensive reformation, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the period selected, and the method adopted for effecting it. The approbation, therefore, with which the Whigs have regarded the Revolutions which have recently taken place, or been attempted, in these particular countries, is not, in the slightest degree, corroborative of your assertion. You might just as well take it into your head to revile the Judges as a crew of blood-thirsty, iron-hearted monsters, regardless of human suffering, and desperately partial to hanging "for its own dear sake;" and remark, in confirmation of the charge, that not many weeks ago, on a certain circuit, no fewer than three poor wretches were sentenced to the gallows, and left for execution, the first for murder, the second for rape, and the third for both crimes com-

bined. The Revolutions which you enumerate were provoked and justified, every one of them, by a thousand abuses in the several Governments attacked, which nothing but Revolutions could remedy; and the man who withholds from them his sympathy, would assuredly be just as reluctant to eulogize our own Revolution, of which they are merely so many imitations, if certain unworthy motives did not interfere to make him affect an admiration which he does not feel.

After all this, I have but little to say with reference to the remainder of your argument. The imputations you throw upon the character of the present Opposition, both in the passages I have noticed, and in several others much of the same liberal complexion, and doing equal honour to the head and heart of the writer, which I have not room to quote, amount to nothing more than a tissue of calumnies,—many of them quite ridiculous and incredible,—most of them incapable of being established, even if they were true,—and all of them, in spite of the verbiage with which they are encumbered, unaccompanied by the slightest evidence calculated to impose upon any man come to years of discretion, unless he has been unfortunately driven at least half mad by the bigotry and the bitterness of political animosity. It follows, of course, that any inference you may be pleased to draw from such a libellous and imbecile rhapsody, can hardly expect to be treated with the most reverential attention; and accordingly, when we find you, for instance, describing the newspapers attached to the interests of Opposition, as necessarily, to use your own language, "of the most dangerous description," we understand at once what you mean by the expression, and are certainly not very seriously discomposed by the alarming intimation it conveys to us. It appears immediately afterwards, indeed, that the heaviest charge you have to bring against them, is their hostility to the Constitutional Association; a species of crime, perhaps, of rather a hard-hearted character, considering the present condition of the objects against which it is directed, but certainly not very likely to disturb the tranquillity, or to endanger in any way whatever the welfare of the kingdom. I cannot but admire the modesty of your proposal, "that the Whigs, in all conflicts between the law and seditious and blasphemous libels, should henceforth remain neutral." The meaning of this is merely, I presume, that the Whigs, out of politeness to their opponents, should good-naturedly consent to renounce that portion of their political creed which asserts the beneficial tendency of free discussion, and other such anti-ministerial heresies, and be pleased to accept in its stead a few tenets from that more orthodox philosophy, which teaches, that erroneous doctrines, whether in politics or religion, are much more effectually put down by heavy fines, than by weighty arguments, and that there is nothing like a prosecution at the instance of His Majesty's Attorney-General, followed up by a committal to jail, and a confiscation of property, for making a seditious author and his books be forgotten by the public. If the Whigs will but conform to these very reasonable conditions, withdraw themselves from the more intimate alliance they have recently formed with the people, and become along with Messrs Canning and Peel, the charitable apologists, or admiring defenders, of all established abuses in church and state, they will be permitted, I have no doubt, without much censure from you, to drivel on, as long as they choose, in a nominal and harmless Opposition, to the policy of a triumphant administration, and may even perhaps receive, as they certainly will deserve, for their infamous abandonment of their duty and their dignity, that most appropriate of all rewards—the honour of your commendation.

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
A WHIG.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Imaginary Conversations of Eminent Statesmen and Literary Men, ancient and modern, by W. S. Landor, Esq. will speedily appear.

The Journal of a Tour in France in the years 1816 and 1817, by Frances Jane Carey, will make its appearance in a few days.

The next, or third, volume of Mitchell's "Methodical Cyclopedia," will consist of a complete Dictionary of Mathematics and the Physical Sciences, and will appear in the course of June.

Sir Richard Phillips is about to put to press, a new edition of his Essays on the proximate Causes of the Phenomena of the Universe.

Flora Domestica, or the Poetical Flower Garden, is in preparation; being a catalogue of plants that may be reared in the house.

Mark Macrabin the Cameronian, a tale, by Allan Cunningham, author of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, &c. is printing.

The East-Indian Calculator, or Tables for assisting Computation of Batta, Interest, Commission, Rent, Wages, &c. in Indian Money, by T. Thornton, author of a "Compendium of the Laws and Regulations concerning the Trade with India," &c. is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. H. Card, M. A. Vicar of Great Malvern, has been for some time engaged in preparing a Life of Bishop Burnet, drawn from papers partly preserved in the library of the British Museum, and partly in the archives of one or two noble families. He is induced to make this statement in the hope that other families may make similar communications.

Dr Robert Jackson, author of the "History and Cure of Febrile Diseases," &c. has nearly ready for publication, an Outline of Hints for the Political Organization and Moral Training of the Human Race; submitted with deference to the consideration of those who frame laws for the civil government of man, and more especially for those who direct, or profess to direct, man to the true worship of the Deity.

J. S. Boone, M. A. will publish in a few days a poetical sketch, in three epistles, addressed to the Right Hon. George Canning, entitled Men and Things in 1823.

A Memoir of Central India, with the history and copious illustrations of the past and present state of that country, is in the press, with an original map, recently constructed, tables of the revenue, population, &c. a geological report and comprehensive index, by Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. &c.

In a few days will be published, in three volumes, the Wandering Hermit, by the author of "the Hermit in London."

Professor Meulemeester, of Antwerp, has been for eleven years engaged in copying the fine Scripture Frescoes in Raphael's Gallery in the Vatican; and he is now exhibiting these copies in London. They are fifty-two in number; very fine cabinet-pictures in water-colours, and faithful to the style of the great master after whom they are copied. Engravings of them are in progress, and are highly spoken of.

Early in June will be published, Elizabeth, being the first part of a series of French Classics, handsomely printed in the original, with elegant engravings, and vignettes, by eminent artists; printed from the best Paris editions; revised, corrected, and accompanied with instructive notes, and the lives of the authors, by L. T. Ventouillac.

Mr C. Dubois, F.L.S. is about to publish, in a small volume, an Easy and Concise Introduction to Lamarck's Arrangement of the Genera of Shells, being a free translation of that part of his work which treats on Molluscæ with testaceous coverings; to which are added, illustrated remarks, additional observations, and a synoptic table.

Capt. A. Cruise, of the 84th regiment, has in the press, a Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand, which will appear next month in an octavo volume.

The author of "Domestic Scenes" has nearly ready for publication a new novel, entitled Self-Delusion, or Adelaide d'Hauteroche, in three volumes.

The Rev. G. Wilkins, author of the "History of the Destruction of Jerusalem," &c. will shortly publish, an Antidote to the Poison of Scepticism.

A new novel will appear in the course of a few days, entitled Edward Neville, or the Memoirs of an Orphan, in three volumes.

Fonthill and its Abbey Delineated, by J. Rutter, is nearly ready for publication. The embellishments will consist of thirteen highly-finished quarto plates, three of which (representing distinct portions

of the interior) will be richly and correctly coloured in the style of Pyne's "Royal Residences."

The Bible, the New Testament, and the Common-Prayer Book, are printing in London in the German language.

Mr R. Meikleham, civil engineer, has in the press, a Practical Treatise on the various Methods of Heating Buildings, by steam, hot air, stoves, and open fires, with some introductory observations on the combustion of fuel, on the contrivances for burning smoke, and other subjects connected with the economy and distribution of heat; with numerous explanatory engravings.

A Familiar Introduction to Crystallography, is preparing, in small octavo, including an explanation of the principle and use of the common and reflective goniometers; illustrated by nearly 400 woodcuts; by H. J. Brooke, F.R.S. F.L.S. &c.

Dr G. Smith has in the press a new edition of the Principles of Forensic Medicine, which will contain much additional matter. The volume will embrace every topic on which the medical practitioner is liable to be called to give a professional opinion in aid of judiciary enquiries.

Dr Forster is about to publish, Illustrations of the Mode of maintaining Health, curing Diseases, and protracting Longevity, by attention to the state of the Digestive Organs, with popular observations on the influence of peculiarities of air, of diet, and of exercise, on the human system.

Mr Earle has in the press a work, containing—1st, Practical Remarks on fractures at the upper part of the thigh, and particularly fractures within the capsular ligament; with critical observations on Sir Astley Cooper's Treatise on that subject, and a description of a bed for the relief of patients suffering under these accidents and other injuries, and diseases which require a state of permanent rest. 2d, Observations on fractures of the Olecranon. 3d, Description of a new apparatus for more effectually securing the upper extremity in cases of complicated injury of the shoulder-joint and scapula. 4th, On the re-establishment of a canal in the place of a large portion of the urethra which had been destroyed. And, 5th, On the mechanism of the spine.

Mr J. F. Daniel has in the press a volume of Meteorological Essays, embracing, among others, the following important subjects:—On the constitution of the atmosphere, on the radiation of heat in the atmosphere, on meteorological instruments, on the climate of London.

The Society of Painters in Water-Colours have procured a Gallery for their interesting exhibition, next door to the University Club-house, in Pall Mall East.

The author of the "Farmer's Boy" is about to re-appear in a small work, entitled Hazelwood Hall, a drama, in three acts, interspersed with songs.

Mr T. Taylor, the Platonist, is engaged in preparing for the press a mathematical work, entitled the Elements of a new Arithmetical Notation, in some respects analogous to that of decimals.

Mr Prescot, author of the "Inverted Scheme of Copernicus," has in the press the second book of his System of the World, mathematically demonstrated on the Foundation of the First Chapter of Genesis.

The Duke of Mercia, the Lamentation of Ireland, and other Poems, by Sir Aubrey De Vere Hunt, Bart. are announced for publication.

Mr Landseer, the Engraver, has in the press, Sabæan Researches, in a series of essays, addressed to distinguished antiquaries; illustrated with engravings of Babylonian cylinders, and other inedited monuments of antiquity.

Mr F. Howell is preparing a new Translation of the Characters of Theophrastus, with the Greek text, notes, and numerous wood-cuts.

A General History and Description of the Deanery of Doncaster, is printing by the Rev. J. Hunter.

The Rev. C. Swan is printing Sermons on several Subjects, with notes critical, historical, and explanatory, in octavo.

Mr T. Tredgold is engaged on an Essay on the Principles and Practice of Heating by Steam.

Exterior Views of the Theatres of London and its Suburbs, with an account of each theatre, will soon appear, by Mr D. Havell.

T. W. Kaye, Esq. will shortly publish a Compendious Saxon and English Dictionary.

The Rev. J. Kenrick is engaged upon a translation from the German, with additions, of Professor Zumpt's Grammar of the Latin Language.

A Short Treatise on British Song-Birds, with fifteen coloured engravings, by Mr P. Syme, will soon appear.

EDINBURGH.

A Treatise on the Law of Accessary Obligations. By G. Brodie, Esq. Advocate.

Euler's Letters to a German Princess on different subjects in Natural Philosophy: a new and corrected Edition, with Notes and a Life of the Author. By David Brewster, L.L.D. F.R.S., in two volumes 12mo., with Engravings.

Annotations on various parts of Lord Stairs' Institutions. By Patrick Grant Lord Elchies, nearly ready; 18s. to subscribers.

Volume III. of an Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language. By John Jamieson, D.D.

A Description of Galloway. By Mr Andrew Simpson, Minister of Kirkinner. Anno Dom. 1684. In post 8vo.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Music. By G. F. Grahame, Esq.

An Account of the Life and Writings of the late Thomas Brown, M.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. By the Rev. David Welch, Minister of Crossmichael.

A Treatise on the Law of Libel. By John Borthwick, Esq. Advocate.

Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; or an Attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes. By Samuel Hibbert, M.D. F.R.S.E.

The Bachelor's Wife. Post 8vo.

The Sweeping of my Study. Post 8vo.

Shortly will be published, in a neat pocket volume, illustrated with lithographic prints and wood-cuts; Chemical Recreations; a Series of instructive and amusing Experiments, which may be performed easily, safely, and at little expence. To which is prefixed, First Lines of Chemistry; in which the principal facts of the science, as stated by the most celebrated experimentalists, are familiarly explained.

Keith's Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, with a Life of the Author, and a continuation of the work down to the present time. By the Rev. Dr Russell, Leith. The work will be elegantly printed in one volume 8vo.; to subscribers 16s. in boards, or on royal paper, £.1 1s.

The Life of that eminent Lawyer Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, Author of the Treatise de Feudes; embracing Biographical Sketches of the most eminent Scottish Lawyers, who flourished from the Institution of the Court of Session till the Union of the Crowns. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Advocate, one volume 12mo.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume 8vo. An Account of the *American Baptist Mission* to the Burman Empire, in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Gentleman in London. By Ann H. Judson.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARBORICULTURE.

Dendrologia Britannica; or, Trees and Shrubs that will live in the open Air of Britain throughout the Year. By P. W. Watson. No. V. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Richard Baynes's Catalogue of an extensive Collection of Second-hand Books for 1823: comprising many articles of rare occurrence in Theology, and every other Department of Literature. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Adventures of Lady Anne, the little Pedlar. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Three Years' Adventures of a Minor in England, the West Indies, South Carolina, and Georgia. By W. Butterworth. 8vo. 9s.

Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the age of Nineteen. By J. D. Hunter. 12s.

The Life of Ali Pacha, second edition. 8vo. 12s.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By W. H. Ireland, in Numbers. 1s. each.

Memoirs of Francis Barnet, the Lefevre of "No Fiction." 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Orme's Life of William Kiffin. 5s. 6d.

Memoires du General Rapp, Premier Aide-de-Camp de Napoleon. Ecrits par lui-meme, et publiés par sa Famille. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CHEMISTRY.

Elements of Experimental Chemistry. By W. Henry, M.D. Ninth Edition. 2 vols. £.1 4s.

CLASSICS.

Select Works of Porphyry; containing his Four Books on Abstinence from Animal Food. Translated by T. Taylor. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Palœoromaica; or Disquisitions, inquiring whether the Hellenistic Style is not Latin-Greek? 8vo. 16s.

An Introduction to the Hebrew Language. By W. H. Helnemann. 12mo. 5s.

DRAMA.

Ahasuerus the Wanderer, a Dramatic Legend. In six Parts. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Durazzo, a Tragedy. By Jas. Haynes. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Bridal of Armagnac, a Tragedy. By the Rev. T. Streatfield, F.S.A. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Advice to Young Mothers, on the Physical Education of Children. By a Grandmother. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

An Inquiry into the Revenues and Abuses of the Free Grammar School at Brentwood, in the County of Essex. 3s. 6d.

Tocquot's Latin Scholar's Guide, being a Key to Clarke's and Turner's Exercises. The fourth edition. 12s.

Collectanea Latina; or Easy Construing Lessons, from the best Latin authors. By the Rev. W. Allen, M.A. 3s.

The Widow of Rosencath, a Lesson of Piety; affectionately dedicated to the Young. 18mo. 1s.

The Sabbath-School Magazine for Scotland. 6d.

The Student's Companion; a Literary, Mathematical, and Philosophical Miscellany. No. II. 2s. to be continued half-yearly.

An Examination of the Principles on which the British and Foreign School Society is established. By William Williams. 1s.

Observations relative to Infant Schools. By Thomas Pole, M.D. 2s. 6d.

The Correspondent's Assistant. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits and Biography of the most Illustrious Personages of Great Britain: with Biographical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. Part I. imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.; and royal 4to. with proof impressions on India paper, £.1 1s.

A Cabinet of Portraits, consisting of Distinguished Characters, British and Foreign: accompanied with a brief Memoir of each Person. 8vo. Boards: comprising sixty-four Portraits, engraved in a superior manner. 18s.

The Italian School of Design, being a Series of Fac-Similes of Original Drawings by the most eminent Painters and Sculptors of Italy. With Biographical Notices of the Artists, and Observations on their Works. By William Young Ottley, Esq. Folio, £.12 12s. Colombier folio, £.18 18s. Proofs, £.31 10s.

The Third Part of Mr Ottley's Italian School of Design; containing 41 plates and letter-press, completing the work. Price to subscribers, £.7 17 6d. Proofs, £.10 10s.

Views in Spain, from Drawings. By E.H. Locker, Esq. F.R.S. No. I. Imperial 8vo. 8s. or Proofs in 4to. 12s.

A Portrait of the Rev. Thomas Cherry. 10s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

The Geography and History of America and the West Indies, to 1822. 8vo. 18s.

The Fifth Volume of Dr Lingard's History of England. 4to. £.1 15s.

Memoirs, Historiques, Politiques, et Militaires, sur la Revolution de Naples en 1820 et 1821. Par le General Carascosa. 8vo. 12s.

The Saxon Chronicles, with an English Translation, Notes, &c. By the Rev. J. Ingram. 4to. £.3 13 6d.

Vol. III. of the History of England during the Middle Ages. By Sharon Turner. F.S.A. 4to. £.2 2s.

MEDICINE.

Medical Jurisprudence; comprehending Medical, Chemical, Anatomical, and Surgical Investigations. By J. A. Paris, M.D. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. £.1 16s.

The Utility and Importance of Fumigating Baths illustrated. By Jonathan Green. 8vo. 2s.

A Practical Treatise on the Secretion and Excretion of Urine. By John Howship. 8vo. 13s.

Pharmacopœia Imperialis; sive Pharmacopœia Londinensis, Edinburgensis, et Dublinensis, collatæ; cum notis Anglicis decompositiones chemicus exporentibus: *editio secunda.* 12mo. 7s.

The Quarterly Journal of Foreign and British Medicine and Surgery, and of the Sciences connected with them; with original Cases and Communications. No. XVIII. 4s. 6d.

A Manual of Toxicology; in which the Symptoms, Treatment, and Tests, of the various Poisons, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal, are concisely stated. Second Edition, with Additions. By William Stow, M.R.C.S. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

The London Apiarian Guide for Beekeepers. By John Milton. 8vo. 2s.

An Essay on Liberalism. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Cambridge Tart. By Socius. 8vo. 8s.

A Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning, on the Principle and Administration of the English Poor Laws. By a Select Vestryman of the parish of Putney, under the 59th Geo. III. cap. 12. 3s.

A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Chichester, on the Practicability of rendering those Properties of Air, which relate to Caloric, applicable to New and Important Purposes. 2s.

A Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Nature and Interpretation of Unsoundness of Mind, and Imbecility of Intellect. By John Haslam, M.D. 1s. 6d.

A Sketch of a Proposed Universal System of Weights and Measures. 1s.

A Description of the Universal Telegraph for Day and Night Signals. By C. W. Pasley, F.R.S. 2s.

An Essay on the Objects of Taste. In three Parts 12mo. 5s. boards.

The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth. Illustrated with Historical Notes. By John Nichols, F.S.A. New Edition. 3 vols. 4to. £.9 9s.

An Essay on the History and Theory of Music; and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice. By J. Nathan. 4to. £.2.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Anti-Newtonian; or a True System of the Universe. 8vo. 3s.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Accredited Ghost Stories; collected and edited by J. M. Jarvis, Esq. royal 18mo. 6s.

Integrity, a Tale. By Mrs Hofland. 12mo. 6s.

Heraldic Anomalies, or Rank Confusion in our Orders of Precedence. 2 vols. £.1.

The Etonian. Third edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. £.1 10 6d.

Body and Soul, Vol. II. 9s.

The King of the Peak, a Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. £.1 1s.

Adelaide, or the Intrepid Daughter. 5s.

Points of Humour, illustrated by George Cruikshank, 18 plates and wood-cuts, royal 8vo. 8s.—proofs, 12s. 6d.

Martha, a memorial of an only beloved Sister. By A. Read. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Vathek. By W. Beckford, Esq. a new edition. 10s. 6d.

Blossoms of Anecdote and Wit, or Mirth for the Parlour. 18mo. 7s.

Tales of Old Mr Jefferson, of Gray's Inn; collected by Young Mr Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn. The first Series. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. bds.

Seventy-six. By the Author of Logan. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.

POETRY.

Flowers of Roman Poesy. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Remembrance, with other Poems. By W. Gray. 3s.

National Songs of Scotland. 5s. 6d.

The Forest Minstrel, and other Poems. By William and Mary Howitt. Foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Poetical Memoirs: the Exile, a Tale. By J. Bird. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

The Works of Garcilasso de la Vega; translated into English verse. By J. H. Wiffen. Post 8vo. 12s.

Italy. By S. Rogers, Esq. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Emancipation, a poem, in two cantos. By the Ghost of Martin Luther. 5s.

A new Volume of Poems. By Charles Lloyd. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song. No. I. 6s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Relative Taxation. By T. Vaux. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Anecdotes of the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions. By Count Pecchio. 8vo.

The English Constitution produced and illustrated. By Major Cartwright. 12s.

The Measure of Value stated and illustrated, with an application of it to the alterations in the Value of the English Currency since 1790. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, M.A. F.R.S. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

An Examination of the Principles of the Slave Register Bill, and of the Means of Emancipation proposed by the Authors of the Bill. By G. W. Jordan, Esq. F.R.S. 4s.

Recent Scenes and Occurrences in Ireland: in a letter to a Friend in England. 3s. 6d.

New Ideas on Population, with remarks on the Theories of Godwin and Malthus. By A.H. Everett.

THEOLOGY.

A Sermon on the Extended Blessings of Christianity, preached at Bath. By the Rev. H. Marriot. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The Holy Life of Mrs Elizabeth Walker. By Anthony Walker, D.D. 3s. 6d.

Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears for the Death of our Saviour. By R. Southwell. 2 vols. Royal 16mo. 8s.

The Eventide: being a Development of the Mysteries of Daniel and St. John, &c. By S. A. Brown. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Dissertations introductory to the Study and right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents, of the Apocalypse. By A. Tilloch, L.L.D. 8vo. 12s.

A Manual of Instruction and Devotion on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. By the Rev. J. Hewlett, B.D. 18mo. 3s.

The Harmony of the Scriptures Vindicated, or apparently contradictory passages reconciled: in nineteen Lectures. By the Rev. J. H. Cox. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

Jesus shewing Mercy. By the Rev. J. H. Cox: a new edition, improved. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.

Lectures on the Book of Genesis. By J. Rudge, D. D. F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 1s.

Bishop Marsh's Theological Lectures, Part VII. on the Authority of the Old Testament. 8vo. 2s.

Five Lectures on the Gospel of St John. By C. J. Bloomfield, D.D. 12mo. 2s.

Sermons. By the late very Rev. W. Pearce. 8vo. 12s.

Treatises on Justification and Regeneration. By J. Witherspoon, D.D.: with an introductory Essay by William Wilberforce, Esq. 12mo. 4s. bds.

A Present for the Convalescent. By the Rev. J. Fry. 12mo. 4s.

Sketches of Sermons, preached to various congregations, and on the European Continent; furnished by their respective Authors. Vol. V. 12mo. 4s. bds.

TOPOGRAPHY.

A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking, in Surrey. By John Timbs. 2d edition, with thirteen engravings. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis; a reprint of scarce tracts relating to the county and city of Gloucester; portrait and map. 4to. 19s. 6d.—royal 4to. £.1 1s.

TYPOGRAPHY.

Practical Hints on Decorative Printing. By William Savage. 4to. with Fifty Illustrations, £.5 15 6d. bds.—or on Columbier paper, 4to. £.11 11s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Recollections of the Peninsula: containing Sketches of the manners and character of the Spanish Nation. 8vo. 8s.

Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North Cape, in the Summer of 1820. By A. De Capell Brooke. 4to. £.2 10s.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, conducted by Dr Brewster and Professor Jamieson, with Engravings, No. 17, May 1st. 7s. 6d. sewed.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, No. 76. 6s. sewed.

An Address to the Inhabitants of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the Lordship of Galloway, particularly to the Magistrates and the Kirk-Session, respecting the laws relating to the Poor, with an Appendix of Acts of Parliament, &c. By Sir Alexander Gordon, Knt., Steward-depute of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. 3s. 6d.

History of Suli and Parga, containing their Chronology and their Wars, particularly those with Ali Pasha, Prince of Greece: written originally in Modern Greek, and then translated into English, from the Italian of C. Gherardini, of Milan. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Caledonian Horticultural Society. No. XI. with Engravings. 3s.

Fac-Simile of Burns's celebrated poem, entitled the Jolly Beggars; from the Original Manuscript in the possession of Thos. Stewart, Esq., Greenock. 4to. 5s.

Enumeration of the Inhabitants of Scotland; taken from the Government Abstracts of 1801, 1811, 1821; containing a particular Account of every parish in Scotland, and many useful details respecting England, Wales, and Ireland. 8vo. 5s.

Reginald Dalton. By the Author of Valerius, and Adam Blair. 3 vols. Post 8vo. £.1 11 6d.

The Scottish Pulpit, a Collection of Sermons, by eminent Clergymen of the Church of Scotland; edited by the Rev. Robert Gillan, Author of the "Abridgement of the Acts of Assemblies." 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Report of the Trial of the Action of Damages for Defamation, at the instance of Capt. Hector Maclean of Mull, against the Rev. Alexander Fraser, Minister of the Parish of Torosay. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Remarks, by the Procurator and Agent for the Church, on an Abstract of the Law Proceedings in the case of the Manse of Aberdour, in Aberdeenshire, in 8vo. 1s. stitched.

An alarm to Unconverted Sinners, by the Rev. Joseph Alleine, with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, A.M. Minister of St George's, Edinburgh. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Essays, Moral and Religious, on various Subjects, by a Layman. Second Edition enlarged, in 2 vols. 8vo. £.1 11 6d. boards.

Henry Lord Darnley, a Tragedy, with an Introductory Dissertation on the Murder of Lord Darnley. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Vol. XX. Part II. which completes the work; *Sixth Edition*: revised, corrected, and improved. Illustrated by nearly 600 Engravings.

Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, ascertaining the site of the great battle fought betwixt Agricola and Galgacus; with the discovery of the position of five Roman Towers, and of the site and names of upwards of seventy Roman Forts; also, Observations regarding the Ancient Palaces of the British Kings, in the Town of Abernethy, and other local Antiquities. By the Rev. Andrew Small, Edenshead, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.—The main French army, under the Duc d'Angouleme, entered Madrid without resistance on the 23d May, the constitutional troops by which the city was occupied having evacuated it by convention, and retired on Talavera. The Duke, on reaching Madrid, caused a proclamation to be published, in which he assured the Spanish nation, "that the French troops had come as friends, and as auxiliaries, to help her to restore her altars, to deliver her King, and to re-establish justice, order, and peace, in her bosom." With this view his Royal Highness immediately set up the political machinery, with which, in the mean time, he proposes to govern Spain. This he affected to do through the medium of the Council of Castile, a body which, though it had long been politically dead, has been resuscitated by the Duc d'Angouleme, for the purpose of giving this appointment some shew of having been made by a Spanish authority. This Council having met, nominated a Regency, consisting of the five following members, viz.—the Duke del Infantado, President of the Council of Castile; the Duke de Montemar, President of the Council of the Indies; Baron d'Eroles; M. Chalderon, a Member of the Provisional Junta, who accompanied the Duc d'Angouleme to Madrid, and the Bishop of Osma.—The Regency having been installed, immediately began to exercise its functions; and its first act has been the appointment of Ambassadors to all the Courts of Europe.

Previous to these events, the constitutional cause in Spain was deserted by one of its Generals, the Count Abisbal, (O'Donnel,) to whom the command of the army of Madrid had been committed; but it does not appear that his troops shared in his treachery; since the convention for the evacuation of Madrid was signed on the part of the Spaniards by General Zayas, who succeeded Abisbal in the command, and under whom the soldiers, some days afterwards, bravely repelled an attack by the French on their new position. Abisbal attempted to disguise his treachery, by professing a wish for the formation of a new Cortes, and a new Constitution. On the 11th it appears that a certain Count Montijo wrote a letter to him, stating, exactly in the language and sentiments of the French themselves, that the people of Spain were not generally favourable to the Constitution; that the King was in actual thraldom; and inviting him, for the sake of both King and country, to declare himself independent.—Count Abisbal answered on the 15th, that, while he was bound to obey the orders of the existing Government, he would not conceal his opinion, that the majority of the nation were not favourable to the Constitution of 1812; and that the plan to be followed, according to his own individual and private judgment, should be,

"*Firstly*, To notify to the invading army, that the nation, in concurrence with the King, proposed to make in its present Constitution such alterations as experience has taught to be necessary, to unite the minds of the Spaniards, and ensure their happiness, as well as the dignity of the Constitutional Throne; and that, consequently, it ought to retire from the Spanish territory, and confine itself to amicable intervention by means of its Ambassador.—*Secondly*, That his Majesty and his Government should again be established at Madrid, as the capital of the Monarchy, lest it should be said that he sojourns at Seville against his inclination.—*Thirdly*, That, in order to make in the Constitution such reforms as are deemed requisite, a new Cortes should be convened, whose deputies should present themselves with the powers specified by the Constitution.—*Fourthly*, That it be proposed to his Majesty, that he would be pleased to choose a Ministry, which should be wedded to no party, and should deserve the confidence of all, as well as that of Foreign Powers.—And, *Fifthly*, That a general amnesty should be decreed; and that a disposition should be evinced to pay attention to, and employ without any regard to former opinions, all Spaniards who, from their penetration, services, and patriotism, should be worthy of being preferred."

The defection of Abisbal, it was at first supposed, would prove fatal to the cause of freedom in Spain, and it was even asserted that the Cortes were inclined to enter into negociations with the invaders, and to modify the Constitution agreeably to their dictation. Subsequent accounts,

however, do not bear out this statement. None of the other Spanish Commanders appear to have joined in the sentiments of Abisbal, nor, by all accounts, has he been able to detach a single soldier from the cause of the Constitutional Government. The Spanish armies, on the contrary, are not relaxing in the least their exertions, and though they have not yet been able to oppose the invaders in a pitched battle, they continue to attack them, whenever an opportunity offers, with unabated vigour. Mina still continues his active and enterprising movements, and he has evidently paralized all the invaders' plans. Marchal Moncey remains in Catalonia, beyond which he dares not advance to cooperate with the other corps of the French army. Mina's force in Catalonia is stated at 22,000 veterans; while Ballasteros, in Valencia, is actively organising the army which is to fall on the left wing of the French, should they advance beyond Madrid. Numerous armed and disciplined bands, it is also said, have gone forth from Madrid and other towns; and all the fortresses are still in the hands of the Spaniards. Not one has been reduced by the enemy. In Barcelona is a garrison of 10,000 militia, and Figueras has 4000, while St Sebastian and Pampeluna are defended by adequate garrisons, who sally out and interrupt the French convoys and communications.

In the meantime, the Spanish Government and the Cortes are far from being, as was represented, disposed to make concessions, and enter into a disgraceful compromise with the invaders of their country. The proceedings of the Cortes are in unison with the views of the Ministry, and display a truly patriotic spirit. In the sitting of the 16th May the following decree was proposed on the report of a Committee, and carried:—

Art. 1. That the property of all Spaniards who follow the French army, and all factrous, be declared sequestrated.

Art. 2. That the property in unoccupied territory, of Spaniards or foreigners, who, living in occupied territory, favour the operations of the French Government, or of any person who usurps legitimate authority, or denounces or persecutes patriots, shall be seized and administered for the use of the State.

All the penalties of high treason are also denounced against any one who acts under the usurped authority of the Regency, who favours in any manner the entrance of the French troops, or who foments rebellion by proclamations, exhortations, or pastoral letters, &c.

At Madrid the mock Regency have received the support of a number of the Grandees of Spain, who have presented an address, or act of submission, to the Duc d'Angouleme, expressive of their gratitude, and which is signed by 31 individuals of this class, among whom are several females.

The *Courier Français*, remarking on this address, recalls one of the same description, which was presented to Joseph Buonaparte by the Duke of Infantado, then President of the Regency established at Madrid, in the name of the Grandees of Spain. This address assured Joseph, as his Spanish Majesty, "that his august presence was most ardently desired, to confirm the ideas, conciliate the interests, and re-establish the order so necessary for the restoration of Spain." It went on to say, "that the Spaniards were celebrated at all times for their attachment to their Sovereigns, and that his Majesty *(Joseph)* would experience from them the same fidelity and devotion." It implored him to "receive their homage with the goodness of which he had given so many proofs at Naples, and the reports of which had reached them." The Grandees, then at Bayonne, by whom this famous address was presented, beside the Duke of Infantado, were, the Dukes of Hijar, of Ossuna, and Del Parque; the Marquis of Santa Cruz; the Counts Fernan Nunez, Santa Colonna, Orgaz, and others, comprising the first families in the kingdom. We cannot find any of these names among Angouleme's parasites; but both are documents of the same description. The Castilian Nobility seem to have much the same character as the French Noblesse before the Revolution. The Nobility of France sunk before that terrible flood; and those of Spain, if they endeavour to stem the tide, may meet the same fate.

Sir Robert Wilson, and his gallant associates, Colonel Light, Captain Erskine, (grandson of Lord Erskine) with some French and German officers, arrived at Vigo on the 1st of May, as volunteers in the cause of Spanish liberty, and met with the most flattering reception. Sir Robert harangued the local militia of Vigo in an animated speech, breathing all those liberal and generous sentiments which are connected with the Spanish cause. They set off for Corunna, whither they were conducted by a guard of soldiers appointed to escort them. There they were received with every demonstration of joy. In a letter received from Sir Robert Wilson, he expresses himself with confidence on the ultimate result of the struggle. "Our triumph (says he) is certain; but it is an object to preserve the country, and repulse the invader as quickly as possible."

AMERICA.

MEXICO—Havannah Gazettes of the 29th April contain some interesting particulars respecting the brief Emperor-ship of the adventurer Iturbide, from which the following is extracted:

On the 19th of this month Augustin Iturbide communicated to the Congress his abdication of the throne.

The liberating army has entered Mexico. A Board of War, attached to the Emperor, advised him to oppose them by force, but he dissuaded them from this measure, stating that he wished no blood shed, and sought only the happiness of his country.

He then submitted to the army these three propositions:—

"1st, That the army should not decide his fate, but the Congress.

"2d, That he should be escorted by General Bravo, and be permitted to go to Tulacingo, whence he would make arrangements to embark with his family and effects to Jamaica.

"3d, That all the troops with him should become a part of the liberating army."

ANSWER.

"1st, It cannot be permitted that you should go to Tulancingo, nor to Jamaica.

"2d, In case that you shall be permitted to go any where, you shall be escorted by General Bravo and his troops.

3d, As to the troops referred to, their disposal will be considered."

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*May* 9.—The Earl of Liverpool, in reply to a question by the Marquis of Lansdown, explained, that the only coercive measure intended for the tranquillisation of Ireland is a renewal of the Insurrection Act; and that no considerable augmentation of the military force in that kingdom is at present contemplated.

May 12.—Lord Grey moved for information from Ministers on the subject of the capture of the Veloz, Spanish merchant ..., by the Jean Bart, French cruiser, ...us to a declaration of war by France. ...ordship afterwards dwelt on the ...lamation of the Provisional Govern... ...nt of the Duke of Angouleme in Spain, ... which he also required information. ...e third point on which his speech rest... ...d was the situation in which France stands with respect to the Alliance of Sovereigns assembled at Verona. His Lordship spoke at considerable length in answer to Mr Canning's speech in the House of ...mons, and vindicated the consistency of his own wishes to succour Spain now, with his confessions of despair for the ...ula in 1810. The Earl of Liver... ...plied, as to the affair of the Jean ...Bart, that the French Government had received no information upon the subject; and that he had understood, from the English Commander in the West-India seas, that the Spanish vessel was the aggressor. With regard to the military preparations of Russia and Austria, he said, that ... inferences these preparations might afford, they were such as could not be questioned by any foreign state; and in allusion to Earl Grey's conduct in 1810, he persisted in the assertion that that conduct was calculated to "throw cold water" upon the efforts made for the emancipation of Spain. After Lords Holland and Ellenborough had spoken on the necessity of supporting the cause of Spain, the motion was negatived without a division.

May 13.—The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the Report of the Committee appointed for the investigation of the marriage laws. The Report recommends, that, in respect of marriages by banns, the law should be restored to the state in which it stood before last Session, extending the privilege of publishing banns to the ministers of certain churches and chapels excluded by the old law. As to marriages by licence, the Report proposes some new forms, and an additional security by mutual bonds. It suggests, that the marriages of minors, without consent, should be held voidable within twelve months, but not after; and proposes to punish the party guilty of perjury by a forfeiture of all property acquired by the marriage. These, with some additional penalties upon persons falsely assuming the character of clergymen, and a confession that the Committee could not agree upon any provisions for the marriages of Unitarians and Catholics, constitute the principal features of the Report. Lord Ellenborough expressed his disapprobation of the clause allowing marriages to be voided within twelve months, as open to profligate abuse. The Archbishop, without replying, presented a bill founded on the Report, which was read a first time. In answer to a petition from the Governor of the Russian Company, complaining that marriages abroad had been questioned, though celebrated conformably with the law of the country

in which they took place, Lord Stowell declared that all such marriages are undoubtedly valid.

May 27.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in moving the order of the day for the second reading of the Marriage Laws Consolidation Bill, justified the clause permitting marriages irregularly contracted to be voided within a year from their celebration, on the ground that some degree of protection was necessary for minors, and that less than that proposed would be totally insufficient. Lord Ellenborough appealed to the experience of the noble Lords present to say, whether the existing law, which contemplated no nullity of marriage in any case, was productive of any inconvenience. The clause for permitting marriages to be voided within the year his Lordship characterised as more suitable to the taste of some theatrical *Don Juan*, than to the principles of a grave Legislative Assembly. The Earl of Westmoreland and the Bishop of Chester opposed the clause. After a short conversation between Lord Ellenborough, the Bishop of Derry, and the Lord Chancellor, respecting marriages within the prohibited degrees, the result of which was, that such marriages would not be affected in one way or the other by the proposed law, the bill was read a second time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*April* 17.—Previous to Mr Plunkett's bringing forward the question of Catholic Emancipation on Thursday evening, a number of petitions were presented against any farther concessions being made to Roman Catholics, and Mr Coke presented one from several of the Clergy of the diocese of Norwich in favour of the Catholic Claims. After Sir F. Burdett, Mr Canning, Mr H. G. Bennet, Mr Peel, Mr Tierney, and others, had spoken, Mr Brougham rose, and in a strain of unusual invective, declaimed against the way in which the Catholic question, session after session, was trifled with. He charged the Right Hon. Secretary for Foreign Affairs with sacrificing the cause of the Catholics to his eagerness for office, and proceeded to describe, in extremely strong language, the means by which Mr Canning had concillated the Lord Chancellor, which he characterized as an instance of "monstrous truckling" and base political tergiversation. Mr Brougham was in the middle of a sentence when Mr Canning suddenly rose, and declared that the assertions of the Hon. and Learned Gentleman were *false*. The Speaker and the House were for a few moments confounded at the boldness of the contradiction. Recovering his surprise, the former reminded Mr Canning, that by such words he had violated "the customs and orders" of the House, and hoped that he would "retract the expression he had used." Mr Canning, while he expressed his regret at having violated the customs of the House, and apologizing for the same, added, "but no consideration on earth shall induce me to retract what I have said." The Speaker then, upon the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called upon Mr Brougham, as the first transgressor, for an explanation of the offensive words, which the latter refused to give. Mr Bankes then moved that both the Hon. Members should be taken into custody, when, after a long conversation, in which several Members took part, at length, upon a suggestion of Sir R. Wilson, that Mr Brougham's attack was made entirely in a political feeling, and not with a personal one, and that if Mr Canning retracted his expression, stating its having been used with the impression that the charges against him were personally offensive, Mr Brougham might subsequently (as the House had taken the matter up, and it could by possibility go no farther,) explain the sense in which he had used the words which the Minister found offensive; Mr Canning immediately accepted this mode of explanation, and the unfortunate misunderstanding was almost instantly arranged, by the Right Hon. Gentleman provisionally retracting his unceremonious contradiction, and Mr Brougham confessing that his observations were not intended to be personal. Mr Bankes then withdrew his motion for taking the Hon. Members into custody. After the extraordinary agitation occasioned by this unpleasant misunderstanding, Mr Plunkett persevered in bringing forward his motion. After he had risen, and expressed his determination to proceed Sir F. Burdett, Mr Hume, Earl Sefton, Mr Hobhouse, Mr G. Bennet, Ge Ferguson, Mr Coke, Sir R. Wil rose from their seats and left the in pursuance of Sir F. Burdett's test" against the proceeding as a "i debate!"—Mr Plunkett's tone wa sually despondent, and he was the speaker upon the subject, ex Messrs Bankes and Becher, neither of whom obtained a hearing. Mr Lambton characterized Mr Plunkett's conduct, in bringing forward the subject, deception. Three several journment were then of of which, for an adjournm of the House, was carried by a majority of 313 to 111.

18.—The House, during the greater part of the evening, was engaged in a

Committee of Supply, previous to which, in reply to a question by General Gascoyne, Mr Plunkett declared, that it was not his intention to renew the discussion of the Catholic question this session, unless directed to do so by the friends of the measure.

21.—The Warehousing Bill was read a third time and passed, with some verbal amendments proposed by Mr Bright, and some more substantial changes introduced by Mr Wallace; the principal among the latter are, 1st, A clause to relieve ship captains from the obligation of bonds given for goods from the time of their sale; 2d, A clause to generalise the regulations with respect to coffee; and, 3d, A clause to make general the exemption of linens.

On the motion that the Irish Tithe Composition Bill should be committed, Mr S. Rice objected to the measure on the double ground, that it fixed the Clergyman's claims not the sum actually received, as the standard by which the composition was to be adjusted; and, secondly, that the state of irritation in the public mind in Ireland, produced by recent measures, rendered it extremely impolitic to bring together two parties with interests so directly opposed as the Clergy and their Parishioners. He expressed great satisfaction, however, that the Bill was to be compulsory on the Clergy, and proposed to refer it to a Select Committee. Mr V. Fitzgerald and Col. Barry concurred in the last suggestion, which was, however, opposed by Messrs Goulburn, Peel, and Hume, and by Col. French, Sir H. Parnel, and Sir John Newport, on the ground that the importance of the question demanded a discussion by a committee of the whole House. Mr Hume declared himself dissatisfied with the bill, and expressed an opinion that some provision for the Catholic Clergy ought to form a part of the ent of the property of the Irish bill was ordered to be com- on Friday.

On the second reading of the Irish Rates Bill, Sir John Newport to the power possessed by the courts, and cited an instance ive exercise. Mr Hume re- ated the whole ecclesiastical system eland, and dropped a hint that the ought to suppress it by physi- for which he received, from ald, a severe reproof.

House was chiefly occupied The principal ques- into the conduct of the Sheriff and Grand Jury of Dublin, on occasion of the late indictments there, for assaulting the Lord Lieutenant, was carried against Ministers by a majority of 34.

25.—Lord John Russell brought forward his motion for a Parliamentary Reform, which he introduced in an extremely neat speech. His Lordship said, that his plan was to suppress close boroughs which return a hundred members, allowing a pecuniary compensation to the electors so disfranchised, and to add those one hundred members to the representation of the counties and great towns. Lord Normanby, Mr Ricardo, Sirs John Newport and Thomas Lethbridge, spoke each shortly in favour of the motion, which was opposed by Sir E. East, and Mr Martin of Galway, only. On a division, the numbers were—For the Motion, 169;—Against it, 280.

28.—Mr J. Macdonald brought forward a motion for an address to the Crown, censuring the conduct of Ministers in the late negociations. Mr Macdonald spoke at great length, taking a minute review of nearly all the documents recently laid before Parliament. The defence of the Holy Alliance having been abandoned by all parties in Parliament, the invectives against the injustice, perfidy, and malevolence of the Confederated Powers, which formed the most shining parts of the Honourable Gentleman's speech, in the early part of the Session, could not be properly repeated; and his attack upon Ministers in consequence evaporated in a dry criticism upon a compilation of State Papers: for, whimsical as it may appear, the debate concerned topics of style and argument, more than any substantive question of policy. Mr S. Wortley defended the policy resolved upon by the British Government, and proposed an amendment expressive of the approbation of Parliament, which was seconded by Mr T. Wilson, who at the same time condemned the conduct of the French Government. He nevertheless said, that he thought neutrality was the proper policy for England; and such he declared to be the feeling of a large majority of his constituents—the citizens of London. On the other hand, Mr Hobhouse spoke with great indignation of the conduct of Ministers, and declared that his more numerous constituents, the inhabitants of Westminster, were ready to join the cause of Spain. Mr Wilberforce regretted that Ministers had not used a higher tone in the late negociations, but admitted that neutrality was the proper policy of the country. Sir W. De Crespigny, Mr Bankes, Lord F. Gower, and Mr H. Sumner, supported the amendment,

and at twelve o'clock the debate was adjourned.

29.—The Edinburgh and Glasgow Union Canal Bill was read a third time and passed. On the presentation of a petition from Aberdeen against the duty on stone carried coastways, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated that it was his intention to take off that duty.

The adjourned debate on the late negociations was then resumed. The principal speakers were the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir J. Mackintosh, Mr Peel, and Sir F. Burdett. The first-named gentleman, in an able speech, defended the line adopted by Ministers, and took occasion to pronounce a warm eulogium on the late Marquis of Londonderry. Mr Peel justified the conduct of Ministers on the ground of expediency, but reprobated the proceedings of the French Government. Sir F. Burdett argued warmly in favour of a warlike policy; and at half-past one no probability of an early termination of the debate appearing, it was again adjourned.

30.—The adjourned debate was this evening resumed by Mr Wynn, who vindicated the conduct of his Majesty's Government, and defined, with precision, the true policy of the country. Mr Canning spoke at great length, denying that himself or his colleagues had been duped by the French Government, and ascribing his opinion at the beginning of the Session that peace might be preserved, to the versatility rather than to the duplicity of the Cabinet of Versailles. He justified the suggestion of a modification of the Spanish Constitution, on the ground that such a modification was perfectly compatible with the interests and honour of Spain, and that it would have afforded to France the medium through which she was desirous to creep out from war. Mr Brougham exulted in the unanimous reprobation with which the conduct of France had been marked by every Member who had spoken; to preserve that unanimity, he wished the original motion to be withdrawn: this, however, Mr Canning would not permit, and on a division, the amendment (approving of the neutral policy of Ministers) was carried by a majority of 372 to 20.

May 5.—The topic which excited the principal discussion was the Petition for Reform in the mode of electing the Member for the city of Edinburgh, voted at a Meeting held in the Caledonian Theatre. It was presented by Mr Abercromby, and supported by Messrs. Calcraft, Kennedy, J. P. Grant, Mr Hume, and Sir R. Ferguson:—Mr Dundas, Lord Binning, and Mr H. Drummond opposed the Petition; which, however, was received, and ordered to be printed.

8.—On the motion of Mr Abercromby, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the best means of facilitating justice as connected with the hearing of Appeals in the House of Lords.

9.—Mr Huskisson obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Linen Acts of Scotland, one object of which, he said, would be to do away the present vexatious enactments, by repealing the statute of the 13th of George I. and the other Scots Linen Acts. Mr Brougham put a question to Mr Canning relative to a rumour of the assembling of a great Russian army on the Vistula, and enquired whether the Austrian forces had, according to treaty, evacuated the Neapolitan and Piedmontese territories? In answer to the first question, Mr Canning admitted the assembling of a Russian army on the Vistula, but professed ignorance of its amount. With respect to the Italian States, he said that the Neapolitan and Piedmontese territories had been evacuated, but whether the Austrian armies might not [illegible] in the Milanese, he was unable to say.

12.—Mr Goulburn moved for leave to bring in a Bill to renew the Irish Insurrection Act, the necessity for which appears most urgent. Lord Althorp moved, as an amendment, a series of resolutions, condemning the use of coercive measures, and pledging the House to take into consideration the state of the laws in Ireland, and the administration of them. On a division, the amendment was rejected by a majority of 162 to 82.

May 14.—Sir John Sebright presented a petition from Sir John Sinclair, against the repeal of the duty on foreign wool.—Sir John Sebright produced some merriment, by calling the attention of the House to the coat he wore, manufactured from wool grown by the Petitioner. (It was a very good blue coat.) After some other petitions had been presented, [illegible] Baring presented a petition [illegible] M'Adam, soliciting a reward for his [illegible] tions for the improvement of the [illegible] roads. Mr Maberly, Mr D. Gilbert, [illegible] H. Sumner, bore testimony to the [illegible] of the petitioner. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, with Mr Brougham and Mr Peel, expressed an opinion that Mr M'Adam being otherwise remunerated for his services, this case was not a proper one for a Parliamentary grant. The Petition was brought up. Mr Hamilton took the opportunity of the conversation upon this petition, to complain of the failure of attendance in the House on the preceding evening, by which his motion on the state of the representation in

Scotland had lapsed. The noble Lord did not scruple to ascribe the absence of Members to the exertions of Ministerial agents. Mr Peel, Mr Canning, Mr Goulburn, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland, repelled the imputation, asserting each for himself that he expected a House.

15.—Mr Buxton brought forward his motion for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. He prefaced a declaratory resolution, "That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution and of the Christian religion, and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British Colonies, with as much expedition as may be found consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned," with a very long and very eloquent speech, in which he detailed all the efforts made by Parliament in behalf of the African slaves, and the obstacles by which these efforts had been impeded. He gave a lively description of the sufferings of the labouring population in the West Indies, and pointed out the danger to be apprehended from perpetuating their bondage. He explained his own plan of emancipation, which was necessarily mild, moderate, and gradual in its operation, namely,—to declare that all children born after a certain period should be free; a measure which had the sanction of experience in New York, where it extinguished slavery in perfect silence, and in several other of the North American States: in Colombia, where it was found safe and beneficial in a population of nearly a million of blacks, amid all the confusion of civil war; and in the British Colony of Ceylon, where the system of emancipation from birth is now in full and peaceful operation. In conclusion, Mr Buxton enforced the obligation of atonement due by the British nation in a high strain of moral indignation.

Mr Canning treated the question as one of great difficulty and danger; he deprecated the introduction of the Christian religion into a question of political expediency, and quoted from "Dr Paley's Moral Philosophy" a passage of some length, to shew that on the question of slavery or freedom the Christian religion was silent. The Right Honourable Gentleman moved an Amendment, declaring the expediency of ameliorating the condition of the slaves, and preparing them to receive, with safety and advantage, the blessings of freedom at a future day. In the end, the original resolutions were withdrawn, and the amendment carried without a division.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

Menai Bridge.—The first great iron plate, for forming the fastenings of this bridge, was laid in its proper position, at the bottom of one of the caverns which have been formed out of the solid rock on the Anglesey shore, on Easter Monday. Sir Henry Parnell and Mr Telford attended on the occasion, and did not leave Mr [illegible]'s office until all the necessary arrangements were adopted for proceeding [illegible]ely with the putting up of the [illegible] quantities of the iron work which [illegible]rived from Shropshire for forming [illegible]ding cables. Nearly the whole [illegible] masonry is completed; the pyramids for supporting the cables, of fifty feet in height above the top of the main piers, will be finished early in the summer, and the iron work is now going on [illegible] Mr Hazledine's forges, that [illegible]nty of this great work being [illegible] the most satisfactory manner, for the use of the public, in little more than another year. The method employed in fastening the cables in beds of solid rock, displays very great ingenuity, and the manner of carrying the cables from the caverns to the tops of the pyramids, along a well-continued scaffolding, will make the bridge an object of great curiosity to the Welsh tourist during the ensuing summer.—*Salopian Journal.*

Perkins's New Steam Engine.—This extraordinary invention is now completed, and fully answers the expectations of its projector. The London Journal of Arts for April, which describes its principles and operation, states, that the space occupied by the engine and all its appendages does not exceed an area of six feet by eight, though it is calculated to work with the power of ten horses, and it is considered that no part of the apparatus would require enlarging for an engine of fifty horse power, except the working cylinder, which at present is only eighteen inches long and two inches diameter. The consumption of fuel is stated only to be two bushels per day; and perfect safety from any explosion is effected by the new mode of generating the steam. A copper bulb is introduced in the steam pipe, which is designed to explode under a pressure of

1000 lbs. upon every square inch, while every other part is proved to sustain a force of 2000 lbs., and this again is intended to be worked at from 500 to 700. The efficacy of a safety bulb of this description has been fully proved, several having been actually exploded, by over-working the engine, in the presence of many persons; and here a most extraordinary circumstance is discovered,—the steam, when blowing out of the fissure, is *not sensibly hot.* The generating of the steam, and its condensation, take place so instantaneously, that the piston, when in full work, makes about 250 strokes per minute.

19.—*Scottish Sheriff Courts.*—By the Bill presently passing through Parliament, for the regulation of the Sheriff Courts of Scotland, various provisions are made, which must have some effect upon the procedure in future in those Courts. In the first place, the clerks' fees are to be regulated and established by a commission to be appointed for that effect. Extracts of decrees are to be abridged, and the money usually consigned in the hands of the clerk is to be secured by depositation in the hands of a bank. The Sheriff Clerks, hereafter appointed, are to discharge their duties in person, and no gratuity whatever is to be received for their appointment. At present, in all trials before the Sheriff, whether they proceed with or without a Jury, the evidence must be taken down in writing; but, by a provision in this bill, this practice is abolished, where a Jury sits on the case, and where the Sheriff is an advocate of a certain number of years standing. The Sheriff, however, is to take notes of the evidence, according to the practice in the Justiciary Courts. The verdict of the Jury is to be *probatio probata* of the facts of the case, and it is not competent to impugn this verdict, unless it proceed upon evidence legally inadmissible, and objected to on the trial, but received by the Sheriff. Verdicts *viva voce* are allowed on the same provisions as apply to the Justiciary Court; and no appeal or advocation is competent against any proceeding, unless the objection forming the ground of it shall have been taken at the time of trial.

23.—*English Bankruptcies.*—From a Parliamentary return respecting bankrupts, it appears that, on an average of three years, the debts of English bankrupts amounted to the amazing sum of £.3,456,382 a year. The dividends fell short of £.4500, little more than half a crown the hundred pounds. The dead loss is more than 15 per cent. upon the income from trade of every sort, which was assessed for the property tax.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.

May 19.—J. Baillie was this day called to the bar. The prisoner was convicted of perjury at the Glasgow Circuit, but the Judges considering it a new case, and as nothing applicable to it was laid down in the books, certified it to this Court for adjudication. The indictment upon which Baillie had been found guilty stated, that the whole estate of Robert Smellie, spirit-dealer in Calton, having been sequestrated under an act of the Court of Session, dated 6th August 1821, a meeting of the creditors was appointed to take place in Glasgow on the 11th September following, for naming a trustee, and John Baillie laid claim as on the said sequestrated estate an affidavit, made before John writer in Glasgow, one of his justices of the Peace, to the v to the amount of £.4154, 2d. That the said John Baillie did attend the said meeting of creditors, held on the 11th September, and produce this false and fraudulent affidavit, and did vote thereon for the election of a trustee. The Court, deeming the crime one of the most dangerous in a commercial country, sentenced the prisoner to be transported for seven years, with the usual certification of infamy. The prisoner addressed the Court, and produced some papers for their Lordships' perusal, which they declined. He solemnly protested his innocence.

David Cossar and William Robertson, pleaded guilty, the former of housebreaking and theft, and the latter of theft, both being habit and repute thieves. They were each sentenced to fourteen years transportation. Robertson behaved in a most audacious manner, and in reply to the Judge's admonition to amend his life, observed that he "had led a very good life."

26.—Several cases were heard which had been certified from the Circuit Courts. The objection (on the informality of the list of assize) in the case of J *alias* James M'Caral, for theft was argued at some length; the Solicitor-General addressing the against it, it was repelled, and was deserted *pro loco et tem* objection (founded insufficient tion of the *locus* in the case of John Boden, accused of seven charges of theft, was sustained, and the prisoner dismissed.

At the Glasgow Circuit Russel, master of the Trusty gage-boat, Arch. M'Arthur, M'Larty, were accused (having been in command of the Hercules steam luggage-boat on Saturday the 10th August) of having come in contact with a small boat

or vessel, bound from Icolmkill to Greenock, and run her down, whereby she was sunk, and thirty-six persons drowned. The prisoners pleaded Not Guilty, and an objection was taken by Mr Tait, on the ground, that the case being a maritime one, the Justiciary Court had no jurisdiction to try it. The Learned Gentleman addressed the Court in support of the objection, which was opposed shortly by Mr Dundas, who was replied to by Mr Cockburn, and the Court sustained the objection.

JUNE.

2.—*General Assembly.*—The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which assembled on the 20th May, was this day, after the ordinary Sessions, dissolved by his Grace the Earl of Morton, his Majesty's Lord High Commissioner. On account of indisposition, the Commissioner had only been present during three of the sittings. Dr Brunton, one of the Ministers of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, was elected Moderator. The business before the Assembly generally was local and uninteresting. The case which most excited public interest was that of Mr Fleming, Minister of Nellston, the circumstances of which were as follow:—

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Paisley, held 3d July 1822, the house was cleared of strangers, in pursuance of a request by Mr Geddes, to which Mr Fleming objected, and asked Mr Geddes the reason why he ordered strangers to be excluded? when Mr Geddes replied, that he observed a stranger there who took away an exaggerated report of their proceedings, which were characterised throughout the country for confusion; and upon which Mr Fleming replied, that Mr Geddes, at the bar of last General Assembly, stated what he in his heart knew to be wrong, and what he in his nce, knew to be false as hell; were ordered to be taken riting by the Presbytery; and Fleming was ordered to rewords, and make an apology, mentioning, that the expresat it ought to be The Presbytery, by a thani verdict, recorded in their minutes (3d July), expressed themselves dissatisfied with the apology, and ered Mr Fleming censurable for improper language. Against this Mr Fleming protested, and was prevented from expressing his reasons of dissent, on account of the day being far advanced, and the exhaustion and indisposition of some of the members of Presbytery. Against which informalities, a expressed them, he complained to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr of the sentence of the Presbytery, when the Synod pronounced the following sentence:—They waved the consideration of the informalities, and affirmed the sentence of the Presbytery. Against which decisions, both of the Presbytery and Synod, Mr Fleming appealed to the General Assembly.

On Saturday the 31st May, in a Committee of the whole House, Mr Fleming was heard at the bar of the Assembly in his own defence, and the Rev. Messrs Burns, Logan, Rankine, and Dr Stewart, were heard on the part of the Presbytery; after which, it was moved and agreed to, that the proceedings of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr were irregular, but affirm the finding of the Presbytery of Paisley: and, to bring the business to a close, ordain Mr Fleming to be brought to the bar of the Assembly on Monday, and censured; and that the Moderator be instructed to admonish him as to his future conduct.

This day the report of the Committee in the case of Mr Fleming was brought up, when it was moved, that the sentence proposed by the Committee be reversed, as the punishment proposed was far more than commensurate to the offence.

Another Member said, that instead of a more lenient sentence than that proposed by the Committee, they should suspend the Reverend Gentleman from his functions, not merely for the intemperate behaviour exhibited on the occasion alluded to, but on many others.

Principal Nicoll said, now they had charged Mr Fleming with an express crime, they were not to add to it the charge of habit and repute. He regretted the severity of the sentence, but it was usual to adopt the propositions of a Committee of the whole House, whatever these might be.

Lord Meadowbank said, that, consistently with his own feelings, he could not refrain from stating a few words. He was not present when this question was before the Committee on Saturday, but he would propose simply to approve of the report of the Committee; and it would be for the House to consider whether something might not be done to prevent the infliction of the punishment. What he (Lord M.) wished to submit was, that, as this sentence seemed to be beyond the offence, and made up on consideration of matter not before the House, a more lenient sentence might be adopted.

Mr W. Inglis said, if the Learned Judge had been present on Saturday, and heard the defence of the Rev. Gentleman,

he was sure his Lordship would have been of the same mind with him (Mr I.) and proposed a severer sentence, for a grosser case never came before the Assembly.

Dr Mearns had never known the Assembly enter into a review of what had been done in a Committee of the whole House; yet he entered into the feelings of the Learned Lord; and, although the case was such as to deserve a severe rebuke, yet a rebuke at the bar was a severe punishment, and one to which he (Dr M.) would never have agreed, had it not been for the deportment of the Rev. Gentleman last night, who, so far from making any apology, stuck to what he had said. But if that Gentleman were to come forward to the bar and retract his words, it would then be for the Assembly to consider whether the rebuke might not be changed into an admonition.

Dr Lamont agreed with the Rev. Doctor at the bar (Dr Mearns) that it was contrary to the Constitution of the Church to review the proceedings of a Committee of the whole House, unless an alteration had taken place in the circumstances of the case. But if, from what had taken place in this House, the Rev. Gentleman should have received such benefit that he would come forward to the bar, and tell them, that, from the train of thought and reflection that it had led to, he had come to a full sense of his error, and expressed his contrition, it would be for the Assembly, in the then altered circumstances of the case, to consider whether they should convert their rebuke into an admonition, that the Rev. Gentleman might not go home to his parish with a millstone about his neck.

Mr Fleming was then sent for, and on coming to the bar, expressed his sincere sorrow, and deep contrition for having used the intemperate language complained of, which had given just ground of offence to his Presbytery, and in particular to two of its Members.

The Assembly having considered this expression of contrition, agreed to dispense with the rebuke, and instructed the Moderator solemnly to admonish Mr Fleming.

Mr Fleming being called in, acquiesced in what had been done; upon which the Moderator proceeded to admonish him, in terms of the resolution of the Assembly. He regretted that the matter had not been settled in the Presbytery, which would have relieved him from the performance of a duty which could add to the respectability of neither of them. The Assembly had always been most lenient in adopting severe measures towards any of her Members, and therefore the more weight ought to be attached to her judgments in cases of this nature, for they never proceeded but from extreme necessity. He was glad, however, that the severer part of the lecture had been reversed, and a milder one substituted in its stead. He would, therefore, with that dignity which became the high station he had the honour to fill, but yet with all the tenderness of a brother, admonish him to guard against using any such intemperate language in future—to imitate the wisdom of his great Master, which is pure, peaceable, and gentle.

Lord Meadowbank moved that the Moderator's admonition be engrossed in the minutes of Assembly, which was unanimously agreed to.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

1823. April 5.—The Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh this day conferred the degree of A. M. on the following gentlemen:—

Scotland.—William Steven, John Wood, James Gairdner, James Gardner, Thomas Sprout, Patrick J. Macfarlane, Rev. William Fleming.

England.—Henry Castleman, George Knox.

East I[illegible].—Alexander C. Duncan.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

April 30.—Mr James Thomson, Preacher of the Gospel, was ordained to the pastoral charge of the United Associate Congregation of Maybole.

May 7.—The King has been pleased to present the Rev. John Paul to the Church and Parish of Maybole, in the Presbytery and County of Ayr, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr Logan, late Minister there.

The King has also been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Paton to the Church and Parish of Straiton, in the Presbytery and County of Ayr, vacant by the translation of the Rev. John Paul to the Church and Parish of Maybole.

May 8. The Rev. Mr Clark, late [illegible] Gaelic Chapel, Aberdeen, was on [illegible] Gaelic Chapel, Duke-Street, Glasgow.

May 8.—The Presbytery of Inverness [illegible] mance of the sentence of the General A[illegible] and the subsequent decision of the Synod [illegible] fixing the 8th May for the day of settl[illegible] ceeded to the inducting the Rev. [illegible] to the Parish of Kiltarlity. Mr G[illegible] substitute, with some [illegible] ness, attended, but [illegible] their interference was not required; a respe[illegible] proportion of the parishioners were present, and the conduct of the congregation was orderly and commendable. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr Clark, one of the ministers of Inverness, from Hebrews, xiv. v. 16. At the conclusion of the sermon, and immediately before [illegible] the usual forms of admission, the [illegible] the Presbytery, at whose instance the [illegible] for finding the illegality of Lovat's presentation is carrying on, had a protest read by a notary public. This case has been since decided by the Court of Session against the Presbytery, and in favour of Mr Fraser.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet — Bt. Lieut. Col. Fearon, from 31 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, Unattached, vice Lieut. Gen. W. Doyle, ret. 24 April 1822.
— Capt. Campbell, 1 R. Vet. Bn. Major in the Army 19 July 1822.
— —— Molesworth, Cape Corps, do. do.
2 Dr. Gds. — R. G. Crauford, Cornet by purch. vice C. Craufurd, ret. 17 April 1823.
4 — Bt. Lieut. Col. Ross, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Sherlock, ret. 15 May.
— Capt. Hutton, Maj. by purch. do.
— Lieut. Beamish, Capt. by purch. do.
— Cornet Fane, Lieut. by purch. do.
— Ens. Ogle, from 22 F. Cornet by purch. do.
2 Dr. — A. Carnegie, Cornet by purch. vice Lindsay, 57 F. 17 April 1823.
4 Dr. — Lieut. Burrows, Capt. vice Jarmy, dead 27 Sept. 1822.
— Ens. Doyle, from 87 F. Lieut. do.
8 — Cornet Hon. C. Westenra, Lieut. by purch. vice Fergusson, ret. 18 Dec.
10 — Cornet Brandling, Lieut. by purch. vice Earl of Yarmouth, Cape Corps 25 March 1823.
— G. L. L. Eyre, Cornet by purch. do.
13 — Cornet Elliot, Lieut. vice Brown, dead 5 Oct. 1822.
— —— Hislop, Lieut. by purch. vice Cockburn, 17 Dr. 26 Dec.
Coldst. G. — Bt. Maj. Wedderburn, Capt. and Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Sowerby, ret. 17 April 1823.
Coldst. G. — Ens. and Lieut. Short, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. do.
— Lieut. and Capt. Beaufoy, Adjut. vice Wedderburn, do.
— Ens. Codrington, from 43 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Short 24 do.
— Ens. and Lieut. Serjeantson, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Bligh, ret. 15 May.
6 F. — Lieut. Bonamy, Capt. by purch. vice Sandys, ret. 24 Jan.
— Ens. Yelverton, Lieut. by purch. 17 April.
— W. Eyre, Ens. do.
14 — Lieut. Ainsworth, Capt. by purch. vice Raynsford, ret. 25 Dec. 1822.
— Ens. Watson, Lieut. by purch. do.
— H. S. La Roche, Ens. vice O'Neil, dead 14 Nov.
— A. Donald, Ens. by purch. vice Watson, 25 Dec.
17 — Lieut. Clunie, Adj. vice Evans, res. Adj. only 18 do.
18 — —— Senior, Capt. by purch. vice Montgomery, ret. 24 April 1823.
23 — Major Gen. Sir J. W. Gordon, Bt. K.C.B. from 85 F. Colonel, vice Gen. Grenville, dead 23 do.
25 — R. W. Mansergh, Ens. by purch. vice Halcott, 67 F. 10 do.
30 — Lieut. Sullivan, Capt. vice Machell, dead 18 Nov. 1822.
— Ens. Deane, Lieut. do.
— W. Barrow, Ens. do.
— D. Hodges, Ens. by purch. vice Power, 38 F. 17 April 1823.
— Ens. Power, from 32 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Moncton, 45 F. do.
— Lieut. Smyth, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.
— Ens. Sturt, Lieut. by purch. do.
— J. D. Forbes, Ens. by purch. do.
42 — Ens. Clarke, vice Strange, dead 15 May.
— C. K. Macdonald, Ens. do.
43 — Hon. G. Upton, Ens. by purch. vice Codrington, Coldst. Gds. 24 April.
44 — Ens. Sargent, Lieut. vice Twemberrow, dead 17 Nov. 1822.
47 — E. T. Smith, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Boughborough, Cape Corps 17 April 1823.
— E. T. Smith, Ens. by purch. do.
48 — Lord C. J. F. Russell, Ens. by purch. vice Tucker, cancelled 8 May.
57 — Cornet Lindsay, from 2 Dr. Lieut. by purch. vice Ferrier, ret. 17 April.
59 F. — Lieut. Burke, from 21 F. Lieut. vice Barlow, 50 F. 25 Oct. 1822.
65 — Major Dumas, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Milnes, ret. 1 May 1823.
— Capt. Clutterbuck, Maj. by purch. do.
— Lieut. Warren, Capt. by purch. do.
— Ens. Widdrington, Lieut. by purch. do.
— C. Dixon, Ens. by purch. do.
— G. Knox, Ens. by purch. vice Dixon, cancelled 15 do.
67 — Ens. Halcott, from 25 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Cassidy, prom. 10 April.
— Lieut. Cassidy, Capt. vice Hall, dead 13 Nov. 1822.
— —— Adair, Capt. by purch. vice Hore, prom. 23 March 1823.
— Ens. Brannan, Lieut. vice Cassidy 13 Nov. 1822.
— W. Child, Ens. do.
— Serj. Maj. Johnston, Quart. Mast. vice Gormley, dead 8 May 1823.
— Lieut. Blair, from h. p. Paymaster, vice Pilfold, dead 15 do.
68 — Serj. Maj. Duff, Adj. and Ens. vice Hinds, dead do.
81 — Bt. Maj. Wardrop, Maj. vice Waterhouse, dead do.
— Lieut. Jenkins, Capt. do.
85 F. — Maj. Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, K.C.B. Col. vice Sir J. W. Gordon, 23 F. 23 April.
91 — Ens. T. G. M'Intyre, Lieut. vice Smith, dead 15 Feb.
— R. W. Foskey, Ens. vice Grant, dead 23 April.
— D. Williamson, Ens. vice M'Intyre 24 do.
— Lieut. Cahill, Adj. vice Buchan, res. Adj. only do.
2 W. I. R. — Capt. Sparks, from h. p. Royal African Corps, Capt. 25 April 1822.
Cape C. Cav. — Maj. Fraser, Lieut. Col. 15 May 1823.
— Lieut. Earl of Yarmouth, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purch. 25 March.
— Gent. Cadet E. Armstrong, from Royal Mil. Coll. Cornet by purch. do.
— Cornet St. John, from 13 Dr. Lieut. by purch. 8 May.
— W. C. Sheppard, Cornet by purch. do.
Infantry. — Bt. Maj. Lord G. Lennox, from 9 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Fraser 15 do.
Roy. Af. Col. C. — M. O'Meara, Ens. vice Edwards, dead do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lieut. Mee, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Willis, h. p. 3 April 1823.
—— Desbrisay, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Doyle, h. p. 1 May.

Hospital Staff.

T. R. Picton, Hosp. Assist. to the Forces 10 Oct 1822.
Hosp. Assist. Simoens, from h. p. do. vice Cannon, h. p. 25 April 1823.
—— Hawkins, from h. p. do. vice Muir, promoted do.

Garrison.

Capt. Weeks, h. p. Glengary Fenc. Town Maj. of Montreal, vice Hughes, ret. full pay 11 Feb. 1823.

Exchanges.

Bt. Col. L'Estrange, from 7 F. with Lieut. Col. Fearon, h. p. Unattached
Lieut. Col. Maclaine, from 14 F. with Bt. Col. Edwards, 17 F.
—— Dashwood, from 3 F. Gds. with Lieut. Col. Elphinstone, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
Major Hogg, from 20 F. with Maj. Green, 24 F.

Exchanges.

Capt. Savage, from 1 Dr. with Capt. Grove, 69 F.
—— Jones, from 14 Dr. with Capt. Hon. G. Anson, 52 F.
—— Sir W. H. Clerke, Bt. from 52 F. with Capt. St. John, h. p. 42 F.
—— Hon. W. H. Rous, from 55 F. with Capt. Lumley, h. p. Portugal Service.

Capt. Lord Churchill, from 85 F. with Capt. Forster, h. p.
——— Lord Loughborough, from Cape Corps, with Capt. Molesworthy, h. p. 20 Dr.
Lieut. Smith, from 1 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Clarke, 4 ———
——— Alcock, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Skinner, h. p. 24 Dr.
——— Pigeu, from 2 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hepburn, h. p. 83 F.
——— Harrison, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Fitzmaurice, 65 F.
——— Robinson, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Cochrane, 8 Dr.
——— Lynam, from 13 Dr. with Lieut. Manners, 54 F.
——— Hutchinson, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gage, h. p. 60 F.
——— Gray, from 17 F. with Lieut. Nugent, 44 F.
——— Smith, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. C. Gray, h. p. 53 F.
——— Cosby, from 52 F. with Lieut. Mountain, h. p. 96 F.
Cornet Webster, from 6 Dr Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Browne. h. p. 6 Dr.
Ensign Gage, from 15 F. with Cornet Finch, h. p. 9 Dr.
Paymaster Bankes, from 16 F. with Capt. Ford, h. p. 24 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. W. Doyle, 62 F.
Col. Sherlock, 4 Dr. Gds.
Lieut. Col. Sowerby, Coldst. Gds.
——— Milnes, 63 F.
Capt. Bligh, Coldst. Gds.
——— Sandys, 6 F.
——— Raynsford, 14 F.
——— Montgomery, 18 F.
——— Campbell, 39 F.
Lieut. Fergusson, 8 Dr.
——— Ferrier, 57 F.
Cornet Craufurd, 2 Dr. Gds.
Quart. Mast. Nicholson, 1st Lancashire Mil.
Surgeon Keane, South Mayo Militia.
Hosp. Assist. J. Stuart.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. M'Pherson, 2 W. I. R.
Ensign Tucker, 48 F.
——— Dixon, 65 F.

Deaths.

General Grenville, Col. of 23 F. London 22 April 1823.
Lieut. Gen. Hussey, East India Company's Service, London 29 March.
Lieut. Gen. Deare, East India Company's Service, London 5 do.
Maj. Gen. G. S. Smyth, Fredericksburg, New Brunswick 27 do.
——— Sir William Toone, K.C.B. East India Company's Service, Dinapore 16 Aug. 1822.
Lieut. Col. Robison, 24 F. at Sea, on passage from India 20 May 1823.
——— Waterhouse, 81 F. Halifax, Nova Scotia 19 April.
——— French, Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. Athlone 30 do.
——— Wemyss, late of Royal Marines 29 do.
——— Devey, h. p. Royal Marines 2 May.
Major Campbell, late of 30 F. Taunton 17 April.
——— Walker, 5 Dr. Gds. Dublin 16 March.
——— Halford, 59 F. May.
——— Bayley, Royal Marines.
Capt. Ponsonby, h. p. 44 F. Booterstown, Co. of Dublin 25 March.
——— Raleigh, h. p. 20 F. 11 Feb.
——— Machell, 30 F.
——— Innes, late of 6 Royal Vet. Bn. Montrose 29 April.
——— Cooke, h. p. Independents.
——— Irwin, h. p. 48 F. Sens, France 24 Aug. 1822.
——— Sinclair, h. p. 133 F. 22 Oct.
——— Galloup, h. p. Dillon's Reg. Malta 27 Jan. 1823.
Capt. Williams, 8 Dr. on board the Dorsetshire, on passage to England from Bengal.
——— Hall, 67 F. Bombay 12 Nov. 1822.
Lieut. Brown, 13 Dr.
——— Darling, 24 F. Kempter, Bengal 2 Oct.
——— Greene, 34 F. Madras 26 Nov.
——— Dowman, 36 F.
——— Smith, 91 F. Jamaica 15 Feb. 1823.
——— Hopkins, late 8 Vet. Bn. Kilkenny 20 do.
——— Donald Cameron, 9 Vet. 9 Dec. 1822.
——— Austin, h. p. 10 F. Marown, Isle of Man 25 Oct.
——— Skerrett, h. p. 81 F. Galway 9 March 1823.
——— Rainsford, h. p. 37 F. Kinsale 23 Feb.
——— Thomson, h. p. 97 F. Dunfermline 20 March.
——— Montgomery, h. p. 98 F. Jamaica 16 Dec. 1821.
——— Hopwood, h. p. 1 Garrison Bn. Gosport 22 Feb. 1823.
——— Campbell, h. p. York Fuzileers 2 Feb.
——— W. A. Brown, 13 Dr. Bangalore 4 Oct. 1822.
——— Sweeny, 28 F. Corfu 12 Feb. 1823.
——— Strange, 42 F.
——— Twinberrow, 44 F. Fort William, Calcutta 17 Nov. 1822.
——— Mussen, h. p. 5 Dr. late of 6 Dr.
Ensign Curtis, 8 F. Cularnos, Ionian Island 28 Dec.
——— O'Neil, 14 F. drowned at Balero, Ghant 13 Nov.
——— Edwards, African Col. Corps, Cape Coast Castle 18 June.
——— Smith, 83 F. 5 Dec.
——— Grant, 91 F. Jamaica 13 Feb. 1823.
——— Lewin, late 4 Vet. Bn. Town Maj. Quebec 5 Dec. 1822.
——— Thomas, 5 Vet. Bn. Outland, near Plymouth 7 April 1823.
——— Hurst, h. p. 66 F. 4 March.
——— Gray, h. p. 91 F. 20 do.
——— M'Colla, h. p. 99 F. Nova Scotia 8 Nov. 1822.
——— Conally, h. p. 60 F. 1 April 1823.
Adjutant Lieut. Dowdall, 54 F. Bangalore 12 Dec. 1822.
——— Lieut. Hinds, 68 F.
——— Ens. Binns, African Col. Corps, Cape Coast Castle 10 Nov.
——— Ens. Dewsnapp, h. p. 83 F. June.
——— Campbell, h. p. British Fenc. Infantry, St. Ninians, near Stirling 11 May 1823.
Paymaster Scott, 70 F. Quebec 14 Feb.
Adjutant England, Newton and Farlsworth Local Militia 7 March.
Quart. Mast. Sidley, 12 Dr. Ballinrobe, 6 do.
——— Morris, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. 7 do.
——— Cross, h. p. 19 Dr. Gorlestone, Suffolk 24 Nov. 1822.
——— Finnegan, h. p. 25 Dr. 11 March 1823.
——— Gormeley, 67 F. Bombay 13 Nov. 1822.

Medical.

Inspector Grieves, h. p. Paris.
Physician Moseley, h. p. Chelsea 13 March 1823.
Surgeon Major Charlton, ret. full pay 1[illegible] Gds. London
Staff Surgeon Morel, h. p. (Dep. Insp[illegible] vet,) Pimlico
——— Hall, h. p. Dromore, County Down 29 June 1822.
Surg. Hamilton, ret. full pay, 92 F. Edin[illegible] 25[illegible]
Staff Assist. Surg. Oliver, h. p. London [illegible]
Assist. Surg. Owen, [illegible]
——— Stock[illegible] p. 3 Ceyl. Reg. Downpatrick 17 Jan.
Assist. Surg. Dr. Mack[illegible], h. p. 56 F. London March.
Hosp. Assist. Donaldson, Isle de Los 12 Oct. 1822.
Vet. Surg. Blanchard, h. p. 21 Dr. Romford 5 March 1823.
Barrack [illegible] White, Newfoundland 26 Dec. 1822.
——— Monk, St. John's, North America. 11 Dec.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
May 1	M. 44	29.098	M. 52	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 51	.098	A. 56		
2	M. 57	30.108	M. 54	Cble.	Fair, with sunsh., mild.
	A. 48	.154	A. 50		
3	M. 58	.155	M. 58	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 51	.156	A. 56		
4	M. 34½	.197	M. 55	Cble.	Fair, with sunsh., cold.
	A. 45	29.998	A. 54		
5	M. 36	.745	M. 51	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 51	.721	A. 50		
6	M. 43	.686	M. 58	SW.	Sunshine, slight shrs.
	A. 54	.625	A. 59		
7	M. 40	.492	M. 58	E.	Fair foren.
	A. 51	.355	A. 58		rain aftern.
8	M. 44	.195	M. 58	Cble.	Rain foren.
	A. 55	28.997	A. 52		hail aftern.
9	M. 46	29.168	M. 54	NW.	Fair foren.
	A. 47	.425	A. 55		rain aftern.
10	M. 37	.587	M. 55	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 50	.282	A. 68		
11	M. 36	.101	M. 51	S.	Showery for the day.
	A. 50	28.850	A. 52		
12	M. 43	.881	M. 52	W.	Ditto.
	A. 51	.881	A. 52		
13	M. 47½	.881	M. 56	NW.	Dull & cold, heav. sh. rain.
	A. 51	.876	A. 52		
14	M. 37½	29.253	M. 50	NW.	Frost morn. day fair, cold.
	A. 46	.346	A. 51		
15	M. 35	.555	M. 55	NW.	Sh. hail forn. sunsh. after.
	A. 47	.362	A. 54		
16	M. 43	.312	M. 55	SW.	Showery for the day.
	A. 54	.340	A. 54		
17	M. 34	29.350	M. 54	NW.	Cble, heavy shrs. hail,
	A. 41	.442	A. 55		
18	M. 35	.685	M. 55	NW.	Dull with sh. rain.
	A. 47	.685	A. 51		
19	M. 39½	.595	M. 55	E.	Dull, fr. day, rain night.
	A. 50	.515	A. 55		
20	M. 39	.475	M. 50	E.	Very dull, rain night.
	A. 46	.474	A. 49		
21	M. 40	.406	M. 46	E.	Very foggy, with rain.
	A. 42	.310	A. 45		
22	M. 39	.307	M. 52	SE.	Aftern. thun. with h. rain.
	A. 50	.292	A. 55		
23	M. 39	.297	M. 54	Cble.	Foren. dry. fair Aftern.
	A. 52	.438	A. 55		
24	M. 42	.450	M. 54	Cble.	Rain most of the day.
	A. 51	.402	A. 55		
25	M. 46	.355	M. 56	SE.	Rain morn. fair day.
	A. 55	.320	A. 55		
26	M. 42	.415	M. 54	E.	Foggy forn. clear aftern.
	A. 49	.524	A. 54		
27	M. 42	.828	M. 55	E.	Ditto
	A. 48	.865	A. 57		
28	M. 45	.851	M. 55	E.	Foggy morn. clear day.
	A. 49	.851	A. 55		
29	M. 39	.802	M. 56	W.	Dull morn. clear day.
	A. 53	.840	A. 56		
30	M. 45	.894	M. 57	W.	Dull foren. sunsh. after.
	A. 55	.840	A. 62		
31	M. 45	.973	M. 64	W.	Clear, sunsh. day.
	A. 61	.990	A. 63		

Average of Rain, 2.651 Inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

From the middle to the end of May the medium temperature was about 50° Fahrenheit, and for the last thirteen days it was something more than 53°. This temperature, for the season, cannot be reckoned high, and, from the abundant supply of moisture in the soil, and the general cloudy state of the atmosphere, vegetation is late, though luxuriant. The depth of rain since our last amounts to nearly 3½ inches, and this liberal supply has proved beneficial to the growing crops on high and light dry lands. Barley seed was all got in by the end of May; what was sown early in the month has a most luxuriant appearance, and what was later has given a fair and promising braird. A considerable improvement has taken place in the appearance of all growing crops since the rains. Wheat has now a darker green foliage, but does not promise a heavy ear. Oats cover the ground well. Beans come in blossom on vigorous stems, but some complain of thinness of plant. The black mustard (*Sinapis nigra*) seems more luxuriant than ordinary; and many fields of oats [illegible], as well as spring-sown wheat, are quite overrun with that plant, which is now in full flower. Potatoes begin to appear above ground, but are a fortnight later than last year. Some fields of early potatoes, in the vicinity of great towns, are far advanced. Young sown grass has come up well every where. The hay crop promises well, and pastures are yielding a full bite.

Cattle begin to improve in condition, but in price there has not been that advance which some reports might lead to suppose. The price of grain has fluctuated a little since our last. It is to be regretted that the corn-market now partakes so much of the nature of stock-jobbing concerns. The same speculating spirit seems to pervade alike 'Change-Alley and Mark-Lane, and the effects are suddenly felt in the most remote corn-markets throughout the Island.

Perthshire, 13th June.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat. Bls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av.pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1823.	Oatmeal. Bls.	Oatmeal. Peck.	B.& P.Meal Bls.	B.& P.Meal Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
May 21	788	26 6 35 0	31 11	27 0 30 0	21 0 24 6	18 0 19 6	9	6	May 20	415	1 5	76	1 0
28	842	25 0 34 0	30 4	25 6 30 0	21 6 25 0	18 6 19 6	9	8	27	441	1 6	69	1 2
June 4	651	26 0 34 0	29 6	25 6 29 0	29 6 24 0	17 0 19 6	9	8	June 3	458	1 5	76	1 1
11	676	25 0 33 6	30 4	22 6 28 0	18 0 24 0	17 6 19 6	9	8	10	435	1 5	59	1 2

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs. Dantzic.	Dantzic.	For. red.	For. red.	British.	Oats, 264 lbs. Irish.	Irish.	British.	British.	Barley, 320 lbs. English.	English.	Scots.	Scots.	Bns. & Pse. Stirl. Meas.	Stirl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	s.	s.	s.	d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.	s.
May 22	—	—	—	—	29 0 33 0	19 0	22 3	19 0	25 0	30 0	31 0	—	—	20 0	22 0	18 0	21 4	48	50
29	30	30	—	—	31 0 33 0	18 0	22 3	19 6	24 6	29 6	30 0	26 0	27 0	20 0	22 0	20 0	21 6	50	52
June 5	—	—	—	—	30 0 32 0	17 0	22 0	19 6	24 6	29 6	30 0	25 0	26 0	20 0	22 0	20 0	21 0	50	56
12	—	—	—	—	30 0 32 0	17 0	21 6	19 6	24 0	29 6	30 0	25 0	26 0	20 0	22 0	18 6	21 0	50	56

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat. Bolls.	Wheat. Prices.	Wheat. Av. pr.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
May 23	528	25 0 33 6	29 11	25 6 30 6	19 0 24 6	15 19 0	15 6 20 0
30	475	25 0 31 6	29 1	26 0 30 0	18 0 23 0	16 20 0	16 0 20 0
June 9	580	25 0 31 6	29 5	24 0 28 0	18 6 25 6	15 19 6	15 0 19 6
13	374	26 6 32 3	29 11	25 6 30 0	17 6 23 0	16 19 6	16 0 19 6

Dalkeith.

1823.	Oatmeal. Per Boll.	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	Pr. Peck
	s. d.	s. d.	s.	d.
May 19	19 6	20 0	1	5¼
26	20 0	21 0	1	4
June 2	19 0	21 0	1	4
5	19 0	20 6	1	4

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. Fd & Pol	Oats. Potat.	Beans. Pigeon.	Beans. Tick.	Pease. Boiling.	Pease. Grey.	Flour, 280 lb. Fine.	Flour, 280 lb. 2d.	Quar. Loaf.
	s. s.	s.	s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
May 19	50 70	32 36	30 40	26 33	28 35	34 39	30 35	38 42	36 38	55 60	46 54	— 10
26	48 66	32 36	28 38	24 31	26 33	37 38	29 34	38 42	36 38	55 60	46 54	— 10
June 2	48 67	34 38	28 38	23 30	25 31	33 38	29 34	42 44	37 39	55 60	46 54	— 10
9	48 67	34 38	28 37	22 30	24 28	32 37	28 33	41 43	37 38	55 60	46 54	— 10

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour. Eng. 240 lb.	Flour. Irish.	Flour. Amer. 196 lb.	Oatm. 240 lb. Eng.	Oatm. 240 lb. Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
May 20	4 6 9 6	3 4 3 9	4 0 4 9	27 29	36 40	27 46	46 50	46 49	28 34	27 50	[illegible]
27	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	— —	[illegible]
June 3	4 6 9 8	3 1 3 6	4 0 5 0	27 29	36 40	27 48	44 48	42 47	29 30	27 [illegible]	27 [illegible]
10	4 6 9 9	3 1 3 6	4 0 5 0	27 29	35 39	27 48	44 48	42 47	20 30	27 35	28 [illegible]

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	[illegible]
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May 10	57 8	30 10	35 3	25 4	32 [illegible]	34 8	—
17	57 9	33 3	33 3	26 4	[illegible]	34 8	—
24	59 10	32 7	34 2	24 7	[illegible]	36 9	—
31	62 11	35 3	34 6	27 7	[illegible]	36 1	—

Course of Exchange, London, June 10.——Amsterdam, 12 : 9. Ditto at sight 12 : 7. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburgh, 38 : 2. Altona, 38 : 3. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 90. Bourdeax, 26 : 10. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 159½. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½ Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 47. Dublin, 9½. ℔ cent. Cork 9½. ℔ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ℔ oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £.0"0"0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3"17"6.—New Doubloons, £.3"15"0.—New Dollars, £.0"4"9.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0"4"11.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast. 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s. *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from May 21st to June 10th 1823.

	May 21.	May 28.	June 4.	June 10.
Bank Stock	218	221¼	218½	—
3 ℔ cent. reduced	78⅜	80⅝	80¼	80⅛
3 ℔ cent. consols	79⅛	81⅜	—	—
3½ ℔ cent. do.	90⅞	92⅞	92½	—
4 ℔ cent. do.	96⅝	98	97⅝	97⅞
Ditto New do.	99⅞	101⅛	—	—
India Stock	250	251	—	—
—— Bonds	38 pr.	40 pr.	—	38 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	16 pr.	21 pr.	21 pr.	21 pr.
Consols for account	79⅝	82	81¼	81⅛
French 5 ℔ cents.	87 fr. 75 c.	89 fr. 75 c.	88 fr. 50 c.	86 fr. 25 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of April and the 20th of May 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Ablett, J. Bucklersbury, fustian-manufacturer.
Allan, W. Seething-lane, ale dealer.
Alloway, J. and J. Bedminster, Somersetshire, earthenware-dealers.
Ansell, J. Butt-lane, Deptford, shoemaker.
Antrobus, J. Liverpool, draper.
Bandeira, J. J. Great Winchester-street, merchant.
Barge, B. Clifford-street, Bond-street, wine-merchant.
Baxter, R. Great Eastcheap, Scotch-factor.
Beadmore, J. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, printer.
Beckett, E. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bonne, printer.
Beak, H. Bathampton, Somersetshire, mealman.
Bligh, W. C. Bath, grocer.
Bowman, P. R. Arundel, tanner.
Bradley, R. Bromley, Kent, victualler.
Brown, W. Walcot, Somersetshire, builder.
Brown, G. New Bond-street, oilman.
Buckle, T. Leeds, merchant.
Burton, C. Bristol, grocer.
Burn, G. Maidstone, pastry-cook.
Burges, E. and J. Gate, Portsmouth, brewers.
Burry, T. Little Hampton, Sussex, grocer.
Carter, T. H. Minories, victualler.
Cullingham, H. Kensington, carpenter.
Davies, E. High-street, Borough, hatter.
Denson, H. Liverpool, money-scrivener.
Dickenson, R. Little Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, victualler.
Dodd, E. Manchester, painter.
Dryden, J. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, haberdasher.
Edwards, J. Elder-street, Norton Falgate, silk-weaver.
Evans, D. Marchmont-street, draper.
Fleet, F. Aylesbury, corn-dealer.
Fowle, J. Sandwich, brewer.
Fowler, D. Copthall-court, broker.
Fox, J. Claremont-place, Kent-road, poulterer.
Gilbert, T. Long Acre, coach-maker.
Gliddon, A. King-street, Covent-garden, tobacconist.
Godsell, J. Winchester, linen-draper.
Grove, G. and H. Wilkinson, Liverpool, ironmongers.
Halford, J. Shipston-upon-Stower, Worcestershire, auctioneer.
Hammon, J. Great Portland-street, plumber.
Haswell, J. F. Fox-and-Hounds yard, Curtain-road, horse-dealer.
Hedges, T. Bristol, grocer.
Herbert, W. jun. Goldsmith-street, Wood-street, Cheapside, ribbon-manufacturer.
Hewitt, T. Whitchurch, Shropshire, furrier.
Hickman, W. and D. Timothy, Leicester-square, hosiers.
Howarth, E. Leeds, woolstapler.
Innell, J. and J. Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothiers.
Jarmain, J. Cumberland-street, New-road, upholsterer.
Jeferis, J. Dove-cottage, Lisson-green, ink-manufacturer.
Jepson, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, brewer.
Johnson, W. Grange, Bermondsey, tanner.
Joseph, M. J. Fox-Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane, merchant.
Kimber, C. Lamborne, Berks, brewer.
Kinning, T. Oxford-street, linen-draper.

Lambert, G. Sloane-street, Chelsea, school-bookseller.
Lidbetter, J. Southwick, Sussex, corn and coal merchant.
Lomer, W. jun. Southampton, printer.
Lowe, J. Warrington, currier.
Lowe, S. Burton-upon-Trent, scrivener.
Lucas, C. Kennington, dealer.
M'Queen, W. H. and S. Hamilton, Newman-street, Oxford-street, stationers.
Milburn, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper.
Middleton, J. New Tothill-street, Westminster, machinist.
Murrell, W. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, auctioneer.
Nichols, J. Finchingfield, Essex, tanner.
Penn, B. Brelulls, Staffordshire, coal-master.
Phillips, T. Strand, victualler.
Powell, P. Brighton, silk-mercer.
Read, R. Newcastle-under-Lyne, carpenter.
Rowley, J. Stourport, Worcestershire, timber-merchant.
Roberts, T. and J. De Yrigoyti, Broad-street, stock-brokers.
Robinson, J. Wilton, Wilts, surgeon.
Robson, J. H. Sunderland, mercer.
Roper, J. Norwich, woollen-draper.
Shaw, W. Thornhill Lees, Yorkshire, boat-builder.
Skinner, W. Bradninch, Devonshire, serge-maker.
Spendelow, R. Drayton-in Hales, Ironmonger.
Spent, J. Alverstoke, builder.
Starmer, W. Odell's place, Little Chelsea, linen-draper.
Sykes, T. Bath Easton, Somerset, clothier.
Thompson, J. Manchester, tea-dealer.
Thompson, J. and W. Walker, Wolverhampton, drapers.
Titterton, J. Wilmington-square, Spa-fields, surgeon.
Todd, E. Liverpool, woollen-draper.
Tomlins, J. Boddicot, Oxfordshire, nurseryman.
Virran, S. Tywardreath, Cornwall, linen-draper.
Viney, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker.
Wield, G. Nottingham, draper.
Wild, J. Adlington, Cheshire, farmer.
Wilkin, T. Soham, Cambridgeshire, scrivener.
Willingham, G. Great Mary-le-bonne-street, money-scrivener
Wright, G. St. Martin's-lane, boot and shoe-maker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced May 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Fergusson, Alexander, cattle-dealer at Corridon.
Hay, William, merchant in Perth.
Kirkwood & Nielson, manufacturers in Glasgow.
Lashley, George, earthenware-merchant in Glasgow.
M'Farlane, Daniel, grocer in Glasgow.
Miller, Andrew, merchant in Perth.
Reid, James, merchant & grocer in Aberdeen.
Rolland, Robert, corn-merchant in Dundee.
Schaw, William, flax-spinner in Dundee.
Wares, George, jun. fish-curer in Pultney Town.
Wilson, Robert, jeweller & merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Foyer, James, at Cuilt, near Strathblane; by Wm. Brook, merchant in Glasgow.
Galloway, Robert, merchant in Dundee; by George Duncan, merchant there.
Hall, Rev. James, Edinburgh; by W. Scott Moncrieff, accountant there.
Maxwell, David, jun. merchant in Dundee; by George Duncan, merchant there.
Morison, James, merchant in Edinburgh; by John Douglas, merchant in Leith.
White, Thomas, late merchant in Edinburgh; by W. Scott, accountant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Jan. 3. At Calcutta, the Lady of Henry L. Worrall, Esq. a son.

March 13. At Florence, the Lady of Captain Charles Montagu Walker, R. N. a son.

April 21. At Boulogne sur Mer, the Lady Catherine Caroline Bricknell, daughter of the Earl of Portmore, a daughter.

— At Saham, Norfolk, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour, a son.

27. At Dublin, the Right Hon. Lady Greenock, a daughter.

25. At Tenby, the Lady of Charles Kinloch, Esq. of Gourdie, a daughter.

28. At Londonderry, the Lady of Colonel Sir William Williams, of the 13th regiment of foot, a son.

30. At Ardincaple Castle, the Right Hon. Lady John Campbell, a son.

— At Bath, the Lady of Captain William Macadam, 75th regiment, a daughter.

— At Belmaduthy House, the Lady of Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Kilcoy, a daughter.

May 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs James Wedderburn, a daughter.

2. At Lathrisk, Mrs Johnston, a son.

— At Holmes House, the Lady of Jas. Fairlie, Esq. of Holmes, a son and heir.

3. At Montrose, Mrs Ogilvie, of Parkconon, a daughter.

— At the house of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in Bushy Park, the Countess of Erroll, a son and heir.

5. At Lochmalony, Mrs Horsburgh, a son.

6. At Errecht, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Cameron, of the 79th brigade, C.B. and K. St A., a son.

8. At St Andrews, the Lady of Professor Alexander, a son.

16. At Brook-Street, London, the Lady [illegible], Esq. a son.

17. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Baird, a daughter.

19. At Whim, the Lady of Archd. Montgomery, Esq. a daughter.

— Lately, at Limerick, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Dick, C.B. 42d, or Royal Highlanders, of twins.

— At 26, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Ruddell, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Dec. 10. At Darwar, Captain M. Kemble, of the 1st regiment of cavalry, and Assistant Adjutant-General to the field force in the province of Belgaum, or Dooab, to Miss Catharine Molle, daughter of William Molle, Esq. of Maines.

13. At Bombay, Captain William Miller, of the Hon. Company's artillery, to Katharine Sarah, daughter of James Graves Russell, Esq. of Clifton, in the county of Gloucester.

28. At Bombay, George Ogilvy, Esq. Secretary to the Medical Board, and Civil Surgeon to the Presidency, Bombay, to Maria Augusta Grieve, second daughter of the late Dr Grieve, of St Petersburgh.

31. At Malta, Wm. de la Condamine, Esq. Commissariat of Accounts, to Matilda, daughter of John Hennen, Esq. M.D. Deputy Inspector of Hospitals in the Mediterranean.

1823. April 24. At Kelso, Richard Turner, Esq. of the Ordnance Department, to Mrs Gordon Mackenzie Walker, relict of George Walker, Esq. Edinburgh.

28. At [illegible] Bank House, Fifeshire, George Campbell, Esq. of Edenwood, to Margaret, daughter of A. Christie, Esq. of Ferrybeck.

— At Aberdeen, George Hay Boyd, Esq. to Mary, second daughter of the late James Tower, Esq. of St Thomas.

— At Templand, Aberdeenshire, James Barclay, Esq. younger of Templand, to Miss Mary Ann

Barclay, fourth daughter of the Rev. Dr Barclay, minister at Kettle.

April 29. At Edinburgh, G. Fullerton Carnegie, of Pittarrow, Esq. to Madeline, eldest daughter of Sir John Connell, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

30. William Fraser, Esq. writer to the signet, Edinburgh, to Bethia, daughter of Francis Taylor, Bonnington Place.

— At Airly Castle, Angus, John Wedderburn, Esq. to the Hon. Lady Helen Ogilvy, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Airly.

— At Coats' Crescent, Edinburgh, Capt. M. C. W. Aytoun, royal artillery, to Eliza, only child of the late Henry Miller, Esq. of Purin.

May 1. At Chelsea, Charles Schreiber, Esq. of Winchelsea Lodge, Hants, to Emily, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Cameron, K.C.B.

7. At Novar House, John Hamilton, Esq. of Brownhall, county of Donegal, to Mary, second daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Glastullich, county of Ross.

12. At Belchester, Berwickshire, Henry Foskett, Esq. late of the 15th light dragoons, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Young, minister of Legertwood, in the same county.

17. At London, John Thomson, Esq. bookseller, Edinburgh, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr Evan Macpherson, late of the Customs, London.

DEATHS.

1822. Sept. 4. The Rev. Henry Lloyd Loring, D.D. Archdeacon of Culcutta.

Dec. 11. At Madras, the Rev. John Allan, D.D. and M.D. senior minister of the Church of Scotland, on the establishment of Fort St George.

14. At Calcutta, David Turnbull, Esq. late of Mirzapore, in the fifty fourth year of his age, second son of Thomas Turnbull, Esq. of Fenwick, Roxburghshire.

26. At Canton, Alexander Hay, Esq., an officer on board the Thomas Coutts East Indiaman, fourth son of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

1823. Jan. 20. At Calcutta, James Jameson, Esq. Secretary to the Medical Board of Calcutta, son of the Rev. John Jameson, D.D. Edinburgh.

March 27. At Fredricton, New Brunswick, North America, Major General George Stracey Smith, Lieut.-Governor of that province.

April 9. At Rome, the Rev. Thomas St Clair Abercromby, of Glassaugh.

— At Headwell, near Dunfermline, William Campbell, Esq. in the 45d year of his age.

12. At Inverness, in the 31st year of his age, Mathew Townshend Bethune, Esq. M.D. surgeon in Inverness.

— At her seat in Wales, in the 61st year of her age, the Right Hon. Diana Baroness Barham, wife of Sir Gerard Noel Noel, Bart. of Exton Park, M.P. in the county of Rutland.

13. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Duncan. Mr Duncan having been a member of the Society of High Constables of this city, and elected as the chaplain to that body, on the 7th instant, the members, from a sense of respect and attachment to his memory, voluntarily assembled, and, in solemn procession, accompanied his remains to the place of interment.

— At Chelsea, William Henry Moseley, M.D. many years physician to his Majesty's forces in Egypt, the Peninsula, &c.

— At his house, Commercial Road, London, William Drysdale, Esq. of the India House.

— At Edinburgh, Wm. Forbes, Esq. late keeper of the city records.

— At Spanishtown, Jamaica, David Macdowall Grant, 91st regiment, third son of David Macdowall Grant, Esq. of Arndilly.

— On board the Maria, off Pernambuco, Capt. Peter M'Lauchlan of Greenock.

14. At Maybole, the Rev. Charles Logan, minister of Maybole.

15. Mrs Charlotte Helen Cumming, relict of Pelham Maitland, Esq.

— At London, Captain Keith Maxwell, R. N.

16. At Kingston, near Glasgow, Mrs Isabella Naismyth, relict of Mr Robert Maxwell, merchant in Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Major General Archibald Steuart, eldest son of David Steuart, Esq. of Steuarthall.

April 16. At Borrowstounness, Mrs Anne Hall, relict of the late Mr Robert Stevenson, merchant.

17. At St John's Well, parish of Fyvie, Mr George Williamson.

18. At the house of Sir William Fettes, Bart. Susan, only daughter of the late Major Lloyd Hill, of his Majesty's 1st regiment of guards.

— At Brighton, Thomas Smith, Esq. one of the Aldermen of the city of London.

— At Montrose, at the advanced age of 92, Janet Caird, relict of the late Alexander Valentine, many years farmer at Hill of Craigo. The deceased was in perfect possession of all her faculties, and was confined to bed only a few days.

19. At London, Sir Charles Bampfylde, who was shot, about a fortnight since, by Joseph Moreland. The surgeons having been unable to extract the ball, had, on consultation, pronounced his case hopeless. For some days he had been in a state of torpor, and expired in that melancholy situation.

20. At London, in the 74th year of her age, the Dowager Lady Gardner, relict of Admiral Lord Gardner, and grandmother to the present Viscount Gardner.

21. At Ayr, John Taylor of Blackhouse, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Douglas Ainslie, daughter of Mr Robert Ainslie, W.S. after an illness of only two days.

— At Fortrose, Captain William Baillie, 92d regiment, aged 47. He entered the service in 1795, and served in Ireland during the rebellion—in Holland—and in Spain and Portugal, with Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington.

— At his seat, Beeston Hall, Norfolk, aged 56, Sir Thomas Preston, Bart.

22. In London, General Grenville, grand-uncle to the Duke of Buckingham.

— Mr Jo. Somervaill, merchant, Leith, aged 72.

— At Nairn, John Gunn, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of that county.

23. At Seaforth, near Liverpool, in the 83d year of her age, Mrs Robertson, relict of the deceased Andrew Robertson, Esq. of Blackwells.

— At New York, Jessamine, wife of Mr Joseph Nelson, and daughter of George Sim, Esq. late of Aberdeen.

— In London, Joseph Nollekins, Esq. R. A. aged 86.

— At London, in the 71th year of his age, A. Arrowsmith, Esq. the celebrated geographer, whose fame as a constructor of maps and charts is so well known throughout Europe and America.

— At London, Charles Grant, Esq. youngest brother of the Right Hon. Sir William Grant.

— At Doonholm, John Hunter, of Bonnyton, Esq.

24. At Ayr, in his 80th year, Mr Thos. Brown, late accountant in the Branch of the Bank of Scotland, Ayr.

— At London, Katharine, Countess Dowager of Morton, widow of Sholto Charles, late Earl of Morton, in the 88th year of her age. Her Ladyship was daughter of the Hon. John Hamilton, and grand-daughter of Charles Earl of Haddington.

— At Brahan Castle, the Hon. Caroline Fitzs Mackenzie, third daughter of the late Lord Seaforth.

— At Oatfield, near Campbeltown, John Smith Maccacharn, only child of Colin Maccacharn, Esq. of Oatfield.

— At Canonmills, near Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret May Lilias Neill, relict of the late Rev. William Drysdale.

25. In London, the Dowager Viscountess Torrington.

26. At Himley, Staffordshire, in the 74th year of his age, William Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward, Baron of Birmingham, &c.

27. At London, Charles Shaw Lefevre, Esq. in the 64th year of his age.

— At Stoneyhill-House, Musselburgh, Francis Anderson, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Lockhart, wife of Mr Lindsay of the High School.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Livingstone, late of Airds.

28. At Netherhouse, Lesmahagow, the Rev. Samuel Peat, Chaplain in his Majesty's service.

— At Galston Manse, the Rev. Dr Smith.

— At Albie, Dumfries-shire, J. Blacklock, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Gourlay, of the Adjutant General's Office.

1823. April 29. At London, Lieut. General Vere Warner Hussey, aged 76.

— At Montrose, Captain Francis Innes, of the 6th royal veteran battalion.

— At Edinburgh, James Jackson, Esq. late of the 55th regiment of foot, son of the late Mr Commissioner Jackson.

30. At Edinburgh, John, the fifth and last surviving son of Mr R. Ainslie, W. S.

— At Dalkeith, Mr John Spears Shirra, late merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Clementina Ogilvie, daughter of the late William Ogilvie, Esq. Banff.

— At Lasswade Hill, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Mary Boyle, daughter of the Right Hon. John, late Earl of Glasgow.

May 2. At Cheltenham, in the 80th year of his age, after an illness of two months, the Right Hon. Lord Glenbervie.

3. At Dumfries, James Crichton, Esq. of Friar's Carse, Dumfries-shire.

— At Glasgow, Miss Isabella Colquhoun, sister of the late Walter Colquhoun, Esq. 83d regiment.

— Mrs Sarah Bell, wife of Edward Russell Bell, Esq. sugar refiner, Glasgow.

5. At Edinburgh, Mr Walter Lamb, upholsterer.

— At his seat in West Lothian, Colonel Gillon, of Wallhouse.

— At Kelso, Walter Alexander, Esq. formerly of the south fencibles, and afterwards Captain of the Edinburgh militia.

— At Moat of Troqueer, John Rae, Esq. of Violetbank.

— At Dunfermline, Wm. Anderson, Esq. aged 61.

6. At Glencarse House, Mrs Hunter, of Glencarse.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr George Caw, printer.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Smyth, widow of John Smyth, Esq. of Ballhary.

— At Lynedock Place, Edinburgh, Jessy Crawford Baillie, aged 14, daughter of the late Andrew Baillie, Esq. solicitor, Edinburgh.

— At Dublin, aged 83 years, the Right Rev. Dr Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

11. James A. Brown, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At St Ninians, Captain Campbell, late of the 33d regiment of foot, in the 73d year of his age.

— At the Manse of Glenshiel, in his 75th year, the Rev. Mr John Macrae, 56 years minister of that parish.

12. Aged 63, Captain John Baker Hay, of his Majesty's ship Queen Charlotte.

— At Knockaby, near Campbeltown, Charlotte Campbell, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Porter.

13. At his seat in Worcestershire, Earl Beauchamp, in the 76th year of his age.

— At Fordel Square, Fife, Mrs Reid, widow of the Rev. John Reid, Chirnside, Berwickshire.

— At Edinburgh, Patrick Crichton, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel Commandant of the 2d regiment of Edinburgh local militia.

— At Billholm, John Moffat, Esq. in Garwald, after a very short illness.

— At Leith, Mrs Elizabeth Inglis, wife of John Watson, jun. Esq.; and on the 14th, George, their infant son.

— At Aberdeen, aged 85, George Thomson, Esq. formerly of Jamaica. Mr Thomson, previous to his death, gave a donation of £.50 towards erecting a school-house at the Cove; and he has since bequeathed £.50 to the Female Society established in Aberdeen, for the benefit of aged and indigent women; and £.18 to the poor of the Chapel of Ease in the same place.

15. Aged 69, Mr James Cairns, writer, Peebles.

— At Greenhead, Glasgow, in the 53d year of his age, Mr Robert M'Andrew, civil engineer.

17. At Glasgow, James Rowan, Esq. late Captain in the royal Lanarkshire militia.

18. At Paisley, Mrs Fulton, relict of the deceased Robert Fulton, Esq. of Hartfield.

May 18. At Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, Thos. Bell, Esq. late of Nether Horsburgh.

19. At Portobello, Mrs Begbie, widow of Alexander Begbie, Esq. late of Hindon, Middlesex.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Campbell, widow of the late Captain Colin Campbell, Castleton.

— In Carlisle, Mrs Elizabeth Holmes, relict of Mr Isaac Holmes, carrier, in the 80th year of her age. She was followed to the place of interment by the principal part of sixty-nine of her children, grand-children, and great-grand-children.

— At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lieut. Colonel P. Waterhouse, Major of the 81st regiment, in which he had served twenty-two years.

20. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Capt. William Baird, son of Sir James G. Baird, Bart. of Saughtonhall.

21. At Manuel, Stirlingshire, Mr James Baird, at the age of 25, son of the Rev. Dr Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

22. Mrs Agnes Carlyle, relict of the deceased Walter Lang, Esq. late one of the Magistrates of Glasgow.

23. At Brompton, George, only son of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart.

24. At Brunstain House, near Portobello, Miss Margaret Q. Milliken, daughter of the deceased William Milliken, Esq. of St Vincent's.

— At Broughton Place, Edinburgh, in the 72d year of his age, Mr Wynne Johnstone, late farmer, Dalhousie.

— At Millbank of Troqueer, the Lady of Capt. Thomas Hay.

— At Glasgow, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Rev. William Thomson, minister of Ochiltree, Ayrshire.

25. At Heavitree, near Exeter, Mrs Margaret Hunter, spouse of Robert Louis, Esq. Hon. East-India Company's service.

26. At Port-Glasgow, Mr John Robertson, merchant.

— At Coleman Street, London, Mr Anthony Hall, solicitor.

27. At Wellington Place, Leith Links, Jean, eldest daughter of Mr Peter Lamb, of the Customs, aged 18 years.

29. At Borgue House, David Blair, Esq. of Borgue.

30. At Edinburgh, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs Isobel Lawrie, relict of the late Mr Roderick Chalmers, tin-plate worker.

June 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs MacAllan, spouse of Mr James MacAllan, W. S., and daughter of Mr Robert Ainslie, W. S.

3. Mrs Faulkner, late of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, leaving an infant family of five children.

Lately, at Narberth, Pembrokeshire, John Henry Martin, Esq. R. N. He was the last surviving companion of Capt. Cook in his voyages round the globe.

— At Keswick, Capt. Muckle, R. N. aged 75.

— In his 116th year, Dennis Collin, a peasant on the Trabolgan demesne, Ireland. He was never confined one day to his bed by sickness.

— At Chester House, Colonel the Hon. Sir Robert Le Poer French, K.C.B. Lieut. Col. of the 74th regiment, youngest son of the late Lord Clancarty.

— At Paris, Capt. C. S. White, of the R. N.

— At Inverness, James Cumming, millwright, at the advanced age of 101. His wife, aged above 90, is now living there. Cumming was a native of Morayshire, and being born at Mundoel, near Altyre, had the merit of first executing many excellent meal and thrashing-mills in the northern counties upon the most approved construction. He had a great genius for mechanics, and there remain many specimens of his curious workmanship. Cumming is supposed to have been the oldest man in Inverness.

J. Ruthven & Son, Printers, Edinburgh.

GENERAL INDEX.

ADVOCATES, Scottish, characters of certain eminent ones, 229
Agricultural Reports, 123, 251, 379, 513, 613, 771
America, South, contest for independence in, 117
Ancient Spanish Ballads, review of, 338
Anderson, Eben.'s Letters from Fife, 430
Anonymous Literature. No. II. 78—No. III, 196—No. IV. 462—No. V. 582
Appeal case, interesting clerical one, 510
Appointments, Promotions, &c. 250, 376, 512, 639, 768
Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. review of travels in, 17, 172
Arot and Marot, and Mr Moore's new poem, 78
Artist, memoirs of an, 296, 590, 694
Auld Langsyne, Reminiscences of, No. IV. 444—No. V. 667
Assembly, General, proceedings of the, 767
Babylonia, Ancient, review of Ker Porter's travels in, 17, 172
Bagdad, account of the city of, 175
Baillie, George, and Lady Grisell of Jerviswood, review of Memoirs of, 129
Bankrupts, British, alphabetical list of, 125, 250, 381, 515, 645, 773
Banks, Sir Joseph, visit to, 692
Beaton, Cardinal, review of Tennant's drama of, 706
Belus, account of the ruins of the temple of, 1, 7
Benvarroch, the battle of, 584
Births, 126, 254, 382, 518, 646, 774
Biographical memoir of Don J. A. Llorente, 657
Blasphemous publications, convictions and sentences for selling, 249, 373—Discussions in Parliament respecting prosecutions for, 638
Bondspiel Dinner, the, 1
Bower, Mr, remarks on his letter to the Lord Provost, on the violation of the sepulchres of the dead, 602
Bowring, Mr, review of his Russian Anthology, 476
Brackenfell, a reverie, 83
Brazils, the, declared independent of Portugal, 246
Britain, Great, on the policy of in regard to Spain and the Holy Alliance, 587
British Revenue, official returns of the, 247, 374, 636
Bronze, the Age of, review of, 483
Bull, John, letter from, to the editor of the Weekly Journal, 789
Byron, Lord, review of his Age of Bronze, 483
Caleb Cornhill, chapter XI., 70
Campbell, Sir Ilay, memoir of the late, 517
Cardinal Beaton, a drama, review of, 706
Cantiloan, Ned, the sorrows of, 199
Characters of certain eminent Scottish Advocates, 229
China, destructive fire at Canton, 504
Circuit Intelligence, 637
Clergy of Scotland, remarks on Mr Hume's motion regarding their Stipends, 353, 709
Clerical Jubilee, the, 718
Coal gas, new discovery regarding, 248
Colston's tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, review of, 231
Commons, House of, proceedings in, 370—Plan of Finance, 371, further proceedings of, 506, 633, 762
Congress of Verona, proceedings at regarding Spain, 240
Cornwall, Barry, review of his new poems, 398
Correspondence of Schiller, 489
Correspondence, London Theatrical, 65, 489, 662
Covenant, Scraps of the, No. II. 257
Country Schoolmaster's vacation, the, 270
Country, a Day in the, 166
Corn Markets, 124, 252, 380, 514, 644, 772
Crabbe's Parish Register, Characters omitted in, No. VI. 185—Maria Gay, ib—John Marlowe, 188—Widow Welsted, 193
Dale, Joseph, the Ploughman, a tale, 555
Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage, Canto I. 60—Canto II. 310—Canto III. 424
Day in the country, a, 166
Dead, on the violation of the sepulchres of the, 602
Deaths, 127, 255, 383, 519, 647, 775
Derby, review of memoirs of the Earl and Countess of, 145
Desart, the Pilgrims of the, 164
Dinner, the Bondspiel, by a Burgess of Lochmaben, 1
Dio—Canzone. *(From the Italian)* 267
Discoveries, Mr Scoresby's in West Greenland, 454
Dunottar Castle, severities experienced by the Covenanters in prison there, 257
Earthquake, dreadful one in Syria, 115—at Palermo, 504—In Chili, 505

Edinburgh, letter on the subject of the new High School of, 471
Elly and Oswald, a Tale of the Grisons, 47, 153
Emigration from Sturvis, the, a tale, 47, 153
Emily, a poem, 408
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 114
Ethiopia, review of travels in, 222
Executions of W. Macintyre in Edinburgh, 374—Of Mrs M'Kinnon, for murder, 636
Expedition to the shores of the Polar Sea, account of Captain Franklin's, 665
Fall of a house in Glasgow, 374
Feelings and Fortunes of a Scotch Tutor, No. I. 96—No. II. 411
Fires, history of, and various modes of striking them in Scotland, 606—Statement of, for 1822, 641—Observations on, 709
Fire at Thirlestane Castle, 121
France—Instructions of M. de Villele to the Ambassadors at Madrid, 112—Speech of the King of, on the relations with Spain, 243—Discussions in the Legislative Chambers on the subject of war with Spain, 367—Expulsion of a member of the Chamber of Deputies, 368—The armies of invade Spain, 503—Proclamation to the Spaniards by the Duc d'Angouleme, ib—Slow progress of the French arms in Spain, 630—Army enters Madrid, and appoint a Regency, 759
France, review of Journal of a Tour in, 231
Franklin, Captain, account of his expedition to the shores of the Polar Sea, 665
Fleming, Mr, Minister of Neilston, admonished by General Assembly, 768
Friend, the lost, 41
Garcilasso de la Vega, remarks on the works of, 723
General Assembly, proceedings of the, 767
Georgia, review of Sir R. K. Porter's travels in, 17, 172
Glasgow, fall of a five story house in, 374
Gravity, observations on, 616
Greece and Turkey—Naval success of the Greeks, and change of Ministry in Turkey, 114—Execution of the Sultan's favourite, Halab Effendi, 245—Massacre at Scio, ib—Success of the Greeks, 504, 630
Greenland, West, view of Scoresby's discoveries in, 454
Grisons, a tale of the, 47, 153
Herschell, Sir William, visit to, 689
History of John and his Household, 649
History of the Peninsular War, review of Southey's, 208, 325
Holy Alliance, remarks on the conduct of the, 537
Home, a poem, 716
Hume, Mr, remarks on his motion respecting the Stipends of the Scottish Clergy, 353, 709
Hurricane, dreadful one at Liverpool, Manchester, &c. 118
Idealities, remarks on, 562
Inquisition, the memoir of the historian of, 657
Inquisition, the, 206
Ireland, riot at the Dublin Theatre, and outrage on the Lord Lieutenant, 120—Robbery of the Dublin and Belfast Mail Coach, 247—Dreadful disturbances in, 510—Discussions in Parliament respecting, 635
Ispahan, account of the city of, 18, 25
Italy, view of Journal of a Tour in, 231
Iturbide, the Emperor of Mexico, abdicates the throne, 761
Joseph Dale, the Ploughman, a tale, 555
John and his Household, history of, 649
Journal of a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, review of, 231
Journal of the Count de Las Cases, review of, 545, 729
Journal, Weekly, letter from John Bull to the editor of the, 739
Jubilee, the Clerical, 718
Jury Court of Edinburgh—Case of Gibson *versus* Stevenson, 118—Tytler *v.* Mackintosh, 249—Ayton *v.* Proprietors of the Scotsman, 375
Justiciary, High Court of, proceedings in, 119, 122, 249, 375, 510,—Trial of Mary M'Kinnon, for murder, ib—Further proceedings of, 766
Keith, Lord, memoir of the late, 516
Ker Porter, Sir Robert, review of his travels in Asia, 17, 172
Las Cases, review of the Journal of the Count, 545, 729
Letter on Parliamentary Reform, 401
Letter on the proposed new High School of Edinburgh, 471
Letters to a writer in the Quarterly Review, by a Whig, 521, 744
Letters from Fife, by Eben. Anderson, Letter I, 430
Liberal, the remarks of Jonathan Oldmixon on, 9—Note on No. III. of, 614
Letter from John Bull, 739
Llorente, Don J. A. Biographical Memoir of, 657
Life of Caleb Cornhill, chapter XI. 70
Lines on a ship, 104—On Napoleon, ib—by a Spaniard, ib—To the memory of Sir John Moore, 398—On the sudden disappearance of a female child, 453—On a soldier found dead on the field of battle, 688
Liverpool, notices regarding the trade and manufactures of, 247
Lockhart, Mr, review of his translation of ancient Spanish ballads, 338

London Theatrical Correspondence, 65, 489, 622
Lost Friend, the, 41
M'Kinnon, Mary, trial of for murder, 510—Her execution, 636
Magnet, notice of experiments on the, 248
Manuel, M. expelled from the French Chamber of Deputies, 368
Marriages, 126, 254, 383, 518, 646, 774
Memoirs of Geo. and Lady Grisell Baillie of Jerviswood, review of, 129
——— of the Earl and Countess of Derby, review of, 145
——— of George Heriot, notice of, 184
——— of an Artist, 296, 590, 694
——— of the late Lord Keith, 516
——— of the late Sir Ilay Campbell, 517
Menai Bridge, notice of progress of the, 765
Meteorological Tables, 123, 251, 379, 513, 643, 771
Mexico, disturbed state of, 117, 246, 505, 631—Abdication of the Emperor Iturbide, 761
Military promotions, 376, 639, 769
Moore, Sir John, refutation of Mr Southey's charges against, 385—Lines to the memory of, 398
Morgarten, song of the battle of, 39
Motion, observations on, 418
Nature, sketches from, 479, 672
New South Wales, accounts from, 631
Note on "The Liberal" No. III. 614
Niemeyer, Dr, his visit to Sir W. Herschell and Sir Joseph Banks, 689
Observations on Motion, 418—On Idealities, 562—On Gravity, 616
Ode from the Italian of Fulvio Testi, 443
Oldmixon on "The Liberal." No. II. 9
Paraphrase on Job, chap. xxxix. verse 5, to the end, 46
Parliament, opening of the Session of—Speech of the King, 369—Proceedings of, 505—State papers regarding France and Spain presented to, 632—Farther proceedings of, 761
Parliamentary reform, letter on, 401
Peninsular war, review of Southey's history of the, 208, 325
Persepolis, account of the ruins of, 21
Persia, review of travels in, 17—Miserable system of Government in, ib.—Plans for its improvement, 192
Peveril of the Peak, review of the novel of, 54—Illustrations of, 145
Phingaleia sive Hibernia Liberata, 316
Pilgrimage, Dan Duffe's, Canto I. 60
Pilgrims, the, of the Desart, 164
Ploughman, Joseph Dale the, a tale, 555
Poetry—Song of the battle of Morgarten, 39,—Paraphrase of Job xxxix. 5. to the end, 46—Stanzas written at the close of a year, 53—Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage, 60, 310—Life of Caleb Cornhill, 70—Lines on a Ship, 104—On Napoleon, ib—Written by a Spaniard on seeing a rose growing out of a scull, ib—The Pilgrims of the Desart, 164—Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register, 185—Stanzas to Greece, 195—The Inquisition, 206—Dio—Canzone, 267—The Spanish Lovers, 282—A Mother, 337—To the memory of Sir John Moore, 398—Emily, 408—The Wanderer, 438—Ode from the Italian of Fulvio Testi, 443—Lines on the sudden disappearance of a female child, 453—Sonnet, from the Spanish of Francisco de Quevedo, 453 Stanzas to Scio, 461—Joseph Dale the Ploughman, 555—The vagrants, 578—Song of the Spaniard, 601—Lord Herries, 673—Cargen Water, 676—On a soldier found dead on the field of battle, 688—Stanzas written under a painting of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, 693—Home, 716—Invocation to Rosa, 722
Polar Sea, Franklin's expedition to the shores of the, 665
Portsmouth, Earl of, declared by a Jury to be a lunatic, 376
Portugal, Queen of, banished for refusing to swear to the Constitution, 114—Her letter to the King, 244—Determination of the Cortes to make common cause with Spain, 369
Portugal, wines exported in 1822, 374
Promotions, Appointments, &c. 250, 376, 512, 639, 768
Publications, monthly list of new ones, 107, 238, 363, 949, 626, 755
Quarterly Review, letters to a writer in the, 521, 744
Quentin Durward, remarks on the novel of, 529
Reform, Parliamentary, letter on, 401
Remarks on the Stipends of the Scottish Clergy, 353—On Southey's charges against Sir John Moore, 385—On the novel of Quentin Durward, 529—On the affairs of Spain, the Holy Alliance, &c. 537—On Idealities, 562—On the violation of the sepulchres of the dead, 602—On the various modes of striking the Fiars in Scotland, 606—On the works of Garcilasso de la Vega, 723
Reminiscences of Auld Langsyne, 444, 677
Revenue, British, official returns of the, 247, 374, 636
Review of Sir Robert Ker Porter's travels in Asia, 67, 172—Of Peveril of the Peak, 54—Of Anonymous Literature, No. II. 78—Of Memoirs of Baillie of Jerviswood, &c. 129—Of Memoirs of the Earl and Countess of Derby, 145—Of Southey's Peninsular war, 208, 325

—Of Waddington and Hanbury's travels in Ethiopia, 222—Of Colston's Journal, 231—Of Phingaleis, sive Hibernia Liberata, &c. 316—Of ancient Spanish Ballads, 338—Of Barry Cornwall's new poems, 398—Of Bowring's Russian Anthology, 476—Of the Age of Bronze, 483—Of the Journal of Count Las Cases, 545, 729—Of Tennant's Drama of Cardinal Beaton, 706
Review, the Quarterly, letters to the writer of the article entitled "the Opposition" in, 521, 744
Robertson, Colonel, notice of the late, 253
Russian Anthology, Part II. Review of, 476
Sea, invocation to, 722
Schiller, correspondence of, 439
Scoresby, Mr, view of his discoveries in West Greenland, 454
Scotch Tutor, a, the feelings and fortunes of, 96, 411
Scotland, modes of striking the Fiars in, 606, 709
Scottish advocates, characters of certain eminent ones, 229
Scraps of the Covenant, No. II.—Dunottar Castle, 257
Sepulchres, mountain of, in Persia, account of the, 19
Sepulchres of the dead, on the violation of the, 602
Shiraz, account of the city of, in Persia, 23
Snow storm, a sketch of the late, 287
Song of the battle of Morgarten, 39
—— of the Spaniard, 601
Sketches from Nature, 479, 672
Skipper Slogan, 462
Sonnet, from the Spanish of Francisco de Quevedo, 453
Sorrows, the, of Ned Cantiloan, 199
Southey's history of the Peninsular War, review of, 208, 325—Refutation of his charges against Sir John Moore, 385
Spain, proceedings of the Congress of Verona, on the subject of, 240—Reply of the Spanish Government to the notes of the Allied Sovereigns, 242—Proceedings of the Spanish Cortes on the subject, 243—Preparations to resist France, 368—Court and Cortes of, removed from Madrid to Seville, 504—Invasion of by the French, 503—Slow progress of the French arms in, 630—French army enters Madrid, 759—Defection of general Abisbal, ib.
Spanish Lovers, the, 282
Spanish Ballads, ancient, review of, 338
Stanzas written at the close of a year, 53
—— to Greece, 195, 236
—— to Scio, 461
—— written under a painting of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, 693
Steam Engine, improvement of the, 248, 765
Switzerland, review of a tour in, 231
Syria, dreadful earthquake in, 115
Sheriff Courts in Scotland, notice of bill for regulating the, 766
Theatrical correspondence, London, 65, 489, 622
Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, review of Journal of a, 231
Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c. by Sir Robert Ker Porter, review of, 17, 172
—— in Ethiopia, review of, 222
Turkey—*See* Greece
Tennant, William, review of his Drama of Cardinal Beaton, 706
United States, opening of the Congress of, 116
Vacation, the country Schoolmaster's, 270
Vagrants, the, a poem, 578
Verona, proceedings of the Congress of in relation to Spain, 240
Vesuvius, Mount, dreadful eruption of, 114
View of Scoresby's discoveries in West Greenland, 454
Village, the, a country story, 567
Vega, Garcilasso de la, remarks on the works of, 723
Waddington and Hanbury's travels in Ethiopia, review of, 222
Wales, New South, accounts from, 631
Weather the, severity of in Britain—seven London Mails due in Edinburgh, and nine from the North, 373
Weeds and Flowers, No, I. 29—New-year's-day, 31—No. II. The country Schoolmaster's vacation, 270— No. III. The Village, 567
Whig, letters from a, to a writer in the Quarterly Review, 521, 744
Wine exported from Oporto in 1822, 374
Works preparing for publication, 103, 237, 361, 497, 625, 753
Wiffan, J. H. remarks on his translation of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega, 723
Wilson, Sir Robert, joins the Spanish Constitutionalists, 760